

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: "Across the Continent"—Spiritual Thoughts Suggested While Viewing Scenes of Majesty and Grandeur Wrought by the Hand of God.

Texts: "Streams in the desert."—Isaiah xxxv., 6. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."—Psalms civ., 32.

My first text means irrigation. It means the waters of the Himalaya, or the Tyne, or the Nile. It means the canals and aqueducts for the fertilization of the valleys. It means the process by which the last mile of American barrenness will be made an apple orchard, an orange grove, or a wheat field, or a cotton plantation, or a vineyard—"streams in the desert." My second text means a volcano like Vesuvius or Cotopaxi, or it means the geysers of Yellowstone Park or of California. You see a hill calm and still, and for ages immovable, but the Lord out of the heavens puts His finger on the top of it, and from it rise thick and impressive vapors: "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

Although my journey across the continent this summer was for the eighth time, more and more am I impressed with the divine hand in its construction, and with its greatness and grandeur, and more and more am I thrilled with the fact that it is all to be irrigated, glorified and Edenized. What a change from the time when Daniel Webster on yonder Capitol Hill said to the American Senate in regard to the Pacific Coast: "What do you want with this vast, worthless area, this region of savages and a personal crevice filled with snow, but both the horizontal line and the perpendicular line so marked, so bold, so significant, so unmistakable, that all who pass in the daytime within many miles are compelled to see it. There are some figures, some contours, some mountain appearances that you gradually make out after your attention is called to them. So a man's face on the rocks in the Mountaineer. So a maiden's form up in the granite of the Adirondacks. So a city in the moving clouds. Yet you have to look under the pointing of your friend or guide for some time before you can see the similarity that the first instant you glance at this side of the mountain in Colorado, you cry out: 'Across a cross!' Do you say that this geological inscription just inside the State of Colorado on the Colorado mountain is not a human device, or an accident of nature, or the freak of an earthquake. The hand of God cut it there and set it up for the nation to look at. Wings of angels up in rock before the cross of wood was set up on the bluff back of Jerusalem, or set up at some time since that assassination, I believe the Creator meant to suggest the most noble event in all history on this planet, and He hung it there over the heart of this continent to indicate that the only hope for this nation is in the Cross on which our Saviour's birth, the rocks rent at His martyrdom, why not the walls of Colorado bear the record of the Crucifixion?"

I supposed my boyhood, from its size on the map, that California was a few yards across, a ridge of land on which one must walk cautiously lest he hit his head against the Sierra Nevada on one side, or slip off into the Pacific waters on the other—California, the thin slice of land, as I supposed it to be in my boyhood. I have found to be larger than all the States of New England and a New York State added together; and if you add them together their square miles fall far short of California. And then all these new-born States of the Union, North and South Dakota, Washington, Montana, Idaho and Wyoming. Each State an empire in size.

"But," says one, "in calculating the immensity of our continental acreage you must remember that the vast majority of the public domain are uncultivated heaps of dry sand, and the 'Bad Lands' of Montana and the Great American Desert." I am glad you mentioned that. Within the last five years there will not be between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts a hundred miles of land not reclaimed either by farmers' plough or miners' crowbar. Irrigation, the waters of the rivers and the showers of heaven, in what are called the rainy season, will be gathered into great reservoirs, and through aqueducts let down where and when the people want them. Utah is an object lesson. Some parts of that Territory which were so barren that a spear of grass could not have been raised there in a hundred years, are now rich as Lancaster County farms of Pennsylvania, or Westchester farms of New York, or Somerset County farms of New Jersey. Experiments have proved that ten acres of ground irrigated from waters gathered in great hydrological basins will produce as much as fifty acres from the downpour of rain as seen in our regions. We have our freshets and our droughts, but in those lands which are to be scientifically irrigated there will be neither freshets nor droughts. As you take a pitcher and get it full of water, and then get it on a table and take a drink out of it when you are thirsty and never think of drinking a pitcherful all at once, so Montana, and Wyoming and Idaho will catch the rains of their rainy season and take up all the waters of their rivers in great pitchers of reservoirs, and refresh their land whenever they will.

The most wonderful part of this American continent is the Yellowstone Park. My two visits there made upon me an impression that will last forever. Go in by the Honola route as we did this summer and save 250 miles of railroading, your steeplechase taking you through a day of scenery as captivating and sublime as the Yellowstone Park itself. After all poetry has exhausted itself concerning the Yellowstone Park and all the Morans and Bierstads and the other enchanting artists have completed their canvas, there will be other relations to make, and other stories of its beauty and grandeur, splendor and glory, to be related. The Yellowstone Park is the geologist's paradise. By cheapening of travel may it become the nation's playground. In some portions of it there is to be the anarchy of the elements. Fire and water, and the vapor born of that marriage, terrific. Geyser cones or hills of crystal that have been over five thousand years growing. In places the earth, throbbing, sobbing, groaning, quaking with aqueous paroxysm. At the expiration of every sixty-five minutes one of the geysers tossing its boiling water 185 feet in the air and then descending into swirling rainbows. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke." Caverns of pitted walls large enough for the sapiephors of the human race. Formations of stone in shape and color of calla lily, of bell-shaped roses, of cowslip, of sunflower and of gladioli. Sulphur and arsenic and oxide of iron, with their delicate pencils, turning the hills into a Luxemburg, or a Vatican

picture-gallery. The so-called Thanatopsis Geyser, exquisite as the Bryant poem it was named after, and Evangeline Geyser, lovely as the Longfellow heroine it commemorates.

But after you have wandered along the geyser enchantment for days, and begin to feel that there can be nothing more of interest to see, you suddenly come upon the perforation of all majesty and grandeur, the Grand Canyon. It is here that it seems to me—and I speak it with reverence—Je-hovah seems to have surpassed Himself. It seems a great gulch let down into the eternities. Masonry by the omnipotent trowel. "I never saw you saw it there. Violet you never saw violet unless you saw it there. Trisulphat business, the omnipotent cathedral of basalt, Sunrise and Sunset married by the setting of rainbow ring.

Gothic arches, Corinthian capitals, and Egyptian basilicas built before a woman architecture was born. Huge formations of granite constructed before war forged its first cannon. Gibraltar and Sebastopol that never can be taken. Thrones on which no one but the King of heaven and earth ever sat. Fount of waters at which the hills are baptized, while the giant cliffs stand around as sponsors. For thousands of years before that scene was unveiled to human sight, the elements were busy, the geysers were howling away with their hot chisel, and glaciers were pounding with their cold hammers, and hurricanes were cleaving with their lightning strokes, and hailstones giving the finishing touches, and after all these forces of nature had done their best, in our century the curtain dropped, and the world had a new and divinely inspired revelation, the Old Testament written on papyrus, the New Testament written in parchment, and this last Testament written on the rocks.

Standing there in the Grand Canon of the Yellowstone Park for the most part we held our peace, but after awhile it flashed upon me with such power I could not help but say to my comrades: "What a hall this would be for the last Judgment!" See that mighty cascade with the rainbows at the foot of it? Those waters congealed and transfixed with the agitations of that day, what a place they would make for the shining feet of a Judge of quick and dead! And those rainbows, look now like the wings of angels, but after awhile they flash upon me with such power I could not help but say to my comrades: "What a hall this would be for the last Judgment!" See that mighty cascade with the rainbows at the foot of it? Those waters congealed and transfixed with the agitations of that day, what a place they would make for the shining feet of a Judge of quick and dead!

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A Nation of Dyspeptics.

From the Mountaineer, Wahalla, N. Dakota.

The remorse of a guilty stomach is what a large majority of the people are suffering with to-day. Dyspepsia is a characteristic American disease and it is frequently stated that "we are a nation of dyspeptics."

Improper food, hurried eating, mental worry, exhaustion—any of these produce a lack of vitality in the system, by causing the blood to lose its life-sustaining elements. The blood is the vital element in our lives and should be carefully nurtured. Restore it to its proper condition, dyspepsia will vanish and good health follow.

For example, in the county of Pembina, North Dakota, a few miles from Wahalla, resides Mr. Earnest Snider; a man of sterling integrity, whose veracity cannot be doubted. He says:

"I became seriously ill three years ago. The doctor gave me medicine for indigestion, but I continued to become worse. I had several physicians at intervals who gave me some relief, but the disease would return with all its accustomed severity. "I read in the newspapers articles regarding the wonderful curative powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and finally concluded to try the pills. Five months ago I bought six boxes. The first box gave me much relief, and after using four boxes I was cured."

These pills are recognized everywhere as a specific for diseases of the blood and nerves. For paralysis, locomotor ataxia, and other diseases long supposed incurable, they have proved their efficacy in thousands of cases.

ALLEGIANCE OF CONQUEROR.

International Law Bearing on Our New Colonial Relations.

The approaching peace between Spain and the United States makes it of some interest to consider the legal effect of the cession of territory by one state to another. Such cession has many important consequences in relation to questions of international relations and constitutional law. Many controversies have arisen on such questions, but some general principles can be extracted from the tangle of diplomatic correspondence and juristic writings. There can be no doubt that the inhabitants of a conquered territory become subjects of the state to which it is ceded; but treaties of peace commonly give them a right to retain their former allegiance, though seldom unconditionally. The laws of some countries do not allow aliens to hold landed property, and as a matter of policy states may object to the presence on their soil of a large number of persons owing allegiance to a foreign state. Therefore in treaties of session it is often provided that all inhabitants who wish to retain their former allegiance must quit the country within a certain time, sometimes also dispose of their property. When Alaska and Lorraine were ceded to Germany the inhabitants who wished to remain French subjects were obliged to leave. They were, however, allowed to retain their landed property. When the United States was ceded by Mexico the Hidalgo they might within a year elect to remain Mexican citizens, and no restriction was put on their right to reside or to retain their property. Naturally all public property in the ceded territory belonging to the state is transferred to the new sovereign. As regards obligations, it is commonly agreed that in the absence of express stipulation no portion of the general public debt is transferred with the territory. There are, however, several instances of a proportionate share of the general public debt being transferred by treaty. Other considerations apply to local debts, and the better opinion is that they should be taken over with the territory.—London Law Journal.

Korea Taught Japan.

It was the Koreans who taught the Japanese the art of making the pottery for which Japan is now justly famous, but this was also a curse to the Koreans, as all the artisans, as well as the finest specimens of their work, were forcibly carried away to Japan. For five hundred years none of this fine ware has been produced, but the looting of the royal tombs caused some most excellent specimens of this rare work to be removed from their place of concealment, where they had lain for six or eight hundred years, and two or three collections have recently been made in Seoul.

A Thoughtful Fiance.

Jack—"Suppose I teach you to play cards now, and then you'll know all about it after we're married." Marie—"Won't that be lovely! What game will you teach me?" "Solitaire."—Life.

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To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c. or 60c. C. G. C. O. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, N. Y.

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If we did but know how little some enjoy would help. After a while God will send the floods of mercy so gathered, pouring down over all the land, and some of us on earth and some of us in heaven will sing with Isaiah, "In the wilderness and in the desert, and in streams in the desert," and with David, "There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the sight of God." Oh, fill up the reservoirs! America for God!

WAR AND RED TAPE.

Regulations Worked All Right in Time of Peace.

The war office is full of entertaining incidents. Last April that buoyant, rough-riding, blood-loving statesman, soldier and dilettante, Theodore Roosevelt, was busy trying to get authorization for raising the command of which he is now the head. He was assistant secretary of the navy, and did not send his card in to his fellow-officers when he called on them. One day he broke in on Gen. Ludington's repose. Ludington was and is the head of the quartermaster's department, and is as order-loving a soul as any old lady in the world. To him came the enthusiastic Roosevelt. "I want a requisition for 1,000 horses at once, and authority to buy 'em where they can be found," said the impetuous Theodore. "We shall have to proceed according to the regulations and advertise for the horses," replied Ludington. "But we are enlisting these men in every state of the union," urged Roosevelt, "and we want them to take their horses with them where they are enlisted." "Then," said Ludington, "we shall have to advertise for them where they are bought." "But it will take ninety days and cost \$1,000,000," argued Roosevelt. "We must conform to the regulations," insisted Ludington. "Damn the regulations!" shouted Roosevelt. "You people in here are tied hand and foot with your cursed red tape." Mr. Secretary," cried Ludington, who had become rather warm himself, "do not curse the regulations, sir; do not curse the regulations. They are not red tape. They are reasonable provisions, and this department worked under them like clockwork, sir, for 25 years, till this cursed war came along and upset everything."—New Time.

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HEALTHY MATERNITY.

Two Grateful Women Tell of the Help They Have Received From Mrs. Pinkham.

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The most successful tonic known to medicine for women approaching maternity is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a safeguard for every woman who uses it, and the fullest benefit comes from its use with Mrs. Pinkham's advice freely offered to all women. Her address is Lynn, Mass.

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gentle and safe. It is a perfect boon. I have often said that I should like to have its merits thrown on the sky with a search-light, so that all women would read, and be convinced that there is a remedy for their sufferings."



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