

UNHAPPY INDIA.

Eighty Millions of People Are Starving to Death.

The Christian World Now Has a Glorious Opportunity to Show Its Love for Suffering Humanity—Immediate Relief is Needed.

Dr. Talmage, who is daily speaking to vast audiences in Iowa and Illinois on behalf of the famine sufferers of India, devoted his last Sunday's sermon to that cause. His text was: Esther 1: 1: "This is Ahasuerus which reigned from India even unto Ethiopia."

Among the 773,693 words which make up the Bible only once occurs the word "India." In this part of the Scriptures, which the Rabbis call "Megillah Esther," or the volume of "Esther," a book sometimes complained against because the word "God" is not even once mentioned in it, although one rightly disposed can see God in it from the first chapter to the last, we have it set forth that Xerxes, or Ahasuerus, who invaded Greece with two million men, but returned in a poor fisher's boat, had a vast dominion, among other regions, India. In my text India takes its place in Bible geography, and the interest in that land has continued to increase until, with more and more enthusiasm, all around the world Bishop Heber's hymn about "India's coral strand" is being sung. Never will I forget the thrill of anticipation that went through my body and mind and soul when, after two weeks' tossing on the seas around Ceylon and India—for the winds did not, according to the old hymn, "blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle"—our ship sailed up one of the mouths of the Ganges, past James and Mary island, so named because a royal ship of that name was wrecked there, and I stepped ashore at Calcutta, amid the shrines and temples and sculptures of that "City of Palaces," the strange physiognomies of the living and the cremations of the dead.

I had never expected to be there because the sea and I long ago had a serious falling out; but the facilities of travel are so increasing that you or your children will probably visit that land of boundless fascination. Its configuration is such as no one but God could have architected, and it seems as if a man who had religion, going there, would be obliged to acknowledge a God as did the cowboy in Colorado. His companion, an atheist, had about persuaded the cowboy that there was no God; but coming amidst some of that tremendous scenery of high rocks and awful chasms, and depths dug under depths, and mountains piled on mountains, the cowboy said to his atheistic companion, "Jack, if there is no God now, I guess from the looks of things around here there must have been a God some time."

No one but the Omnipotent could have planned India, and no one but the Omnipotent could have built it. It is a great triangle, its base the Himalayas, a word meaning "the dwelling place of snows," those mountains pouring out of their crystal cup the Indus, the Brahmaputra, and the Ganges to slake the thirst of the vast populations of India. That country is the home of 240,000,000 souls. Whatever be one's taste, going there, his taste is gratified. Some go as hunters of great game, and there is no end to their entertainment. Mighty fauna: bison, buffalo, rhinoceros, elephant, panther, lion, tiger—this last to be the perpetual game for Americans and Europeans, because he comes up from the malarial swamps where no human being dare enter; the deer and antelope his accustomed food, but once having obtained the taste of human blood, he wants nothing else, and is called the "man eater." You cannot see the tiger's natural ferocity after he has been humiliated by a voyage across the sea. You need to hear his growl as he presses his iron paw against the cage in Calcutta. Thirteen towns have been abandoned as residence because of the work of this cruel invader. In India in the year 1877, 819 people were slain by the tiger and 10,000 cattle destroyed. From the back of the elephant or from galleries built among the trees 1,500 tigers went down and \$18,000 of government reward were paid the sportsmen. I advise all those who in America and other lands find amusement in shooting singing birds, coming home at night with empty powder flask and a whole choir of heaven slung over their shoulder, to absent themselves for a while and attack the justifiable game of India. Or if you go as botanists, oh, what opulence of flora! With no distinct flora of its own, it is the chorus of all the flora of Persia, and Siberia, and China, and Arabia, and Egypt. Two great passions.

The Baptist missionary, Carey, who did infinite good to India, had two great passions—first, a passion for souls, and next, a passion for flowers, and he adorned his Asiatic home and the American homes of his friends, and museums on either side of the sea, with the results of his floral expeditions in India. To prepare himself for morning prayers, he was accustomed to walk amid the flowers and trees. It is the heaven of the magnolia and abelmosk and palm tree. The ethnologist, going there, will find endless entertainment in the study of the races now living there and the races of whose blood they are commingling. The historian, going there, will find his theory of Warren Hastings' government in India the reverse from that which Edmund Burke gave him in the most famous address every made in a court room, its two characteristics matchless eloquence and one-sidedness of statement.

The archaeologist will be thrown into a frenzy of delight as he visits Delhi of India and digs down and finds seven dead cities underneath the now living city. All success to the hunters and the botanists and the ethnologists and the historians and the archaeologists who visit India, each one on his or her errand. But we to-day visit India as Christian women and men to hear the full meaning of a groan of hunger that has traveled 14,000 miles, yet gets loud-

er and more agonizing as the days go by. But why have any interest in people so far away that it is evening there when it is morning here, their complexion darker, their language to us a jargon, their attire unlike that found in any American wardrobe, their memory and their ambition unlike anything that we recall or hope for? With more emphasis than you put into the interrogatory "Why," I answer: First, Because our Christ was an Asiatic. Egypt gave to us its monuments, Rome gave to us its law, Germany gave to us its philosophy, but Asia gave to us its Christ. His mother an Asiatic; the mountains that looked down upon Him, Asiatic; the lakes on whose pebbly banks He rested and on whose chopped waves He walked, Asiatic; the apostles whom He first commissioned, Asiatic; the audiences He wheeled with His illustrations drawn from blooming lilies and salt crystals, and great rain-falls, and bellowing tempests; and hypocrites' long faces, and croaking ravens—all those audiences Asiatic. Christ during His earthly stay was never outside of Asia. When He had 16 or 18 years to spare from his active work, instead of spending that time in Europe, I think he goes farther toward the heart of Asia, namely, India. The Bible says nothing of Christ from 12 years of age until 30, but there are records in India and traditions in India which represent a strange, wonderful, most excellent, and supernatural being as staying in India about that time. I think Christ was there much of the time between his twelfth and his thirtieth year, but however that may be, Christ was born in Asia, suffered in Asia, died in Asia, and ascended from Asia, and all that makes me turn my ear more attentively toward that continent as I hear its cry of distress.

Most interesting are the people of India. At Calcutta I said to one of their leaders, who spoke English well: "Have these idols which I see any power of themselves to help or destroy?" He said: "No; they only represent God. There is but one God." "When people die where do they go to?" "That depends upon what they have been doing; if they have been doing good, they go to Heaven, and if they have been doing evil, to hell." "But do you not believe in the transmigration of souls, and that after death we go into birds or animals of some sort?" "Yes; the last creature a man is thinking of while dying is the one into which he will go. If he is thinking of a bird, he will go into a bird; if he is thinking of a beast, he will go into a beast."

"I thought you said that at death the soul goes to Heaven or hell?" "He goes there by a gradual process. It may take him years and years."

"Can any one become a Hindoo? Could I become a Hindoo?" "Yes, you could."

"How could I become a Hindoo?" "By doing as the Hindoos do."

From the walls of one of their museums at Jeypore I had translated for me these beautiful sentiments:

The wise make failure equal to success. Like threads of silver seen through crystal beads, let love through good deeds show.

Do not do to others that which if done to thee would cause thee pain. And this is the sum of duty.

A man obtains a proper rule of action by looking on his neighbors as himself.

From that continent of interesting folk, from that continent that gave the Christ, from that continent which has been endeared by so many missionary heroics, there comes a groan of 80,000,000 people in hunger. More people are in danger of starving to death in India to-day than the entire population of the United States. In the famine in India in the year 1877, about 6,000,000 people starved to death. That is more than all the people of Washington, of New York, of Philadelphia, of Chicago, put together. But that famine was not a tenth part as awful as the one there now raging. Twenty thousand are dying there of famine every day. Whole villages and towns have died—every man, woman and child; none left to bury the dead. The vultures and the jackals are the only pall-bearers. Though some help has been sent, before full relief can reach them I suppose there will be at least ten million dead. Starvation, even for one person is an awful process. No food, the vitals gnaw upon themselves, and faintness and languor and pangs from head to foot, and horror and despair and insanity take full possession. One handful of wheat or corn or rice per day would keep life going, but they cannot get a handful. The crops failed and the millions are dying. Oh, it is hard to be hungry in a world where there is enough grain, and fruit, and meat, to fill all the hungry mouths on the planet; but alas! that the sufferer and the supply cannot be brought together.

There stands India to-day! Look at her! Her face dusky from the hot suns of many centuries; under her turban such achings of brow as only a dying nation feels; her eyes hollow with utterable woe; the tears rolling down her sunken cheek; her back bent with more agonies than she knows how to carry; her ovens containing nothing but ashes. Gaunt, ghastly, wasted, the dew of death upon her forehead and a palor such as the last hour brings, she stretches forth her trembling hand toward us, and with hoarse whisper she says: "I am dying! Give me bread! That is what I want! Bread! Give it to me quick; give it to me now—bread! bread! bread!" America has heard the cry. Many thousands of dollars have been contributed. One ship laden with breadstuffs has sailed from San Francisco for India. Our senate and house of representatives in a bill signed by our sympathetic president, have authorized the secretary of the navy, to charter a vessel to carry food to the famine sufferers, and you may help fill that ship. We want to send at least 600,000 bushels of corn. That will save the lives of

at least 600,000 people. Many will respond in contributions of money, and the barns and corn-cribs of the entire United States will pour forth their treasures of food. When that ship is laden till it can carry no more, we will ask Him who holds the winds in His fist and plants His triumphant foot on stormy waves to let nothing but good happen to the ship till it anchors in Bengal or Arabian waters. Those who help by contributions of money or breadstuffs toward filling that relief ship will flavor their own food for their lifetime with appetizing qualities, and insure their own welfare through the promise of Him who said: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble."

Oh, what a relief that ship will be! It shall not turn a screw nor hoist a sail until we have had something to do with its cargo. O Church of God in America and Europe, this is your opportunity! We have on occasions of Christian patriotism cried: "America for God!" Now let us add the battle shout: "Asia for God!" In this movement to give food to starving India I hear the rustling of the wing of the Apocalyptic angel, ready to fly through the midst of Heaven proclaiming to all the kingdoms and people and tongues the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ.

And now I bethink myself of something I never thought of before. I had noticed that the circle is God's favorite figure, and upon that subject I addressed you some time ago, but it did not occur to me until now that the gospel seems to be moving in a circle. It started in Asia; Bethlehem, an Asiatic village; Jordan, an Asiatic river; Calvary, an Asiatic mountain. Then this gospel moved on to Europe; witness the chapels and churches and cathedrals and Christian universities of that continent. Then it crossed to America. It has prayed and preached and sung its way across our continent. It has crossed to Asia, taking the Sandwich Islands on its way, and now in all the great cities on the coast of China people are singing "Rock of Ages" and "There is a Fountain Filled With Blood," for you must know that not only have the Scriptures been translated into those Asiatic tongues, but also the evangelical hymns. My missionary brother, John, translated some of them into Chinese, and Mr. Gladstone gave me a copy of the hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," which he had himself translated into Greek.

The Christ who it seems spent 16 or 18 years of His life in India is there in spirit, converting and saving the people by the hundreds of thousands, and the gospel will move right on through Asia until the story of the Saviour's birth will anew be made known in Bethlehem, and the story of a Saviour's sacrifice be told anew on and around Mt. Calvary, and the story of a Saviour's ascension be told anew on the shoulder of Mt. Olivet. And then do you not see the circle will be complete! The glorious circle, the circle of the earth! This old planet, gashed with earthquake and scorched with conflagration, and torn with revolutions, will be girdled with churches, with schools, with universities, with millennial festivities. How cheering and how inspiring the thought that we are, whether giving temporal or spiritual relief, working on the segment of such a circle. And that the Christly mission which started in Asia will keep on its way until it goes clear around to the place where it started!

Then the earth will have demonstrated that for which it was created, and as soon as a world has completed its mission it dies. Part of the heaven is a cemetery of dead worlds. Our world, built to demonstrate to the worlds which have been loyal to God, the awful results of disloyalty, so that none of them may ever attempt it—say our world, having finished its mission, may then go out of existence. May the 10th, 1899, was a memorable day, for then was laid the last tie that connected the two rail tracks which united the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans. The Central Pacific railroad was built from California eastward. The Union Pacific railroad was built westward. Only one more piece of the rail track to put down. A great audience assembled, mid-continents, to see the last tie laid. The locomotives of the eastern and western trains stood panting on the tracks close by. Orator explained the occasion, and prayer solemnized it, and music enchanted it. The tie was made of polished laurel wood, bound with silver bands, and three spikes were used—gold spike, presented by California; silver spike, presented by Nevada; and an iron spike, presented by Arizona. When, all heads uncovered and all hearts thrilling with emotion, the hammer struck the last spike into its place the cannon boomed it amid the resounding mountain echoes, and the telegraphic instruments clicked to all nations that the deed was done.

My friends, if the laying of the last tie that bound the east and the west of one continent together was such a resounding occasion, what will it be when the last tie of the track of gospel influences, reaching clear around the world, shall be laid amid the anthems of all nations? The spikes will be golden and silver spikes, fashioned out of the Christian generosity of the hemispheres. The last hammer stroke that completes the work will be heard by all the universe, and the mountains of Heaven, "Hallelujah! For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. Hallelujah! For the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ."

A Monument to Heroes. Japanese officers who fought in the late war against China have petitioned their government to erect a monument to the memory of the horses that fell in battle.

Injecting Courage. A French doctor declares that he has discovered a means of injecting courage into men by means of a syringe. The material he uses is a mixture of sea water and phenic acid.

A FIREWATER SPRING

SANGUINARY PLANS OF WILD INDIANS CLEVERLY FRUSTRATED.

How a Smuggler on a Government Reservation Laid Out a Band of Red Devils With Forty Rod Whisky and Saved the Lives of Six Prisoners.

A Star man happened to meet a man who had served a term or two or three in various penitentiaries, hadn't served several he should have served and is likely to serve more before he is through with himself. Of course that kind of a man was interesting, and after a time, when he got to talking under the mellowing influence of things made for the purpose, he was more interesting.

"When I was 15 years younger than I am now," he said, "I was out in the mountains of the west on a government reservation, where I could make money by selling whisky under post prices. I was always on the make, and so I smuggled in a dozen or more gallons and had them hid in a cave ten miles or so out of reach. The cave was a kind of a two story affair, the upper story being my secret, and there I had my jugs of liquor hid away, and from there I carried it out in smaller quantities for distribution. The lower part of the cave was 20 feet below the upper chamber, and in this part was a basin of water, which had dripped from the upper part. It did not contain more than a gallon of water. I knew it was easily exhausted, for I spent many a night there, and found there wasn't water enough to boil a kettle with."

"Well, about the time I got in my second installment of fire juice the Indians got bad and began creeping in toward the settlements. I thought my cave was unknown to the Indians as well as the whites, but it appears that it wasn't, and one morning I barely had time to slip out of my down stairs room and get up in the loft before 10 or 12 of the bloodiest looking braves you ever saw squatted in front of my residence and began holding a council of war. In half an hour or more all of them except one went away, and he remained to keep watch."

"At noon three returned with five white prisoners, and at 6 o'clock the rest of them came in with a girl about 4 years old. Just what they were going to do was not apparent, and it wasn't easy for me to find out, because when I came down to a point where I could see I was in danger of getting caught myself. I did see enough, though, to show me that the five white prisoners, who were all old men, hadn't much chance for their lives, but that the child would be carried away. To save myself had been my first thought, and now to save these poor wretches was first."

"While I was debating what to do or give it up as a bad job one of the Indians went to the spring and got some water. That was my cue. In a minute more I was back up in my chamber, just over the headwaters of the spring, and, having turned the drip into another channel, I started a stream of that kill at 40 rod whisky down the shoot and then slipped back to watch the proceedings. They were discussing when to kill the prisoners—I knew enough Indian to know that. And when it was about determined to hold them over a day and see if they couldn't pick up a few more and have a real big time, another of them went over to the spring for water. This time it wasn't so much water as it had been. Whatever it was made the ugly redskin give a big 'Ugh' of delight, and the others went over to him. Well, it isn't necessary for me to go into particulars."

"Anybody, even a reporter, knows what becomes of an Indian or a dozen of them when there are unlimited quantities of firewater at their disposal, and as soon as I saw how the thing was going I hurried back and set another jug to work. I was a little afraid they might get ugly drunk and kill their prisoners, but evidently they hadn't had much to eat that day, and the liquor was getting in its work on empty stomachs. Whatever was the cause, before I had any idea that it was time for it the whole of them was full, and in a few minutes more they were lying around the little basin of the spring so drunk they could not move hand or foot."

"Then it was my time to play, and I corked up the liquor upstairs for another day and went down stairs. There wasn't much time for thanks, because we didn't know when the enemy might make it unpleasant for us. So I told the prisoners to take care of the Indians while I took care of the little girl, which I did by taking her outside of the cave, where she could breathe the free air of heaven once more. You see, I kind of thought they might like to attend to things themselves," he added apologetically and stopped.

"And did they?" inquired the reporter as the narrator seemed to think he had reached the end of his story.

"I suppose they did," he replied. "At least, when I went back to the cave, about a month later, when the war had simmered down some, I found the bodies of them Indians almost as well preserved as if they had been put up in alcohol, that dern whisky of mine was so powerful, you know. I was always kind of sorry I hadn't sent the prisoners to take care of the little girl while I took care of them Indians. By cripes, I never got a cent for the liquor they drank!"—Washington Star.

The Poppy. The poppy throughout the east is an emblem of death. In many parts of India this flower is planted upon graves and in cemeteries. Whether or not the idea was suggested by the poisonous character of the juice is uncertain. It is believed that the poppy was known as a funeral plant to the ancient Egyptians, for upon the tombs opened by Belzoni there appeared representations of plants which were evidently intended for poppies.

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In addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are confiding your private ills to a woman—a woman whose experience in treating woman's diseases is greater than that of any living physician—male or female.

You can talk freely to a woman when it is revolting to relate your private troubles to a man—besides, a man does not understand—simply because he is a man.

Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing full well that they ought to have immediate assistance, but a natural modesty impels them to shrink from exposing themselves to the questions and probably examinations of even their family physician. It is unnecessary. Without money or price you can consult a woman, whose knowledge from actual experience is greater than any local physician. The following invitation is freely offered;—accept it in the same spirit:

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