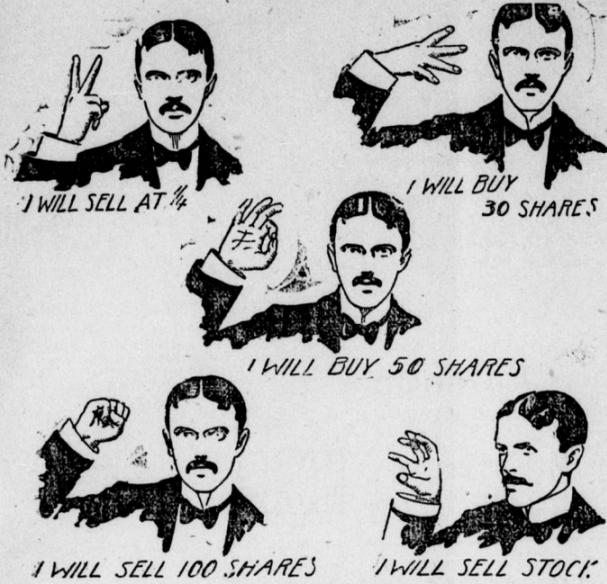


## WALL STREET'S SIGN LANGUAGE.



Millions change hands daily in Wall street without the scratch of a pen. The trading is carried on by means of signs made with the hands and fingers. The confusion on the floor is often so great that a broker cannot even make himself heard by shouting in the ear of the man next him. When a broker wishes to buy or sell stock with his customer several feet from him or perhaps across the room, conversation is impossible. If the brokers used megaphones the confusion would be merely increased. To obviate this they have devised a sign language something like that used by the deaf and dumb. With this vocabulary of finance a man can buy or sell stock no matter how great the turmoil.

## Child Life on the Indian Reservation.

Compared with the lives led by the full-blooded Indian children of the northwestern reservations, the miserable urchins who play in a city's gutters dwell in a paradise of joys.

The gutter snipe is almost certain to have some marbles or a top in his clothes; he can earn a few pennies for himself upon occasion; he is quick-witted and brimming with nervous energy; of mirth-provoking expedients he is as full as an egg is of meat, and at repartee he has no equal.

Indian children, on the other hand, are born grave and solemn and stolid. The art of self-repression practiced for centuries by their ancestors has become a second nature to them—is inherited—with the result of transforming what should be their golden age into mere existence, joyless and apathetic.

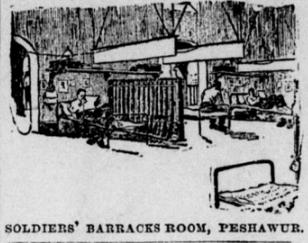
In babyhood their training compels them to endure without whimpering discomforts and hardships which would destroy children of the white race. Strapped tightly to the back of a squaw, or left to themselves so tied in a blanket that use of their limbs is denied them, they are mere silent

crawled out of his blankets one dark night and, guided by the beating of tom-toms and the ki-yi-ling that usually accompanies such an affair, made his way alone to the Rosebud, where White Bull's bucks were having a "ghost dance." He did not dare to mingle with the dancers, so he hid in the bunch grass nearby and watched the bucks as they stamped and chanted around the fire.

Gene had unsuspected powers of mimicry. The dancing made a strong impression on him. Next morning, when Standing Elk darted out of his wigwag to chastise the noisy youngster, he was astonished at what he saw and heard. There was Gene stamping about with the grace and vigor of a practiced dancer, to no other accompaniment than his own ki-yi-ling. He twisted and contorted and stamped like an old-timer, and he had the step down so pat that his genius for that sort of thing was borne in on Standing Elk in a flash.

Calling to his squaw, Standing Elk bade her find bells and headdress and fallals of the conventional sort for the boy, and, when the youngster was thus togged out, his father bade him dance before the chiefs of the tribe. Gene acquitted himself so well that he won the approval of the chiefs, and is now the most envied boy on the reservation. Little Indian maidens would walk miles just to have him say "How" to them.

About fourteen miles to the eastward of the entrance to the Khyber Pass is the wonderful city of Peshawur, which is as typically a central Asian city as Kabul or Bokhara. In

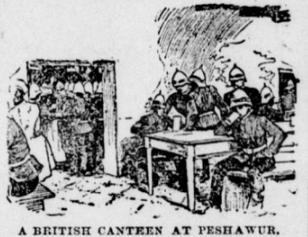


SOLDIERS' BARRACKS ROOM, PESHAWUR.

the old days the Indus marked the dividing lines between the Indian races and the Afghan or central Asian tribes, and at that time Peshawur was well within the territory and influences of Afghanistan. Even now the city itself retains all its old characteristics and is still an almost unknown town.

The British cantonments are two miles from Peshawur, and all the white people have clustered about the troops at that point, the result being a beautiful, well-kept town. No white people live in Peshawur, excepting one family of missionaries, while as for visitors, there a hardly a dozen white men who enter the walls of Peshawur in a month's time.

A big wall about fifty feet high surrounds the city, at one end of which is a gigantic fortress, where a garrison of British soldiers is stationed. Cannons are constantly trained down on the town, for there is always danger of an outbreak among the 200,000 Afridis and Afghans who combine to make up its seething, squalid population. White civilians are cautioned against entering the city without an escort, and no one is permitted to enter its gates at nightfall. The British soldiers and officers seldom go into the town. The Peshawur cantonments are



A BRITISH CANTINE AT PESHAWUR.

pleasant and pretty. Broad, shady streets, the inevitable mall, a cricket ground and race course were essential features of the town. Officers' bungalows, big, rambling, thick-walled mud houses one story high, painted blue and white, line the mall, each one standing alone in a big compound filled with trees. On the other side of the mall is the great expanse of parade ground, at the edge of which are the barracks for Toumay. Everywhere are splendid shade trees, which have sprung up in the arid plains as a result of irrigation and wells, and which make the cantonments look like an

clubs, guest nights at the messes, and many other amusements. The surprising part of it all was that one should find so much gaiety in such an out-of-the-way place and that within two miles of all that modern life should be a great city almost unknown and almost as mysterious as the capital of Tibet. But some one has said that India is a land of strange contrasts, and he must have known.

## MONUMENT FOR FOSTER.

Composer of the "Old Folks at Home" to Be Honored in Pittsburgh.

Stephen Collins Foster has a monument in Pittsburgh, where he was born and where he spent many years of his life. Lawrenceville, Penn., the actual place of his birth, is now part of Pittsburgh, and when attention was called to that fact several years ago, it was determined to see what could be done



STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

toward raising a monument to the memory of the man who wrote "Way Down on the Suwanee River," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "Old Black Joe" and many other songs. The contributions for the monument came from many sources, although most of them naturally were given by citizens of Pittsburgh. The statue was unveiled in Highland Park under very interesting circumstances.

The monument is the work of Giuseppe Marchetti, of this city, and the large number of competitors included sculptors from all parts of the country. The design of the monument was suggested by T. J. Keenan, Jr., of Pittsburgh, and the committee which accepted Signor Marchetti's work consisted of A. W. Mellon, Robert Pittman, E. M. Bigelow, W. N. Frew, J. W. Beatty and Senator C. L. Magee.

The statue is the first one set up in Highland Park, and the committee has exercised care to protect itself against unsatisfactory work. The base of the memorial is of granite and is fourteen feet high. The figures are in bronze. The poet is seated, and holds in his hand a book and pencil. Seated at his feet is an old negro, who is playing on a banjo. The song composer is evidently seeking inspiration from the negro's music.

The composer was born on July 4, 1826, and died in New York thirty-eight years later. He taught himself music and studied with great assiduity. His compositions include 160 songs of which the first written was "Open Thy Lattice, Love," published in 1842, and the last was "Beautiful Dreamer," composed in 1864, the last year of his life. "Gentle Annie," "Willie We Have Missed You," "Old Dog Tray," "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," "Nellie Was a Lady," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Maggie by My Side" and "Ellen Bayne," the music of which is now used for "John Brown's Body Lies a Mouldering in the Grave," were some of the best-known among his compositions. As a rule he wrote both the words and music of his songs.—New York Sun.

## A Millionaire Baby.

John Nicholas Brown, who is about nine months old, has become one of the wealthiest babies in the world.

A partial inventory of his estate just filed at Newport, R. I., by his



MRS. JOHN NICHOLAS BROWN. (Mother of the richest baby on earth.)

mother and guardian, Mrs. Natalie Bayard Brown, shows what great expectations he has in the money line. The child is heir to all the property of his father, John Nicholas Brown, and his uncle, Harold Brown, members of a noted New England family, who died last May, the two leaving \$20,000,000 at a low estimate.

All the flowers of the Arctic region are either white or yellow, and there are 762 varieties.

## DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

### SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: The Mission of Christ — It Was to Teach the World That God is Love — The Sympathy and Compassion of the Almighty King.

(Copyright 1904.)  
WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage describes in a new way the sacrifices made for the world's disinterested love and deliverance. His text is I. John iv, 16, "God is love."

Perilous undertaking would it be to attempt a comparison between the attributes of God. They are not like a mountain range, with here and there a higher peak, nor like the ocean, with here and there a profounder depth. We cannot measure infinities. We would not dare say whether His omnipotence or omniscience or omnipresence or immutability or wisdom or justice or love is the greater attribute. But the one mentioned in my text makes a deeper impression upon us than any other. It was evidently a very old man who wrote the chapter from which I take the text. John was not in his dotage, as Professor Eichhorn asserted, but you can tell by the repetitions in the epistle and the rambling style, and that he called grown people "little children," that the author was probably an octogenarian. Yet Paul, in middle life mastering an audience of Athenian critics on Mars Hill, said nothing stronger or more important than did the venerable John when he wrote the three words of my text, "God is love."

Indeed, the older one gets the more he appreciates this attribute. The harshness and the combativeness and the severity have gone out of the old man, and he is more lenient and, aware of his own faults, is more disposed to make excuses for the faults of others, and he frequently ejaculates, "Poor human nature!" The young minister preached three sermons on the justice of God and one on the love of God, but when he got old he preached three sermons on the love of God and one on the justice of God.

Far back in the eternities there came a time when God would express one emotion of His nature which was yet unexpressed. He had made more worlds than were seen by the ancients from the top of the Egyptian pyramid, which was used as an observatory, and more worlds than modern astronomy has catalogued or described through telescopic lens. All that showed the Lord's almightiness, but it gave no hint of His love. He made fifty Jupiters and fifty Saturns and 100 Jupiters and not demonstrate an instant of love. That was an unknown passion and the secret of the universe. It was a suppressed emotion of the great God. But there would come a time when this passion of infinite love would be declared and illustrated. God would veil it no longer. After the clock of many centuries had run down and worlds had been born and demised, on a comparatively obscure star a race of human beings would be born and who, though so beautifully provided for that they ought to have behaved themselves decently into instruction and consequence and revolt and war—finite against infinite, weak arm against thunderbolt, man against God.

If high intelligences looked down and saw what was going on, they must have prophesied extermination—complete extermination—of these offenders of Jehovah. But, no! Who is that coming out of the throne-room of heaven? Who is that coming out of the palaces of the eternal? It is the Son of the Emperor of the universe. Down the stairs of the high heavens He comes till He reaches the cold air of a December night in Palestine, and amid the bleatings of sheep and the lowing of cattle and the moaning of camels, and the bawling of the herdsmen, takes His first sleep on earth, and for thirty-three years invites the wandering race to return to God and happiness and heaven. They were the longest thirty-three years ever known in heaven. Among many high intelligences what impatience to get Him back to the throne of heaven! He looked down and saw His Son slumped and spit on and suppers and homeless, and then, amid horrors that made the noonday heavens turn black in the face, His body and soul parted. And all for what? Why, allow the Crown Prince to come on such an errand and endure such sorrow and die such a death? It was to invite the human race to put down its antipathies and resistance. It was because "God is love."

Now, there is nothing beautiful in a shipwreck. We go down to look at the battered and split hulk of an old ship on the Long Island or New Jersey coast. It excites our interest. We wonder when and how it came ashore, and whether it was the recklessness of a pilot or a storm before which nothing could bear up. Human nature wrecked may interest the inhabitants of other worlds as a curiosity, but there is nothing lovely in that which has foundered on the rocks of sin and sorrow. Yet it was in that condition of moral break up that heaven moves to a rescue. It was loveliness hovering over deformity. It was the lifeboat putting out into the surf that attempted its demolition. It was harmony pitying discord. It was a living God putting His arms around a recent world.

The coolmen deride the idea that God has emotion. They think it would be a divine weakness to be stirred by any earthly spectacle. The God of the learned Bruch and Schleiermacher is an infinite intelligence without feeling, a cold and cheerless divinity. But the God we worship is one of sympathy and compassion and helpfulness and affection. "God is love."

In all the Bible there is no more consolatory statement. The very best people have in their lives occurrences inexplicable. They are bereft or persecuted or impoverished or invalided. They have only one child, and that dies, while the next-door neighbor has seven children, and they are all spared. The unfortunates buy at a time when the market is rising, and the day after the market falls. At a time when they need to feel the best for the discharge of some duty they are seized with physical collapse. Trying to do a good and honest and useful thing, they are misrepresented and belied as if they had practiced a villainy. There are people who all their lives have suffered injustices. Others of less talent, with less consecration, go on and up, while they go on and down. There are in many lives riddles that have never been explained, heartbreaks that have never been healed. Go to that man or that woman with philosophic explanation, and your attempt at comfort will be a failure, and you will make matters worse instead of making them better. But let the oceanic tide of the text roll in that soul, and all its losses and disasters will be submerged with blessing, and the sufferer will say, "I cannot understand the reason for my troubles, but I will some day understand. And they do not come by accident. God allows them to come, and 'God is love.'"

But for this divine feeling I think our world would long ago have been demolished. Just this of the organized wickedness of the nations! See the abominations continental! Behold the false religions that hoist Mohammed and Buddha and Confucius! Look at the Koran and the Shashtra and the Zend-Avesta, that have swayed the world of the East. Behold the man who is digging his trenches for the dead across the hemisphere. See the dead cities with their holocaust of destroyed manhood and womanhood! What blasphemies assail the heavens! What butcheries sicken the centuries! What processions of crime and atrocity and woe encircle the globe! If justice had spoken, it would have said: "The world deserves annihilation, and let annihilation come." If immutability had spoken, it would have said: "I have always been opposed to wickedness, and it will be opposed to it. The world is to me an affront infinite and away with it!" If omniscience had spoken it would have said: "I have watched that planet with minute and all comprehensive inspection, and I cannot but have the officers longer continued." If truth had spoken, it would have said: "I declare that they who offend the law must go down under the law." But divine love took a different view of the world's obduracy and pollution. It said: "I pity all those woes of the earth. I cannot stand here and see so unassumed of those who offend, and I will reform the world. I will mediate its wounds. I will calm its frenzy. I will wash off its pollution. I will become incarnate. I will take on My shoulders and upon My brow and into My heart the consequences of that world's misbehavior. I start now to reform the world, and I will start at Bethlehem and My ascent from Olivet I will weep their tears and suffer their griefs and die their death. Farewell, My throne, My crown, My sceptre, My angelic environment, My heaven, till I have finished the work and come back!" God was never conquered but once, and that was when He was conquered by His own love. "God is love."

In this day, when the creeds of churches are being revised, let more emphasis be put upon the thought of my text. Let it appear at the beginning of every creed and at the close. The ancients used to tell of a great military chieftain who, about to go to battle, was clad in armor, helmet on head and sword at side, and who put out his arms to give farewell embrace to his child, and the child, affrighted at his appearance, ran shrieking away. Then the father put off the armor that caused the alarm, and the child saw who he was and ran into his arms and snuggled against his heart. Creeds must not have too much iron in their make up, terrorizing rather than attracting. They must not hide the smiling face and the warm heart of our Father, God. Let nothing imply that there is a sheriff at every door ready to make arrest, but over us all and around us all a mercy that wants to save and save now.

If one paragraph of the creed seems to take you, like a child, out of the arms of a father, let the next paragraph put you in the arms of a mother. Let it tell of his mother comforteth so will I comfort you! Oh, what a mother we have in God! And my text is the lullaby sung to us when we are ill or when we are maltreated or when we are weary or when we are trying to do better or when we are left off or when we ourselves lie down to the last sleep. We feel the warm cheek of the mother against our cheek, and there sounds in it the hush of many mothers, "God is love."

Out of vast eternity He looked forward and saw Plate's criminal courtroom and the rocky bluff with which the lacerated body in mortuary surroundings, and heard the thunders toll at the funeral of heaven's favorite, and understood that the palaces of eternity would hear the sorrow of a bereft God.

What do the Bible and the church liturgies mean when they say, "He descended into hell?" They mean that His soul left His sacred body for awhile and went down into the prison of moral night and swung back its great door and lifted the chain of captivity and felt the awful lash that would have come down on the world's back, and wept the tears of an eternal sacrifice, and took the rest of the nation against sin into Himself and, having vanquished death and hell, came out and came up, having achieved an eternal rescue if we will accept it.

Read it slowly, read it solemnly, read it with tears. "He descended into hell." He knew what kind of pay he had set for exchanging celestial lender for Bethlehem caravansary, and He dared all and came, the most illustrious example in all the ages of disinterested love.

Yes, it was most expensive love. There is much human love that costs nothing, nothing of fatigue, nothing of money, nothing of sacrifice, nothing of blood. But the most expensive movement that the heavens ever made was this expedition salvatory. It cost the life of a King. It put the throne of God in bereavement. It set the universe aghast. It made omnipotence weep and bleed and shudder. It taxed the resources of the richest of all empires. It meant angelic forces detailed to fight forces demonic. It put three worlds into sharp collision—one world to save, another to resist and another to destroy. It charged on the spears and rang with the battleaxes of human and diabolic hate.

Had the expedition of love been defeated the throne of God would have fallen, and Satan would have mounted into supremacy, and sin would have forever triumphed, and mercy would have been forever dead. The tears and blood of the martyr of the heavens were only a part of the infinite expense to which the Godhead went when it proposed to save the world.

Alexander the Great, with his host, was marching on Jerusalem to capture and plunder it. The inhabitants came out clothed in white, led on by the high priest, wearing a miter and glittering breastplate on which was emblazoned the name of God, and Alexander, seeing that he was bowed and halted his army, and the city was saved.

And if we had the love of God written in all our hearts and on all our lives and on all our banners at the sight of it the hosts of temptation would fall back, and we would go on from victory unto victory until we stand in Zion and before God.

Leander swam across the Hellespont guided by the light which Hero the fair held from one of her tower windows, and what Hellesponts of earthly struggles can we not breast as long as we can see the arch of divine love held from the tower windows of the King? Let us see God to us and our love to God clasp hands this minute. O ye dissatisfied and distressed souls who roam the world over looking for happiness and finding none, why not try this love of God as a solace and inspiration and eternal satisfaction? When a king was crossing a desert in caravan, no water was to be found, and man and beast were perishing from thirst. Along the way there were strewn the bones of caravans that had preceded. There were harts or reindeer in the king's procession, and some one knew their keen scent for water and cried out, "Let loose the harts or reindeer." It was done, and no sooner were these creatures loosed than they went scurrying in all directions looking for water, and soon found it, and the king and his caravan were saved, and the king wrote on some tablets the words, which he had read some time before, "Let the hart pantheist after the water, brooks sa pantheist my soul after Thee, O God."

Some have compared the love of God to the ocean, but the comparison fails, for the ocean has a shore, and God's love is boundless. But if you insist on comparing the love of God to the ocean put on that ocean far and swift sailing craft and one sail to the north and one to the south and one to the east and one to the west, and let them sail on a thousand years, and after that let them all return, and some one haul the fleet and ask them if they have found the shore of God's love, and their first answer would be, "No shore! No shore! No shore to the ocean of God's mercy!"



LITTLE GENE STANDING ELK AND TWO OF HIS ADMIRERS.

gudles, voiceless, without will or power. There is no dandling, no coddling, no one to teach them to smile, no effort to develop the softer side of their natures. The squaw is too busy hewing wood, or carrying water, or preparing food for her buck and brood, or making beaded wares to sell to the trader, for that.

And when they are old enough to be trusted upon their legs alone and unretarded they are left to themselves, with less care than a litter of pigs receives from its sow mother—until such time as the squaw perceives that she may lighten her own labors by employing the papooses to share in them, here is no running "to meet papa," clinging to his legs as he walks, no fling "cockhorse" on his feet. Until they have shown character in some expected way or performed some expected deed the buck father will show upon them less attention than gives his pony, or his herd of ponies, he is rich.

Gene, the eight-year-old son of Standing Elk, on the Cheyenne reservation,

## LIFE ON THE AFGHAN FRONTIER

Where the British Watch For Russia to Descend From the Hills of Afghanistan.

WHENEVER the air is filled with uneasy rumors of trouble between Russia and England attention naturally turns to Afghanistan and its ruler, the Ameer, the death of whom is widely believed to be the one thing which will break the armed truce and precipitate a clash between the two great nations now so hungrily looking toward Afghanistan, writes John T. McCutcheon, in the Chicago Record.

There has existed for a long time down in India a belief that the Ameer's death would leave Afghanistan at the mercy of Russia and England, and that there will be an inevitable rush from both sides of the border to seize the territory.

osis in a desert. There are many pretty English girls in Peshawur in the winter, for the fresh coolness of that northern latitude gives a keen delight to golf and tennis and fox hunting.

The town was very gay and lively while I was there and the mall in the afternoon was bright with ruddy-faced young women and smartly



MORNING COURT BARRACKS, PESHAWUR.

dressed officers galloping their country breeds and Waters down the long shady stretch of that fashionable drive. In the evening there were dances at the