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The Dreaded Consumption Can be Cured.

T. A. Stearns, the Great Chemist and Scientist. Will send to sufferers, Three Free Bottles of His Newly Discovered Remedy to Cure Consumption and All Lung Troubles.

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He has discovered a reliable and absolute cure for consumption, all bronchial, throat, lung and chest ailments, catarrhal affections, general debility and weakness, loss of flesh and all conditions of wasting away, and to make his great remedy known, will send three free bottles of his newly discovered remedies to any afflicted reader of the Post.

Already his "new scientific system of medicine" has permanently cured thousands of apparently hopeless cases.

The doctor considers it not only his professional, but his religious duty—a duty which he owes to suffering humanity—to donate his infallible cure.

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Catarrhal and pulmonary troubles lead to consumption, and consumption, uninterrupted, means speedy and certain death. Don't delay until it is too late. Simply write T. A. Stearns, M. C., 35 Pine Street, New York, giving address and postoffice address, and the free medicine will be promptly sent. Please tell the Doctor you saw his offer in the Post.

ALASKA-KLONDYKE GOLD MINING CO.

Capital Stock, 500,000 Shares of \$10.00 each, fully paid and non-assessable, of which 250,000 Shares are now offered for subscriptions at par.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

There are many persons who desire to go to the gold fields of Alaska the coming season, who have not enough ready money available to enable them to do so.

To all such, we would advise the desirability of forming a local syndicate of three or more persons, and jointly purchase 500 shares of our stock, and select one of your number to go and prospect and mine for joint account.

With parties forming such syndicate, this Company will contract to send out one of their number for each 500 shares of stock purchased (omit at par, and maintain such party there for one year from the date of arrival at the gold fields, supplying him with food, tools, and all things requisite to enable him to prospect for gold, and with help to develop and work all good claims located by him—the claims to be located in the name of the syndicate and the Alaska-Klondyke Gold Mining Co., and to be owned jointly and equally, share and share alike.

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The business of the Alaska-Klondyke Gold Mining Company will be run a line of steamers on the Yukon River, and between Seattle and the different parts of Alaska, open supply stores at the different camps, do a general transportation, commercial and banking business, and, in addition, deal in Mining Claims, and work the mines already owned and that may hereafter be acquired by the Company.

The Company controls the following properties:

Eight Gold Placer Claims aggregating 160 acres in extent, located on Forty Mile Creek under United States mining laws. Development has proved the pay streak to be five feet thick and has yielded placer dirt that pans from \$10 to \$15 to the pan. Five Gold Placer Claims, aggregating 140 acres in extent, on Porcupine River, that pans from 25 cents to \$10 to a pan.

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A fine gold quartz lode in Alaska, which assays from \$15 to \$500 per ton. The lode shows an enormous outcrop of free milling ore— vein at surface being 12 feet thick—on this property have made 12 locations of 150 feet by 300 feet, equaling 360 acres. We don't claim that it is the mother lode, but we do know it is without an equal for prospective values.

The estimates and statement above are of necessity based upon information obtained from our Superintendent, and are believed and accepted by the company.

This company having acquired extensive holdings of rich placer and gold quartz properties, capable of earning large dividends on its stock, offers to investors advantages that insure large and profitable returns.

Mr. George W. Morgan, our Superintendent, has been on the Yukon for the past year working in the interest of this company. Therefore, we are not asking any one to contribute to a project untried, but to one thoroughly matured. This company, with its able aids, extensive knowledge, and great resources, is certain to become one of the richest companies operating in Alaska.

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James E. Dewey, Mills & Co., Bankers, Detroit, Mich.

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The full-paid stock is now offered

TEN DOLLARS per share. Send your orders to the

Alaska-Klondyke Gold Mining Co.,

10 N. Broadway, New York.

It Was Only a Rose.

BY WILLIAM SAGE.

The countess was in her garden. Outside its walls was a big city, with great, noisy streets, boulevards and narrow, winding alleys; and dirt and confusion and people. Here in the garden there were also winding alleys, but they were bordered with sweet-smelling hedges. There were fruit trees and rose trees; and fountains that splashed merrily day and night.

It was a beautiful garden, and the countess should have been very happy here. And so she would have been but for the dragon. This dragon did not breathe forth fire and smoke, nor did she have terrible claws and teeth; but, on the contrary, was very polite and stiff, and formal. In color she was generally black, though on occasions she would become green or yellow, or various colors. She watched over the countess from early morning until bedtime, and sometimes followed her into dreamland. This the countess thought hardly fair, for dreamland was her own exclusive territory. She discovered, however, that the dragon generally followed her there on the nights she had eaten two pieces of cake for supper.

There was another bar to the countess' happiness. It was being kept a prisoner in the garden. True, she did go out into the city occasionally, but always in a big carriage, in company with the dragon; and on very rare instances with the marquis, her father, a very sedate and splendid gentleman, whom she admired greatly, but of whom she stood somewhat in awe.

Then the sides of the carriage were so high that she could see very little, save the upper stories of houses, as she drove by.

So, after all, she preferred to stay in the garden with Tou-Tou, her dog, and Fanchette, her doll, where they could all three be together, with no one else to disturb them—when the dragon was asleep in the house.

By standing on a big stone, which she had rolled under the wall on the terrace, the countess could look over into the street below. Across the way was the high wall of another garden, and down at the end of the street was a large boulevard, where one could see horses and carriages and many passers-by.

The countess had climbed on to the stone, and was leaning over the wall, with her neck craned to get a glimpse of the boulevard, when she noticed a boy standing on the other side of her street looking at her intently. He had on neither shoes nor hat, and his clothing was very much the worse for wear. In fact, in several places it was rent through and showed his bare brown legs and arms.

"Where did you come from?" inquired the countess.

The boy did not reply in words, but merely gave a quick motion of the head sidewise, in the direction of the boulevard.

"From the great city?" The boy nodded.

"Do you like it there?" Now the boy knew that this was not the way to answer the gentry, for he had been taught to be respectful to his superiors, but he was not, by nature, a very polite boy, so instead of replying with deference he merely said: "I have to like it," and started to walk away.

"Please do not go," called out the countess.

"Why not?" "Because I want to talk to you. It is so lonely here with no one but Tou-Tou and Fanchette."

"What do you do there?" asked the boy, becoming interested, and crossing over the street.

"Oh, we walk in the garden and have tea-parties and play hide-and-seek. Only Fanchette doesn't play much, for she can't run; but Tou-Tou can."

"What's Tou-Tou and Fanchette?" "I'll introduce you. They're asking to come up." And she placed a doll on the top of the wall and helped a little dog to scramble up beside it.

"Only a dog and a doll?" laughed the boy.

The dog did not like the boy's appearance, and began to bark furiously. Running to and fro in his excitement he knocked Fanchette off the wall. The countess gave a cry of terror, which changed to joy as she saw the boy catch the doll before it could touch the pavement.

"Oh, thank you! thank you, for saving Fanchette's life. Tou-Tou, you wicked creature, be quiet! Tou, can you reach Fanchette up to me?"

The boy stood on tiptoe and handed up the doll feet first. By leaning forward the countess was able to get hold of one foot and restore the unfortunate Fanchette to a sitting position on the wall.

"Thank you again, both for her and for me. Be quiet, Tou-Tou, I tell you," she said, turning to the dog, and placing one hand over his little black muzzle.

"He has such bad manners, has Tou-Tou," she remarked, apologetically.

"I could teach him manners if I had him down here," muttered the boy.

The dog stopped barking, but being a true aristocrat, set scowling down at the boy, emitting an occasional growl.

"I say," exclaimed the boy, pointing to the roses that grew in profusion over the terrace, "what are those red things that smell so sweet?"

"Why, do you not know what roses are?" cried the countess, breaking off a large one. Here, take this one, it is a beauty." She leaned over the wall and placed the flower in the grimy hand, which was stretched up to receive it.

Either to express his gratitude, or to tantalize the dog, who was growling out his severe condemnation of the whole proceeding, the boy put the stem of the rose between his teeth, and stood upon his hands with his feet against the wall. Tou-Tou accepted this action as a challenge, and barked louder than ever.

"Oh!" exclaimed the countess, "aren't you afraid you will injure yourself?" For reply the boy walked across the street on his hands and stood against the opposite wall in a similar position. From whence he contemplated the expression of fear on the countess' face with evident relish.

"I like you very much better the other way up," she called out to him. Thereupon he turned cartwheels until he stood beneath her again.

"I can do that all day," he said; "what can you do?"

"I'm afraid I can't do anything as active as that," answered the countess, doubtfully. "I can only run in the garden and romp with Tou-Tou; and even then if I play too hard my governess chides me. It must be a glorious thing to be a boy and go about in the wonderful great city with no one to tell you 'that you must not.' Are you never afraid of getting lost in the big city?"

"If I ever do get lost I only have to keep going until I find myself again," replied the boy.

"I should like to do it," said the countess, "oh, so much."

"It's easy enough," replied the boy. Just swing down from the wall, I'll catch you, and you're off."

The countess shook her head.

"Then there's the river," the boy went on, in a persuasive tone, "you dive from the bridge and the water splashes all over you. The mud feels so nice and cool as it squeezes up through your toes. And under the bridge on the cross beams you can lie all day in the sun and fish; and all night you can lie there, too, and watch the stars and go to sleep, and if you wake you can listen to the striking of the cathedral clock, and it will tell you the hour. Will you come?"

The countess clasped her hands together with delight.

"I wish I were a boy and could see all those things you speak of. But I am different. I have a governess, who teaches me every day so many, many things, and tells me always that I shall some day become a great lady."

"Pooh, you're only a girl, and that is why you can't come," said the boy, contemptuously.

"I know it," admitted the countess, sadly, "tell me more about the big city."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the dragon, who swept suddenly down and lifted the countess from off the wall.

"To whom are you talking, Mile. de Tremolle? To that little ragamuffin? Go away from here at once, little brat. You, mademoiselle, should have better sense than to converse like that with the cannelle who pass in the street."

The countess suffered herself to be led away without a word, and the last she saw of the boy he was walking on his hands, with the rose in his teeth.

The young countess, Adele de Tremolle, was in the salon with Mme. Guardian, formerly her dragon and governess, and now, although still inclined to be a little of a dragon, her friend and companion. There were tears in the eyes of Mile. de Tremolle as she turned imploringly to the elder woman; but the tone was firm and decided in which she said:

"I refuse to go alone."

Mme. Guardian regarded her a moment from out of her clear gray eyes. She was dressed in black, and her manner was stiff, repressed, yet there was a tremor of emotion in her voice, as she answered: "You must, my child; I would not say it if by remaining here you could do any good; but as it is, your own safety demands that you should go."

"Mme. Guardian," cried the young countess, "you cannot mean that you would have me go while my father is in danger?"

"Alas! yes, I do mean it. They have already arrested women as innocent as yourself. It was only yesterday that they took Mile. de Longueville, and the day before Mme. de Grancour. Every day that you remain here increases the risk. At any moment you may be called upon to share your father's danger."

"They will find me ready," replied Countess Adele, drawing herself up; "I shall be proud to be with him."

"Ah, my child, you do not know how terrible it would be. It is also for your father's sake that I counsel you to fly. It would only add to his trouble to hear that you, too, had been taken. It would make him more unhappy. You would not be together. You would not even hear of each other. While if you leave the country he may be able to join you, should he be acquitted, or if he should escape."

"Mme. Guardian," said the countess, interrupting her by placing her hand on her arm, and looking into her face with deep earnestness. "Is there really any hope of his being acquitted?"

"There is always hope, my child."

"That is what you have always said, but I want a more satisfactory answer. Tell me what you think."

"Mme. Guardian averted her eyes from the searching gaze of the young woman. "My child, do not ask me more."

"I see, you have lost hope," said the young countess, calmly.

"If the president of the tribunal which is to try the marquis were any other than Jean Barras I should have more hope," said Mme. Guardian.

"Is he more bloodthirsty than the others?" said the countess, with a look of horror.

"He is immovable, passionless. He condemns without pity or human feeling."

"But the other members of the tribunal?"

"They will be swayed by Barras."

"I will see this man," cried Adele. "My child, it would be useless, and you will incur the gravest danger."

"I care not. I will see him; I will tell him how when the revolution came my father was the first of the nobles to urge the surrender of their privileges; how he has given up his rights, his possessions, everything for France. And now they seek to take his life, he that is so good and generous. Oh, is it

so cruel, so unjust. I will see this Barras."

"They will not let you get to him, my poor child."

"I will write to him, then."

"He will not read it."

"I will place the letter in his hands myself; you shall not prevent me. It must be done."

And Adele poured out in her letter a passionate appeal to the dreaded Barras in her father's behalf.

Adele de Tremolle entered the courtroom boldly, although her heart beat rapidly and objects seemed to swim before her eyes. In her hand she clasped tightly a letter addressed to Barras.

"I wish to see the president of the tribunal," she demanded, in a low tone, of the clerk who sat writing at a desk.

"Citizen Barras has this moment left the tribunal. He will not be back until to-morrow," replied the clerk.

"He is even now on the staircase," remarked a man who had just entered, and who overheard the question.

Without waiting to thank her informant, Adele hastened from the room and down the staircase. In the passage on the landing below two men stood talking. As she set foot upon the stairs they separated, one coming up and the other proceeding along the hallway to pass out into the street.

"M. Barras, a word!" cried Adele, in terrible anxiety lest he should not hear her.

"I am Citizen Barras," said the man, turning and looking up at her.

"Citizen Barras, here is a paper for you. Read it, I pray you, and then grant me leave to speak to you." She leaned over the rail and held out the letter for him to take.

Mechanically he reached up his hand and took it.

"I have seen you before," he said, abruptly.

"I do not know; I do not remember," she said, trembling. "I am Mile. de Tremolle. Ah, monsieur—I mean citizen—if you will only read that letter."

Barras continued to look at her fixedly.

"That gesture, as you reached me this paper, was strangely familiar," he said. "Is my memory playing tricks with me? Ah, I have it!" he cried out. "I remember now. I see a rose-covered terrace and a little girl leaning over a wall on which are a dog and a doll. In the street below is a boy, ragged and dirty. Ah, I know him well, that boy. She plucks a rose and gives it to him. You were that little child."

"It was only a rose that I gave you," said the countess, hardly daring to breathe, "and I have come to ask of you for my father's life. Marquis de Tremolle is to be tried as a suspect. He who was always so good and generous and kind."

"He is an aristocrat," remarked Barras, with the corner of his mouth hardening.

"Born of the nobility," said Countess Adele, "my father was one of the first to raise up his voice for the people; and now that he is old, broken in health and stripped of fortune, they seek his life. Is that justice? Oh, sir, if you will only read what I have written. I have set it all forth so clearly in writing that you cannot fail being convinced."

"He spoke to save the king," replied Barras.

"For the king and the constitution he had sworn to uphold. Yes. You are a young man, Citizen Barras, with a long life before you. Will you at the end of that life be willing to look back and remember that you had been the instrument of bringing to the scaffold an old man who was only guilty of being loyal to his oath? I plead with you, Citizen Barras, as a daughter who will be broken-hearted at her father's death. I plead with you for your own soul's sake not to condemn my father to the guillotine. You are tearing my letter! You will not read it? Ah, have pity! It contains the cry of a daughter's heart. It is still wet with her tears."

Barras looked up at the figure of the young woman, who held out her hand to him beseechingly. His fingers nervously tore in fragments the letter he had been holding.

"Mademoiselle," he said, with an effort to speak calmly, "I have seen you; I have heard you. I have no need to read your supplication. I believe your father to be guiltless of all crime against the republic. The tribunal—" here he hesitated. "The tribunal will doubtless acquit him. I can say no more at present." And without waiting for her reply he hurried out into the street.

Adele stood for a moment bewildered. Then with a bounding heart she left the building and flew homeward.

As her old governess folded her to her breast the countess shed tears of joy. "He will be acquitted," dear Mme. Guardian; I have seen the dreaded Barras. My father will not die!"—N. Y. Ledger.

The First Dispute About Copyright.

It is a rather curious coincidence that the Scriptures should have caused the first dispute about copyright of which we have any record, and also the last. In the sixth century, St. Columba, then a monk in the north of Ireland, visited a monastery where there was a celebrated psalter, and while the members of the religious institution were asleep or at work he made a copy of the book, which he intended to carry away with him. But the prior found out what he had done, and impounded the manuscript. A terrible dispute arose, which was ultimately decided by the local king, to whom it was referred, against the infringer of the copyright, theibernian monarch sentimentally declaring that "to every cov belongs its calf." But the quarrel did not end there, and this question of copyright gave rise to a great war between St. Columba's partisans and the others, which did not end until the saint fled to Iona for refuge.—Detroit Free Press.

REVIEW.

International Sunday School Lessons for March 27, 1898.

[Based Upon Peloubet's Select Notes.] GOLDEN TEXT.—Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God.—Matt. 16:16.

GENERAL REVIEW.

"I knew a man who went a thousand miles and back, and supported himself at great expense, to be with Agassiz a few weeks at his summer school in Penikese. An hour with the great naturalist would have amply repaid the trouble and expense. To even see the master of any department is helpful.

"Christ is the master in the department of spiritual life. We are to have six months' study with Him and of Him. Happily we do not have to go to Judea. He says: 'I will come to you and make my abode with you,' and 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world,' either as to time or space.

"It is not fish we experiment on, as did Agassiz, but souls, ourselves. So there can be no more interesting study."—Bishop H. W. Warren, in Sunday School Times.

From this chart study the various things that make up the outward visible life of Christ. This outline should be so learned and drilled into the mind that whenever any portion of the Gospels is read it shall find its place in the life of Christ. Thus shall we see His whole life from His coming from the Father in Heaven and the manger cradle to the cross, the resurrection and the return to Heaven. Let us see His perfect character, as revealed in the Gospels.

We have been studying the parts; now we will study them as a whole. We have been, as it were, looking at particular stars through a telescope, revealing a brightness and tint that no unaided eye can perceive; now we will look at the whole sky with all its beautiful constellations showing the glory of God. The individual events are like sentences written on the sky in letters so large that we can see but a sentence at a time, though full of meaning and blessing.

Note the beginning and the unfolding of the life of Christ during His first 30 years.

Note how long the period of preparation (30 years) for three and one-half years of work.

Note how the work of John prepared the way, continued till Jesus had been fully established, and then ended.

Note the years of public ministry and their characteristics.

Note the steps in the development of His work, and how they are all leading to the founding of His kingdom when the time should come.

Note the three great ministries of Jesus named from the countries in which He wrought and taught.

LIFE OF CHRIST.

Birth of John the Baptist. June, B. C. & A.

BIRTH OF CHRIST. Dec. B. C. & A.

Childhood and Youth. B. C. & A. 4 to 12. A. D. 12 to 27.

Ministry of John. Baptism of Jesus. The Temptation. A. D. 27.

YEAR OF BEGINNINGS. A. D. 27.

First Disciples. First Miracle. First Reform. First Discourse. Feb., Apr.

First Tour. First Samaritan Disciple. First Work of Galilean Ministry. Summer, Dec.

YEAR OF DEVELOPMENT.