Carolina



Watchman.

OUR COUNTRY, MAY SHE EVER BE RIGHT, BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY."

SIXTY-SIXTH YEAR. NO. 30.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1897.

ESTABLISHED 1832

One of America's most famous physicians says: "Scrofula is external consumption." Scrofulous children are often beautiful children, but they lack nerve force, strong bones, stout muscles and power to resist disease. For delicate children there is no remedy equal to

Scott's Emulsion

Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. dis out the skin by putting good flesh beneath it. It makes in checks red by making rich It creates an appetite and gives the body prover enough to digest it. Be Fare you get SCOTT'S Emulir sion.

500, and \$1.00 ; all deungliete, TO OTT & DOWNE, Chemists, New York,

KILLED BY FRIGHT.

A Rattler, Coiled in This Man's Lap. Cansed His Death.

One of the most remarkable incidents of death by fright that I ever came across, says a traveler, happened in Mexico several years ago, when I was making a trip through the upper portion of the republic on horseback. We and in the crowd a couple of Mexicans, who did the camp work and cooked for the party, which included besides myself a couple of friends. One evening one of the Mexicans was absent for several hours from the camp; and I started out to find him. Levent into the brash in the direction I had seen the than a quarter of a mile before Leaught sight of Manuelo, that has his dame, reclining in a comfortable manner against the trunk of a small mesquite bush. As I drew nearer I was surprised to see the fellow's face set in a fear-

ful stare, just as if he might have seen a ghost. My astonishment was considerably accentuated when I observed rolled in Manuelo's lap, a large rattler. The stake was swaying its head in a languorous manner, hissing slight'y, but not rattling. It had not seen me as yet. I took out my pistol with a purtose of killing the snake, as bad a marksman as I was, and I dared not make a noise for fear the snake would anny its fangs in the flesh of the Mexican. I crept toward the pair, There was a sudden cessation in the hissing. and the head swayed no more.' It had acard me. There was a sudden uncoiling of its folds, and before I could shoot the rattler slipped off the lap of Manuelo and disappeared. The Mextcan still gazed into vacancy with the same stare of horror I had first noficed. I put my hand upon his shoulder and there was no response. He was dead-actually, as it turned out sitted by fright. He must have gon' to sicep, and while slumbering the rat-Her had crawled from the besh into tis lap. Awakening, the unforfunate man must have seen the snake before to moved and, held, asselmated by the page of the reptile, and realizing that is move must be death, he stood the train until the horror had killed him.

The Answer of Prayer,

The answer of prayer stands knocking at the door of the prayer meeting in Acts 12: 13. That was too unexpected an occurrence for the assembly of betievers. They avowed that the maid bearing the information was either razy or had seen a ghost. How surorised faithful Christians often are if a prayer is really heard. Answers to prayer are recounted with unending exclamation marks, whereas answer of true prayer ought to be considered the most natural experience in God's universe. Much praying is a mere performance. A farmer coming to town read at a physician's door, "Please pull the bell." He pulled until a head was poked out of the window inquiring. "Well?" "Oh, I've read the sign and thought it no more than polite to pull." was his response. The only response that could perhaps be given by many who feel themselves called upon in the Bible to pray. They do not read that the young Pharisee transacted many a prayer before heaven said of him, "Behold, he prayeth." Their arrows shot heavenward have pleuty of feather but no point. They do not spread the fleece, like Gideon, for the dew to descend upon.-F. W. C. Meyer.

"Miss Grabbs declares her girl friends can't deny that her attachment to that gentleman with a title was a case of love at first sight." "That's very true, 'replied Miss Cayenne; "she saw him first."-Washington Star.

Women are classed as the weaker sex, but they are full-fledged Samsons when it comes to getting the best of it

TWO INTERESTING SERMONS

REV. DR. TALMAGE ON THE PO-MOLOGY OF THE BIBLE. "The Golden Bute" is the Title of the Third of the New York Herald's Competitive Sermons-Preached by Rev.

Charles S. Vedder, of Charleston, S. C. Text: "Lot us consider one another."-

Here is the Golden Bule, expressed in the terms of familiar speech and practical acunto others as we would that others should do unto us may be made effectually opera-tive. Here is the sursum cords of all disditions; the proclamation of peace in all strife of human opinions; the solution of the problem of capital and labor; the condition of harmony in all human relations. The two noble brothers of the Hebrew trabarley harvest with each other to make up what each conceived that the other lacked of the elements of happiness, exemplified it. Sir Philip Sydney did no more when, wounded to the death, he gave the draught of water hardly obtained for his own consuming thirst to a stricken private soldier. saying, "Thy necessity is greater than

The words of the text were spoken by one of the great tenchers of the world to those who had associated themselves for worship and work, and whom he would fain incite to the highest and purest and kindliest life, "Let us consider one another." We would better receive the full meaning of the appen should we use the similar amiliar ond expressive word "considerate"-"Let us the considerate of one another."

Among the potential agencies of the

world are these which are directly adthe pirit and purpose organizations which they be called churches, charitles or by whatever name else. In all of these there which will defect or retard their avision what mean belomen's probable and so what mean belomen as the probable and so what mean belomen as a second of the source of the source of the probable and the source of will defeat or retard th hest and value. If we would know how possibilities may be met and everconto we need but conceive of one of these instrumentalities for good in which ench member is "considerate" of every other. Then we should see the strong bearing with the infirmities of the weak; the weak not stumbled with the larger liberty of the strong; the rich sympathizing with the matifold trials of the poor; the poor considerate of the crowding cares and cails of the rich and zealous that both may be podrer in spirit and richer in the graces of character. We should see the old mindful of the enthusiasm of their own youth and, remembering its errors, gently guiding and tempering-sot frowning upon and re-

not rejecting the counsels of the heary head as fossil theories of a Luried genoraspeak and the multitude of years teach wisdom." If with increase of age infirmity had come, its very decrepitude would be honored as the wound of an earlier war-Parents would be then not forgetful that they were once children; children that duty to parents is duty to God and that they one day may need a parent's immunities. We should see the wise gentle to the ighorance of the ignorant and patient to instruct it; the unlearned, if need be, tol- . grant of the irritability of incessant thought and exacting study and eager to share the more blessed to give than to receive for-

buking-the arder of the younger: the

bearance and extenuation. ndapted was the temptation to the weakness it conquered, and how improbable, if thus beset, that any would have remained steadfast. Repentance before God would give the offence to oblivion in the sight of men, save to kindle a deeper sympathy for the frailty that had yielded. There would be the constant summoning of that charity which "seeketh not her own, tkinketh no eyil, hopeth all things, endureth all

reproof seemed duty, the fact would not be overlooked that

Some hearts there are so perilously fash-God's touch alone bath ten lerness enough

To waken, and not break, the thrilling "Let us be considerate of one another!" How benignant a law this for social interdobrse! How happy would be the com-

early in this life that the secret of penceful and pleasant living is a generous recognition of the differences between us and others and a full allowance of the right to differ. In different ages and climes differcit definitions have obtained as to what equatitutes "refinement." There is one element in which all ages and climes agree! Atrue good breeding is that which is consillerate of the feelings of others of what-Why is it that sometimes even the saired

sircle of home is darkened with the cloud of painful differences, but that some withit lack thoughtfulness of the feelings and even the fallings of others? Rigid in their own ways, they are intolerant of the different ways of others. Why is it that in the same circles of society variances come, which grow to settled alienations, but that in some thoughless moment a word, look or act has wounded the sensibilities of another, or even slighted his prejudices, and when regret came some retaliatory word forbade acknowledg-

Employer and employed! Are they alvays to be at odds? Yes, until each "considers" the other and not himself alone. What is there which would banish from the intercourse and rivalries of business the personal antagonism which is often engendered, like tearing down the ghastly legend from the marts of trade, "Every man for himself," and writing there in stend the kindly motto, "Let us be con-

siderate of one another?" Still, still in mutual sufferance lies The secret of true living:

Love scarce is love that never knows The sweetness of forgiving! REV. CHARLES S. VEDDER, D. D.,

Pastor Huggenot Church, Charleston, S. C.

GOD AMONG ORCHARDS. Rev. Dr. Talmage on the Pomofogy of

the B ble. TEXT: "The fruit tree yielding fruit after its kind."-Genesis i., 2. Beginning with the Garden of Eden as the first spontaneous, magnificent orchard. and the expulsion from it of the first pair

because they tasted of the forbidden fruit

of the tree of knowledge, Dr. Talmage

continued: This story of Eden is rejected by some as an improbability, if not an impossibility, but nothing on earth is easier for me to balleve than the truth of this Edenie story. for I have seen the same thing in this year of our Lord 1897. I could call them by name if it were politic and rightcons to do so, the men who have sacrificed a paradisc on earth and a paradise in heaven for one

Their house went. Their library went. Their house went. Their library went. Their good name weut. Their field of usefulness went. Their health went. Their immortal soul went. My friends! there is just one sin that will turn you out of paradise if you do not quit it. You know what it is and God knows, and you had better drop the bed knows. had better drop the hand and arm lifted toward that bending bough before you pluck your own rule. When Adam stood on tiptee and took in his right hand that one round peach, or apricot, or apple, Satan reached up and pulled down the round, beautiful world of our present residence, Overworked artist, overwrought merchant, ambitious politician, avaricious speculator, better take that warning from Adam's orchard and stop before you put

out for that one thing more.

But I turn from Adam's orchard to Solemon's orchard. With his own hend he writes: "I made me gardens and orchards." Not depending on the natural fall of rain, he irrigated those orchards. Pieces of the aqueduct that watered those gardens I have seen, and the reservoirs are as perfect as when thousands of years ago, the mason's dition, secretly sharing the sheaves of their | trowel smoothed the mortar over their gray surface. No orchard of olden or modern time, probably, ever had its thirst so well sinked. The largest of these reservoirs is 582 feet long, 207 feet wide, and fifty feet deep. These reservoirs Solomon refers to when he says: "I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees." Solomon used to ride out to After being caught they are dried and that orehard before breakfast. It gave stored away until the long winter him an appetite and something to think about all the day. Josephus, the historian, warresents him as going out "early in the morning from Jerusalem, to the famel rocks of Etnin, a fertile region, delighted with paradises and running springs, Thither the King, in robes of white rode in his charlot, escorted by a troop of mounted archers chosen for their youth and stature, and chad to Tyrian purple, whose long hate, powdered with gold dust, sparkled in the un." After Molemour bud taken his morning ride in these luxuriant orchards, he would all down and write these wonderful

gest that religion is a luvury. They menu that our religion is the insclous, the are matic, the pungent, the aborescent, the efflorescent, the folinged, the umbrageous. They mean what Elward Payson meant when he declared: "It my happiness continues to increase, I cannot support it much longer." It means what Bapa Padmanji, a Hindoo convert, meant when he said: " long for my bed, not that I may sleep-I lie awake often and long-but to hold communion with my God.

You think religion is a good thing for a funeral, Oh, yes. But Solomon's oregard means more. Religion is a good thin: means more.

ates. Religion for the funeral. Oh, ves: ast religion for the wedding breakfast; retion but acknowledging that "days should | ligion for the brightest spring moraling and autumn's most gorgeous sunset. Religion for the day when the stocks are up ust as much as when stocks are down. Religion when inspiration is easy, as well as for the last gasp; when the temperature is normal, as well as when it reaches 104. It may be a bold thing to say, but I risk it, that if all the people, without respect to belief or character, at death passed into everlasting happiness, religion for this world is such a luxury that no man or woman could afford to do without it. The dear old book opened with Adam's orehard Iruit of such toil, and all esteeming it and closes with St. John's orchard. St. John went into the orchard through a tone gate, the black basalt of the Isle of Mad any "fallen," all would think how Patmos, to which he had been exiled. That orchard which he saw was and is in heaven. One person will err in speaking of heaven as all material, and another person describes heaven as all figurative and spiritual, and both are wrong, Heaven is both material and spiritual, as we are both material and spiritual. While much of the Bible account of heaven is to be taken figuratively and spiritually, it is plain to me that heaven has also a material exist-

How much was literal and how much wes figurative, I cannot say, but St. John saw two rows of trees on each side of a river, and it differed from other orehards in the fact that the trees bore twelve manner of fruits. The learned translaters of our common Bible say it means twelve different kinds of fruits in one year. Albert Burnes says in means twelve crops of the same kind of fruit in one year. Not able to decide which is the more necurate translaferent kinds of fruit, it declares variety in heavenly joy. If it means twelve crops of the same kind of fruit, it declares abunwith nothing but music that Oratoric would be too protracted. Not an eternity of procession on white horses-that would of watching the river-that would be too much of the picturesque. Not an eternity of plucking fruits from the tree of lifethat would be too much of the heavenly orchard. But all manner of varieties, and I will tell you of at least twelve of those varieties: Joy of divine worship; Joy over the victories of the Lamb who was slain; counting our own rescue; joy of empracing old friends; joy at recognition of patriarchs apostles, evangelists and martyrs; joy of ringing harmonies; joy of reknitting broken dential mysteries; joy at walking the boulevards of gold; joy at looking at walls green with emerald, and blue with sapphire, and thyst, entered through swinging gates, their posts, the hinges and their panels of richest pearl; joy that there is to be no sub-

While there is enough of the pomp of the city about heaven for those who like the country and never got over it. Now, you may have the streets of gold in heaven. give me the orchards, with twelve manner of fruits, and yielding their fruit every pupils?" was asked. month; and the leaves of the trues are for "the healing of the nations; and there shall be no more curse, but the throne of see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads; and there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, God giveth them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever." But just think of a place so brilliant that the noonday sun shall be removed from the mantle of the sky because it is too feeble a taper! Yet most of all am I impressed with the fact that I am not yet fit for that place, nor you either. By the reconstructing and sanctifying grace of Christ we need to be made all over. And let us be getting our passports ready if we want to get into Enquirer. that country. An earthly passport is a personal matter, telling our height, our girth, the color of our haff, our features, our complexion, and our age. I cannot get into a foreign port on your passport, put the blame at the right door, An earthly passport is a

nor can you get in on mine. Each one of us for himself needs a divine signature, written by the wounded hand of the Son of God, to get into the heavenly orchard, under the laden branches of which, in God's good time, we may meet the Adam of the first orchard, and the Solomon of the second orchard, and the st. John of the last orchard, to sit down under the tree of which the church in the Book of Canticles speaks when it says: "As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my lieloved among the sons. I sat down under His shadow with great delight and His fruit was sweet to my taste;" and there it may be found that to-day we learned the danger of hankering after one thing more, and that religion is a luxury, and that there is a divine antidote for all poisons, and that we had created in us an appetite for heaven, and that is was a wholesome and saving thing for us to have discoursed on the pomology of the Bible, or God among the orchards.

ALASKA FISH.

they Are Used for Food, Light and

Heat by the Natives. A species of fish abounds in the waters of Alaska that are useful both is food and fuel. They are taken in immense quantities with nets and lines. stored away until the long winter months arrive, when it gets dark early and the Alaskan is snowed up. Here comes an opportunity for using them. Not a bit at a loss for light, the Alaskan takes one of these dried fish, inserts its tall into a crack in his rough wooden table and lights its nose. The Ash burns with a bright and steady light of about three candle power, giving a clear, white light and a very considerable amount of heat. A fairly large fish will burn for a period of three

The selentific explanation is extremely simple. The vertebrae which form the back-bone of the fish are found to be largely formed of phosphorus, which not only causes it to ignite easily, but also accounts for the strength of the Same and the heat developed. The setstance of the fish, which consists so largely of fat, acts as a retarder to the rapid burning of the vertebrae in prerisely the same way as the tallow acts In an ordinary quadle, The fat of the fish is largely composed of stearing, which is also the chief chemical equatit-

ress and consistency. Valuable as is the fish for its lightc'ying properties, it also has its value as a food. If necessary it can be eaten after having been used as a candle, it then being simply smoked, or it can be boiled or cooked in the ordinary menner. In whichever way it is treated, to a hungry man it serves as a very welcome and appetizing dish. In dayor it is much like the smelt, having the same sweet taste, but is much fatter.

Still another use to which it can be but is as a substitute for cod liver oil, which, if taken in sufficient quantity, by aiding the natural heat of the body, proves an excellent protective against the severe cold. The oil is obtained from the fish by immersing them in cold water and squeezing, the product stituled being almost equal in quality to the genuine cod liver oil.

KLONDIKE'S SCHOOL HOUSE

hipped in the Hold of a Steamer All Ready to Be Nailed Together.

The first schoolhouse in the Klondike was ninde in sections ready to be fitted ing its destination, and was shipped in the bold of the steamer Humboldt. Its teacher will be Mrs. L. C. Howkind.

"The idea of tenching school in the tion, I adopt both. If it mean twelve dif- Klondike is not entirely my own," said Mrs. Howland. You see, my husband is going up there and when we vere dance in heavenly joy, and they are both discussing things sorrebody identicated true. Variety? Oh, yes! Not an eteralty that it would be a good idea for the to start a school. This interested me, as I had heard how hard it was to do be too long in the stirrups. Not an eteroity mothing in that land, and I began to liseurs it among the company that was going up on the Humboldt. The result was that we declided to carry out the idea and at once began to get pointers from people who knew all about the ountry. The school hulldling may look joy over the repentant sinners; joy of re- 1 little peculiar, but it is built according to directions. There is a that, slopour roof, so that the show can be easily shoveled off. The windows are high friendship; joy at the explanation of Provi- above the ground. That is to prevent the snow from drifting over them. Everything has been considered that erimson with jusper, and affash, with ame- will be conducive to comfort. We have a big wood stove that will be placed in a corner and ought to keep things sidence, no reaction, no terminus to the warm. There will be only one door. and that will open into a small room through which a door will open into the | beneath her pride and dignity to teach schoolroom. This part of the building | school, and hence there was an annual the Bible about country scenery in heaven | will be arranged so that one door must | importation of New England spinsters to please those of us who were born in the | be closed before the other can be opened. This will avoid all draughts." "Do you think you can get any

"Oh, yes. People who have been up there tell me there are a number of God and the Lamb shall be in it; and His children only too anxious for instrucservants shall serve Him; and they shall tion. And, besides this, I am sure there will be a number of grown people who would be glad to put in a few months neither light of the sun, for the Lord studying when they cannot work in the mines. I am very sanguine of suc-

> The butler-Hand hevery night at the hour of midnight the ghost bappears and gronns and wrings its hands. American tourist-Ah! Must have died in the cucumber season,-Cincinnati

The man who blames himself for the worst things that happen to him will

He Declares That the Country Has Advanced Backward.

HE SAYS HE IS NO PESSIMIST

Says That Women Are Fast Taking the Places of Men in Many Call-

We were talking about the old South and the new South and some said there was no new South; that we were the same people and have the same principles, the same religion and the same politics that our fathers had, but like the rest of the civilized world, we have advanced in education and general intelligence and in the enjoyment of the comforts of life.

Well, I am no pessimist, but I am grieved to say that in many things we have advanced backward. We have more books and more newspapers and more schools, but that crime is on the increase is known and admitted by all who study the records of the courts. There are more idle young men than there need to be yes, five times as many, according to population, and Hen Franklin said that idleness is the parent of vice. I can pick out a score of young men in every town who are ed, and so she ventured to write to me doing nothing young men of good and to inclose a letter to her father. families and they are all living on the old man or the old woman and seem to be content. They haven't been reared to work and they won't bunt for it now. Fifty years ago we had no vagabonds; every young man worked at something, and it was considered disreputable to lie around in idleness. In fact, we had a vagrant law that compelled the lazy, trifling fellows to earn a living. reckon that law is still in the code, but it is a dead letter. When a young man married a girl it was expected by both sides that he could and would sup-

Then we got to talking about the

new woman-the female doctors and lawyers and editors and prepchers and teachers and bookkeepers and saleswomen, and now woman was forging ahead and taking the places and occupations of men, and my friend, Mr. Villiams, of California, surprised us by saying that there were a tribe of Indians in the northwest who were already far in advance on this line; that he had known them ever since he moved to California, in 1819. In this tribe the women dominate the men in the family and the field and forest, They rule them absolutely, make them cook and wash and nurse, and actually hire them out and collect the pay. Their principal business is trapping for furs. The women do this and sell the furs and pocket the money, and many of them have a good bank account in San Francisco. The men are not known in any business transactions. So it seems that our new woman has a savage precedent. Have we got to come to this? Will I live to see the day when my wife will hire me out as a nurse or a cook and pocket the money She knows that I can do both, and I never dodged it at home on an emergency, but I reckon she will let me and nalled together at once upon reach- I stay at home and work in the garden and cultivate her flowers the remainder of my terrestial days. She knows that never hid my money from her; when I got any I kept it for her that's all. It was hers just as much as mine, but I kept it sorter like the old fellow who had a thousand dollars in gold and when the Confederate government passed a law taxing gold 20 per cent, he swore he wouldn't juy it, and so he got the bag one night and jut it on the middle of the table and called up has wife and four children and divided it into five piles and gave them \$200 each and said, "Now, the gold is all yours and I haven't got a dollar in the world; but I reckon I had better beep it for you," and he raked it all into the bag again and locked it up in his trunk.

There is no greater contrast between the old South and the new South than is shown in the advancement and the humiliation of woman. They are now on the two extremes. Before the war there were no female doctors, or lawvers, or lecturers, or others-not onetypewriters, or shop girls, or clerks. The average woman off c ated as a wife and mother, or a daughter cherished by her parents and her brother. The wife was the lady of the house, be it ever so humble, and she was content to teach the children. I and my sisters went to four of them in quick succession, for our widowers married them about as fast as they came, and they made good wives and good stepmothers, and were the most economical house little niguers got any more scraps than they could eat. But now the new woman is either

smart and aggressive, or she is poor and pitiful. She comes to the front with her brains and her ambition and wrestles boldly with the men as editor, highly valual writer, lecturer, professor in schools point of view and colleges, and even as office seeker, and generally succeeds in what she undertakes; or else slætakes an humbler place behind the counter or in the presspittance just enough to keep soul and pose this is charged?" "Yes," said the body together, and every year grows drawer, reaching under the counter for paler and sadder from her work. Most a pistol; "so is this." "The money's of them are working to maintain some yours," said the drinker, throwing body whe is near and dear to them, bu | down a dime. - Boston Transcript.



their wages are rarely raised, for they are women.

I can almost weep for some I know. They keep their sorrows to themselves and "let concealment like a worm in the bud feed on their damask cheeks." Ah, woman! how great is the peril! How hard is thy lot! Not long ago I received a tearful, pitiful letter from over the border. It was from a wife and mother who was an exile from her State and country, and had not heard from her parents in three long years; nor did they know where she was. She did not dare to let them know, for fear a letter might betray her and the sleuthhounds would get on the track of her husband for the reward that was offerwhich I must address in my own handwriting and mail from Carteraville. "I saw you once," she wrote, "when I was a happy child and you took tea at my father's house, and I know that I can trust you. I have kept my secret from them as long as I can bear and it seems to me that I will die if I do not hear from them, for they love me and my heart is almost breaking," They are happier now-the child and the parents

I know of other-cases where the wife has followed her unfortunate husband the silent grief of woman-of wives and mothers-wives whose husbands have broken their marriage vows and gone to the bad; mothers whose sons are afar off in prison for some crime, or at home a drunkard. Oh, the pity of it, the pity of it! Is there no way to reform this world and make it better? If I was a young woman and longed for a mate-a young man, some ideal of my thoughts and dreams, one who would love me and cherish me and protect me all my life-I would hesitate and ponder long before I took the leap. A misfit, a mistake is misery. Matrimony is environed with perils, even when the husband and wife are mated as well as married, for the children may bring grief and sorrow. St. Paul enumerated and boasted of his trials and tribulations, but he was an old bachelor and

for they communicate through me.

knew nothing of the perils of woman. But this is the dark side the shad ow-and I only ruminate over it now and then when some patiful case is recorded in the daily papers. There is a brighter side, a sunshine that illuminates and warms the heart, for marriage is the natural state of man and woman, and there is nothing more beautiful upon earth than the marriage altar, where the bride is good and pure and the groom is manly, devoted and honorable. Love is the best thing upon this sin-cursed earth. In fact, it is the only thing worth living for. The love of wife and husband, parents and children. I heard an aged mother say the other day that her son her baby boy, as she called him was away out West somewhere and she had not had a letter from him for three long years, There were tears in her eyes and some came into mine. Oh, you boys, young men, mercantile travelers, don't forget your mothers. Bill Arp in Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution

Siberia Will Be a Great Country.

Siberia is not an arctic waster peooled by a few Russian convicts, but an country with vast resources impatiently awaiting development. This the new transcontinental railway will at least begin, and at a date possibly not remote the markets of the world will have to count with the produets of a region of which a great part and there were no bookkeepers, or is as rich as any on earth. An English military attache who recently traveled overland from St. Petersburg to Vladivestock by the new route says that the line will open up both agricultural and nameral resources which for practical with her lot. It was even considered purposes are almost inexhaustible, Siberfa, he declares, can produce about very kind of cereal and all sorts of lve stock, and it possesses in abundant quantities the more important minergis, precious and other. Owing to the enermous distance and the costs of transport, the Russians have hitherto had no opportunity to place their Sikeepers in the world. They were raised beginn produce out the great European that way and neither the dog nor the mach to but for years past the authorhies have been gradually, and therefore permanently, developing the country. The construction of a railway through Manchurla will open up a country/exceedingly rich in gold and highly valuable from an agricultural

> As he finished drinking his soda he aid his hands upon the fountain in an anobtrusive way and remarked, "I sup-