MARVELS OF MESMERISM

ASTOUNDING PERFORMANCES IN THE ORIENT.

A Man Burned With a Glowing Coal Without Feeling It—Buried Alive for Forty Days.

I have seen during the last twenty years, says Keliar, the conjurer, almost every hypnotist and mesmerist of note in America and Europe. I have been permitted to carefully examine their performances and to note the precise effect produced upon the subjects by their manipulations. With this experience I think I am able to judge whether a performance of that character is well or poorly done, and I say to you that there were ten years ago, and I presume are now, in India mesmerists whose performances transcend in wonder the combined efforts of such of their Christian rivals as I have ever seen. Let me describe one performance.

It was in Secunderabad in 1878, and it took place in the broad corridor in the palace of Saler Jung, the Nyzam. I was one of a party of Englishmen, among whom were Dr. Crawford, surgeon of the British army, and Mr. John Hodgkins, formerly an officer in Her Majesty's Lancers, but at that time in the employ of an English banking and mercantile firm in Hong Kong. We were in the front ranks of the spectators nearly all of whom were Europeans. After we had waited a few minutes, fanning ourselves, for the day was oppressively hot, the fakirs made their appearance. There were eight in the party. An old man, with aquiline features, a patriarchal white beard and a pair of flashing black eyes, was the leader. His wife, a pretty little woman, young enough to be his daughter, was his chief assistant, and his six remaining men served as subjects and under-assistants.

After the fakirs arrived they proceeded at once to business. The old man bound a bandage tightly around the forehead of one of his young men, placing a small, wedge-shaped piece of pith under the cloth and directly between the eyes. Then he handed him a small, round mirror, telling him to place it on his hand and gaze upon it intently. This the young man did. Meanwhile the other fakirs made a circle partially around him, droning a monotonous chant that ran something as follows:

"Ram, ram, amaram, amaran, ram.
Amaram, amaram, amaram, ram."

This was repeated over and over again in sing-song tones, resembling the distant hum of a hive of bees, and when the chant was ended we were nearly as drowsy as the poor subject was.

Directly the song was finished we started from our lethargy and brought our lagging senses to bear upon the victim of this remarkable incantation. He was lying on the parlor floor, to all appearance dead. His face was of the ghastly pallor of the tomb. His arms, legs and fingers were as though they had been suddenly turned to ice. His blood seemed to have been frozen on a day when we living spectators were almost suffocated by the heat.

We felt his fingers. They were as rigid as though modeled from marble. Dr. Crawford raised his eyelids. The pupil had been upturned and nothing but the white was visible. The doctor examined his heart and felt his pulse. His blood had stopped flowing through his veins. To make the test even more complete the doctor stopped his nostrils, his eyes and his ears and his mouth with a thick, putty-like paste, that made breathing an impossibility. In every previous mesmeric or hypnotic experiment I had witnessed the subject had breathed.

Now came some further tests, and cruel ones they were, too. Large bodkins were thrust entirely through the hand, and he never moved a muscle. Neither did a single drop of blood follow the withdrawal of the steel. This prodding was repeated upon his cheeks, his finger-points, and arms, with precisely the same results. Then the old man took a glowing coal of charcoal from his pot and placed it on the upturned palm of his unconscious victim's hand. Here it first smoked, then sizzled, and the corridor became permeated with the odor of burning human flesh. Still the man was unconscious. At last the doctor forced the old man to remove the charcoal for fear that it might do the young man some permanent injury.

The subject was then turned over to the doctor's care. The physician made every effort known to medical science to resuscitate him, all for naught. After he had been in this trance for nearly an hour, the old fakir made some wide-spreading passes over his body with his arms, and leaned back to watch the result. A shiver passed over the subject's form, and a grim smile of triumph curled the corners of the old man's mouth. We gathered around the prostrate man, and watched him until we grew sick at heart and felt faint. Such torture, such horrible agony I never beheld on a human being's face. His features were twisted and distorted out of all human resemblance. His limbs became knotted, and he writhed into a thousand different shapes from his finger tips to his toes. After five minutes, that seemed to us an age, he opened his eyes, rubbed the moisture from his forehead, and sat up as one who was dazed. A minute later he rose and took his place among the others as though nothing whatever had happened.

While this was very wondeful, the old man now proceeded to astonish us still more. With no one to help him, save the singers and their chant of his own volition, he threw himself into this same marvelous state. We repeated the same experiments upon him that we had done in the first instance. We drove steels through his limbs and scorched the palm of his hand with a living coal. We stopped up his nostrils, ears, eyes and mouth and then the doctor worked on him for half an hour or more. The effect of death was in this case more pronounced than in the former. The natural pallor of the old man's face, his flowing white hair and beard made him appear like the carved figure of some old Indian Chieftain in one of the royal burial grounds. It impressed us as though we were in the presence of actual death and we instinctively spoke in whispers.

When the doctor was tired he turned the body over to the woman, who made certain passes over it, and slowly and terribly the old man regained his senses. That ended this performance, the like of which I never personally saw equaled. The old man was said to be the only member of this particular party who could throw himself into this trance, if I may so call it, and his wife was the only one who had power to bring him to life. Without her [illegible] in this that condition for an indefinite period. Some of the natives claimed that he could sleep that dreamless sleep for centuries and then be brought to life. However that may be, he would undoubtedly remain unconscious until death really came to him unless some powerful agent recalled his dormant senses.

Several months later, during the same year, I visited Lucknow, the guest of Col. Jenkins, commander of the British forces, at the Chuddarmumzil Club, of which the Colonel was the Secretary. One evening I related to the Colonel the experience I have just described, when he proceeded to tell me of one that recently happened in Lucknow, the truth of which he vouched for. This is the Colonel's story:

In 1877, I think he said, a party of fakirs, possibly the same ones I had seen, for their description tallied closely with that of my acquaintance, visited the Colonel's quarters and gave an exhibition of their almost superhuman powers. The old man threw himself while in a sitting or rather squatting position into a trance, and his assistants proceeded to place his tongue far back in his mouth. Then they swathed his body with bandages, as a mummy is prepared for the tomb. They filled his eyes, ears, mouth and nostrils with paste and bandaged his face and neck, arms and chest, as they had done the lower part of his body. When this was done he was turned over to the Colonel. Mind you, all this had been done in the presence of the Colonel and his officers. There was and could be no deception in it.

The Colonel had had a deep hole dug in the barrack-yard, and into this he placed the bandaged fakir, after first putting him into a box, sheathed with metal and hermetically sealed. The earth was spread over this box and the grave was placed under the guard of a squad of soldiers. Every second of the time, day and night for forty days, the grave was under guard. The box could not have been meddled with by any human being and have escaped detection. At the end of that period the box was exhumed and opened, the body was unswathed and a woman breathed upon its face, and passed her hands over his limbs, and, precisely as I have described before, the man came to life, apparently none the worse for his long burial. How much longer he could have remained under ground of course I can not tell. All I know is he certainly was buried and remained there forty days without air, food or drink.

At War With the Bubi.

The Bubi tribe, who inhabit the little island of Fernando Po in the Gulf of Guinea, recently made a raid upon the town of Santa Isabel, and had it not been for the timely arrival of a Spanish gunboat they would probably have reduced the town to ashes. Their King and a number of his followers were captured and are still in custody. They have once been severely flogged in the open air, and the news was sent to their friends.

The Bubi are among the most peculiar people ever discovered. Though their island home contains only about 800 square miles, and the whites, Portuguese, British and Spanish, have been in possession for four centuries, the natives were almost as little known as though they lived in Central Africa until a few years ago. They live far up among the mountains that occupy the interior of the island. For generations at a time they did not molest the white residents of the coast unless they ventured into the interior. They kept a breed of ferocious dogs, which were a greater source of terror to the whites than the Bubi themselves, though the latter were well armed with arrows and spears. At one time when they were at war with the whites they were accused of stealing into the settlements in the night time and poisoning wells. They have never yet been subjugated, though a while ago a white traveler, by exercising great patience and perseverance managed to win their confidence, lived among them for some time, and two years ago he published a book giving the first detailed information about the native inhabitants.

This is probably the only instance on record of an island, twenty miles wide, being in possession of the whites for four centuries, during which time they were not able to explore the interior.—*New York Sun.*

A Hangman's Double Life.

Writing about the prospective retirement of Joe Atkinson—on account of the electrical execution law—the New York correspondent of the Detroit *Free Press* says:

It is doubtful if any man ever was more successful in leading a double life, so to speak, than this man Atkinson. His name is not Atkinson at all, and he never goes by that name except in connection with hanging. It is only his nom de gallows, as it were. At his home in Brooklyn and among his acquaintances he bears a totally different name. He is quite a home-body too, in his way, and his acquaintances are not a few. But neither in his home nor among his acquaintances is there any suspicion that he is also the Joe Atkinson so often mentioned in the newspapers. He has a trade, that of a carpenter, and he follows it regularly, under his real name, and could make a fair living at it without any of the hanging business. How he has contrived to keep the identity of Joe Atkinson, the hangman, and the identity of his real self, the working carpenter, separated so many years, is a marvel. Thousands of guesses as to who Atkinson really is have been made, but no one has yet bit the mark. It was in 1853, thirty-six years ago, that his first regular job as a hangman was done, and he has since had over forty jobs of the same kind at the Tombs, yet it does not appear that in his goings to them, or his presence at them, he has ever been connected by anybody's eye or in anybody's mind with the honest carpenter of another name. "I have kept this thing pretty quiet so far," he says; "and I am going to as long as I live." Chiefly for the sake of his family, who "haven't anything to do with hanging," and should not be made unhappy about it. Quite right, Mr. Atkinson; it does you credit to spare your family.

An Ingenious Clock.

August Barth, of Garrettsville, N. Y., has invented a peculiar clock. It consists of only five pieces—two wheels about the size of a silver three cent piece, two hands and the dial. The dial is about the size of an old style wooden clock, and the hands are about five inches in length. The dial is made of glass, and it is plainly to be seen by looking through it that there are no other parts than those named. The clock keeps perfect time.

TALMAGE'S TRIP.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON

TEXT: *"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."*—Luke ii., 14.

At last I have what I longed for, a Christmas eve in the Holy Land. This is the time of year that Christ landed. He was a December Christ. This is the chill air through which He descended. I look up through these Christmas skies, and I see no loosened star hastening southward to halt above Bethlehem, but all the stars suggest the Star of Bethlehem. No more need that any of them run along the sky to point downward. In quietude they kneel at the feet of Him who, though once an exile, is now enthroned forever. Fresh up from Bethlehim, I am full of the scenes suggested by a visit to that village. You know that whole region of Bethlehem is famous in Bible story. There were the waving harvests of Boaz, in which Ruth gleaned for herself and weeping Naomi. There David the warrior was thirsty, and three men of unheard of self denial broke through the Philistine army to get him a drink. It was to that region that Joseph and Mary came to have their names enrolled in the census. That is what the Scripture means when it says they came "to be taxed," for people did not in those days rush after the assessors of tax any more than they now do.

The village inn was crowded with the strangers who had come up by the command of Government to have their names in the census, so that Joseph and Mary were obliged to lodge in the stables. You have seen some of those large stone buildings, in the center of which the camels were kept, while running out from this center in all directions there were rooms, in one of which Jesus was born. Had his parents been more showily appareled I have no doubt they would have found more comfortable entertainment. That night in the fields the shepherds, with crook and kindled fires, were watching their flocks, when hark! to the sound of voices strangely sweet. Can it be that the maidens of Bethlehem have come out to serenade the weary shepherds? But now a light stoops upon them like the morning, so that the flocks arise, shaking their snowy fleece and bleating to their drowsy young. The heavens are filled with armies of light, and the earth quakes under the harmony as, echoed back from cloud to cloud, it rings over the midnight hills: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." It seems that the crown of royalty and dominion and power which Christ left behind Him was hung on the sky in sight of Bethlehem. Who knows but that that crown may have been mistaken by the wise men for the star running and pointing downward?

My subject, in the first place, impresses me with the fact that indigence is not always significant of degradation. When Princes are born, heralds announce it, and cannon thunder it, and flags wave it, and illuminations set cities on fire with the tidings. Some of us in England or America remember the time of rejoicing when the Prince of Wales was born. You can remember the gladness throughout Christendom at the nativity in the palace at Madrid. But when our glorious Prince was born, there was no rejoicing on earth. Poor and growing poorer, yet the heavenly recognition that Christmas night shows the truth of the proposition that indigence is not always significant of degradation.

In all ages there have been great hearts throbbing under rags, tender sympathies under rough exterior, gold in the quartz, Parian marble in the quarry, and in every stable of privation wonders of excellence that have been the joy of the heavenly host. All the great deliverers of literature and of nations were born in homes without affluence, and from their own privation learned to speak and fight for the oppressed. Many a man has held up his pine knot light from the wilderness until all nations and generations have seen it, and off of his hard crust of penury has broken the bread of knowledge and religion for the starving millions of the race. Poetry, and science, and literature, and commerce, and laws, and constitutions, and liberty, like Christ, were born in a manger. All the great thoughts which have decided the destiny of nations started in obscure corners, and had Herods who wanted to slay them, and Iscariots who betrayed them, and rabbles that crucified them, and sepulchres that confined them until they burst forth in glorious resurrection. Strong character, like the rhododendron, is an Alpine plant, that grows fastest in the storm. Men are like wheat, worth all the more for being flailed. Some of the most useful people would never have come to positions of usefulness had they not been ground and pounded and hammered in the foundry of disaster. When I see Moses coming up from the ark of bulrushes to be the greatest lawgiver of the ages, and Amos from tending the herds to make Israel tremble with his prophecies, and David from the sheepcote to sway the poet's pen and the King's scepter, and Peter from the fishing net to be the great preacher at the Pentecost, I find proof of the truth of my proposition that indigence is not always significant of degradation.

My subject also impresses me with the thought that it is while at our useful occupations that we have the divine manifestations. Had those shepherds gone that night into Bethlehem and risked their flocks among the wolves, they would not have heard the song of the angels. In other words, that man sees most of God and heaven who minds his own business. We all have our posts of duty, and standing there God appears to us. We are all shepherds or shepherdesses, and we have our flocks of cares and annoyances and anxieties, and we must tend them.

We sometimes hear very good people say: "If I had a month or a year or two to do nothing but attend to religious things, I would be a great deal better than I am now." You are mistaken. Generally the best people are the busy people. Elisha was plowing in the field when the prophetic mantle fell on him. Matthew was attending to his custom house duties when Christ commanded him to follow. James and John were mending their nets when Christ called them to be fishers of men. Had they been snoring in the sun Christ would not have called their indolence into the apostleship. Gideon was at work with the flail on the threshing floor when he saw the angel. Saul was with great fatigue hunting up the lost asses when he found the crown of Israel. The prodigal son would never have reformed and wanted to have returned to his father's house if he had not first gone into business, though it was swine feeding. Not once out of a hundred times will a lazy man become a Christian. Those who have nothing to do are in very unfavorable circumstances for the receiving of divine manifestations. It is not when you are in idleness, but when you are, like the Bethlehem shepherds, watching your flocks, that the glory descends and there is joy among the angels of God over your soul penitent and forgiven.

My subject also strikes at the delusion that the religion of Christ is dolorous and grief infusing. The music that broke through the midnight heavens was not a dirge, but an anthem. It shook joy over the hills. It not only dropped upon the shepherds, but it sprang upward among the thrones. The robe of a Saviour's righteousness is not black. The Christian life is not made up of weeping and cross bearing and war waging. Through the revelation of that Christmas night I find that religion is not a groan, but a song. In a world of sin and sick bed and sepulchers, we must have trouble; but in the darkest night the heavens part with angelic song. You may, like Paul, be shipwrecked, but I exhort you to be of good cheer, for you shall all escape safe to the land. Religion does not show itself in the elongation of the face and the cut of the garb. The Pharisee who puts his religion into his phylactery has none left for his heart. Fretfulness and complaining do not belong to the family of Christian graces which move into the heart when the devil moves out. Christianity does not frown upon amusements and recreations. It is not a synic, it is not a shrew, it chokes no laughter, it quenches no light, it defaces no art. Among the happy, it is the happiest. It is just as much at home on the playground as it is in the church. It is just as graceful in the charade as it is in the psalm book. It sings just as well in Surrey gardens as it prays in St. Paul's. Christ died that we might live. Christ walked that we might ride. Christ wept that we might laugh.

Again, my subject impresses me with the fact that glorious endings sometimes have very humble beginnings. The straw pallet was the starting point, but the shout in the midnight sky revealed what would be the glorious consummation. Christ on Mary's lap, Christ on the throne of universal dominion—what an humble starting! What a glorious ending! Grace begins on a small scale in the heart. You see only men as trees walking. The grace of God in the heart is a feeble spark, and Christ has to keep both hands over it lest it be blown out. What an humble beginning! But look at that same man when He has entered heaven. No crown able to express His royalty. No palace able to express His wealth. No scepter able to express His power and His dominion. Drinking from the fountain that drips from the everlasting Rock. Among the harpers harping with their harps. On a sea of glass mingled with fire. Before the throne of God, to go no more out forever. The spark of grace that Christ had to keep both hands over lest it come to extinction, having flamed up into honor and glory and immortality. What humble starting! What glorious consummation!

The New Testament Church was on a small scale. Fishermen watched it. Against the uprising walls crashed infernal enginery. The world said anathema. Ten thousand people rejoiced at every seeming defeat, and said: "Aha! aha! so we would have it." Martyrs on fire cried: "How long, O Lord, how long?" Very humble starting, but see the difference at the consummation, when Christ with His almighty arm has struck off the last chain of human bondage, and Himalaya shall be Mount Zion; and Pyrenees, Moriah; and oceans, the walking place of Him who trod the wave cliffs of stormed Tiberias, and island shall call to island, sea to sea, continent to continent, and the song of the world's redemption rising, the heavens, like a great sounding board, shall strike back the shout of salvation to the earth until it rebounds again to the throne of God, and all heaven, rising on their thrones, beat time with their scepters. Oh, what an humble beginning! What a glorious ending! Throne linked to a manger, heavenly mansions to a stable.

My subject also impresses me with the effect of Christ's mission upward and downward. Glory, to God, peace to man. When God sent His Son into the world, angels discovered something new in God, something they had never seen before. Not power, not wisdom, not love. They knew all that before. But when God sent His Son into this world then the angels saw the spirit of self denial in God, the spirit of self-sacrifice in God. It is easier to love an angel on His throne than a thief on the cross, a seraph in his worship than an adulteress in her crime. When the angels saw God—the God who would not allow the most insignificant angel in heaven to be hurt—give up His Son, His Son, His only, only Son, they saw something that they had never thought of before, and I do not wonder that when Christ started out on that pilgrimage the angels in heaven clapped their wings in triumph and called on all the hosts of heaven to help them celebrate it, and sang so loud that the Bethlehem shepherds heard it: "Glory to God in the highest."

But it was also to be a mission of peace to man. Infinite holiness—accumulated depravity. How could they ever come together! The Gospel bridges over the distance. It brings God to us. It takes us to God. God in us, and we in God. Atonement! Atonement! Justice satisfied, sins forgiven, eternal life secured, heaven built on a manger.

But it was also to be the pacification of all individual and international animosities. What a sound this word of peace had in the Roman Empire that boasted of the number of people it had massacred, that prided itself on the number of the slain, that rejoiced at the trembling provinces. Sicily and Corsica and Sardinia and Macedonia and Egypt had bowed to her sword and crouched at the cry of her war eagles. She gave her chief honor to Scipio and Fabius and Cæsar—all men of blood. What contempt they must have had there for the penniless, unarmed Christ in the garb of a Nazarine, starting out to conquer all nations. There never was a place on earth where that word peace sounded so offensively to the ears of the multitude as in the Roman Empire. They did not want peace. The greatest music they ever heard was the clanking chains of their captives. If all the blood that has been shed in battle could be gathered together it would upbear a navy. The club that struck Abel to the earth has its echo in the butcheries of all ages. Edmund Burke, who gave no wild statistics, said that there had been spent in slaughter thirty-five thousand millions of dollars, or what would be equal to that; but he had not seen into our times, when in our own day, in America, we expended three thousand millions of dollars in civil war.

Oh, if we could now take our position on some high point and see the world's armies march past! What a spectacle it would be! There go the hosts of Israel through a score of Red seas—one of water, the rest of blood. There go Cyrus and his army, with infuriate yell rejoicing over the fall of the gates of Babylon. There goes Alexander, leading forth his hosts and conquering all the world but himself, the earth reeling with the battle gash of Arbela and Persepolis. There goes Ferdinand Cortes, leaving his butchered enemies on the table lands once fragrant with vanilla and covered over with groves of flowering cacao. There goes the great Frenchman, leading his army down through Egypt like one of its plagues, and up through Russia like one of its own icy blasts. Yonder is the grave trench under the shadow of Sebastopol. There are the ruins of Delhi and Allahabad, and yonder are the inhuman Sepoys and the brave regiments under Havelock avenging the insulted flag of Britain; while cut right through the heart of my native land is a trench in which there lie one million Northern and Southern dead.

Oh, the tears! Oh, the blood! Oh, the long marches! Oh, the hospital wounds! Oh, the martyrdom! Oh, the death! But brighter than the light which flashed on all these swords and shields and musketry is the light that fell on Bethlehem, and louder than the bray of the trumpets, and the neighing of the chargers, and the crash of the walls, and the groaning of the dying armies, is the song that unrolls this moment from the sky, sweet as though all the bells of heaven rung a jubilee: "Peace on earth, good will toward men." Oh, when will the day come—God hasten it!—when the swords shall be turned into plowshares, and the fortresses shall be remodeled into churches, and the men of blood battling for renown shall become good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and the cannon now striking down whole columns of death shall thunder the victories of the truth.

When we think of the whole world saved we are apt to think of the few people that now inhabit it. Only a very few compared with the populations to come. And what a small part cultivated. Do you know it has been authentically estimated that three-fourths of Europe is yet all barrenness, and that nine hundred and ninety-one one-thousandth part of the entire globe is uncultivated? This is all to be cultivated, all inhabited and all gospelized. Oh, what tears of repentance when nations begin to weep! Oh, what supplications when continents begin to pray! Oh, what rejoicing when hemispheres begin to sing! Churches will worship on the places where this very hour smokes the blood of human sacrifice, and wandering through the snake infested jungles of Africa Christ's heel will bruise the serpent's head. Oh, when the trumpet of salvation shall be sounded everywhere and the nations are redeemed, a light will fall upon every town brighter than that which fell upon Bethlehem, and more overwhelming than the song that fell on the pasture fields where the flocks fed, there will be a song louder than the voice of the storm lifted oceans, "Glory to God in the highest," and from all nations and kindred and people and tongues will come the response, "And on earth peace, good will toward men!" On this Christmas Eve I bring you good tidings of great joy. Pardon for all sin, comfort for all trouble and life for the dead. Shall we now take this Christ into our hearts? The time is passing. This is the closing of the year. How the time speeds by. Put your hand on your heart—one, two, three. Three times less it will beat. Life is passing like gazelles over the plain. Sorrows hover like petrels over the sea. Death swoops like a vulture from the mountains. Misery rolls up to our ears like waves. Heavenly songs fall to us like stars.

I wish you a merry Christmas, not with worldly dissipations, but merry with Gospel gladness, merry with pardoned sin, merry with hope of reunion in the skies with all your loved ones who have preceded you. In that grandest and best sense a merry Christmas.

And God grant that in our final moment we may have as bright a vision as did the dying girl when she said: "Mother"—pointing with her thin white hand through the window—"Mother, what is that beautiful land out yonder beyond the mountains, the high mountains?" "Oh," said the mother, "my darling, there are no mountains within sight of our home." "Oh, yes," she said, "don't you see them—that beautiful land beyond the mountains out there, just beyond the high mountains?"

The mother looked down into the face of her dying child and said: "My dear, I think that must be heaven that you see." "Well, then," she said, "father, you come, and with your strong arms carry me over those mountains into that beautiful land beyond the high mountains." "No," said the weeping father, "my darling, I can't go with you." "Well," she said, clapping her hands, "never mind, never mind; I see yonder a shining one coming. He is coming now, in His strong arms to carry me over the mountains to the beautiful land—over the mountains, over the high mountains!"

WATER THE ONE DRINK NEEDFUL.

An interesting argument for the temperance advocates is apparently to be found in the fate of a large town in South Africa. The name of the place is Shoshong. It contained 20,000 people and was the center of a large and prosperous trade. The only thing it lacked was water. So great was the suffering on account of the scarcity of water that the town has been deserted by its entire population and a site for a new city selected on the banks of the classic Limpopo, one hundred miles away. This is a fine object lesson for the temperance people. It shows that water is an essential condition of that aggregation of human beings which builds cities and forms great societies, and that man, as he sometimes tries to do, cannot live by rum alone. The good people of Shoshong might have been liberally supplied with liquors; but nevertheless they were finally forced to emigrate to the bright and sparkling waters of the Limpopo.—*Chicago Herald.*

A FAMOUS TEMPERANCE APOSTLE.

I had a chat with Francis Murphy, the great temperance apostle, a week or two ago, says a writer in the Kansas City *Times*. Mr. Murphy will be in Kansas City this winter, and he promises to stir up the monkeys in great shape. The famous temperance advocate has never worked here, and his novel methods will prove taking. Mr. Murphy's hair is white now, and over a good-natured mouth a heavy gray mustache improves an already handsome face.

How old do I think Mr. Murphy? Sixty, probably, although he may be five years older. And what a happy, thoroughly happy man he is! He invited me to his room in a small northern Iowa town two weeks ago. The floor was literally covered with envelopes addressed to "Francis Murphy, temperance apostle." Each of those letters contained a request for dates with the noted speaker.

"I can't go to all these places," Mr. Murphy said, "but all of these letters must be answered. I go where I think I can do the most good."

THE STATE OF AFFAIRS IN IOWA

The *Iowa Messenger*, of Des Moines, in speaking of the temperance movement at home, remarks:

"There is over the State a sort of revival of enforcement of the prohibitory law. Many arrests, trials and convictions have been made, the fines imposed in several cases reaching $1000. Violators of the law in many localities are made to understand that prohibition prohibits, and that talk of repeal does not terrify temperance people into apathy or indifference, but rather nerves the arm of the law to assert its supremacy. Clandestine sale has been routed in many places and community relieved of the presence of the secret foe. Mr. Hoyt tells how some of this work was done through the heroism of a woman who went fifteen miles to lay information, and proposed to wash to earn money to pay costs, if it could be raised in no other way. No record of the name of this heroine is made, but the blessing of the deed will be monument of her courage and devotion as long as her town shall live. Many women in Iowa have stood in the places to which duty has called them in support of the law, and in this hour of threatened danger they will prove anew their devotion to the law which protects the home."

A Letterkenny, Penn., farmer, who lives near the mountain, says he can always tell when a hard storm is coming, as the crows then fly to the better protected nooks for shelter, sometimes a day before the storm reaches there.

Progress.

It is very important in this age of vast material progress that a remedy be pleasing to the taste and to the eye, easily taken, acceptable to the stomach and healthy in its nature and effects. Possessing these qualities, Syrup of Figs is the one perfect laxative and most gentle diuretic known.

The Ottomacs of South America eat one pound of clay every day.

Catarrh Can't be Cured

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