The Koanoke Keacon.

Circulates extensively in the Counties of Washington, Martin, Tyrrell and Beaufort.

NO. 7.

SINGLE COPY, 5 CENTS.

VOL. X.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1898.

AUTUMN.

Along the leaf-strewed paths I walk Recalling summer days: Not in a mood for human talk, I ponder Nature's ways.

Till Summer parted with her breath, No Autumn's sun could shine; "There is no life but comes from death," Said Plate the divine.

Then, Autumn! deem not all thine own The splendors which we see, For had we not the Summer known These splendors could not be.

We love to see your banners red Which Summer helped to weave, And ev'ry canvas Summer spread Thy gorgeous tints receive.

Yet all thy splendors but presage
The desolation near;
For Nature, though she did engage
You artist of the year,

Will send a rude and vandal band Ere the new year is born, Whose ruthless ravage through the land Will blast what you adorn.

Harsher than Summer's seems thy fate; For her thou didst caress, And showed her as she lingered late The utmost tenderness.

To thee, when summoned hence to leave, No kindness will be shown; For heartless Winter cannot grieve For all thy splendor flown. -Aaron Kingsbury in the Boston Evening Transcript.

At The Appetite-Cure.

A Health Resort Comedy.

little attention, not only for the and you can see yourself that people humor of which it is full, but for the would say my cure failed in your case andoubted scientific fact to which it and hence can fail in other cases. You calls attention. It is true that we will not go; you will not do me this civilized Americans eat far too much, and equally true that no small amount of our disease is due to that habit. This theme the great humorist has

clothed in the following attractive This establishment's name is Hoch-

berghaus. It is in Bohemia, a short day's journey from Vienna, and being in the Austrian empire, is, of course. a health resort. All unhealthy peo-Vienna, and use that as a base for the outlying resorts, according to until I consent." need. A flight to Marienbad to get rid of fat; a flight to Carlsbad to get and send the cook to bed; there is not rid of rheumatism; a flight to Kaltenleutgeben to take the water cure, and get rid of the rest of the diseases. It of stairs and showed me into a most is all so handy. You can stand in Vienna and toss a biscuit into Kaltenleutgeben, with a twelve-inch gun. You can run out thither at any time of the day; you can go by the phenomenally slow trains, and yet inside of an hour you have exchanged the glare and swelter of the city for the wooded hills, and shady forest paths

and soft cool airs, and the music of the birds, and the repose and peace of stands solitary on the top of a densely | begin with that." wooded mountain and is a building of Then he left me and I began to ungreat size. It is called the Appetite dress, for I was dog-tired and very Anstallt, and people who have their appetites come here to get them | finely refreshed at 10 the next mornrestored. When I arrived, I was ing. taken by Professor Haimberger to his

consulting room and questioned: "It is six o'clock. When did you

eat last?" "At noon."

"What did you eat?" "Next to nothing."

"What was on the table?"

"The usual things." "Chops, chicken, vegetables, and so ou?'

"Yes; but don't mention them-I

can't bear it." "Are you tired of them?"

"Oh, utterly. I wish I might never hear of them again."

"The mere sight of food offends you, does it?"

"More, it revolts me."

The doctor considered awhile, then got out a long menu and ran his eye slowly down it.

"I think," said he, "that what you need to eat is-but here, choose for

I glanced at the list and my stomach threw a handspring. Of all the barbarous layouts that were ever contrived, this was the most atrocious. At the top stood "tough, underdone, overdue tripe, garnished with garlic;" half way down the bill stood "young cat; old cat; scrambled cat;" at the bottom stood "sailor boots, softened with tallow-served raw." The wide intervals of the bill were packed with dishes calculated to insult a can-

nibal, I said: "Doctor, it is not fair to joke over such a serious case as mine. I came here to get an appetite-not to throw away the remnant that's left."

He said gravely: "I am not joking; why should I joke?"

'But I can't eat these horrors,"

"Why not?" He said it with a naivete that was admirable, whether it was real or as-

"Why not? Because-why, doctor, for months I have seldom been able to endure anything more substantial than omelettes and custards.

These unspeakable dishes of yours "Oh, you will come to like them. They are very good. And you must eat them. It is the rule of the place and is strict. I cannot permit any de-

parture from it." I said, smiling: "Well, then, doctor, you will have to permit the deparaire of the patient. I am going." He looked hurt, and said in a way which changed the aspect of

"I am sure you would not do me that injustice. I accepted you in good | hands with joy. He said with great faith-you will not shame that con- excitement:

BY MARK TWAIN. piece of fiction-fiction with a fidence. This appetite cure is my big F-by Mark Twain the well whole living. If you should go forth known humorist, which came out in a from it with the sort of appetite which late Cosmopolitan, has attracted no you now have, it could become known,

> hurt." I apologized and said I would stay.

> The professor handed me that odious menu.

> "Choose-or will you have it later?" "Oh, dear me, show me to my room; I forgot your hard rule."

"Wait just a moment before you finally decide. There is another rule. If you choose now, the order will be ple ought to domicile themselves in filled at once; but if you wait, you will have to await my pleasure. making flights, from time to time, to cannot get a dish from that entire bill

"All right. Show me to my room

going to be any hurry."

The professor took me up one flight inviting and comfortable apartment consisting of parlor, bedchamber and bathroom. In the parlor were many shelves filled with books. The professor said he would now leave me to myself and added:

"Smoke and read as much as you please, drink all the water you like. When you get hungry, ring and give your order, and I will decide whether it shall be filled or not. Yours is a paradise. There are abundance of stubborn, bad case, and therefore I health resorts, as I have said. Among shall be gratified if you will restrain them this place-Hochberghaus. It yourself and skip down to No. 15 and

I slept 15 hours and woke up Vienna coffee! It was the first thing I thought of-that unapproachable luxury-that sumptuous coffee house coffee, compared with which all other European coffee, and all American hotel coffee is mere fluid poverty. I rang and ordered it; also Vienna bread, that delicious invention. The servant spoke through the wicket in door and said-but you know what he said. He referred me to the bill of fare. I allowed him to go -I had no

further use for him.

After the bath I dressed and started for a walk, and got as far as the door. It was locked on the outside. I rang and the servant came and explained that it was another rule. The seclusion of the patient was required until after the first meal. I had not been particularly anxious to get out before; but it was different now. Being locked in makes a person wishful to get out. I soon began to find it difficult to put in the time. At 2 o'clock I had been 26 hours without food. I had been growing hungry for some time; I recognized that I was not only hungry, now, but hungry with a strong adjective in front of it. Yet I was not hungry enough to face the bill of fare. 1 must put in the time somehow. I would read and smoke. I did it; hour by hour. The books were all of one breedshipwrecks; people lost in deserts; people shut up in caved-in mines; people starving in besieged cities. I read about all the revolting dishes that eyer famished men stayed their hunger with. During the first hours these things nauseated me; hours followed in which they did not so affect me; still other hours followed in which I found myself smacking my lips over some tolerably infernal messes. When I had been without food 45 hours I ran eagerly to the bell and ordered

post made of caviar and tar. It was refused. During the next 15 hours I visited the bell every now and then and ordered a dish that was further down the list. Always a refusal. But I was conquering prejudice after prejudice, right along; I was making sure progress; I was creeping up on No. 15 with deadly certainty, and my heart beat faster and faster, my hopes rose higher and

the second dish on the bill, which was

a sort of dumplings containing a com-

higher. At last when food had not passed my lips for 60 hours, victory was mine and I ordered No. 15:

"Soft-boiled spring chicken-in the egg; six dozen, hot and fragrant."

In 15 minutes it was there and the doctor along with it, rubbing his

"It's a cure, it's a cure! I knew I could do it. Dear sir, my grand system never fails-never. You've got your appetite back-you know you have; say it and make me happy.'

"Bring on your carrion-I can eat anything in the bill."
"Oh, this is noble, this is splendid -but I knew I could do it, the system

never fails. How are the birds?" "Never was anything so delicious in the world; and yet, as a rule, I don't care for game. But don't interrupt me, don't—I can't spare my

mouth, I really can't." Then the doctor said:

"The cure is perfect. There is no more doubt or danger. Let the poultry alone; I can trust you with a beefsteak now.

The beefsteak came—as much as a basketful of it-with potatoes and Vienna bread and coffee; and I ate a meal then that was worth all the costly preparation I had made for it. And dripped tears of gratitude into the gravy all the time-gratitude to the doctor for putting a little common sense in me when I had been empty of it so many, many years."

In a second chapter the writer tells how Dr. Haimberger stumbled across the idea of his cure through a shipwreck which stimulated the once failing appetites of the ship's passengers.

SIWASH WITCHCRAFT-

A Missionary Saves an Indian Boy From Death by Sacrifice.

Prospectors, hunters and missionaries who have been among the Indian tribes in northern districts of British Columbia have from time to time brought news of shocking barbarities practised by the Siwashes in connection with some incantations arranged by the medicine men, or, as they call them. "The Oo-oosh-tuck-yu." These men have more power than the chiefs of the tribes:

Recently the stipendiary magistrate at Telegraph Creek received information from miners that a human sacrifice was in contemplation in the village of the Tahantanis. An Indian boy fourteen years old was to publicity meet a horrible death by order of the tribal medicine man for be witching and causing the death of a young squaw. The girl, who, it seems, was a great favorite of the unfortunate boy, took sick about a month ago with what seemed to rational men malarial fever. Afterward a rash appeared on her face resembling smallpox.

When the medicine man came he thumped and squeezed the poor girl and scratched her body with small needles fastened to his finger nails,

She died soon after and relatives thanked the medicine man for his efforts, though it was plain to the miners that his brutal treatment had caused her death.

On hearing of the matter the magistrate went to the Rev. Mr. Appleyard, the Church of England missionary working in the district, and together they gathered the Indians on the banks of the Tahltan and a big powwow was held. The boy, bound hand and foot with ropes, was carried to

Mr. Appleyard told the Indians that all who helped in slaying the boy would be punished by death. This, together with many other arguments, finally brought the Indians around, and the boy was given into the charge of the missionary, who agreed to place him in the mission school at Metlaktla for three years and teach him the English language, which, at the end of his term, he could teach to his fellow tribesmen, and help them to

get along in the world. About a year ago an Indian boy was mutilated and killed by the Tahantanis Indians, near Telegraph Creek, by command of a medicine man, who accused him of having bewitched one of the tribe. The one supposed to have been bewitched had undoubtedly died of natural causes, but according to the Siwash view disease is never caused except by evil spirits through the medium of a living person.

They believe that any evil person possesses the power to shoot into the body, without detection, stones, sticks, leather, bones and such things, an act termed by the north aborigines "minookeitl." They believe that any such evil disposed persons can, by stealing a portion of any one's clothing and putting it through a mysterious process, poison that part of the body which the garment had formerly covered. The murdered boy was said to have been guilty of the act, but in reality his sole offense consisted of stealing the painted straw hat of the Iadian whom he was accused of having bewitched.

In the minds of his tribe he doctored the hat, and the death of the owner by poison resulted.

Tired of Being a Spectator. Little Joe having been invited out to dinner with his mother was commanded not to speak at the table except when he was asked a question, and he promised to obey the command. At the table no attention was paid to Joe for a long time. He grew very restless, and his mother could see that he was having a hard time to restrain himself. By and by he could stand it no longer. "Mother!" he called out, "when are they going to begin asking me questions?"-Weekly

Telegraph.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS,

Some insects are in a state of maturity thirty minutes after birth.

Some scientists assert that the purest air in cities is found about twenty. five feet above the street surface.

The amount of silk produced by each spider is so small that a scientist somputes that 663,522 would be required to produce a pound of thread,

An English physician has discovered a way of producing local anæsthesia without the loss of consciousness or the use of ether or chloroform, He uses moderate currents of electricity frequently interrupted.

Professor Ramsey and Mr. Travers have discovered another elemental gas which they call xenon. It possesses a spectrum analogous to that of argon, but the position of the lines differs entirely. It seems to exist in minute quantities.

Dr. Barth of Koslin has made a study of the effects of singing on the action of the lungs and heart, on diseases of the heart, on the vocal apparatus, on the upper air passages, on the ear, on the general health, on the development of the chest, on metabolism, and on the activity of the ligestive organs. Singing, he maintains, is as good as any other form of gymnastics, and it has the advantage that it can be practiced anywhere or at any time.

Remedies for Plant Poison.

"I have tried a remedy for the bites and stings of wasps, yellow jackets, hornets, bees and insects generally this season," remarked a Montgomery county, Maryland, farmer, "which, though new to me, has proved to be very efficacious in the number of opportunities I have had to try it, both on myself and my family and friends. There is no way that I know of to stop the intense pain that follows immediately after sting, but a careful rubbing of the stung part a few seconds with the juice of any two plants. herbs, leaves or grasses that may be handy will shorten the duration of the pain, and in many instances prevent the swelling which follows some stings. It matters not what plant or herbs are used. First apply one and then the other. The theory of the cure is that if the juice of one of the plants does not neutralize the poison of the sting the other will, and that if both fail if tried separately they will work effectually as a combination. Poison oak, or poison ivy, as it is most often called, while an irritant itself, is the exact opposite if applied as one of the parts the cure. Recently I knew of a lady who, in a hurry to get weeds for a painful sting of a wasp, used poison oak first and then stramonium. or deadly nightshade, either by themselves poisonous to a certain extent under some conditions to many people. The combination had the effect of stopping the pain from the sting and doing no harm themselves, although under ordinary circumstances she was very susceptible to either. Poisonous weeds are not necessary. The juice from the tomato vine, the cabbage plant, pea or beans, or, indeed, any two plants or vines, is preferable. It is the combination of any two of them that seems to be specially officacious in stopping the pain and swelling."-Washington Star.

A Fly-Catching Scheme.

"Joe, I'm sadly afraid you have been idling about in my absence, said a young and clientless solicitor, just returned from his honeymoon, to his office boy. "This typewriter hasn't been touched the whole time."

"Indeed, sir, I was working it only two hours ago," replied the lad. "Then how comes it that a spider has spun a web across its keys?"

asked the solicitor, pointing to a flimsy network which almost covered the keyboard. "Why, sir, I caught that spider and put him there myself," explained the

boy, after a scarcely perceptible pause. "There's a fly buzzing about in the works of the typewriter, and as I I didn't want to take the machine to pieces to get at it, I thought the spider dodge would serve. You let him alone sir, and that fly will be trapped in no time."-Pearson's Weekly. A Paper Craze in Japan.

Word comes from Japan that the subjects of the mikado have started a paper craze, and the highest ladies of the land of the plum blossom are ordering entire costumes of this novel dress fabric. It is light and economical. The big manufacturers are making quantities of paper dress material in various colors and nontearable guaranteed to launder. There are dressmakers in the principal towns who make a specialty of these paper costumes, and they are doing an excellent trade. When will paper costumes reach America?

A Child's Marvellous Escape

A child who wandered away from Burns Valley, Pa., was lost in the mountains. When found she was in the midst of wild animals and among rattlesnakes, but she declared they had made no attack upon her and that she had subsisted among them by eating wild berries, The hunting party that found her killed twelve rattlers near the rock where she was discov-

DIVINE.

Subject: "Across the Continent"-Spiritual Thoughts Suggested While Viewing Scenes of Majesty and Grandour Wrought by the Hand of God.

TEXTS: "Streams in the desert."—Isalah xxv., 6. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke,"-Psalms civ., 32.

My first text means irrigation. It means the waters of the Himalaya, or the Pyrenees, or the Sierra Nevadas poured through canals and aqueducts for the fertilization of the valleys. It means the process by which the last mile of American barrenness will be made an apple orchard, or an orange grove, or a wheat field, or a cotton plantation, or a vineyard—"streams in the desert." My second text means a volcano like Vesuvius or Cotopaxi, or it means the geysers of Yellowstone Park or of California. You see a hill calm and still, and for ages im-movable, but the Lord out of the heavens puts His finger on the top of it, and from it rise thick and impressive vapors: "He toucheth the hills and they smoke!"

Although my journey across the continent this summer was for the eighth time, more and more am I impressed with the divine hand in its construction, and with

divine hand in its construction, and with its greatness and grandeur, and more and more am I thrilled with the fact that it is all to be irrigated, glorified and Edenized What a change from the time when Daniel Webster on yonder Captoline Hill said to the American Senate in regard to the centre of this continent, and to the regions on the Pacific Coast: "What do you want with this vast, worthless area, this region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts and cactus, of shifting sands and prairie dogs? To what use could we ever put these great deserts or these great means the same contents. deserts or these great mountains, impene-trable and covered with eternal snow? What can we ever hope to do with the Western coast, rock-bound, cheerless and uninviting, and not a harbor on it? I will never vote one cent from the public treasury to place the Pacific coast one inch nearer Boston than it now is." What a mistake the great statesman made when he said that! All who have crossed the continent realize that the States on the Pacific Ocean will have quite as grand opportunities as the States on the Atlantic, and all this realm from sea to sea to be the Lord's cul-

tivated possession. Do you know what, in some respects, is the most remarkable thing between the Atlantic and Pacific? It is the figure of a cross on a mountain in Colorado. It is a cross on a mountain in Colorado. It is called the "Mount of the Holy Cross." A horizontal crevice filled with perpetual snow, and a perpendicular crevice filled with snow, but both the horizontal line and the perpendicular line so marked, so bold, so significent, so unmistakable, that all who pass in the daytime within many miles are compelled to see it. There are some figures, some contours, some mountain appearances that you gradually make out after your attention is called to them. a man's face on the rocks in the White Mountains.. So a maiden's form cut in the granite of the Adirondacks. So a city in the moving clouds. Yet you have to look under the pointing of your friend or guide for some time before you can see the similarity. But the first instant you glance at this side of the mountain in Colorado, you cry out: "Across! A cross!" Do you say that this geological inscription just happens so? No! That cross on the Colorado mountain is not a human freak of an earthquake. The hand of God cut it there and set it up for the nation to look at. Whether set up in rock befor the cross of wood was set up on the bluff back of Jerusalem, or set up at some time since that assassination, I believe the Creator meant it to suggest the most notable event in all the history of this planet, and He hung it there over the heart of this continent to indicate that the only hope for this nation is in the Cross on which our Immanuel died. The clouds were vocal at our Saviour's birth, the rocks rent at His martyrdom, why not the walls of Colorado bear the record of the Crucifixion?

I supposed in my boyhood, from its size on the map, that California was a few yards across, a ridge of land on which one must walk cautiously lest he hit his head against the Sierra Nevada on one side, or slip off into the Pacific waters on the other—California, the thin slice of land, as I supposed it to be in my boyhood, I have found to be larger than all the States of New England and all New York State and all Pennsylvania added together; and if you add them together their square miles fall far short of California. And then all those new-born States of the Union, North and South Dakota Washington, Montana and South Dakota, Washington, Montana, Idaho and Wyoming. Each State an em-

pire in size.

mensity of our continental acreage you must remember that vast reaches of our public domain are uncultivated heaps of dry sand, and the 'Bad Lands' of Montana and the Great American Desert. glad you mentioned that. Within twenty-five years there will not be between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts a hundred miles of land not reclaimed either by farmers' plough or miners' crowbar. By irrigation, the waters of the rivers and the showers of heaven, in what are called the rainy sea-son, will be gathered into great reservoirs, and through aqueducts let down where and when the people want them. Utah is an object lesson. Some parts of that Territory which were so barren that a spear of grass could not have been raised there in a hundred years, are now rich as Lancaster County farms of Pennsylvania, or West-chester farms of New York, or Somerset County farms of New Jersey. Experiments have proved that ten acres of ground irrigated from waters gathered in great hydrological having will produce as a farmer of the county farms. logical basins will produce as much as fifty acres from the downpour of rain as seen in our regions. We have our freshets and our droughts, but in those lands which are to be scientifically irrigated there will be neither freshets nor droughts. As you take a pitcher and get it full of water, and then set it on a table and take a drink out of it drinking a pitcherful all at once, so Mon-tana, and Wyoming and Idaho will catch the rains of their rainy season and take up all the waters of their rivers in great pitchers of reservoirs, and refresh their land whenever they will.

But the most wonderful part of this American continent is the Yellowstone Park. My two visit there made upon me an impres-sion that will last forever. Go in by the Moneida route as we did this summer and save 250 miles of railroading, your stage-coach taking you through a day of scenery as captivating and subline as the Yellow-stone Park itself. After all poetry has ex-hausted itself concerning Yellowstone Park, and all the Morans and Bierstadts and the other enchanting artists have completed their canvas, there will be other relations to make, and other stories of its beauty and wrath, splendor and agony, to be recited, The Yellowstone Park is the geologist's paradise. By cheapening of travel may it to make, and other stories of its beauty and will sing with Isalab, "In the wilderness wrath, splendor and agony, to be recited, waters have broken out, and streams in the Yellowstone Park is the geologist's paradise. By cheapening of travel may it become the nation's playground! In some portions of it there seems to be the anarchy voirs! America for God!"

Of its on earth and some of its in heaven will sing with Isalab, "In the wilderness waters have broken out, and streams in the desert," and with David, "There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the sight of God."

Oh, fill up the reservance of its in heaven will sing with Isalab, "In the wilderness waters have broken out, and streams in the desert," and with David, "There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the sight of God."

Oh, fill up the reservance of its in heaven will sing with Isalab, "In the wilderness waters have broken out, and streams in the desert," and with David, "There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the sight of God."

Oh, fill up the reservance of its in heaven will sing with Isalab, "In the wilderness waters have broken out, and streams in the desert," and with David, "There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the sight of God."

Oh, fill up the reservance of the property of the stream where of the property of the stream where of the property of the stream with the desert."

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON. of the elements. Fire and water, and the vapor born of that marriage, terrific. Gey, ser cones or hills of crystal that have been over five thousand years growing! In places the earth, threbbing, sobbing, groaning, quaking with aqueous paroxysm. At ing, quaking with aqueous paroxysm. At the expiration of every sixty-five minutes one of the geysers toasing its boiling water 185 feet in the air and then descending into swinging rainbows. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke." Caverns of pictured walls large enough for the sepulchre of the human race. Formations of stone in shape and color of calla lily, of heliotrope, of rose, of cowslip, of sunflower and of gladiolus. Sulphur and arsenle and oxide of iron, with their delicate pencils, turning the hills into a Luxemburg, or a Vatican picture-gallery. The so-called Thanatopsis the hills into a Luxemburg, or a Vatican picture-gailery. The so-called Thanatopsis Geyser, exquisite as the Bryant poem it was named after, and Evangeline Geyser, lovely as the Longfellow heroine it co

But atter you have wandered along the geyserite enchantment for days, and begin to feel that there can be nothing more of interest to see, you suddenly come upon the peroration of all majesty and grandeur, the Grand Canon. It is here that it seems to me—and I speak it with reverence—Jeto me—and I speak it with reverence—Jehovah seems to have surpassed Himself. It
seems a great gulch let down into the
eternities. Masonry by an omnipotent
trowel. Yellow! You never saw yellow
unless you saw it there. Red! You never
saw red unless you saw it there. Violet!
You never saw violet unless you saw it
there. Triumphant banners of color. Ina
eathedral of basalt Surrise and Surest cathedral of basalt, Sunrise and Sunset married by the setting of rainbow ring. Gothic arches, Corinthian capitals, and

Egyptian basilicas built before human architecture was born. Huge fortifications of granite constructed before war forged its first cannon. Gibraltars and Sebasto-pols that never can be taken. Thrones on which no one but the King of heaven and earth ever sat. Fount of waters at which the bills are baptized, while the giant cliffs stand around as sponsors. For thousands of years before that scene was unveiled to human sight, the elements were busy, and the geysers were howing away with their hot chisel, and glaciers were pounding with their cold hammers, and hurricanes were cleaving with their lightning strokes, and hallstones giving the finishing touches, and after all these forces of nature had done their best, in our century the curtain dropped, and the world had a new and di-vinely inspired revelation, the Old Testament written on papyrus, the New Testa-ment written on parchment, and this last Testament written on the rocks.
Standing there in the Grand Canon of

the Yellowstone Park for the most part we held our peace, but after awhile it flashed upon me with such power I could not help but say to my comrades: "What a hall this would be for the last Judgment!" See that mighty cascade with the rainbows at the foot of it? Those waters congealed and transfixed with the agitations of that day, what a place they would make for the shin-ing feet of a Judge of quick and dead! And those rainbows look now like the crowns to be cast at His feet. At the bot-tom of this great canon is a floor on which the nations of the earth might stand, and all up and down these galleries of rock the nations of heaven might sit. And what reverberation of archangels' trumpet there would be through all these gorges and from these caverns and over all these heights. Why should not the greatest of all the days the world shall ever see close amid the grandest scenery Omnipotence ever built?

I have said these things about the magnitude of the continent, and given you a few specimens of some of its wonders, to let you know the comprehensiveness of Christ's dominion when He takes possession of this continent. Besides that, the salvation of this continent means the salvation of Asia, for we are only thirty-six miles from Asia at the northwest. Only Behring Strait separates us from Asia, and these will be spanned by a great bridge. The thirty-six miles of water between these two continents are not all deep sea, but have three islands, and there are also shoals which will allow piers of bridges, and for the most of the way the water is only about twenty fathoms deep.

As soon as you get in Yellowstone Park

or California you have pointed out to you places cursed with such names as "The Devil's Slide," "The Devil's Kitchen,"
"The Devil's Thumb," "The Devil's Pul-"The Devil's Thumb," "The Devil's Pulpit," "The Devil's Mush-Pot," "The
Devil's Tea-Kettle," "The Devil's SawMill," "The Devil's Machine-Shop," "The
Devil's Gate," and so on. Now it is very
much needed that geological surveyor or
Congressional Committee or group of distinguished guests go through Montana tinguished guests go through Montana and Wyoming and California and Colorado and give other names to these places. All these regions belong to the Lord, and to a Christian nation; and away with such Plutonic nomenclature! But how is this continent to be gospelized? The pulpit and a the to be gospelized? The pulpit and a Christian printing-press harnessed together will be the mightlest team for the first plough. Not by the power of cold, formalistic theology; not by ecclesiastical technicalities. I am sick of them, and the world is sick of them. But it will be done by the warm-hearted, sympathetic presentation of the fact that Christ is ready to partian all our sine and heal all our "But," says one, "in calculating the impardon all our sins, and heal all our wounds, and save us both for this world and the next. Let your religion of glaciers crack off and fall into the Gulf Stream and get melted. Take all your creeds of ull denominations and drop out of them all human phraseology and put in only scrip-tural phraseology, and you will see how quick the people will jump after them.

On the Columbia River we saw the sal-non jump clear out of the water in different places, I suppose for the purpose of getting the insects. And if when we want to fish for men and we only have the right kind of bait, they will spring out above the flood of their sins and sorrows Associations of America will also do part of the work. They are going to take the of the work. They are going to take the young men of this nation for God. These institutions seem in better favor with God and man than ever before. Business men and capitalists are awaking to the fact that they can do nothing better in the way of living beneficence or in last will and testament than to do what Mr. Marquand did for Brooklyn when he made the Young Men's Christian palace possible. These when you are thirsty and never think of institutions will get our young men all drinking a pitcherful all at once, so Mon- over the land into a stampede for over the land into a stampede for heaven. Thus we will all in some way help on the work, you with your ten talents, I with five, somebody else with three. It is estimated that to irrigate the arid and desert lands of America as they ought to be irrigated, it will cost about one hundred million dollars to gather the waters into reservoirs. As much contri-bution and effort as that would irrigate with Gospel influences all the waste places of this continent. Let us by prayer and contribution and right living all help to fill the reservoirs. You will carry a bucket, and you a cup. and even a thimbleful would help. And after a while God will send the floods of mercy so gathered, pouring down over all the land, and some of us on earth and some of us in heaven