

SERMONS OF THE WEEK

Friendship.—Generosity is one of the lovely traits of true friendship. It comes out in feeling, in conduct and in special tokens in the form of gifts.—Rev. J. D. Burrell, Presbyterian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The School of Life.—Life is a school for eternity and the door of hope for entering into a higher life. How often during the past week have you had an opportunity to forgive that man who has done you so great a wrong? The door is now open.—Rev. B. P. Lee, Episcopalian, Los Angeles, Cal.

The Atonement.—All the Scriptures center in the sacrifice on Calvary. It is by faith that the doctrines of Atonement must be accepted. To accept is the declared recognition of God; to reject it will have no other substitute for the penalty. So there is the one unpardonable sin, to reject Jesus as the Son of God offered to redeem mankind.—Bishop C. R. Fowler, Methodist, New York City.

The Church Beautiful.—What is it that makes the church beautiful? Not the massive architecture, the music or eloquent sermon; these are only the accessories of worship. The true beauty of the church must come from the spirit of the worshippers. The sincere worship of God is the fairest ornament; the earnest endeavor to help men the greatest charm.—Rev. J. P. Forbes, Unitarian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Slow and Sure.—Remember that neither truth or reform are achieved instantly. There is many a backward movement of the spring after the sun has crossed the line. Many a cold dreary day in the sunny month of June. Many an early frost that blights our hopes and chills the opening rose. But with all the drawback spring moves forward and summer draws and full.—Rev. Robert MacDonald, Baptist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Preaching.—Preaching the gospel is the great work of the church, but the gospel must be preached in such a manner as to pull down the strongholds of the devil. The church is God's instrument for the overthrow of Satan. Our preaching nowadays is too much on the soft order. The devil is not much disturbed at the present style of preaching, neither are sinners being disturbed.—Rev. A. R. Holderby, Baptist, Atlanta, Ga.

Spiritual Growth.—The cry of the age is that religion must be practical; it must prove itself in its ability to touch and influence the life of to-day. True religion is not alone social service; for while that is the expression of it there is back of it all the source, the inspiration which demands a personal relationship with God. While there is not this communion there is no spiritual growth.—Rev. T. I. Rose, Episcopalian, Milton, Mass.

Evangelization.—The only hope of our republic is to evangelize our cities, and thus secure safe popular government, through genuine Christian character in the individual and in the home. As churches we must build more missions, found more Sunday schools, visit all the homes of the neglected and tempted, and win the masses to Christ by love, sympathy and practical everyday religion.—Rev. F. G. Fartridge, Baptist, Pittsburg, Pa.

Theology.—Our human theologies are easily shaken because they are but human interpretation of the divine Scriptures. But the Gospel of the Son of God stands firm and immovable as the everlasting hills. Your theologies appeal only to part of the race. Christianity appeals to all. And Christianity is so universal in its spirit because it is so eternal in its power. It cannot be shaken because the spirit of Christ is resident within it.—Rev. John W. McCombe, Presbyterian, Bensonhurst, N. Y.

A PONTOON BRIDGE ON THE INDUS.



PERMANENT BOAT BRIDGE OVER THE INDUS AT KHUSHALGAR.

The boat bridge at Khushalgar is one of the most important pontoon bridges over the Indus, on the northwest frontier of India. The Indus has always been difficult to bridge, owing to the rapidity of its current, more especially during what is known as the rainy season, when it becomes much swollen. The picture represents a convoy on its way between Kohat and Rawal Pindi crossing the river at Khushalgar. This bridge is permanent, and not temporary as might be supposed, and it was over this bridge that the Tirah expeditionary force advanced into the Afridi country in 1897, the railway at that time only running from Rawal Pindi to Khushalgar, which lies on the left bank of the Indus. The simplest form of permanent ferry consists of ropes stretched across the river by means of which rafts, similar to those depicted here, can be sheered or hauled backwards and forwards from bank to bank. The Khushalgar bridge is, however, the ordinary floating or pontoon bridge. It is capable of bearing any traffic with the exception of heavy siege artillery. The banks on both sides of the river are very steep, winding up the cliff at a steep angle as shown here. The surrounding country is rocky and barren.

LAST RESTING PLACE OF THE BONES OF ADMIRAL JOHN PAUL JONES.



With impressive ceremony, accompanied by the highest naval honors, the body of John Paul Jones, on its arrival in this country, was interred in the crypt of the magnificent new chapel now nearing completion at the Annapolis naval academy. Special Ambassador Loomis, flanked by Admiral Sigsbee and a brilliantly uniformed staff, presented the remains of the great admiral to the land for which he did such valorous service, and they were received with a naval salute and a specially prepared funeral service. The new chapel, a central feature of the reconstructed naval academy group of buildings recently ordered by Congress at a cost of many millions, rises

on the water front with a massive dome for its inspiration, the architecture of the whole being not unlike the Hotel d'Invalides of Paris, in which rest the remains of the great Napoleon. The crypt of the chapel is intended for a last resting place of the bones of the nation's naval heroes.

Some Object Lessons.

A Massachusetts clergyman stood before his congregation with a dog beside him and talked on the subject of kindness to animals. The innovation made a strong impression, but there is no doubt that it opens up a somewhat dangerous precedent. Will the next Massachusetts clergyman who inveighs against horse racing find it necessary to use a live horse for an object lesson? Or if he discusses on the dangers that surround the devoted missionary in oriental lands, will he feel obliged to illustrate his theme with the tiger of the jungle and the elephant of the foothills?

There are few good things in this life of ours that can't be overdone.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Modern Finance.

Teacher—Now, Johnny, what is the perfect tense of the verb "to invest?" Johnny—To investigate.—New York Sun.

The only words the average man addresses to his wife at a party are: "Come on, let's go home."

To the man working in the sun: The man lying in the shade isn't having as good a time as you think he is.

BURIED GOLD IN OKLAHOMA.

Search to Be Made for Treasure Once Owned by Mexicans.

There has been a generally circulated tradition among the old-timers that a large sum of gold was buried somewhere in this part of the territory. Some people claim the treasure is located in the Wichita mountains and others say in this county, says the Cheyenne Star.

The story goes that a party of prospectors, mostly Mexicans, were on their way home, about forty-six years ago, carrying a large amount of wealth when they were attacked by Indians and all but two or three of the party were killed. The gold was buried before the survivors made their escape and various maps and plats have been claimed to be in the possession of different parties showing where the treasure was buried, and several attempts have been made to locate the spot.

It now appears that Rev. Mr. Davis, a well-known and respected citizen of our county, has been in possession of a map, given by a Mexican who claimed to have been one of the survivors, showing the lay of the ground where the battle took place, trees with branches and holes certain distances from the ground, the spot designated where the slain were buried, the place where the gold was buried and a general outline of the country and immediate vicinity of the much-sought-for spot. Mr. Davis has been on a still hunt for several years and finally located what he believes to be the place, on the Sandstone, southeast of Cheyenne.

He began investigation, found the described tree, dug and found skeletons, located the spot where the gold was buried, dug and found indications of the dirt having been disturbed in the past, and what was believed to have been a portion of the canvas containing the gold. On account of the water filling the hole operations were discontinued until a pump could be secured. Last Saturday a traction engine left Elk City for the purpose of operating a big pump and digging will be resumed.

Disinterested parties who have been let on the inside and have seen the map say it is a "sure thing" and the oft-told tradition of buried treasure will prove to be a fact.

Vaccination Stories.

Some of the objections raised by the parents of children attending board schools where examination was made by a public vaccinator as a precaution against smallpox are very amusing. Much confusion of thought has evidently prevailed. "I do not object to my child being vaccinated," wrote one; "his name is to be James McCarthy." A note written by a boy's mother read: "Will you please alter Jim's name to Hazelwood, as I married again last Sunday?" Another was: "I do not object if it is done by the calf. I remain, His Mother." One little girl went home from school with her head full of the new idea. "Mother," she said, "have you ever been what-d-y-called?" "What are you talking about now?" asked the mother. "Have you ever been—I don't mean baptized and I don't mean crucified, but the other thing." This reminds one of an old story of a man in the prison dock who, on being asked his full name, gave it, and added: "Yes, your worship, I was baptized and vaccinated, but neither on 'em tookt!"

Forced to Change His Mind.

"Timmins, I'm going to have to reduce your salary till business get a little better."

"Well, I see I'll have to smoke cheaper cigars."

"Cheaper than those you use now?"

"Yes, a blamed sight cheaper."

"Well—er—say, I guess I'll economize some other way."—Cleveland Leader.

Lots of your friends persevere in this attitude toward you: "If you don't like it, get over it."

Suggested as a title for a coon song: "I Couldn't See Nothing to Laugh At."