

FAIR NEW ZEALAND.

A LAND WHERE MURDER ONCE WAS
RIFE A PARADISE TODAY.

By Stevedore Holds Up to View the Two
Fetters—Maoris Indulged in Murder as
a Pastime—Their Battle Grounds Now
Magnificent Gardens and Magnificent Cities.

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DUNEDIN, New Zealand, July 28.—
What the Indians are to America the
Maoris are to New Zealand. These
aborigines are dying out very rapidly,
but you see them in all the upper por-
tions of New Zealand. All this country
was once theirs, and they would have
kept it, but from whaling ships the
Portuguese alighted to furnish enough
guns and axes of all sorts to kill the
Maoris. They are said to be a superior
race of savages, but the nobility of them
I fail to see. Their faces are plowed up
with scars, but by a tattooing which
they possess pictorializes and beautifies.
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I hereby report to the American lec-
turers that New Zealand is a grand
place for their useful work. Only two
or three English and one American lec-
turer have ever trod these platforms.
But the opportunity here is limitless.
Not in all the round earth are there
more alert, responsive or electric audi-
ences. They are quicker than American
or European assemblages to take
everything said on platform or in pal-
pit. They call out all their brains in
a speaker of instruction or entertainment.
And the church and the world have yet
to find out that audiences for the most
part decide whether sermons or lectures
shall be good or poor. Stolid and un-
responsive audiences make stolid and
stupid speakers. Wendell Phillips, one
of the monarchs of the platform, told
me something very remarkable concern-
ing himself while we were standing in
a Boston book store and he was chiding
me for not appearing at Ann Arbor,
Mich., from which place he had just re-
turned, and where I had tried to get a
few days before, but was hindered by
snowbanks, and my offer of \$250 for the
use of a locomotive had been declined.
Mr. Phillips said that the audience in
one of the eastern states nearly killed
him. He said: "I stood for nearly an
hour without seeing or hearing anything
by which I could judge of the effect of
what I had said. If they had only hissed
or applauded, I do not care which, I
could have gone on with some comfort."
Mr. Phillips surprised me by this state-
ment as to the effect wrought upon him
by a phlegmatic assemblage.

The audience decide the fate of ser-
mons or lectures. A half dozen men
might, if they wished to engage in so
mean a business, take a contract to
break down any speaker, if they would
sit right before him, gape, take out their
watches and cough with mouth wide
open and then suddenly go sound asleep.
An eloquent American preacher, stand-
ing before me in a former pulpit, de-
livered the first half of his sermon with
great power, and his words had wings,
and his countenance was aflame with
holy enthusiasm, when suddenly his
wings of thought and utterance dropped,
and he stammered on his way and got
entangled in metaphor and lost his
thread of discourse and failed to prove
that which he said at the start he would
prove and then sat down. While the
congregation were singing the last hymn
he said: "Who is that distinguished
looking gentleman right in front of the
pulpit? The sight of his somnolence and
lack of interest completely upset me."
"Oh," I said, "that is the Hon. Mr.
So-and-so, one of the ablest men of the
nation, and he was deeply interested in
all you said. He is not asleep, but is
suffering from weak eyes and is com-
pelled to keep them shut while listen-
ing." The uninteresting appearance of
the auditor had overthrown a "master
of assemblies."

I say to the men who preach and lec-
ture, come to New Zealand. But should
ministers ever lecture? Ought they not
always preach? My answer is that the
intelligent lecture hall is half way to
the church, and I notice that men who
have been hating the church and all sac-
red things, if they come and hear one
lecture, are sure to come and hear him
preach. Besides that there are important
things to be said, and things that must
be said, which are more appropriate to
lecture hall than to pulpit. The three
mightiest agencies for making the world
better are the pulpit, printing press and
platform. Side by side may they always
stand in the battle for righteousness.
But for them the Indian's warwhoop
would yet be sounding in America and
on the Atlantic coast, the morning meal
of human flesh would still be going on
in New Zealand, and the Ganges would
still be horrible with infanticide. Let
all the nations reconstruct their notions
of New Zealand. I write this at Dun-
edin, imposing in its architecture, pictur-
esque in its surroundings, unbounded in
its hospitality and another Edinburgh,
after which, I understand, it is named,
Dun-Edin being the Gaelic for the
northern capital of intelligence.

The Scotch founded it, and what the
Scotch do they do well. They believe in
something, and it is almost always some-
thing good that they believe in. High-
toned morality characterizes everything
that they do or touch; solidity, breadth,
massiveness and religiosity are the types
of the men and cities and nations they
build. No country is well started that
has not felt the influence of the Scotch,
with their brawny arm and high cheek
bones.

The report of this place is called
Chalmers Port, named after, I have no
doubt, Thomas Chalmers, the greatest
of Scotchmen unless it was John Knox,
and the largest church in this place,
where I preached last night, is Knox
church, called, I have no doubt, after
the man who at Holywood made a queen
tremble. Here I am in the midwinter
of this colony, for July here corresponds
with our American January, but there
are no such severities of frost or snow

as we are familiar with in New York
latitudes. The grass is at this moment
a bright emerald; the gardens are in
glorious bloom. From the top of the
North Island of New Zealand to the foot
of the South Island the colony is a be-
witchment of interest. For 130 miles
ever and anon geysers send up their
steam curling on the air. The glaciers,
the romantic lakes, the drives, the
wooded summits, the mountain peaks,
the escarpment of the hills, the fertile
fields, the falling waters, the hot
springs, the flora with its infinitude of
carnellias and its small heaven of ferns,
the sunrise and sunsets, and, above all,
the people, with cordiality and hearti-
ness, independent of all weather and cir-
cumstances, make New Zealand 500
miles of invitation to life in habitat of
other zones to come here, whether for
health or pleasure or livelihood or wor-
ship.

What uplifted altars of basalt! What
blue domes of sky! What bright layers
of river! What baptism of gentle shower!
What incense of morning mist! What
doxology of sea on both beaches! What
a temple of beauty and glory and joy
and divine aspiration is New Zealand!
T. DE WITT TALLMAGE.

Life in Colombia.
A man and his wife and child, with
three servants and three mules, can live
in Colombia and pay all expenses, in-
cluding maize and sugar cane for the
beasts, for £10 a month. An evan-
gelical bedroom candles are 2 1/2 pence each
and petroleum 3s. 6d. a gallon, and it must
be admitted that clothing is an awful
price. White drill, linen and brown
holland can be got at very big prices.
Good calico there is none, and the print
is like paper. Boots are well high un-
obtainable luxuries, and a pair of can-
vas shoes for a 2-year-old boy cost 4
shillings. However, as it really does not
matter what one wears in this most un-
sophisticated region, the want of fash-
ionable attire is not so awful as it
might be.

The latest mode in bonnets, par
example, is a thing with which we have
absolutely no concern. Nothing is ever
seen here but sugar loaf hats made of
the very finest straw. The sight of a
lady on her travels is startling to the
uninitiated. Imagine her seated on a
small mule, with a long flowing habit,
put on over the dress, her head and
body covered with a large sheet for the
sake of coolness, merely the head show-
ing; a sugar loaf hat, and a small para-
sol as the crowning effort of elegance.—
Gentleman's Magazine.

Count Cesnola.
Count Cesnola, afterward famous
through his collection of statuary, com-
manded the Fourth New York cavalry
during the civil war. He was a gallant
officer, but his command was a motley
mass of whom it was difficult to make
soldiers.
In 1863, by reason of the bad conduct
of his men, he was made a prisoner.
After 10 months he was returned to his
regiment and said:
"I propose to put these rascals through
a course of discipline and drill until
they distinguish themselves in battle,
and the moment they do that I shall re-
sign."
Cesnola was as good as his word. On
Aug. 15, 1864, he, at their head, charged
two Confederate regiments of infantry,
and while the army was ringing with
his gallant deed of arms Colonel Cesnola
sat in his tent writing a resignation of
his commission.
"They have covered me with glory
today," he said. "They may disgrace
me tomorrow."—Youth's Companion.

How Fortunes Are Made.
The largest fortunes of the present
day have been acquired by applying an
acute and enterprising mind to the im-
provement of the conditions of life.
Some of the largest among them may be
traced to the extension of the railroad,
telegraph and telephone systems, to the
swinging machine, to the automatic agri-
cultural machines, to the application of
electricity to mechanics, to new applica-
tions of chemistry to manufactures.

Henry Bessemer, who discovered a
way to convert carburated iron into
steel, was a type. He rendered it possi-
ble to gridiron this country with steel
rails, and of course he became a mil-
lionaire. Any young man who will de-
velop a method of making an article of
general use at less than the present cost
or of making it better in quality at the
same cost will make a fortune, as he did.
The article need not be an important
one so long as it is generally consumed.
—San Francisco Argonaut.

Sleep and Long Life.
Sleep as a prolonger of life is upheld
by a curious calculation which appeared
in a recent medical work on the diges-
tive organs and faculties. The duration
of human life may be ascertained by
the pulsations of the body. Say a man
lives to 70 years, his heart beating 60
to the minute, the pulsations in that
time foot up to 2,307,520,000. If by in-
temperance or any other cause he raises
pulsation to 75 a minute, the same num-
ber of pulsations would be finished in
56 years, thereby abbreviating his life
by 14 years. And as the number of pul-
sations is less in a sleeping than in a
waking state it stands to reason that a
long sleeper has a much better prospect
of a long life than a person who is sat-
isfied with short naps. Napoleon I, who
slept very little, did not attain old age.
General Butler, who could sleep at will,
rounded out a good ripe sheaf of years.
—Chicago Post.

Where Models Come From.
Paris artists depend largely for their
models on the Italians. Out of every
hundred at least 70 are Italians. They
are better figures than the French, and
they are better models. They can take
more easily the poses which the painter
desires and fall into them more grace-
fully. They are simpler in their habits
and less expensive. The natural finish
of the Italians for this work has given
them almost a monopoly of the studio,
and art and artists have had the advan-
tage.—London News.

WHAT'S IN A NAME!

The Poet Found It in a Green Ink in a
Newspaper Office.

No one but the horse reporter was in
when the pale young man came into the
editorial room, but the pale young man
went straight to business.
"I have here a poem," said he, "en-
titled 'The Siren Voice of Love.' It is
at your service."
"Yes," said the horse reporter. "It
isn't too red-hot, is it?"
"It glows only with the warmth of a
passionate soul."
"I know, but Comstock is keeping a
tolerably sharp eye out just now for
things that have that glow."
"This is as thought-pure as a pre-
tending babe."
"Evidently," twisted a cryptogram
through it notifying your girl to meet
you by the shimmering lake where
stricken zephyrs moan, have you?"
"Evidently! And besides zephyrs
are never stricken and do not moan."
"No! But it sounds good, and that's
what goes with up to date poetry."
"Tain't an acoustic, is it?"
"Quite sure it doesn't hold anything
that will make clubmen tumble over
each other to get at the paper if we
print it!"

"It is blushed with the whiteness of
an unblushed but yearning soul."
"Ah, sort of whitewashing report,
eh?"
"Sir! It's a poem!"
"And your name is Jerome Algernon
Gervais or something equally sweet?"
"My name is Simeon Hobbs."
"Wh-a-a-a-t?"
"My name is Simeon Hobbs."
"Here! Take your poem—your manu-
script, young man! No man named
Simeon Hobbs can write poetry for us.
Good day, sir."
The pale young man went out crushed.
"Blushed with the whiteness of an
unblushed but yearning soul, and his
name like that couldn't get a job in the
malling room writing wrappers!"—
Browning's Monthly.

How He Knew.
The British workman has long been a
target for the shafts of wit. Let him at
least console himself with the reflection
that his French brother is by no means
a perfect being, but gets his full share
of chaff and abuse.
Here is an illustration: A gentleman
paid a visit to a large manufactory, and
on leaving asked the foreman which of
the three roads was the nearest way
back to the village.
"I have not measured them," replied
the manager, "but I have no doubt the
left hand road is the longest and the
right hand one the shortest."
"What makes you think so, may I
ask?"
"Well, you see, sir, I have noticed
that when the bell rings for leaving off
work our men go home by the right
road, but when the signal is given for
commencing or resuming work they in-
variably come by the left."—Tit-Bits.

Did the Old Lady Get a Cigaret?
Nice Old Lady—Will you kindly tell
me if the lady who writes "The Moth-
er's Page" in your paper is in? I want
to tell her how much I enjoyed her ar-
ticle on "The Evening Hour in the
Nursery."
Office Boy—That's him over there
wid de pink shirt, smokin a cigaret.—
Printers' Ink.

Juvenile Theology.
Mother (at tea table)—Jack, who
helped you to those three turts?
Jack (aged 7)—The Lord.
"The Lord? Why, what do you
mean, Jack?"
"Well, I helped myself, and father
said yesterday the Lord helped those
who helped themselves."—Texas Sit-
tings.

Tired, Weak, Nervous,
Means impure blood, and overwork
or too much strain on brain and body.
The only way to cure is to feed the
nerves on pure blood. Thousands of
people certify that the best blood puri-
fier, the best nerve tonic and strength
builder is Hood's Sarsaparilla. What
it has done for others it will also do for
you—Hood's cures.

Hood's Pills cure constipation by re-
storing peristaltic action of the alimen-
tary canal.
A High Liver
Usually has a bad liver. He is bil-
ious, constipated, has indigestion and
dyspepsia. If there is no organic trou-
ble a few doses of Park's Sure Cure is
the only liver and kidney cure we sell
on a positive guarantee. Price \$1.00.
Sold by Capital Drug Store

Hood's Saved
I Can Honestly Say This
"For years I was in a serious condition
with catarrh of the stomach, bowels and
bladder. I suffered intensely from
dyspepsia, in fact was miser-
ably wreck, merely a skele-
ton. I began to go from bed
to worse. I really wished I
was dead. I had taken so much
medicine of the wrong kind that
it had poisoned me, and my ag-
ony was beyond description."
Mr. W. B. Young, 30 years back
Potters Mills, Pa., and come off. I
began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and it did
more for me than all prescriptions. I have
gradually regained perfect health, am
entirely free from catarrh of the bowels, and
pain in my back. My recovery is simply mar-
velous." W. B. Young, Potter's Mills, Pa.

Hood's Cures
Hood's Pills cure distress after eating.

P. P. P. PIMPLES, BLOTCHES
AND OLD SORES
PRICKLY ASH, POKE ROOT
AND POTASSIUM
Makes
Marvelous Cures
in Blood Poison
Rheumatism
and Scrofula
P. P. P. purifies the blood, builds up
the weak, and debilitated, gives
strength to weakened nerves, expels
toxins, giving the patient health and
happiness where sickness, gloomy
feelings and lassitude first prevailed.
For primary, secondary and tertiary
syphilis, for blood poisoning, mercurial
poison, malaria, dyspepsia, and
in all blood and skin diseases, like
bleaches, pimples, old chronic ulcers,
tetter, scald head, hair eruptions,
eczema—we may say, without fear of
contradiction, that P. P. P. is the best
blood purifier in the world, and makes
positive, speedy and permanent cures
in all cases.
Ladies whose systems are poisoned
and whose blood is an impure con-
dition, due to menstrual irregularities,
are peculiarly benefited by the won-
derful tonic and blood-cleansing prop-
erties of P. P. P.—Prickly Ash, Poke
Root and Potassium.
BIRMINGHAM, Mo., Aug. 14th, 1893.
—I can speak in the highest terms
of your medicine from my own personal
knowledge. I was afflicted with heart
disease, pleurisy and rheumatism for
25 years, was treated by the very best
physicians and spent hundreds of dol-
lars, tried every known remedy with-
out finding relief. Last year only took
one bottle of your P. P. P., and can
carefully say it has done more good
than anything I have ever taken.
I can recommend your medicine to all
sufferers of the above diseases.
W. B. M. YEARY,
Springfield, Green County, Mo.

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