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STIEGE OF LUCKNOW.

REV. DR. T. W. MAGE RELATES THRILLING DEEDS OF HEROISM.

Accompanied by a soldier who survived that awful Ordeal, the Eminent Divan recalls the terrible Sepoy Rebellion—a Great General and Devout Christian.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 25.—Rev. Dr. Talango today began his series of round the world sermons through the press, the first subject selected being Lucknow, India. The text chosen was Deuteronomy xiv, 19, "When thou shalt besiege a city a long time in making war against it to take it, thou shalt not destroy the trees thereof by forcing an ax against them."

The awfullest thing in war is besiegement, for to the work of deadly weapons it adds hunger and starvation and plague. Besiegement is sometimes necessary, but my text commands mercy even in that. The fruit trees must be spared because they afford food for man.

As our train glided into the dimly lighted station I asked the guard, "Is this Lucknow?" and he answered, "Lucknow," at the pronunciation of which proper name strong emotions rushed through body, mind and soul.

The word is a synonym of suffering, of cruelty, of heroism, of horror such as is suggested by hardly any other word. We have for 35 years been reading of the agonies there endured and the daring deeds there witnessed. It was my great desire to have some one who had witnessed the scenes transacted in Lucknow in 1857 conduct us over the place. We found just the man. He was a young soldier at the time the greatest mutiny of the ages broke out, and he was put with others inside the residency, which was a cluster of buildings making a fortress in which the representatives of the English government lived and which was to be the scene of an endurance and a bombardment the story of which poetry and painting and history and secular and sacred eloquence have been trying to depict.

In the early part of 1857 all over India the natives were ready to break out in rebellion against all foreigners and especially against the civil and military representatives of the English government.

A half dozen causes are mentioned for the feeling of discontent and insurrection that was evidenced throughout India. The most of these causes were mere pretexts. Greased cartridges were no doubt an exasperation. The grease ordered by the English government to be used on these cartridges was taken from cows or pigs, and to bite the Hindus is unclean, and to bite these cartridges at the loading of the guns would be an offense to the Hindu's religion.

Another cause of the mutiny was that another large province of India had been annexed to the British empire, and thousands of officials in the employ of the king of that province were thrown out of position, and they were all ready for trouble making.

The simple fact was that the natives of India were a conquered race, and the English were the conquerors. For 100 years the British scepter had been waved over India, and the Indians wanted to break that scepter. There never had been any love or sympathy between the natives of India and the Europeans. There is none now.

Before the time of the great mutiny the English government risked much power in the hands of the natives. Too many of them manned the forts. Too many of them were in governmental employ. And now the time had come for a wide outbreak. The natives had persuaded themselves that they could send the English government flying, and to accomplish it dagger and sword and firearms and mutilation and slaughter must do their worst.

Horror of the Siege. It was evident in Lucknow that the natives were about to rise and put to death all the Europeans they could lay their hands on, and into the residency the Christian population of Lucknow hastened for defense from the furies to human form which were growling for their victims. The occupants of the residency, or fort, were—military and non-combatants, men, women and children—in number about 1,500.

I suggest in two sentences some of the chief woes to which they were subjected when I say that these people were in the residency five months without a single change of clothing; some of the time the heat at 120 and 130 degrees; the place black with flies and all a mixture with vermin; firing of the enemy upon them several times a day for eight months; the hospital crowded with the dying; the hospital stinks; adding their work to that of shut and shut women brought up in all respect and never having known what freedom and contentment is in a cell with water and water were born; less and less food; no water except that which was brought from a well under the enemy's fire, so that the water obtained was at the price of

blood; the stench of the dead horses added to the effluvia of corpses, and all waiting for the moment when the army of 60,000 shrieking Hindu devils should break in upon the position of the residency, now reduced by wounds and sickness and death to 976 men, women and children.

"Call me early," I said, "tomorrow morning, and let us be at the residency before the sun becomes too hot." At 7 o'clock in the morning we left our hotel in Lucknow, and I said to our obliging, gentlemanly escort, "Please take us along the road by which Havelock and Outram came to the relief of the residency." That was the way we went. There was a solemn stillness as we approached the gate of the residency. Battered and torn is the masonry of the entrance. Signature of shot and punctation of cannon ball all up and down and everywhere.

"Here to the left," said our escort, "are the remains of a building the first floor of which in other days had been used as a banquet hall, but then was used as a hospital. At this part the amputations took place, and all such patients died. The heat was so great and the food so insufficient that the poor fellows could not recover from the loss of blood. They all died. Amputations were performed without chloroform. All the anesthetics were exhausted. A fracture that in other climates and under other circumstances would have come to easy convalescence here proved fatal. Yonder was Dr. Fayer's house, who was surgeon of the place and is now Queen Victoria's doctor. This upper room was the officers' room, and there Sir Henry Lawrence, our dear commander, was wounded. While he sat there a shell struck the room, and some one suggested that he had better leave the room, but he smiled and said, 'Lightning never strikes twice in the same place.' Hardly had he said this when another shell tore off his thigh, and he was carried dying into Dr. Fayer's house on the other side of the road. Sir Henry Lawrence had been in poor health for a long time before the mutiny. He had been in the Indian service for years, and he had started for England to recover his health, but getting as far as Bombay the English government requested him to remain at least awhile, for he could not be spared in such dangerous times. He came here to Lucknow, and foreseeing the siege of this residency had filled many of the rooms with grain, without which the residency would have been obliged to surrender. There were also taken by him into this residency rice and sugar and charcoal and fodder for the oxen and hay for the horses. But now, at the time when all the people were looking to him for wisdom and courage, Sir Henry is dying."

Our escort describes the scene, unique, tender, beautiful and overpowering, and while I stood on the very spot where the sighs and groans of the besieged and lacerated and broken hearted met the whizz of bullets, and the demonic hiss of bursting shell, and the roar of batteries, my escort gave me the particulars.

Tried to Do His Duty. "As soon as Sir Henry was told that he had not many hours to live he asked the chaplain to administer to him the holy communion. He felt particularly anxious for the safety of the women in the residency, who, at any moment, might be subjected to the savages who howled around the residency, their breaking in only a matter of time unless reinforcements should come. He would frequently say to those who surrounded his death couch: 'Save the ladies. God help the poor women and children!' He gave directions for the desperate defense of the place. He asked forgiveness of all those whom he might unintentionally have neglected or offended. He left a message for all his friends. He forgot not to give direction for the care of his favorite horse. He charged the officers, saying: 'By no means surrender. Make no treaty or compromise with the desperados. Die fighting.' He took charge of the asylum he had established for the children of soldiers. He gave directions for his burial, saying: 'No nonsense, no fuss. Let me be buried with the men.' He dictated his own epitaph, which I read above his tomb: 'Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May the Lord have mercy on his soul.' He said: 'I would like to have a passage of Scripture added to the words on my grave, such as, "To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against him." Isn't it from Daniel?' So as brave a man as England or India ever saw expired. The soldiers lifted the cover from his face and kissed him before they carried him out. The chaplain offered a prayer. Then they removed the great hero and laid the rattling half of the guns and put him down among other soldiers buried at the same time." All of which I state for the benefit of those who would have us believe that the Christian religion is fit only for women in the eighties and children under 7. There was glory enough in that departure to halo Christendom.

Water at a Man's Risk. "There," said our escort, "Bob the Nailer did the work." "Who was Bob the Nailer?" "Oh, he was the African who sat at that point, and when any of our men ventured across the road he would drop him by a rifle ball. Bob was a sure marksman. The only way to get across the road for water from the well was to wait until his gun flashed and then instantly come before he had time to load. The only way we had time to load was by slipping a quilt over his head so that he was under the house when he blew up. When the house was blown up, Bob the Nailer went with it. I said: 'Bob the Nailer went with it?' I said: 'Bob the Nailer went with it?' I said: 'Bob the Nailer went with it?'

900 against 60,000, and the residency and the earthworks around it were not put up for such an attack. It was only from the mercy of God that we were not massacred soon after the besiegement. We were resolved not to allow ourselves to get into the hands of those desperados. You must remember that we and all the women had heard of the butchery at Cawnpur, and we knew what defeat meant. If unable to hold out any longer, we would have blown ourselves up and all gone out of life together.

"Show me," I said, "the rooms where the women and children staid during those awful months." Then we crossed over and went down into the cellar of the residency. With a shudder of horror and indescribable I entered the cellars where 622 women and children had been crowded until the whole floor was full. I know the exact number, for I counted their names on the roll. As one of the ladies wrote in her diary—speaking of these women she said, "They lay upon the floor fitting into each other like bits in a puzzle." Wives had obtained from their husbands the promise that the husbands would shoot them rather than let them fall into the hands of these desperados. The women within the residency were kept on the smallest allowance that would maintain life. No opportunity of privacy. The death angel and the birth angel touched wings as they passed. Flies, mosquitoes, vermin in full possession of the place, and these women in momentary expectation that the enraged savages would rush upon them, in a violence of which club and sword and torch and throat cutting would be the milder forms.

Our escort told us again and again of the bravery of these women. They did not despair. They encouraged the soldier, they waited on the wounded and dying in the hospital. They gave up their stockings for holders of the grape-shot. They soiled each other when their children died. When a husband or father fell, such prayers of sympathy were offered as only women can offer. They endured without complaint. They prepared their own children for burial. They were inspiration for the men who stood at their posts fighting till they dropped.

Honors For the Hero. On the following day, about four miles from the residency, I visited the grave of Havelock. The scenes of hardship and self sacrifice through which he had passed were too much for mortal endurance, and a few days after Havelock left the residency which he had relieved he lay in a tent a-dying, while his son, whom I saw in London on my way here, was reading to the old hero the consolatory Scriptures. The telegraph wires had told all nations that Havelock was sick unto death. He had received the message of congratulation from Queen Victoria over his triumphs and had been knighted, and such a reception as England never gave to any man since Wellington came back from Waterloo awaited his return. But he will never again see his native land. He has left his last army and planned the last battle. Yet he is to gain another victory. He declared it when in his last hours he said to General Outram: 'I die happy and contented. I have for 46 years so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear. To die is gain.' Indeed this was no new sentimentality with him. He once stated that in boyhood with four companions he was accustomed to seek the "seclusion of one of the dormitories for purposes of devotion, though certain in those days of being branded as Methodists and canting hypocrites." He had in early life been immersed in a Baptist church. He acknowledged God in every victory and says in one of his dispatches that he owes it "to the power of the English rifle in British hands, to British pluck and to the blessing of Almighty God on a most righteous cause." He was accustomed to spend two hours every morning in prayer and Bible reading, and if the army was to march at 8 o'clock he arose for purposes of religious devotion at 6 o'clock, and if the army was to march at 6 o'clock he arose at 4.

smaller rations immediately in order that they might share with us, but we knew that the coming of this reinforcement would help us to hold the place until further relief should come. Had not this first relief arrived as it did in a day or two at most and perhaps in any hour the besiegers would have broken in, and our end would have come. The sepoy had dug six mines under the residency and would soon have exploded all."

After we had obtained a few bullets that had been picked out of the wall and a piece of a bombshell we walked around the eloquent ruins, and put our hands into the scars of the shattered masonry and explored the cemetery inside the fort, where hundreds of the dead soldiers await the coming of the Lord of Hosts at the last day, and we could endure no more. My nerves were all a-tremble, and my emotions were wrung out, and I said, "Let us go." I had seen the residency at Lucknow, the day before with a beloved missionary, and he told me many interesting facts concerning the besiegement of that place, but this morning I had seen it in company with one who in that awful 1857 of the Indian mutiny with his own fire had fought the besiegers, and with his own ear had heard the yell of the miscreants as they tried to storm the walls, and with his own eyes had witnessed a scene of pang and sacrifice and endurance and bereavement and progress and rescue which has made all this Lucknow fortress and its surroundings the Mount Calvary of the nineteenth century.

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Sir Henry Havelock, the son in whose arms the father died, when I came through London invited three of the heroes of Lucknow to meet me at his table and told me concerning his father some most inspiring and Christian things. He said: "My father knew not what fear was. He would say to me in the morning as he came out of his tent, 'Harry, have you read the book?' 'Yes.' 'Have you said your prayers?' 'Yes.' 'Have you had your breakfast?' 'Yes.' 'Come, then, and let us mount and go out to be shot at and die like gentlemen.'" The three other heroes of Lucknow at that table told of General Havelock other things just as stirring. What a speech that was Havelock made to his soldiers as he started for Cawnpur, India: "Over 200 of our men are still alive in Cawnpur. With God's help we will save them from death. I am trying you severely, my men, but I know what you are made of." The enthusiasm of his men was well suggested by the soldier lying asleep, and Havelock riding along, his horse stumbled over the soldier and woke him, and the soldier recognizing the general cried out cheerily: "Make room for the general! God bless the general!"

Havelock's Grave. A plain monument marks Havelock's grave, but the epitaph is as beautiful and comprehensive as anything I have ever seen, and I copied it then and there, and it is as follows: "Here rest the mortal remains of Henry Havelock, major general in the British army and Knight Commander of the Bath, who died at Dilkoosa Lucknow of dysentery produced by the hardships of a campaign in which he achieved immortal fame, on the 24th of November, 1857. He was born on the 4th of April, 1795, at Bishop's Wymouth county, Dorset, England. Entered the army 1816. Came to India 1828 and served there with little interruption till his death. He bore an honorable part in the wars of Burma, Afghanistan, the Malacca campaign of 1843 and the Battle of 1846. Retained by adverse circumstances in subordinate position, it was the aim of his life to show that the profession of a Christian is consistent with the fullest discharge of the duties of a soldier. He commanded a division in the Persian expedition of 1857. In the terrible confusion of that year his genius and character were at length fully developed and known to the world. Saved from shipwreck on the Ceylon coast by that providence which destined him for greater things, he was appointed to the command of the column destined to relieve the beleaguered Lucknow. This object, after almost insuperable obstacles, he, by the blessing of God, ac-

complished. But he was not spared to receive on earth the reward he so dearly earned. The Divine Master whom he served saw fit to remove him from the sphere of his labor in the moment of his greatest triumph. He departed with his rest in humble but confident expectation of far greater rewards and honors which a grateful country was anxious to bestow. In him the skill of a commander, the courage and devotion of a soldier, the learning of a scholar, the grace of a highly bred gentleman and all the social and domestic virtues of a husband, father and friend were blended together, and strengthened, harmonized and adorned by the spirit of a true Christian, the result of the influence of the Holy Spirit on his heart, and of an humble reliance on the merits of a crucified Saviour. II Timothy iv, 7, 8: 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course. I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.' This monument is erected by his sorrowing widow and family."

Is not that magnificent? But I said while standing at Havelock's grave, Why does not England take his dust to herself, and in Westminster abbey make him a pillow? In all her history of wars there is no name so magnetic, yet she has expressed nothing on this man's tomb. His widow reared the tombstone. Do you say, 'Let him sleep in the region where he did his grandest deeds?' The same reason would have buried Wellington in Belgium, and Von Moltke at Versailles, and Grant at Vicksburg, and Stonewall Jackson far away from his beloved Lexington, Va. Take him home, O England! The rescuer of the men, women and children at Lucknow! His ear now dulled could not hear the roll of the organ when it sounds through the venerable abbey the national anthem. But it would hear the same trumpet that brings up from among those sacred walls the form of Outram, his fellow hero in the overthrow of the Indian mutiny. Let parliament make appropriation from the national treasury, and some great warrior under some favorite admiral sail across Mediterranean and Arabian seas, and wait at Bombay harbor for the coming of this conqueror of conquerors, and then, saluted by the shipping of all free nations, let him pass on and pass up and come under the arches of the abbey and along the aisles where have been carried the mightiest dead of many centuries.

Some audiences and some readers are so slow of thought and so stupid that they need an application made of every subject. But the people who get this sermon have made the application for themselves already. I challenge you to say whether or not I have kept my promise when in the opening of this discourse I said I would show you four things—what an awful affair war is, what genuine Christian character is under bombardment, what is the coronation of Christian courage and how splendidly good people die. And here endeth my first sermon of the round the world series.

Gigantic Extinct Birds. The giant of all the feathered bipeds was the colossal epornis of Madagascar. The scientific announcement of the discovery of the remains of this gigantic species of bird was made by Geoffrey St. Hilaire, the great French savant, on Jan. 27, 1851. The specimen of which he gave a description had been found in a guano bed and stood over 12 feet in height. The egg found among the bones, described by the scientific Frenchman, was as large as a two gallon jug, an experiment proving that it would hold the contents of six large African ostrich eggs, or 148 common hen eggs.

The giant moa, which is believed to have but recently become extinct in New Zealand, was larger in point of weight and bulk than the epornis, but it only stood 9 feet high, quite high enough, however, when it is known that its weight was not less than 1,000 pounds.

The great auk is another species of bird but recently extinct. The most remarkable thing about this large auk is the fabulous prices now asked and given for specimens of its eggs. Quite recently an egg of this species was sold in London for \$1,225.—St. Louis Republic.

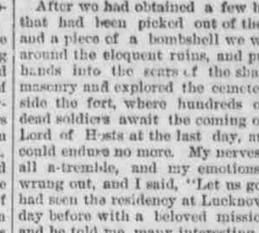
The Price of Interviews. It appears that Mr. W. S. Gilbert is not the first or the only distinguished Englishman to ask compensation for an interview. The New York Sun's correspondent in London once upon a time wrote to Mr. Gladstone asking him for an interview on the Irish question, and in the course of a conversation which followed with Mr. Gladstone's secretary it was learned that a fee of \$500 would be expected in payment for the interview, it being understood that Mr. Gladstone should write it himself, and thus make it authoritative. Lord Roberts fixed the price of \$100 for an interview upon the threatened war between England and Russia on another occasion.—Boston Herald.

Escaped to Me. The skeleton of man, with a rusty pair of handcuffs about the wrists, was found in the Czech country of the Indian Territory by a deputy sheriff a few days ago. The bones of the skeleton were broken and strewn about, evidently by wild animals. The government's role undoubtedly told the story of some prisoner who had escaped from his guards only to perish in the woods.—Detroit Free Press.

Telltale With Jug. A "telltale" with jug has been detected in England. It is a glass instrument, graduated at every quarter pint. Below the pint and half pint marks three lines are etched, showing the thickness of cream which should appear in milk of average quality, in good and in very good milk, thus insuring both quantity and quality.

Judge Saunders

Says that For Rheumatism Hood's Sarsaparilla is the Best.



Judge T. H. Saunders Of Osceola, Neb., senior vice-commander and present commander of J. F. Reynolds Post, No. 28, G. A. R., voluntarily writes:

"I was in the army four years, was wounded and contracted sciatica and rheumatism. I have suffered ever since. I lost the use of my left leg and side, and have tried almost every medicine known, and I think I have had the best physicians in the country, but failed to get any relief. Every spring I was flat on my back, and must say that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the Best medicine I have ever taken. It has done me the most good. It was recommended to me for rheumatism, and I am satisfied and know that it will do all that you claim."

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

for it. I do not want to say that it will raise a fellow from the dead; but it will come the nearest to doing it of any medicine I have ever known."—A. H. SAUNDERS, Osceola, Nebraska.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, cure headache, etc.

Mexican Mustang Liniment

for Burns, Caked & Inflamed Udders, Piles, Rheumatic Pains, Bruises and Strains, Running Sores, Inflammations, Stiff joints, Harness & Saddle Sores, Sciatica, Lumbago, Scalds, Blisters, Insect Bites, All Cattle Ailments, All Horse Ailments, All Sheep Ailments.

Penetrates Muscle, Membrane and Tissue Quickly to the Very Seat of Pain and Ousts it in a Jiffy. Rub in Vigorously.

Mustang Liniment conquers Pain, Makes Man of Beast well again.

Nerve Tonic Blood Builder. It appears that Mr. W. S. Gilbert is not the first or the only distinguished Englishman to ask compensation for an interview.

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Is not complete without COMPLEXION POWDER.

POZZONI'S

Combines every element of beauty and purity. It is beautifying, soothing, healing, healthful, and harmless, and when rightly used is invisible. A most delicate and desirable protection to the face in this climate.

Insert upon having the genuine. IT IS FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.