

**Sunday Reading.**

**A CHAT WITH DENMARK'S KING.**

Dr. Talmage Writes of His Visit to the Royal Palace at Copenhagen.

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The King of Denmark was absent from his capital, and so the Crown Prince received us in his palace and all his family came in with hearty greetings, and a more delightful domestic group was never gathered. From the unconventional manner in which they received my family and myself, one would not think there had never been a crown in the ancestral line or ever would be. Himself on the way to a throne and a brother of the Princess of Wales and of the King of Greece and of the Dowager Empress of Russia and all his life mingling with royalties he was less pretentious than any of the officers in the ante-room of the palace. He freely and familiarly conversed of the great international questions which are now disturbing Europe and Asia. He will soon take the government, for his father is eighty-four years of age and must soon by natural law put down the sceptre. The Queen, though heir to uncounted millions, has not been made worldly, but is chiefly interested in religious work in all parts of the world. The home life of this family is an illustrious example to all the domestic life of Denmark, as the home life of his sister on the throne of Russia was an inspiring example to all the homesteads of Russia.

The oldest daughter of the princely household is a marvel of beauty and good sense, speaking English almost as well as Danish. The younger daughter excused herself for an afternoon horseback ride, and on our way out through the palace park we saw her riding under the careful guardianship of a groom. After conversation the whole group accompanied us in a ramble through the royal gardens; amid trees themselves monarchs and by fountains that had crowns of rainbow and by flower beds where queens of beauty reigned. After the ladies of our party had captured all the princely autographs they wished to win, we left this brilliant home. But the kindness of these royal folks did not cease when we decended the steps, for the lovely group of the palace stood waving to us from the windows as long as we were in sight, so that the warmth of the welcome was not more marked than was the heartiness of the good-bye.

We rode through a forest where royalty hunts, and the deer stood quietly watching and fearing nothing, as though they knew we could not shoot. But what regard for trees! Would that we had as much of such reverence in America. Alas for the iconoclasm of the ax! How it has defaced landscapes and despoiled climates in our own beloved land! But here in this royal park, they stand undisturbed and honored by all who pass. Vast umbrageousness, with affluence of foliage in full leaf, letting fall here and there a few yards of sunshine to make the scene more picturesque and bewitching. Oh, the trees! No one but Almighty God could make one—so graceful, so strong, so uplifting, so suggestive, so grand, so intermediate of earth and heaven. No wonder they have been copied in the pillars of temples, for many of the cathedral pillars are only trees in stone. Aye, this entire king's forest in Denmark is a cathedral ages ago dedicated and these bending branches are the arches, and this fountain is the baptismal font, and the birds are the choristers at matins and vespers, morning and evening praising the Lord, and when shrill winds sweep through this forest they sound the soprano, and the roaring thunders roll the bass in the Grand March of God in the storm. Style of a cathedral built by the Creator thousand's of years before the Architects drew the plan for St. Paul's at London, or St. Peter's at Rome, or St. Mark's at Venice, or St. Sophia at Constantinople, or St. Isaac at St. Petersburg. We wonder not at what George W. Morris, the great song-writer of America told us in our boyhood. He said he was seated in an audience in New York City when a great vocalist was rendering Morris' famous song, 'Woodman, Spare that Tree,' and an aged man in the audience was so wrought upon by the ballad that he rose, and with tears rolling down his cheeks cried out: 'Will the singer who just sung that song please to tell us whether the woodman did spare that tree?'

It is remarkable that Copenhagen seems yet presided over by Thorwaldsen's spirit, although that greatest sculptor of his time dropped dead in the theatre of this city more than half a century ago. Though born here, a comparative small part of his life was passed in this Danish capital. His

ather a carver of figureheads for ships, the immortal son began with such cuttings in wood and kept on until for all ages to come he carved in stone the figures of Day and Night and the Seasons and Adonis and Ganymedes and Mercury and the Graces, and five hundred specimens of sculpture. When he returned from Rome, where he chose to study and work for the most of his artist's life, not only Copenhagen, but the nation, joined in procession to welcome him. He sleeps in the yard of the museum named after him, in a bank of flowers, the place selected by himself. But whichever way you go in the city, you find something Thorwaldsenian. While you worship in one of the churches, the twelve apostles look down upon you while they are wrapped in robes of marble that seem soft as velvet, and garments, the curves and wrinkles of which seem the work of a clothier rather than of a sculptor, while the countenances of the sacred twelve give expression to the courage or the caution or the wisdom or the faith or the love which was supposed to be the apostolic characteristic. Indeed, the most of Thorwaldsen's later works were consecrated to religion.

To me the most impressive of all his statuary is his figure of Christ. It is gigantic in size, but the alliance of tenderness and power in the countenance of our Lord, and the outspread arms of invitation, and the planting of the foot with infinite firmness, proclaim him ready to wipe a tear, or able to save a world. What power in sculptor's chisel to preserve from age to age the heroes, the emancipators, the rulers, the orators, the statesmen, the mighty men and women of the world. On the streets or public squares of all the great capitals of Europe there are equestrians that seem in saddle of bronze riding out of the past into the present. The equestrian statue of Peter the Great in Admiralty Square, St. Petersburg, is most remarkable; two sailors were so impressed with it that they resolved to ascend it, and having been accustomed to climb the mast they quite easily climbed this great statue, and one of them seated himself on the bronze horse before Peter the Great and the other behind him. But this gallop of the heavens was interfered with by the police who considered it a desecration for these sailors to attempt to ride with the famous emperor. The offenders were arrested and tried and fined three hundred roubles each. They complained to the court that the fine was excessive, but the judge replied: 'If people ride with royalty they ought to expect to pay for the honor.' In a more sensible way than that employed by those sailors, we all feel like expressing our admiration for the sublime art of sculpture.

To us the sculptor's chisel means more than the painter's pencil. Though so long this art of expression in stone has impressed the world it will be about the last art to leave it. Having looked into the face of the last century of the world's existence. After most of the other arts have perished at the end of the world, and the painter's canvas has crumpled in the last conflagration, and the musician's harp-strings have broken under the fingering of the last fire, sculpture will still confront the ruin of the earth, its Canova and Thorwaldsen's statue baptized in flame, and the equestrians in stirrups of bronze and marble will ride their horses into the red surges of a burning world.

**KAFFIRS AND WHITE WOMEN.**

Blacks in Africa Very Rarely Offend Against the Women of the White Settlers.

A Kaffir at Johannesburg was convicted a few days ago of the crime of assaulting a Boer woman. The sentence was confirmed by Gen. Lord Roberts and the man was shot.

It is to the credit of the Kaffirs that there is seldom any reason to complain of their behavior toward the white women of South Africa. The blacks of that region outnumber the whites five to one, but in all the years of the white occupancy the men of the native tribes have been conspicuously free from crimes against white women. This fact is all the more noteworthy because the blacks have frequently been at war with the whites, and they are also in overwhelming numbers in places where there are very few white settlers. It is also remarkable that there are so few crimes of this nature in view of the fact that the blacks are very badly treated in most of South Africa.

At the Pan African Congress in London last month several of the speakers told of the hardships and humiliation inflicted upon the blacks by the white race in South Africa. In many of the towns they are not allowed to walk on the sidewalks. In Natal they are not permitted to enter post offices by the doors used by the whites, but special entrance are reserved for them. The Boers show the least consideration for the blacks of all the white race. The Boer

farmer regards the negro as nothing but a beast of burden. The black man is not permitted, in the Transvaal, to own land nor even to be large without a pass. The intelligence and character of some of the natives have lifted them considerably above their fellows and enabled them to acquire some wealth, this fact however, makes no difference with their social position as far as most of the whites are concerned. One and all they must travel in parts of the railroad trains, which, as one of the speakers expressed it 'are more fit for beasts than men.' The franchise, thus far, has been wholly out of the question for any of the blacks in that most civilized part of Africa. Mr. G. W. Christian declared that in Rhodesia the negro is compelled to work without adequate pay and that the chiefs are forced to find gangs of blacks for the gold mines, where they work for many months at the absolute mercy of white overseers.

This is a fairly accurate though gloomy statement of the position of that part of the millions of blacks who come most into relations with the dominant though numerically inferior white population. On the other hand, it may be said that the tribes of South Africa on the whole are not yet nearly so far advanced in civilization as the negroes of this country. Their efficiency as laborers, on an average is considerably below that of our Southern negroes. After they have earned a little money, most of them wish to go home and remain in idleness till their cash is spent. So it happens that the labor question is a serious one in South Africa and many Indian coolies are imported to do work which the whites would gladly have the Kaffirs do if they were, as yet, developed so far as to be more reliable and industrious.

**C. P. R. HOUSE BOAT.**

A Most Delightful Outing Home for Those who Desire It.

The new C. P. R. house boat which is now completed and ready for occupation has been visited by a large number of Nelson people, all of whom declare it to be an ideal outing home. The boat is completely furnished in every respect. The four state rooms with their four double and four single berths are equipped with everything one would desire in a bed room at home. In the dining room is all that a dining room requires, silverware, glassware, etc., and the room itself is sufficiently large to accommodate any party that could travel on the boat. The kitchen is complete, too, and in fact, there is nothing lacking anywhere. All of the rooms are carpeted and the hallway is laid with oilcloth. Upstairs you are in the open air, with an awning to shield you from the sun and a hammock if you would lay down and read and rest. No more delightful place to spend a week or two, could be imagined, provided, of course, the boat is anchored in some one of the thousand beauty spots of Kootenay Lake. Nowhere, perhaps, in all the Dominion of Canada is there a body of water offering to the man of the reel and fly or he of the gun such inducements as are offered anywhere on Kootenay Lake and nowhere are there more delightfully secluded places than can be found here. And it is to give visitors the opportunity of seeing all this, under most pleasant conditions, that the C. P. R. has caused to be built this house boat. It is to be rented to parties and at a figure which makes it within the reach of everyone who can afford an outing. The boat itself will rent at \$5 per day, with a minimum charge of \$20. It will be towed to any point that can be reached from Nelson at the regular towage charge of 50 cents a mile, with a minimum towage charge of \$5. All that those who rent the boat have to do, is to stock it with eatables and drinkables. Nothing else is required by them unless they desire a servant and this the C. P. R. officials will undertake to secure for them.

**Strictly True.**

In every respect and attested by the testimony of thousands that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is a sure and painless cure for corns. The claim that it is just as good made by those endeavoring to palm off imitations for the genuine only proves the superiority of 'Putnam's.' Use only Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sure, safe, painless.

**Just So.**

He was enjoying an ear of corn in the good, old-fashioned way.

'You look as if you were playing the flute,' his hostess remarked, smiling.

'Oh, no,' was the amiably retort, 'it's a cornet I'm playing, by ear.'

**He Fetched It.**

'Hooraw, boys!' exclaimed an enthusiastic veteran of the civil war, as a regiment of the volunteers of 'ninety-eight marched by on their way to the railroad-station.

'It's keepin' everlastin'ly at it that wins. You can conquer anything or anybody if you keep tryin' long enough, I know wha

I'm talking about; I've been there! Thirty seven years ago to-day I laid on my stummick kneedeep in swamp water, with the mosquitoes stabbin' me in a thousand places, and the gnats and gad-snappers eatin' me alive, and waited ten hours for the sun to rise. That's jest what I done, boys.'

'What happened then, Uncle Jack?' inquired one of the volunteers. 'What was the result of your waiting for the sun to rise?'

'Why—er—er—it rose,' replied the veteran.

**HIS FATHER'S BURGLAR DOG.**

Jerome K. Jerome Tells About a Scheme for Household Protection.

A great many burglaries had lately taken place in our neighborhood and father came to the conclusion that it was time he bought a dog. He thought a bulldog would be the best for his purpose, so he purchased the most savage and murderous looking specimen that he could find.

My mother was alarmed when she saw the dog. 'Surely you're not going to let that brute loose about the house!' she exclaimed. 'He'll kill somebody. I can see it in his face.'

'I want him to kill somebody,' replied my father; 'I want him to kill burglars.'

'I don't like to hear you talk like that, Thomas,' answered mother. 'It's not like you. We've a right to protect our property, but we've no right to take a fellow human creature's life.'

'Our fellow human creatures will be all right so long as they don't come into our kitchen when they've no business there, retorted my father somewhat testily. 'I'm going to fix up this dog in the scullery and if a burglar comes fooling around—well that's his affair.'

The old folks quarrelled on and off for about a month over this dog. The dad thought the mater absurdly sentimental and the mater thought the dad unnecessarily vindictive. Meanwhile the dog grew more ferocious looking every day.

One night my mother woke my father up with: 'Thomas there's a burglar downstairs, I'm positive. I distinctly heard the kitchen door open.'

'Oh, well, the dog's got him by now, then,' murmured my father, who had heard nothing and was sleepy.

'Thomas,' replied my mother severely. 'I'm not going to lie here while a fellow creature is being murdered by a savage beast. If you won't go down and save that man's life I will.'

'Oh, bother,' said my father, preparing to get up. 'You're always fancying you hear noises. I believe that's all you women come to bed for—to sit up and listen for burglars. Just to satisfy her, however, he pulled on his trousers and socks and went down.'

Well, sure enough, my mother was right this time. There was a burglar in the house. The pantry window stood open, and a light was shining in the kitchen. My father crept softly forward and peeped through the partly open door. There sat the burglar eating cold beef and pickles, and there, beside him, on the floor gazing up into his face with a blood-gurdling smile of affection, sat that idiot of a dog, wagging his tail.

My father was so taken aback that he forgot to keep silent.

'Well, I'm—' and he used a word that I should not care to repeat.

The burglar, hearing him, made a dash and got clear off by the window; and the dog seemed vexed with my father for having driven him away.

Next morning we took the dog back to the trainer from whom we had brought it.

'What do you think I wanted this dog for?' asked my father, trying to speak calmly.

'Well,' replied the trainer, 'you said you wanted a good house dog.'

'Exactly so,' answered the dad. 'I didn't ask for a burglar's companion, did I? I didn't say I wanted a dog who'd chum with a burglar the first time he ever came to the house, and sit with him while he had his supper, in case he might feel lonesome, did I? And my father recounted the incidents of the previous night.

The man agreed that there was some cause for complaint. 'I'll tell you what it is sir,' he said. 'It was my boy Jim as trained this 'ere dawg, and I guess the young beggar's taught 'im more about tacking rats than burglars. You leave him with me for a week, sir; I'll put that all right.'

We did so, and at the end of the time the trainer brought him back again.

'You'll find 'im game enough now sir,' said the man. 'E ain't what I call an intellectual dawg, but I think I've knocked the right idea into 'im.'

My father thought he'd like to test the matter, so we hired a man for a shilling to break in through the kitchen window, while the trainer held the dog by a chain. The dog remained perfectly quiet until the

man was fairly inside. Then he made one savage spring at him, at him and if the chain had not been stout the fellow would have earned his shilling dearly.

The dad was satisfied, now that he could go to bed in peace; and the mater's alarm for the safety of the local burglars was proportionately increased.

Months passed uneventfully by, and then another burglar sampled our house. This time there could be no doubt that the dog was doing something for his living. The din in the basement was terrific. The house shook with the concussion of falling bodies.

My father snatched up his revolver and rushed down stairs and I followed him. The kitchen was in confusion. Tables and chair were overturned, and on the floor lay a man gurgling for help. The dog was standing over him choking him.

The mater held his revolver to the man's ear while I, by superhuman effort, dragged our preserver away and chained him to the sink, after which I lit the gas.

Then we perceived that the gentleman on the floor was a police constable.

'Good heavens!' exclaimed my father, dropping the revolver, 'how ever did you come here?'

'Ow did I come 'ere?' retorted the man, sitting up and speaking in a tone of bitter but not unnatural indignation.

'Why, in the course of my duty, that's 'ow I come 'ere. I see a burglar getting in through the window, so I just follows my gentleman and slips in after 'im.'

'Did you catch him?' asked my father. 'Did I catch 'im?' almost shrieked the man.

'Ow could Hi catch 'im with that blasted dog of yours 'oldin' me down by the throat, while 'e lights 'is pipe and walks out by the back door?'

The dog was for sale the next day.

**Verdict Accordingly.**

Coroner—'You say the deceased fell from a fifty feet wall. How did it happen?'

'Witness—'Well, yez see, somebody sed, 'Look down t' th' bottom, Moike; there do be a toine lookin' woman goin' by.' An' 'e looked too suddint an, fell over, yer honor.'

Coroner—'Ah, just as I thought. Same old story—a woman at the bottom of it.'

'I broke off with that girl because I got afraid to marry her.'

'Did she show signs of a bad temper?'

'No; but after we had exchanged about a dozen letters she began to use cheaper letter paper.'

**Are the Kidneys Deranged?**

If So, Uric Acid Poison is in Your System, and Your Sufferings Will be Great—Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills Make Healthy Kidneys and Cure All Uric Acid Troubles.

The most painful, the most fatal, and, consequently, the most dreaded disease of the human body, are caused by the presence of uric acid in the blood.

The nature of your ailment will be decided by your constitution. The poison left in the blood by deranged kidneys will find lodgement in the weakest part, and set up some dreadful disease.

It may be Bright's disease, diabetes, or dropsy. It may be the twanging pains of rheumatism. It may be chronic stomach troubles or bladder ailments. Whatever the form of disease this poisoned blood may cause, the cure can only be brought about by setting the kidneys right.

The experience of tens of thousands of men and women in Canada and the United States points to Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills as the most effective means of setting the kidneys right. No other kidney medicine can produce such irrefutable evidence of its wonderful curative virtue. No other kidney medicine has received such hearty endorsement from physicians. Nor is this to be wondered at, when it is remembered that Dr. Chase is a prince among physicians.

Nature has only provided one means of keeping the blood free uric and poisons—the kidneys. Nature's most effective invigorators of the kidneys are combined in Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills.

Mr. A. W. Parson, Martinville, Que., writes: 'I was a sufferer from kidney disease and bladder trouble for 13 years, and had a constant desire to urinate, with its accompanying weakness.'

'Medicine prescribed by a skillful physician only gave temporary relief. The trouble would recur at very awkward times I was persuaded to try Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills. I obtained relief after one dose, and before I had finished the first box felt better than I had for many years.'

Purely vegetable in composition, scientifically prepared from the great formula of Dr. W. A. Chase, thoroughly tested in thousands of severe cases, wonderfully efficient in all diseases caused by uric acid in the blood, Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills stand alone in the world's greatest kidney medicine. They prevent and cure disease by ridding the poisonous impurities from the blood. One pill a dose. 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.