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## THE TABERNACLE.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ON THE BREAD QUESTION.

Of the Causes Which Lead to the Present Distress Among the Working Classes—Alcohol and Improvidence Potent Factors.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 7.—It seemed appropriate that Dr. Talmage should preach a sermon after his personal contribution of 3,000 pounds of meat and 2,000 loaves of bread to the poor who gathered shivering in the cold around the bakery and meat store of Brooklyn, where the food was distributed without tickets, and no recommendation required except hunger. The text was, Matthew xxvi. 11, "Ye have the poor always with you."

Who said that? The Christ who never owned anything during his earthly stay. His cradle and his grave were borrowed. Every fig he ate was from some one else's tree. Every drop of water he drank was from some one else's well. To pay his personal tax, which was very small, only 81½ cents, he had to perform a miracle and make a fish pay it. All the heights and depths and lengths and breadths of poverty Christ measured in his earthly experience, and when he comes to speak of destitution he always speaks sympathetically, and what he said then is as true now—"Ye have the poor always with you."

For 6,000 years the bread question has been the active and absorbing question. Witness the people crowding up to Joseph's storehouse in Egypt. Witness the famine in Samaria and Jerusalem. Witness the 7,000 hungry people for whom Christ multiplied the loaves. Witness the uncounted millions of people now living, who, I believe, have never yet had one full meal of healthful and nutritious food in all their lives. Think of the 354 great famines in England. Think of the 25,000,000 people under the hoof of hunger year before last in Russia. The failure of the Nile to overflow for seven years in the eleventh century left those regions depopulated. Plague of insects [illegible] locusts in China. Plague of grasshoppers in America. Devastation wrought by drought, by deluge, by frost, by war, by hurricane, by earthquake, by comets flying too near the earth, by change in the management of national finances, by baleful causes innumerable. I proceed to give you three or four reasons why my text is markedly and graphically true in this year 1894.

THE TARIFF BUGBEAR.

The first reason we have always the poor with us is because of the perpetual overhauling of the tariff question, or, as I shall call it, the tariffic controversy. There is a need for such a word, and so I take the responsibility of manufacturing it. There are millions of people who are expecting that the present congress of the United States will do something one way or the other to end this discussion. But it will never end. When I was 5 years of age, I remember hearing my father and his neighbors in vehement discussion of this very question. It was high tariff or low tariff or no tariff at all. When your great-grandchild dies at 90 years of age, it will probably be from overexertion in discussing the tariff. On the day the world is destroyed, there will be three men standing on the post-office steps—one a high tariff man, another a low tariff man, and the other a free trade man—each one red in the face from excited argument on this subject. Other questions may get quieted, as the sermon question, the silver question, the pension question, the civil service question. All questions of annexation may come to peaceful settlement—the annexation of islands two weeks' journey and the beat of their volcanoes conveyed through pipes under the sea, the annexation of the moon, the queen of night, who is absolute, and bringing the nations under the influence of institutions; yea, all other questions, national and international, be settled, but this tariffic question never. It will never only never be settled, it can never be moderately settled more than three years at a time, getting into power for the four years to fix it and the next party will fix it back, finances cannot get well because many doctors. It is with us with sick individuals. A terribly disordered as to come to doctor is called in, and he prescribes for febrifuge, a spoonful every hour, but recovery is postponed, and friends call in another doctor and he says: "What this patient wants is a blood letting; now roll him over!" and the lancet flashes. Recovery is postponed, and a doctor is called in, and he gives some small pellets and says, "The patient wants is rest." Recovery is often blessed, postponed, the family SWAYNE'S small pellets cannot bleeding which anyhow, and an allopathic mail, is called in, and he says, "The adelphia patient wants is calomel and Recovery still postponed, single the doctor is called in, and trial is that this patinet wants is Large baths, and he must have Easton away. Turn on the faucet Appl dy the shower bath." Recovery postponed, an eclectic doctor is called in, and he brings all the ills to bear upon the poor sufferer, the patient, after a brave struggle expires. What killed him? Many doctors. And that is what is our national finances. My personal friends, Cleveland and Harrison of Carlisle and McKinley and Sherman talented and lovely and splendid men as walk the earth, all good doctors, but their treatment of our languishing finances is so different that the treatment has a full opportunity, and under the constant changes it is simply wonderful that the nation still lives. The tariff question will never be settled because of the fact—which I have never heard any one recognize but nevertheless the fact—that high tariff is best for some people and free trade is best for others. This tariffic controversy keeps business struck through with uncertainty, and that uncertainty results in poverty and wretchedness for a vast multitude of people. If the eternal gab on this subject could have been fashioned into loaves of bread, there would not be a hungry man or woman or child on all the planet. To the end of time, the words of the text will be kept true by the tariffic controversy—"Ye have the poor always with you."

ALCOHOL AS A SOURCE OF DISTRESS.

Another cause of perpetual poverty is the cause alcoholic. The victim does not last long. He soon crouches into the drunkard's grave. But what about his wife and children? She takes in washing, when she can get it, or goes out working on small wages, because sorrow and privation have left her incapacitated to do a strong woman's work. The children are thin blooded and gaunt and pale and weak, standing around in cold rooms, or pitching pennies on the street corner, and munching a slice of unbuttered bread when they can get it, sworn at by passersby because they do not get out of the way, kicked onward toward manhood or womanhood, for which they have no preparation, except a depraved appetite and frail constitution, candidates for almshouse and penitentiary. Whatever other cause of poverty may fail, the saloon may be depended on to furnish never increasing throng of paupers. Oh, ye grogshops of Brooklyn and New York and of all the cities; ye mouths of hell, when will ye cease to craunch and devour? There is no danger of this liquor business failing. All other styles of business at times fail. Dry goods stores go under. Hardware stores go under. Grocery stores go under. Harness makers fail, druggists fail, bankers fail, butchers fail, bakers fail, confectioners fail, but the liquor dealer never. It is the only secure business I know of. Why the permanence of the alcoholic trade? Because, in the first place, the men in that business, if tight up for money, only have to put into large quantities of water more strychnine and logwood and nux vomica and vitriol and other congenial concomitants for adulteration. One quart of the real genuine pandemoniac elixir will do to mix up with several gallons of milder damnation. Besides that, these dealers can depend on an increase of demand on the part of their customers. The more of that stuff they drink, the thirstier they are. Hard times, which stop other business, only increase that business, for men go there to drown their troubles. They take the spirits down to keep their spirits up. There is an inclined plane down which alcoholism slides its victims—claret, champagne, port, cognac, whisky, tom and jerry, sour mash, on and down until it is a sort of mixture of kerosene oil, turpentine, toadstools, swill, essence of the horse blankets and general nastiness. With its red sword of flame, that liquor power marshals its procession, and they move on in ranks long enough to girdle the earth, and the procession is headed by the nose blotched, nerve shattered, rheum eyed, lip bloated, soul scorched inebriates, followed by the women, who, though brought up in comfortable homes, now go limping past with aches and pains and pallor and hunger and woe, followed by their children, barefoot, uncombed, freezing, and with a wretchedness of time and eternity seemingly compressed in their agonized features. "Forward, march!" cries the liquor business to that army without banners. Keep that influence moving on, and you will have the poor always with you. Report comes from one of the cities, where the majority of the inhabitants are out of work and dependent on charity, yet last year they spent more in that city for rum than they did for clothing and groceries.

THE IMPROVIDENCE OF WORKMEN.

Another warranty that my text will prove true in the perpetual poverty of the world is the wicked spirit of improvidence. A vast number of people have such small incomes that they cannot lay by in savings bank or life insurance one cent a year. It takes every farthing they can earn to spread the table and clothe the family and educate the children, and if you blame such people for improvidence you enact a cruelty. On such a salary as many clerks and employees and many ministers of religion live, and on such wages as many workmen receive, they cannot, in 20 years, lay up 20 cents. But you know and I know many who have competent incomes, and could provide somewhat for the future, who live up to every dollar, and when they die their children go to the poorhouse or on the street. By the time the wife gets the husband buried, she is in debt to the undertaker and gravedigger for that which she can never pay. While the man lived he had his wine parties and fairly stunk with tobacco, and then expired, leaving his family upon the charities of the world. Do not send for me to come and conduct the obsequies and read over such a carcass the beautiful liturgy, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," for, instead of that, I will turn over the leaves of the Bible to I Timothy v, 18, where it says: "If any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel," or I will turn to Jeremiah xxii, 19, where it says, "He shall be buried with the burial of an ass, drawn and cast forth beyond the gates of Jerusalem."

I cannot imagine any more unfair or meaner thing than for a man to get his sins pardoned at the last minute, and then go to heaven, and live in a mansion, and go riding about in a golden chariot over the golden streets, while his wife and children, whom he might have provided for, are begging for cold victuals at the basement door of an earthly city. It seems to me there ought to be a poorhouse somewhere on the outskirts of heaven, where those guilty of such improvidence should be kept for awhile on thin soup and gristle, instead of sitting down at the King's banquet. It is said that the church is a divine institution, and I believe it. Just as certainly are the savings banks and the life insurance companies divine institutions. As out of evil good often comes so out of the doctrine of probabilities, calculated by Professor Hugens and Professor Pascal for games of chance, came the calculation of the probabilities of human life as used by life insurance companies, and no business on earth is more stable or honorable, and no mightier mercy for the human race has been born since Christ was born. Bored beyond endurance for my signature to papers of all sorts, there is one style of paper that I always sign with a feeling of gladness and triumph, and that is a paper which the life insurance company requires from the clergyman after a decease in his congregation, in order to the payment of the policy to the bereft household. I always write my name then so they can read it. I cannot help but say to myself: "Good for that man to have looked after his wife and children after earthly departure. May he have one of the best seats in heaven!" Young man! The day before or the day after you get married, go to a life insurance company of established reputation and get the medical examiner to put the stethoscope to your lungs and his ear close up to your heart with your vest off, and have signed, sealed and delivered to you a document that will, in the case of your sudden departure, make for that lovely girl the difference between queen and a pauper.

I have known men who had an income of $3,000, $4,000, $5,000 a year, who did not leave one farthing for the surviving household. Now, that man's death is a defalcation, an outrage, a swindle. He did not die; he absconded. There are 40,000 people in America today a-hungered through the sin of improvidence. "But," say some, "my income is so small I cannot afford to pay the premium on a life insurance." Are you sure about that? If you are sure, then you have a right to depend on the promise in Jeremiah xlix, 11, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me." But if you are able to, remember you have no right to ask God to do for your household that which you can do for them yourself.

For the benefit of these young men excuse a practical personality. Beginning my life's work on the munificent salary of $800 a year and a parsonage, and when the call was placed in my hands I did not know how in the world I would ever be able to spend that amount of money, and I remember indulging in a devout wish that I might not be led into worldliness and prodigality by such an overplus of resources, and at a time when articles of food and clothing were higher than they are now, I felt it a religious duty to get my life insured, and I presented myself at an office of one of the great companies, and I stood pale and nervous lest the medical examiner might have to declare that I had consumption and heart disease and a half dozen mortal ailments, but when I got the document, which I have yet in full force, I felt a sense of manliness and confidence and quietude and re-enforcement, which is a good thing for any young man to have. For the lack of that feeling there are thousands of men today in Greenwood and Laurel Hill and Mount Auburn who might as well have been alive and well and supporting their families. They got a little sick, and they were so worried about what would become of their households in case of their demise that their agitations overcame the skill of the physicians, and they died for fear of dying. I have for many years been such an ardent advocate of life insurance, and my sermon on "The Crime of Not Insuring" has been so long used on both sides of the sea by the chief life insurance companies that some people have supposed that I received monetary compensation for what I have said and written. Not a penny. I will give any man $100 for every penny I have received from any life insurance company. What I have said and written on the subject has resulted from the conviction that these institutions are a benediction to the human race. But, alas, for the widespread improvidence! You are now in your charities helping to support the families of men who had more income than you now have, or ever have had, or ever will have, and you can depend on the improvidence of many for the truth of my text in all times and in all places, "Ye have the poor always with you."

LACK OF MENTAL BALANCE.

Another fact that you may depend upon for perpetual poverty is the incapacity of many to achieve a livelihood. You can go through any community and find good people with more than usual mental caliber, who never have been able to support themselves and their households. They are a mystery to us, and we say, "I do not know what is the matter of them, but there is a screw loose somewhere." Some of these persons have more brain than thousands who make a splendid success. Some are too sanguine of temperament, and they see bargains where there are none. A common minnow is to them a gold fish, and a quail a flamingo, and a blind mule on a towpath a Bucephalus. They buy when things are highest and sell when things are lowest. Some one tells them of city lots out west, where the foundation of the first house has not yet been laid. They say, "What an opportunity!" and they put down the hard cash for an ornamented deed for 10 lots under water. They hear of a new silver mine opened in Nevada, and they say, "What a chance!" and they take the little money they have in the savings bank and pay it out for as beautiful a certificate of mining stock as was ever printed, and the only thing they will ever get out of the investment is the aforesaid illuminated lithograph. They are always on the verge of millionairedom and are sometimes worried as to whom they shall bequeath their excess of fortune. They invest in aerial machines or new inventions in perpetual motion, and they succeed in what mathematicians think impossible, the squaring of a circle, for they do everything on the square and win the whole circle of disappointment. They are good honest, brilliant failures. They die poor, and leave nothing to their families but a model of some invention that would not work and whole portfolios of diagrams of things impossible. I cannot help but like them, because they are so cheerful with great expectations. But their children are a bequest to the bureau of city charities. Others administer to the crop of the world's misfortune by being too unsuspecting. Honest themselves, they believe all others are honest. They are fleeced and scalped and vivisected by the sharpers in all styles of business and cheated out of everything between cradle and grave, and those two exceptions only because they have nothing to do in buying either of them. Others are retained for misfortune by inopportune sickness. Just as that lawyer was to make the plea that would have put him among the strong men of the profession, neuralgia stung him. Just as that physician was to prove his skill in an epidemic, his own poor health imprisoned him. Just as that merchant must be at the store for some decisive and introductory bargain, he sits with a rheumatic joint on a pillow, the room redolent with liniment. What an overwhelming statistic would be the story of men and women and children impoverished by sicknesses! Then the cyclone. Then the Mississippi and Ohio freshets. Then the stopping of the factories. Then the curculios among the peach trees. Then the insectile devastation of potato patches and wheat-fields. Then the epizootics among the horses and the hollow horn among the herds. Then the rains that drown out everything and the droughts that burn up half a continent. Then the orange groves die under the white teeth of the hoar frost. Then the coal strikes, and the iron strikes, and the mechanics' strikes, which all strike labor harder than they strike capital. Then the yellow fever at Brunswick and Jacksonville and Shreveport. Then the cholera at the Narrows, threatening to land in New York. Then the Charleston earthquake. Then the Johnstown flood. Then hurricanes sweeping from Caribbean sea to Newfoundland. Then there are the great monopolies that gulley the earth with their oppressions. Then there are the necessities of buying coal by the scuttle instead of the ton, and flour by the pound instead of the barrel, and so the injustices are multiplied. In the wake of all these are overwhelming illustrations of the truth of my text, "Ye have the poor always with you."

CELESTIAL INSURANCE.

Remember a fact that no one emphasizes—a fact, nevertheless, upon which I want to put the weight of an eternity of tonnage—that the best way of insuring yourself and your children and your grandchildren against poverty and all other troubles is by helping others. I am an agent of the oldest insurance company that was ever established. It is near 3,000 years old. It has the advantage of all the other plans of insurance—whole life policy, endowment, joint life and survivorship policies, ascending and descending scales of premium and tontine—and it pays up while you live and it pays up after you are dead. Every cent you give in a Christian spirit to a poor man or woman, every shoe you give to a barefoot, every stick of wood or lump of coal you give to a fireless hearth, every dose of medicine you give to a poor invalid, every star of hope you make to shine over unfortunate maternity, every mitten you knit for cold fingers, is a payment on the premium of that policy. I have about 500,000,000 policies to all who will go forth and find the unfortunate. There are only two or three lines in this policy of life insurance—Ps. xli, 1, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble."

Other life insurance companies may fail, but this celestial life insurance company never. The Lord God Almighty is at the head of it, and all the angels of heaven are in its board of direction, and its assets are all worlds, and all the charitable of earth and heaven are the beneficiaries. "But," says some one, "I do not like a tontine policy so well, and that which you offer is more like a tontine and to be chiefly paid in this life." "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." Well, if you prefer the old fashioned policy of life insurance, which is not paid till after death, you can be accommodated. That will be given you in the day of judgment and will be handed you by the right hand, the pierced hand of our Lord himself, and all you do in the right spirit for the poor is payment on the premium of that life insurance policy. I read you a paragraph of that policy: "Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, for I was hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me.'"

In various colors of ink other life insurance policies are written. This one I have just shown you is written in only one kind of ink, and that red ink, the blood of the cross. Blessed be God, that is a paid up policy, paid for by the pangs of the Son of God, and all we add to it in the way of our own good deeds will augment the sum of eternal felicities. Yes, the time will come when the banks of largest capital stock will all go down, and the fire insurance companies will all go down, and the life insurance companies will all go down. In the last great earthquake all the cities will be prostrated, and as a consequence all banks will forever suspend payment. In the last conflagration the fire insurance companies of the earth will fail, for how could they make appraisement of the loss on a universal fire? Then all the inhabitants of the round world will surrender their mortal existence, and how could life insurance companies pay for depopulated hemispheres? But our celestial life insurance will not be harmed by that continental wreck, or that hemispheric accident, or that planetary catastrophe. Blow it out like a candle—the moonday sun! Tear it down like vermont upholstery—the last sunset! Toss it from God's finger like a dewdrop from the antler of a water lily—the ocean! Scatter them like thistledown before a schoolboy's breath—the worlds! That will not disturb the omnipotence, or the composure, or the sympathy, or the love of that Christ who said it once on earth, and will say it again in heaven to all those who have been helpful to the downtrodden, and the cold, and the hungry, and the homeless, and the lost, "Inasmuch as ye did it to them, ye did to me!"

A Queer Indian Relic.

There was recently found in an ancient oyster bank on the Sabine river, just below this point, a well preserved Indian idol. The image was nearly four feet high and was of a three headed man, with the scales of a turtle covering the entire body, but with the feet and claws of a panther. The idol is hollow and contained the skeleton of a young child, in an upright position, the head fitting into that of the god.

Whether the child was thus sacrificed to the god or the image merely used as a repository of the dead body, cannot be decided. The carving on the idol showed a degree of skill uncommon among the Indians as existing now or as found here by the early settlers, and as the banks of this vicinity were evidently erected by a people antedating those of the Potahle that the image was of their religion also. It is of stone and is composed of four or five pieces neatly cemented together with a substance not recognized by any mason who has seen it.

The union of the several stones employed in it is so cunningly done that only a close examination reveals it at all. The eyes are of agate and cut with the skill of a finished lapidary, and by some contrivance are so arranged as to move in the head from side to side, and to close by the shutting down of lids of silver. The panther claws are also of silver, and the feet are of obsidian highly polished.

One of the three heads wears a benign expression, while another grins maliciously and the third frowns heavily and shows clinched teeth of obsidian.—Beaumont (Tex.) Correspondent.

The King of Bells.

The Tzitzi of Bells, the King of Bells, the Great Bell of Moscow, etc., as variously known, has probably been described a million times. It was cast in 1732, part of the metal used being from the fragments of The Giant, one of the former monster bells which have made Moscow famous. The King was only in use five years before it met with an irreparable accident, having a huge piece broken from its side during the great fire of 1737. It is now on the ground and will probably never be repaired and hung, as it would be impossible to do so without recasting it. During the present century this monster bell has rarely been used as a church, the three-cornered frame in the tide-tower being deemed sufficient for all ordinary occasions. This story is not at all improbable when we consider its gigantic proportions, which are as follows: Height, 19 feet 3 inches; circumference around the margin, 60 feet and 9 inches! The weight of this "colossal folly" has been variously estimated by different travelers and authors, but as it has never been set down at less than 443,000 pounds and perfectly satisfied to give the minimum estimate, which is 220 tons!—St. Louis Republic.

Care of the Insane.

The laws of New York and Massachusetts have placed those states in the foremost rank of intelligent and liberal care for the insane. The enactments regulating the commitment to asylums, and the care while there, of the insane, and especially the state-care act of New York, have been in the main wise and beneficent.

The weak point in the New York law is that a plan for centralizing in a state commission power as to details of management of the hospitals, which was overwhelmingly defeated in the Massachusetts legislature, has become part of the New York statute, and that the lunacy commission, which ought to be a purely supervising and advisory board, has executive functions which are not only needlessly vexatious to the hospital managers and medical officers and prejudicial to the interests of their patients, but also may be destructive of good morals. The managers and medical officers of the hospitals for the insane have taken counsel from the political upheaval in their state and are attempting a reform, in which we wish them every success.—Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.

Tamping and Ramming Boreholes.

An innovation in mining work is an invention for tamping and ramming boreholes. The hole itself is made of a smaller diameter at the inner end where the cartridge is placed. A small wood disk rests against the shoulder made by the smaller hole and protects the cartridge. The tamping consists of blocks of compressed clay, which are broken up in the hole by the rammer. The disk, blocks and rammer head are all perforated so that they can be threaded on to the fuse wires. Clay blocks are made at a very cheap rate by a simple machine, and by their use uniformity in the tamping material is secured. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## TWO JERSEY SENATES.

Both Republicans and Democrats Elect Officers.

THE FORMER WERE LOCKED OUT.

But They Subsequently Secured Possession of the Senate Chamber and Passed a Bill Repealing the Race Track Legislation of Last Winter.

TRENTON, Jan. 10.—New Jersey has two senates. The Democrats claim that the senate is a continuous body, and shall therefore organize before new members are admitted. The Republicans deny this, and the Republican holdovers refused to take part in such organization. The nine Democratic holdovers met in the senate chamber at 10 o'clock yesterday morning, and locked the door. In the afternoon a detachment of Treaton police, acting under instructions from the governor, forced back the crowd that had gathered in the corridor and formed a passageway to the door of the chamber.

In the senate chamber the Democratic holdover members were seated, waiting for 3 o'clock, the time for meeting, to arrive. No one but a few state officers and favored persons were admitted, newspaper men excepted.

At five minutes to 3 o'clock Samuel Thompson, the clerk of the senate, called the senate to order, and Robert Adrian, of Middlesex, was elected chairman. Then a call of the senate was made, and a recess taken for five minutes.

Shortly after 3 o'clock the Republican senators were admitted, after some lively skirmishing. Senator Stokes protested against the organization of the senate that had been perfected, and Chairman Adrian asserted that the senate had been organized in a regular manner. He refused to recognize the credentials of the newly elected Republican senators, and the Republicans then withdrew to a lobby room. Here they organized by electing a full set of officers, with Maurice A. Bergen, of Camden, as president. They sent a committee to the governor, who informed them that he had already received a message from a body calling themselves a senate. The house recognized the Republican senate.

TRENTON, Jan. 11.—Large crowds of excited men were at the capitol before the time came for the meeting of the Republican senate yesterday afternoon. The doors of the senate chamber had been locked by the Democrats, and the Republicans held a conference, after which President Rogers walked upon Governor Werts, but the latter replied that he could do nothing. The janitor of the state house said the keys were gone. The excitement of the crowd in the corridors was intense, and it increased as the senators discussed the advisability of forcing their way into the senate chamber.

Senator Skirm ordered a cab and went after a locksmith, who arrived, but was unable to open the doors. Captain Graham, a well known worker in Hudson county, pushed open the door to the gallery, and entering in that way climbed down to the floor and opened the door. The crowd then surged into the gallery and the senators were soon in their seats. The Republicans propose to change the locks on the doors of the senate chamber and hold possession. An opinion is hourly looked for from the attorney general upholding the course of the Democrats.

After gaining admission to the chamber the senate at once proceeded to business. The committee on rules presented a report that the rules of last year's senate be adopted, with the exception of Rule 39. This rule requires a two-thirds vote in passing a bill through the senate without reference to any committee. This was done in order to pass the race track repeal bills at once, they having been passed by the house. These bills were taken up and passed by a unanimous vote, and will be sent to the governor.

A resolution was offered by Senator Ketcham that twenty-five assistant sergeants-at-arms be employed to maintain possession of and hold the senate chamber for the use of the senate of New Jersey. After discussing Mr. Ketcham's resolution at length it was adopted, and the Republican senate adjourned until Monday evening. The Democratic senate is in session this morning, but the contest will go over until Monday night.

A Crazy Father's Crime.

BUFFALO, Jan. 10.—Miss Clara Curtiss, the handsome daughter of William H. Curtiss, of 141 Park street, 18 years old, lies dying at her home with three bullets in her breast. They were fired by her father, who is most undoubtedly crazy. The noise of the shooting was heard by Mrs. Curtiss, and she rushed in and found her husband standing over the girl with the smoking revolver in his hand. Mrs. Curtiss screamed, whereupon the infuriated assassin turned on her with a maniac's ferocity, and fired twice, both bullets taking effect. The young lady cannot live, but the mother may recover.

Ten Sailors Drowned.

BELFAST, Jan. 9.—The bark Colleen, from Talcahuano Oct. 7 for Queenstown, was wrecked a mile from Ballycotton. The coast guards by the use of rockets managed to bring four of the sailors ashore in safety, but the others, ten in number, including the captain, were swept into the sea and drowned.

To Pension Ex-Slaves.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 9.—Senator Cullom introduced a bill in the senate which will likely attract attention. It provides for the pension of all ex-slaves. Persons over 70 years of age are to receive $500 and $15 per month; under 70 years and over 60 years, $400 and $12 per month; under 60 and over 50, $4 per month.

A Train Robber's Confession.

PARSONS, Kan., Jan. 11.—Hydrick and Shepherd, the two men confined in the county jail of this county charged with robbing the 'Frisco passenger train at Mound Valley on Sept. 3, 1893, have made a confession. Shepherd admits he is the man that killed Express Messenger Chapman.

Robinson Has Not Withdrawn.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 10.—Representative John B. Robinson says that the reports in circulation to the effect that he has withdrawn from the contest for the Republican nomination for lieutenant governor of Pennsylvania are baseless. Mr. Robinson says that he is in the fight to the finish.

The Champion Offer for the Fight.

OGDEN, Colo., Jan. 11.—The Ogden Athletic club has decided to offer a purse of $75,000 for the Corbett-Mitchell fight. If accepted they will build a pavilion at Ironton to hold 20,000 people.

## NO HAWAIIAN REPUBLIC

The New Government Has No Desire for Independence.

THEY STILL RELY ON UNCLE SAM.

Minister Thurston Gives an Emphatic Denial to the Statement That He Favored the Republic, and Is Joined in His Attitude by Mr. Castle.

VICTORIA, B. C., Jan. 10.—Later and fuller advices from Honolulu by the steamer Warimoo state that the news received there to date has elicited various comment. Royalists still assert that they believe the restoration will be accomplished by Cleveland, and the annexationists as confidently declare that no restoration shall take place.

The situation has, in fact, settled into one of glaring defiance, in which the royalists themselves admit they would have no show unless aided by the forces of the United States.

The proposition for the establishment of a republic here, said to have been brought down by Minister Thurston and H. N. Castle, of The Advertiser, is absolutely decided by both these gentlemen. To a reporter Mr. Thurston said:

"Such an idea never entered our heads. Why should it? We are now an established government. We have been recognized by both the United States and Russia, and to establish a republic would be but to renounce the recognized right we now have for existence. This we do not propose to do. Deny it absolutely, and give it the widest publicity," concluded Mr. Thurston.

When interviewed Mr. Castle took much the same view. He said:

"While, like Thurston, I am a Hawaiian, born an American, I am not here to compromise unless our national mother, America, goes completely back on us, which I don't believe American patriots would tolerate.

"As far as the financial condition of the government can be determined it is one of increasing security. Taxes are flowing in, and the determined stand taken has caused the deposits in the postal savings bank to largely increase during the past month. Minister Damon is hopeful that, no adverse action is taken by congress, a permanent semi-American form of government can ultimately be established here, which will be the forerunner of stable government in unstable Hawaii."

TACOMA, Wash., Jan. 9.—The Warrimoo has arrived at Victoria from Honolulu with news to Jan. 1. There was intense excitement until the Corwin arrived, when Willis made his demand for Liliuokalani's restoration and was refused. Nothing very startling.

Ives Defeats Schaefer.

NEW YORK, Jan. 11.—The two bright particular stars of the American billiard firmament, Schaefer and Ives, drew a big crowd at Central Music hall last night. Additional interest attached to this game from the fact that the players of the tournament, Schaefer, Slosson and Ives, met yesterday and signed an agreement which bars the anchor game in the balance of tournament. Ives won by a score of 600 to 388. Ives has now won two games and Schaefer one. Schaefer and Slosson play tonight.

For a New World's Metropolis.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10.—In his annual message to the common council Mayor Gilroy, referring to consolidation, says that it is the manifest destiny of the vast population and immense business interests of which this port is the center that they shall be consolidated under one municipal government, and form the metropolis of the world. He is in favor of the proposition to submit to the people for their decision the question as to whether the time has arrived for such a consolidation.

Carlisle Urges a Bond Issue.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 11.—Secretary Carlisle proposed an issue of bonds to the senate committee on finance yesterday afternoon. He thinks an issue of bonds the simplest way to meet the apparently rapidly approaching crisis in the treasury. He asked that the act of 1875, for the resumption of specie payments, which also authorizes a bond issue, should be so amended as to permit this issuance for a shorter time and at a lower rate of interest than is provided for in that act.

Bet on the Slow Horses.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 8.—Sigmund Stern, a son-in-law of Millionaire Leopold Michel, was held for the grand jury by Judge Goetting for grand larceny. He is charged with embezzling $3,000 of the collections which he made for his father-in-law. Stern is about 25 years old, and was at one time in good circumstances. For the past few years, however, he has been following the horses at the different tracks, and lost all his money.

Matabeles Tired of Fighting.

CAPE TOWN, Jan. 8.—A telegram has been received from Dr. Jameson saying that the natives continue to come into Buluwayo announcing that they are tired of fighting and desirous of peace. A large armed force is sent in search of Captain Wilson and his party. This shows that there is now less hopefulness of the British officer and his men being found.

Baker Kairer's Murderer Caught.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10.—The police of this city arrested a negro whom they identified as the burglar who, during the night between Dec. 4 and 5, shot William G. Kairer, a wealthy baker, in Camden, N. J., while plundering his house. He is William H. Davis, better known under the alias "Blackstrap."

An Executioner's Suicide.

MELBOURNE, Jan. 8.—Jones, the public hangman of Victoria, has committed suicide by cutting his throat, owing to the fact that he was not willing to execute Mrs. Knerr, a woman who had been sentenced to death for causing the deaths of infants whom she had received at a "baby farm."

Life Imprisonment for One Cent.

OMAHA, Jan. 8.—Ellsworth de France was sentenced for life in the United States prison at Sioux Falls, S. D. He robbed a wheelbarrow containing United States mail at Gordon, Neb., in October, securing only one cent for his trouble.

An Alleged Whitecapper Acquitted.

KOKOMA, Ind., Jan. 11.—The first of the whitecapping cases ended in court here last evening. Leonard B. Hodgin, one of the eight business men indicted, being acquitted. The cases against the others go over until April.

## VAILLANT SENTENCED.

The Paris Bomb Thrower Must Die by the Guillotine.

THE PRISONER COOL AND DEFIANT.

He Reads a Lengthy Declaration Which Brings Tears to the Eyes of Women Spectators, and Thanks the Jury That Convicted Him.

PARIS, Jan. 11.—The trial of Auguste Vaillant, the anarchist, who, on Dec. 9 last, threw a bomb which exploded in the chamber of deputies, took place yesterday, and at the conclusion of the proceedings Vaillant was sentenced to death.

Public Prosecutor Bertrand, as soon as the court was ready for business, asked Vaillant his name, and the prisoner, in a firm voice, replied, "Auguste Vaillant."



AUGUSTE VAILLANT.

The prisoner answered the public prosecutor's questions in a cool manner.

After the prisoner had admitted that he had been in prison for theft, the prisoner exclaimed fiercely: "The unjust conditions of society were responsible for what you are pleased to term robbery."

In reply to further questions by Prosecutor Bertrand and Judge Caze, Vaillant said that he regretted the bomb did not have the effect he desired. The presiding judge turned to the prisoner and said: "Who did you particularly want to hit?"

Vaillant replied: "I did not aim at any one in particular, but I wanted to frighten some of the ministers. I am not waging war against the people, but against society, and I aimed directly at these parasite deputies."

Replying to further questions Vaillant said that he filled his bomb with nails, as he only wished to severely injure some of the ministers and deputies. After making this assertion Vaillant remarked that he would rather have seen two or three hundred deputies killed than a single spectator injured.

"You speak of wounds and injured people," the judge remarked.

"What about the soldiers you sent to Tonquin?" fiercely exclaimed the prisoner. "Are they not wounded, and even killed? Don't cry about deaths since none occurred."

"I see," continued the judge,