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All druggists sell it at 25c. and $1.00 per package. Buy one to-day. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy, this is necessary.

MOTHERS IN ISRAEL.

DR. TALMAGE'S ELOQUENT SERMON AND UNIQUE TEXT.

Sisera Was Killed by Jael—The Bad News Brought to His Mother—Sitting at the Palace Window—A Eulogy of the Cecilio—Anxious Mothers.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 14.—This novel and unique subject was presented by Dr. Talmage this forenoon to the usual throngs crowding the largest Protestant church in America. The congregation, on to Cuyler and cornet, sang a gospel quired, air to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home." Text, Judges v, 28, "The mother of Sisera looked out at a window."

Spiked to the ground of Jael's tent lay the dead commander in chief of the Canaanitish host, General Sisera, not far from the river Kishon, which was only a dry bed of pebbles when in 1889, in Palestine, we crossed it, but the gullies and ravines which ran into it indicated the possibility of great freshets like the one at the time of the text. General Sisera had gone forth with 900 iron chariots, but he was defeated, and his chariot wheels interlocked with the wheels of other chariots, he could not retreat fast enough, and so he leaped to the ground and ran till, exhausted, he went into Jael's tent for safety. She had just been churning, and when he asked for water she gave him buttermilk, which in the east is considered a most refreshing drink. Very tired, and supposing he was safe, he went to sleep upon the floor, but Jael, who had resolved upon his death, took a tent pin, long and round and sharp, in one hand and a hammer in her other hand, and, putting the sharp end of the tent pin to the forehead of Sisera, with her other hand she lifted the hammer and brought it down on the head of the pin with a stout stroke, when Sisera struggled to rise, and she struck him again, and he struggled to rise, and the third time she struck him, and the commander in chief of the Canaanitish host lay dead.

MEANING OF THE TEXT.

Meanwhile in the distance, Sisera's mother sits amid surroundings of wealth and pomp and scenes palatial waiting for his return. Every mother expects her son to be victorious, and this mother looked out at the window expecting to see him drive up in his chariot followed by wagons loaded with embroideries and also by regiments of men vanquished and enslaved. I see her now sitting at the window, in high expectation. She watches the farthest turn of the road. She looks for the flying dust of the swift hoofs. The first flash of the bit of the horses' bridle she will catch.

The ladies of her court stand round, and she tells them of what she shall have when her son comes up—chains of gold and carcanets of beauty and dresses of such wondrous fabric and splendor as the Bible only hints at, but leaves us to imagine. "He ought to be here by this time," says his mother. "That battle is surely over. I hope that freshet of the river Kishon has not impeded him. I hope those strange appearances we saw last night in the sky were not ominous, when the stars seemed to fight in their courses. No! No! He is so brave in battle I know he has won the day. He will soon be here." But alas for the disappointed mother! She will not see the glittering headgear of the horses at full gallop bringing her son home from victorious battle. As a solitary messenger arriving in hot haste rides up to the window at which the mother of Sisera sits, he cries, "Your armies are defeated, and your son is dead." There is a scene of horror and anguish from which we turn away.

Now you see the full meaning of my short text, "The mother of Sisera looked out at a window." Well, my friends, we are all out in the battle of life; it is raging now, and the most of us have a mother watching and waiting for news of our victory or defeat. If she be not sitting at the window of earth, she is sitting at a window of heaven, and she is going to hear all about it.

By all the rules of war Sisera ought to have been triumphant. He had 900 iron chariots and a host of many thousands vaster than the armies of Israel. But God was on the other side, and the angry freshets of Kishon, and the hail, and lightning and the unmanageable fifty-five [illegible] and the capsized chariots will be [illegible] the stellar panic in the sky discomfited Sisera. Josephus in his history of the World describes the scene in the following but will [illegible]: "When they were come to a fiscal ye[illegible] fight, there came down from heaven America great storm with a vast quantity B. & O. in[illegible] great brass in the hand, and the wind blew the ger brass[illegible] sharply in the face of the Canaanites and port the [illegible] skened their eyes their arrows and East, Nort[illegible] were of no advantage to them, dential ina[illegible]uld the coldness of the air permit records by [illegible]iers to make use of their swords, encampmen[illegible]his storm did not so much inprepared by [illegible] the Israelites because it came was in positio[illegible] backs. They also took such titudes travel[illegible] World's Fair, upon the apprehension that God to and from C[illegible]ing them that they fell upon people than any midst of their enemies and it is gratifying t[illegible] number of them, so that single World's Fa[illegible] fell by the Israelites, some B. & O. System.—[illegible] own horses which were put 31st, 1893. [illegible], and not a few were killed

California chariots."

The well known [illegible]y hearers, the bad news pany have arrange[illegible] mother of Sisera looking sions to all princ[illegible]indow. And our mother, Pacific Coast citi[illegible]eling at a window of earth B. & O. R. R. [illegible] of heaven, will hear the The parties will [illegible] victory or defeat—not ac[illegible] each week, cording to our talents or educational [illegible]gers destination. Th[illegible] our opportunities, but according to whether God is for us or [illegible]. For full [illegible] Co. No[illegible]'s mother?" is the question est ticket ag[illegible]quently asked in many houses[illegible] It is asked by the husband as [illegible]e child coming in at nightfall, Humphreys' [illegible]s mother?" It is asked by the Coughs and C[illegible] when they get hurt and come and Consump[illegible] with the pain, "Where's [illegible] all Druggists [illegible] It is asked by those who have seen some grand sight or heard some good news or received some beautiful gift, "Where's mother?" She sometimes feels wearied by the question, for they all ask it and keep asking it all the time. She is not only the first to hear every case of perplexity, but she is the judge in every court of domestic appeal. That is what puts the premature wrinkles on so many maternal faces and powders white so many maternal foreheads. You see, it is a question that keeps on for all the years of childhood. It comes from the nursery, and from the evening stand where the boys and girls are learning their school lesson, and from the starting out in the morning, when the tippet or hat or slate or book or overshoe is lost, until at night, all out of breath, the youngsters come in and shout until you can hear them from cellar to garret and from front door to the back fence of the back yard, "Where's mother?" Indeed a child's life is so full of that question that if he be taken away one of the things that the mother most misses and the silence that most oppresses her is the absence of that question, which she will never hear on earth again, except she hears it in a dream which sometimes restores the nursery just as it was, and then the voice comes back so natural, and so sweet, and so innocent, and so inquiring that the dream breaks at the words, "Where's mother?"

If that question were put to most of us this morning, we would have to say, if we spoke truthfully, like Sisera's mother, she is at the palace window. She has become a queen unto God forever, and she is pulling back the rich folds of the king's upholstery to look down at us. We are not told the particulars about the residence of Sisera's mother, but there is in that scene in the book of Judges so much about embroideries and needlework and ladies in waiting that we know her residence must have been princely and palatial. So we have no minute and particular description of the palace at whose window our glorified mother sits, but there is so much in the closing chapters of the Good Book about crowns, and pearls big enough to make a gate out of one of them, new songs and marriage suppers, and harps, and white horses with kings in the stirrups, and golden candlesticks that we know the heavenly residence of our mother is superb, is unique, is colonnaded, is domed, is embowered, is fountained, is glorified beyond the power of pencil or pen or tongue to present, and in the window of that palace the mother sits watching for news from the battle. What a contrast between that celestial surrounding and her once earthly surroundings! What a work to bring up a family, in the old time way, with but little or no hired help, except perhaps for the washing day or for the swine slaughtering, commonly called "the killing day!"

OLD FASHIONED MOTHERS.

There was then no reading of elaborate treatises on the best modes of rearing children, and then leaving it all to hired help, with one or two visits a day to the nursery to see if the principles announced are being carried out. The most of those old folks did the sewing, the washing, the mending, the darning, the patching, the millinery, the mantua making, the housekeeping, and in hurried harvest time helped spread the hay or tread down the load in the mow. They were at the same time cateres, tailors, doctors, chaplains and nurses for a whole household all together down with measles or scarlet fever, or round the house with whooping coughs and croups and rumround fingers and earaches and all the infantile distempers which at some time swoop upon every large household. Some of those mothers never got rested in this world. Instead of the self rocking cradles of our day, which, wound up, will go hour after hour for the solace of the young slumberer, it was weary foot on the rocker sometimes half the day or half the night—rock—rock—rock—rock. Instead of our drug stores filled with all the wonders of materia medica and called up through a telephone, with them the only apothecary short of four miles' ride was the garret, with its bunches of peppermint and pennyroyal and catnip and mustard and camomile flowers, which were expected to do everything. Just think of it! Fifty years of preparing breakfast, dinner and supper. The chief music they heard was that of spinning wheel and rocking chair. Fagged out, headachy and with ankles swollen. Those old fashioned mothers—if any persons ever fitted appropriately into a good, easy, comfortable heaven, they were the folks, and they got there, and they are rested. They wear no spectacles, for they have their third sight—as they lived long enough on earth to get their second sight—and they do not have to part for breath after going up the emerald stairs of the Eternal palace, at whose window they now sit waiting for news from the battle.

But if any one keeps on asking the question "Where's mother?" I answer, She is in your present character. The probability is that your physical features suggest her. If there be seven children in a household at least six of them look like their mother, and the older you get the more you will look like her. But I speak now especially of your character and not of your looks. This is easily explained. During the first 10 years of your life you were almost all the time with her, and your father you saw only mornings and nights. There are no years in any life so important for impression as the first 10. Then and there is the impression made for virtue or vice, for truth or falsehood, for bravery or cowardice, for religion or skepticism. Suddenly start out from behind a door and frighten the child, and you may shatter his nervous system for a lifetime. During the first 10 years you can tell him enough spook stories to make him a coward till he dies. Act before him as though Friday were an unlucky day, and it were baleful to have 13 at the table, or see the moon over the left shoulder, and he will never recover from the idiotic superstitions. You may give that girl before she is 10 years old a fondness for dress that will make her a mere "dummy frame," or fashion plate, for 40 years. Ezekiel xvi, 44, "As is the mother so is her daughter." Before one decade has passed you can decide whether that boy shall be a Shylock or a George Peabody. Boys and girls are generally echoes of fathers and mothers. What an incoherent thing for a mother out of temper to punish a child for getting mad, or for a father who smokes to shut his boy up in a dark closet because he has found him with an old stump of a cigar in his mouth, or for that mother to rebuke her daughter for staring at herself too much in the looking glass when the mother has her own mirrors so arranged as to repeat her form from all sides! The great English poet's loose moral character was decided before he left the nursery, and his schoolmaster in the schoolroom overheard this conversation: "Byron, your mother is a fool," and he answered, "I know it." You can hear through all the heroic life of Senator Sam Houston the words of his mother when she in the war of 1812 put a musket in his hand and said: "There, my son, take this and never disgrace it, for remember I had rather all my sons should fill one honorable grave than that one of them should turn his back on an enemy. And remember, too, that while the door of my cottage is open to all brave men it is always shut against cowards." Agrippina, the mother of Nero, murderess, you are not surprised that her son was a murderer. Give that child an overdose of catechism, and make him recite verses of the Bible as a punishment, and make Sunday a bore, and he will become a stout antagonist of Christianity. Impress him with the kindness and the geniality and the loveliness of religion, and he will be an advocate and exemplar for all time and eternity.

A few days ago right before our express train on the Louisville and Nashville railroad the preceding train had gone down through a broken bridge, 12 cars falling 100 feet and then consumed. I saw that only one span of the bridge was down and all the other spans were standing. Plan a good bridge of morals for your sons and daughters, but have the first span of 10 years defective, and through that they will crash down, though all the rest keep standing. O man, O woman, if you have preserved your integrity and are one of the Christian, you have first of all to thank God, and I think next you have to thank your mother. The most impressive thing at the inauguration of James A. Garfield as president of the United States was that after he had taken the oath of office he turned round and in the presence of the supreme court and the senate of the United States kissed his old mother. If I had time to take statistics out of this audience, and I could ask what proportion of you who are Christians owe your salvation under God to maternal fidelity, I think about three-fourths of you would spring to your feet. "Ha! ha!" said the soldiers of the regiment to Charlie, one of their comrades. "What has made the change in you? You used to like sin as well as any of us." Pulling from his pocket his mother's letter, in which, after telling of some comforts she had sent him, she concluded, "We are all praying for you, Charlie, that you may be a Christian," he said, "Boys, that's the sentence."

THE NEEDLE ENTHRONED.

The trouble with Sisera's mother was that, while sitting at the window of my text watching for news of her son from the battlefield, she had the two bad qualities of being dissolute and being too fond of personal adornment. The Bible account says: "Her wise ladies answered her yea. She returned answer to herself: 'Have they not sped? Have they not divided the prey—to every man a damsel or two, to Sisera a prey of divers colors, a prey of divers colors of needlework, of divers colors of needlework on both sides?'" She makes no anxious utterance about the wounded in battle, about the bloodshed, about the dying, about the dead, about the principles involved in the battle going on, a battle so important that the stars and the freshets took part, and the clash of swords was answered by the thunder of the skies. What she thinks most of is the bright colors of the wardrobes to be captured and the needlework. "To Sisera a prey of divers colors, a prey of divers colors of needlework, of divers colors of needlework on both sides."

Now neither Sisera's mother nor any one else can say too much in eulogy of the needle. It has made more useful conquests than the sword. Pointed at one end and with an eye at the other, whether of bone or ivory, as in earliest time; or of bronze, as in Pliny's time; or of steel, as in modern time; whether laboriously fashioned as formerly by one hand, or as now, when 100 workmen in a factory are employed to make the different parts of one needle, it is an instrument divinely ordered for the comfort, for the life, for the health, for the adornment of the human race. The eye of the needle hath seen more domestic comfort and more gladdened poverty and more Christian service than any other eye. The modern sewing machine has in no wise abolished the needle, but rather enthroned it. Thank God for the needlework, from the time when the Lord Almighty from the heavens ordered in regard to the embroidered door of the ancient tabernacle, "Thou shalt make a hanging for the door of the tent of blue and purple and scarlet and fine twined linen wrought with needlework," down to the womanly hands which this winter in this tabernacle are presenting for benevolent purposes their needlework. But there was nothing except vanity and worldliness and social splash in what Sisera's mother said about the needlework she expected her son would bring home from the battle. And I am not surprised to find that Sisera fought on the wrong side when his mother at the window of my text in that awful exigency had her chief thought on dry goods achievement and social display. God only knows how many homes have made shipwreck on the wardrobe. And that mother who sits at the window watching for vainglorious triumph of millinery and fine colors and domestic pageantry will after awhile hear as bad news from her children out in the battle of life as Sisera's mother heard from the struggle at Esdraelon.

AN APOSTROPHE TO MOTHERS.

But if you still press the question, "Where's mother?" I will tell you where she is not, though once she was there. Some of you started with her likeness in your face and her principles in your soul. But you have cast her out. That was an awful thing for you to do, but you have done it. That hard, grinding, dissipated look you never got from her. If you had seen any one strike her, you would have struck him down without much care whether the blow was just sufficient or fatal; but, my boy, you have struck her down—struck her innocence from your face and struck her principles from your soul. You struck her down! The tent pin that Jael drove three times into the skull of Sisera was not so cruel as the stab you have made more than three times through your mother's heart. But she is waiting yet, for mothers are slow to give up their boys—waiting at some window, it may be a window on earth or at some window in heaven. All others may cast you off. Your wife may seek divorce and have no more patience with you. Your father may disinherit you and say, "Let him never again darken the door of our house." But there are two persons who do not give you up—God and mother.

How many disappointed mothers waiting at the window! Perhaps the panes of the window are not great glass plate, bevel edged and hovered over by exquisite lambrequin, but the window is made of small panes, I would say about six or eight of them, in summer wreathed with trailing vine and in winter pictured by the Raphaels of the forest, a real country window. The mother sits there knitting, or busy with her needle on homely repairs, when she looks up and sees coming across the bridge of the meadow brook a stranger, who dismounts in front of the window. He lifts and drops the heavy knocker of the farmhouse door. "Come in!" is the response. He gives his name and says, "I have come on a sad errand." "There is nothing the matter with my son in the city, is there?" she asks. "Yes!" says. "Your son got into an unfortunate encounter with a young man in a liquor saloon last night and is badly hurt. The fact is he cannot get well. I hate to tell you all. I am sorry to say he is dead." "Dead!" she cries as she totters back. "Oh, my son! my son! my son! Would God I had died for thee!" That is the ending of all her cares and anxieties and good counsels for that boy. That is her pay for her self sacrifices in his behalf. That is the [illegible] was from the battle. So the tidings of derelict or Christian sons travel to the windows of earth or the windows of heaven at which mothers sit.

"But," says some one, "are you not mistaken about my glorified mother hearing of my evildoings since she went away?" Says some one else, "Are you not mistaken about my glorified mother hearing of my self sacrifice and moral bravery and struggle to do right?" No! Heaven and earth are in constant communication. There are trains running every five minutes—trains of immortals ascending and descending—spirits going from earth to heaven to live there. Spirits descending from heaven to earth to minister and help. They hear from us many times every day. Do they hear good news or bad news from this battle, this Sedan, this Thermopylæ, this Austerlitz, in which every one of us is fighting on the right side or the wrong side. O God, whose I am, and whom I am trying to serve, as a result of this sermon, roll over on all mothers a new sense of their responsibility, and upon all children, whether still in the nursery or out on the tremendous Esdraelon of middle life or old age, the fact that their victories or defeats sound clear out, clear up to the windows of sympathetic maternity. Oh, is not this the minute when the cloud of blessing filled with the exhaled tears of anxious mothers shall burst in showers of mercy on this audience?

There is one thought that is almost too tender for utterance. I almost fear to start it lest I have not enough control of my emotion to conclude it. As when we were children we so often came in from play or from a hurt or from some childish injustice practiced upon us, and as soon as the door was opened we cried, "Where's mother?" and she said, "Here I am," and we buried our weeping faces in her lap, so after awhile, when we get through with the pleasures and hurts of this life, we will, by the pardoning mercy of Christ, enter the heavenly home, and among the first questions, not the first, but among the first, will be the old question that we used to ask, the question that is being asked in thousands of places at this very moment—the question, "Where's mother?" And it will not take long for us to find her or for her to find us, for she will have been watching at the window for our coming, and with the other children of our household of earth we will again gather round her, and she will say: "Well, how did you get through the battle of life? I have often heard from others about you, but now I want to hear it from your own souls. Tell me all about it, my children!" And then we will tell her of all our earthly experiences, the holidays, the marriages, the birth hours, the burials, the heartbreaks, the losses, the gains, the victories, the defeats, and she will say: "Never mind, it is all over now. I see each one of you has a crown, which was given you at the gate as you came through. Now cast it at the feet of the Christ who saved you and saved me and saved us all. Thank God, we are never to part, and for all the ages of eternity you will never again have to ask, 'Where's mother?'"

NINE MEN WERE KILLED

In a Crash on the Morris and Essex Railroad.

THIRTY-SEVEN OTHERS INJURED.

Of These It Is Thought That Three Will Die—An Engineer Failed to Take Proper Precautions, and Telescoped the Train Ahead.

JERSEY CITY, Jan. 16.—About two miles from Hoboken, and a few hundred feet from the Bridgeboro bridge across the Hackensack river, the Orange accommodation crashed into the rear of the Dover express on the Morris and Essex branch of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad. The scene of the accident was on the long meadows through which flows the Hackensack river. Nine lives have paid the penalty of some one's carelessness, and the list of known injured is thirty-seven, some of whom will probably die.

So far as can be learned one cause of the accident was the heavy fog which prevailed. Both trains were well filled with passengers, and it seems a miracle that the death list was not increased many fold. The Dover express had slowed up to make sure that the drawbridge was all right. The engineer of the Orange express, who should have done likewise, failed to take this precaution, and crashed into the rear of the preceding train.

The last car on the express was a combination baggage and smoker, and into this plunged the huge engine, cutting through the woodwork and sending splinters in all directions with a force that at once suggested the terrific strain to which shorter term obligations could have been issued, but the ten year bonds are the shortest he can issue under the act of 1875.

Anticipatory of this action by the secretary preparations have been made by the bureau of engraving and printing to prepare the bonds. There will be no delay in turning out the blanks as fast as may be necessary. Fifteen offers, aggregating in value $40,000,000, have been awaiting the secretary's pleasure. One of these was for $25,000,000. The secretary's purpose, however, is to allot pro rata the bonds in case the bids entitled to allotment exceed the bonds to be issued.

A Setback for Wilson.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18.—The ways and means committee suffered its first defeat yesterday when, by a vote of 112 to 102, the committee of the whole rejected Mr. Wilson's amendment fixing the date on which free wool should go into effect as Aug. 1, 1894, and adopted the substitute of Mr. Johnson, the Ohio free trader and single taxer, making it go into effect immediately on the passage of the bill. Many of the Republicans voted with the radical Democrats for the substitute. Only one other amendment was acted on yesterday—to allow the free entry in bond of machinery, as well as the materials used in the construction of ships built for foreign account.

The Income Tax Again.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18.—The Democratic members of the ways and means committee held another prolonged meeting last evening and finally decided upon the provisions and wording of the income tax portion of the internal revenue bill to be reported in the house, after having been submitted to the full committee for approval. The friends of the income tax proposition are much elated over the success of the sub-committee in drafting the bill. Mr. McMillin states that the income tax can be enforced under the bill now being prepared at a less cost than any other tariff.

Diplomatic Appointments.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18.—The president sent to the senate the following nominations: William I Buchanan, of Iowa, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to the Argentine Republic. Allen Thomas, of Florida, to be consul of the United States at La Guayra, Venezuela; Edward W. S. Tingle, of Montana, to be consul of the United States at Brunswick, Germany; John F. B. Beckwith, of Georgia, to be collector of customs for the district of Savannah, Ga.; Marion M. Hutson, of South Carolina, collector of customs for the district of Beaufort, S. C.

Bold Robbery in Boston.

BOSTON, Jan. 18.—One of the most daring robberies known in this city for years was committed last night on Court street while hundreds were passing. About 6 o'clock the clerks in Harrington & Freeman's jewelry store were startled by a crash of glass and seeing a man's hand clutch a case of diamonds, worth $2,000. Two of the clerks hurried to the door, but the thief had rushed into the crowd, and to clear the way drew a revolver and fired toward the ground. In the tumult which followed the robber made his escape.

Fatality at the Croton Dam.

SING SING, N. Y., Jan. 18.—There was an explosion at the new Croton dam, and one man was killed and another injured. Daniel McLeod, foreman for Drake & Stratton, the contractors, was tapping a blast when the cartridge exploded, blowing McLeod forty feet from the spot and killing him instantly. A workman named Quinn was slightly injured by flying rock.

Engineer Wooley Acquitted.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Jan. 18.—The case of manslaughter against Engineer Wooley was dismissed by Justice Henry. Wooley was charged with manslaughter for disobeying orders on Oct. 20 and causing his train to collide with No. 9, killing twenty-eight persons and injuring twenty-seven. The conductor was arrested on the same charge and acquitted.

Buried Under Tons of Rock.

SHAMOKIN, Pa., Jan. 18.—By the premature explosion of a blast at Enterprise colliery John Braskie was hurled into eternity and another miner injured. Braskie was buried beneath several tons of rock and coal.

Iowa's New Senator.

DES MOINES, Ia., Jan. 18.—In joint convention the legislature formally declared Ex-Governor John H. Gear, the Republican candidate for the senatorship elected for the term of six years beginning March 4.

Scott Harrison Rejected.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18.—The senate in executive session rejected the nomination of Scott Harrison, ex-President Harrison's brother, to be surveyor of customs at Kansas City.

FIFTY MILLION DOLLARS WANTED.

Secretary Carlisle Issues a Circular Calling for Bids.

The Bonds Will Bear Interest at Five Per Cent. Per Annum, and Will be in Denominations of Fifty Dollars and Upward.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18.—Under the act of Jan. 14, 1875, Secretary Carlisle late yesterday afternoon issued a circular inviting proposals for $50,000,000 5 per cent. bonds redeemable after ten years, the bonds to bear interest at 5 per cent. per annum. Allotments of bonds will be made to the highest bidders therefor, but no proposal will be considered at a lower price than $112.306, which is the equivalent of a 3 per cent. bond at par. The bonds will be in the denominations of $50 and upwards. The bonds will be dated Feb. 1, 1894, and when payment is made therefor accrued interest on both principal and premium from Feb. 1, 1894, to date of payment, at the rate of interest realized to the subscriber on his investment, will be added.

Secretary Carlisle was forced to this issue by the apparent improbability of securing immediately any action by congress authorizing a shorter term and lower rate of interest.

The statement of Senator Voorhees, the chairman of the finance committee, published yesterday, was the potent factor in inducing Secretary Carlisle to take the action he did. It seemed to be a matter of regret among treasury officials that some other step could not be taken by which shorter term obligations could have been issued, but the ten year bonds are the shortest he can issue under the act of 1875.

Anticipatory of this action by the secretary preparations have been made by the bureau of engraving and printing to prepare the bonds. There will be no delay in turning out the blanks as fast as may be necessary. Fifteen offers, aggregating in value $40,000,000, have been awaiting the secretary's pleasure. One of these was for $25,000,000. The secretary's purpose, however, is to allot pro rata the bonds in case the bids entitled to allotment exceed the bonds to be issued.

SIX BRAVE SAILORS DROWNED.

Lost Their Lives in an Effort to Save a Shipwrecked Crew.

NEW YORK, Jan. 18.—The steamship Amsterdam, from Rotterdam, arrived yesterday. Captain Stenger reports that on Sunday, Jan. 14, she sighted a schooner south, showing an American union down and at half mast. She had a crew of about fourteen men. The crew signaled the Amsterdam that the vessel was in a sinking condition, and the first officer and six of the Amsterdam's crew offered themselves to man a boat and go to their rescue. When near the schooner their boat capsized, with the fatal result that three of the crew disappeared immediately and the remaining four succeeded in taking hold of the capsized boat.

The Amsterdam succeeded in getting the capsized boat alongside; but, with the exception of one sailor, the men were so exhausted by the cold they were unable to take hold of the life saving apparatus which was thrown them, and three more were drowned.

Another crew presented themselves to man a second boat, but the captain concluded to wait for better weather and calm sea. The Amsterdam kept in the vicinity of the wreck for three hours, when in a heavy snow squall he lost sight of the schooner.

The wreck appeared to be the American fishing schooner Maggie E. Wells, of Gloucester, Mass.

The following are the names of the boat's crew who went to the rescue of the sinking schooner and were lost: Chief Officer J. Meyer, aged 28 years; Second Boatswain E. Requart, Carpenter A. J. Oudyn, Storage Steward A. Boss, Quartermaster F. G. Eckhorn, Seaman A. von Vleet.

REVENGEFUL LILIUOKALANI

She Wants to Behead President Dole and Other Hawaiian Leaders.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 15.—Advices received by the steamer City of Peking from Hawaii say that ex Queen Liliuokalani reconsidered her pledge to grant amnesty to provisional government leaders should she be restored. She insists that President Dole, Attorney General Smith, Chief Justice Judd and several others shall be beheaded and their property confiscated. Advices from Washington state that the question of her restoration is now abandoned by the administration.


S. B. DOLE.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 17.—Samuel Parker, prime minister of ex-Queen Liliuokalani, arrived by the steamer Australia. Mr. Parker says the ex-queen is firm in her determination to maintain her claim to the throne. At no time did she or any of her advisers maintain the possibility of presenting a claim to the United States for pecuniary assistance.

Battle with Postoffice Thieves.

SHAMOKIN, Pa., Jan. 18.—Five masked outlaws made a raid on the Danville postoffice, but before they shoved a big pile of greenbacks into a canvas bag the police made an appearance. A desperate running battle ensued, during which Officer Vanliger was mortally shot through the lungs, while two of the outlaws dropped from the firing, but were picked up by their companions and bundled into a rowboat, after which a race across the Susquehanna river ensued, the entire band managing to escape into the mountains of Northumberland county.

Seven Were Drowned.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 16.—A frightful accident occurred at Austin Creek bridge, on the Northern Pacific Coast railroad. An engine with eight men on board was crossing a bridge, when the bridge gave way and the engine crashed down a distance of forty feet into the stream below. The stream was recently swelled by heavy rains. All the men were drowned except Conductor Brown. The dead are: Frank Hartsabin of Cazadero, Engineer Briggs, Fireman Collister, George Rice, James Brenner, Tom Gould and Frank Park.

A Slate Picker's Terrible Death.

SCRANTON, Pa., Jan. 18.—Michael Diskin, a 13-year-old boy, employed as a slate picker at Corey's breaker, met a frightful death. While walking on a plank above the immense cogwheels that turn the screens he became dizzy and fell between the cogs. The body passed through the cruel cogs in less than a minute and was thrown to the ground below in an unrecognizable shape. The head and legs were separated from the body and were terribly crushed.

Terrible Holocaust in Mexico.

ESCALE, Mex., Jan. 17.—Advices have been received here from the Sierra Mojada mining camps, situated in this district, of a terrible holocaust. In the lower part of the town were a number of huts located very close together. These were set on fire by a band of unknown incendiaries, and before the occupants could escape eleven men and several women and children were burned to death. Ten others were burned so badly that they will die.

Lawyer Shull Acquitted.

NEW BLOOMFIELD, Pa., Jan. 18.—The trial of Lawyer J. W. Shull for the shooting of District Attorney Baker on Dec. 9 resulted in Shull's acquittal. The grand jury ignored all the counts of the indictments except the minor ones of assault with intent to maim and assault and battery. The defense admitted the shooting and claimed that Baker was the aggressor.

Hornblower Rejected.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.—The senate last night, after a contest of more than six hours, rejected the nomination of W. B. Hornblower, of New York, as associate justice of the supreme court by a vote of 30 to 24. The principal speeches were made by Senator Hill, against, and by Senator Vilas, of Wisconsin, in favor of confirmation.

An Editor Commits Suicide.

YORK, Pa., Jan. 16.—John B. Moore, editor and part proprietor of the York Daily, committed suicide last night by shooting. Brooding over family trouble is the supposed cause.

May Contest Hopkins' Election.

CHICAGO, Jan. 18.—It is reported that the Republicans will reconsider their decision, and will contest the recent election of Mayor John E. Hopkins.

Death of Viscount Somerton.

LONDON, Jan. 18.—Viscount Somerton, eldest son and heir to the Earl of Normanton, died yesterday from influenza, aged 38.

CUMMING'S CHARGES.

The New York Congressman After Congressman Sypher.

GRAVE CHARGES OF CORRUPTION.

The Chairman of the Naval Committee Will Further Report That There Are No Grounds for Sypher's Charges of Collusion Between Officials and Contractors

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18.—Chairman Cummings, of the naval committee, is preparing the report on the Holman resolution, calling for an investigation of the system of awarding premiums to contractors for building government ships. The report of the committee will be adverse to proceeding with such an investigation, on the ground that there was absolutely no testimony tending to substantiate the general charges made in the Holman resolution. The resolution, it will be remembered, charged collusion between the contractors and officers of the navy department.

Mr. Holman, who was called before the committee, the report will state, offered nothing in substantiation of his resolution except some rather vague newspaper reports, and the testimony of ex-Congressman Sypher, of Louisiana. Mr. Sypher, when before the committee, was very free in the charges he made not only against the navy department and the contractors, but against members of the committee themselves. Ultimately a letter was produced from Mr. Cramp, of Philadelphia, written by Mr. Sypher in the early part of the fall, warning him that resolutions looking to just such an investigation would shortly be introduced in congress, and stating that he (Sypher) was at the service of Mr. Cramp.

This set the committee on the track of Mr. Sypher, and the Blair resolution introduced in October, as well as the Holman resolution, were ultimately traced directly to his door. His past record was to some extent investigated, and the report which Mr. Cummings is preparing will allege that it has been shown that Mr. Sypher's hands have not been clean in the past. The report will quote from General Sheridan's testimony in an official investigation into the purchase of the Fort Brown property. The general alleged that General Sypher told him that through his influence the appropriation had been increased $60,000 more than the property demanded, and that subsequently Sypher went to him about the matter. The general denounced him as a blackmailer and showed him the door.

The report will further unearth an investigation that was made in connection with a contract awarded for building an addition to the New Orleans custom house. At that time the investigation showed that the lowest bidder, whose bid was something like $87,000, before the bids were opened, was approached by Mr. Sypher with the information that his bid was $7,000 lower than any of the others, and that it could be safely increased by that amount. In return for this information Mr. Sypher demanded $2,000. The contractor said nothing, but when the bids were opened it was found that his bid had been raised $7,000. He was awarded the contract. Mr. Sypher, who was then a member of congress, attempted to collect the money which he claimed to be due him, but the contractor refused this, and in accordance with his (Sypher's) threat he came to Washington and had the contract annulled.

NO AGREEMENT REACHED.

New Jersey's Two Senates Cannot Effect a Compromise.

TRENTON, Jan. 18.—Both the Republican and Democratic senates were in session for a short time yesterday, and both adjourned until Monday night. In the conference between the committees of the rival bodies the Republicans informed the Democrats that their first demand was to have the senators elect received in the usual way and that their rights as a majority of the senate should be recognized. They would claim the right to organize the senate as a majority of that body, and to elect its officers and pass such laws as eleven votes could pass over ten. No conclusion was reached, and there is not much expectation here that any will be.

Should there be no arrangement the Republicans propose to go on with their law making, and if the governor and secretary of state refuse to recognize the new laws they will appoint a committee to be custodian of laws. When any of these laws are violated the matter will be tested in the courts.

Mexico Ripe for Revolution.

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