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THE BARE ARM OF GOD

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S IMPRESSIVE SERMON AT THE TABERNACLE.

"The Lord Hath Made Bare His Holy Arm"—A Wonderful Reserve of Power. Achievements Without Effort—On the Winning Side.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 21.—Singularly appropriate and impressive was the old gospel hymn as it was sung this morning by the thousands of Brooklyn Tabernacle, led on by cornet and organ:

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on thy strength, the nations shake.

Rev. Dr. Talmage took for his subject, "The Bare Arm of God," the text being Isaiah lii, 10, "The Lord hath made bare his holy arm."

It almost takes our breath away to read some of the Bible imagery. There is such boldness of metaphor in my text that I have been for some time getting my courage up to preach from it. Isaiah, the evangelistic prophet, is sounding the jubilate of our planet redeemed and cries out, "The Lord hath made bare his holy arm." What overwhelming suggestiveness in that figure of speech, "The bare arm of God!" The people of Palestine to this day wear much hindering apparel, and when they want to run a special race, or lift a special burden, or fight a special battle, they put off the outside apparel, as in our land when a man proposes a special exertion he puts off his coat and rolls up his sleeves. Walk through our foundries, our machine shops, our mines, our factories, and you will find that most of the toilers have their coats off and their sleeves rolled up.

Isaiah saw that there must be a tremendous amount of work done before this world becomes what it ought to be, and he foresees it all accomplished, and accomplished by the Almighty, not as we ordinarily think of him, but by the Almighty with the sleeve of his robe rolled back to his shoulder, "The Lord hath made bare his holy arm."

THE CREATION OF LIGHT.

Nothing more impresses me in the Bible than the ease with which God does most things. There is such a reserve of power. He has more thunderbolts than he has ever flung, more light than he has ever distributed, more blue than that with which he has overarched the sky, more green than that with which he has emeralded the grass, more crimson than that with which he has burnished the sunsets. I say it with reverence, from all I can see, God has never half tried.

You know as well as I do that many of the most elaborate and expensive industries of our world have been employed in creating artificial light. Half of the time the world is dark. The moon and the stars have their glorious uses, but as instruments of illumination they are failures. They will not allow you to read a book or stop the ruffianism of your great cities. Had not the darkness been persistently fought back by artificial means, the most of the world's enterprises would have halted half the time, while the crime of our great municipalities would for half the time run rampant and unrebuked; hence all the inventions for creating artificial light, from the flint struck against steel in centuries past to the dynamo of our electrical manufactories. What uncounted numbers of people at work the year round in making chandeliers and lamps and fixtures and wires and batteries where light shall be made, or along which light shall run, or where light shall poise! How many bare arms of human toil—and some of those bare arms are very tired—in the creation of light and its apparatus, and after all the work the greater part of the continents and hemispheres at night have no light at all, except perhaps the fireflies flashing their small lanterns across the swamp.

MADE WITH HIS FINGERS.

But see how easy God made the light. He did not make bare his arm; he did not even put forth his robed arm; he did not lift so much as a finger. The flint out of which he struck the noonday sun was the word, "Light." "Let there be light!" Adam did not see the sun until the fourth day, for, though the sun was created on the first day, it took its rays from the first to the fourth day to work through the dense mass of fluids by which this earth was compassed. Did you ever hear of anything so easy as that? So unique? Out of a word came the blazing sun, the father of flowers, and warmth and light! Out of a word building a fireplace for all the nations of the earth to warm themselves by! Yea, seven other worlds, five of them inconceivably larger than our own, and 79 asteroids, or worlds on a smaller scale! The warmth and light for this great brotherhood, great sisterhood, great family of worlds, 87 larger or smaller worlds, all from that one magnificent fireplace, made out of the one word—Light. The sun 886,000 miles in diameter, I do not know how much grander a solar system God could have created if he had put forth his robed arm, to say nothing of an arm made bare! But this I know, that our noonday sun was a spark struck from the anvil of one word, and that word "Light."

"But," says some one, "do you not think that in making the machinery of the universe, of which our solar system is comparatively a small wheel working into mightier wheels, it must have cost God some exertion? The upheaval of an arm either robed or an arm made bare?" No; we are distinctly told otherwise. The machinery of a universe God made simply with his fingers. David, inspired in a night song, says so—"When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers."

THE TESTIMONY OF DAVID.

A Scottish clergyman told me a few weeks ago of dyspeptic Thomas Carlyle walking out with a friend one starry night, and as the friend looked up and said, "What a splendid sky!" Mr. Carlyle replied as he glanced upward, "Sad sight, sad sight!" Not so thought David as he read the great Scripture of the night heavens. It was a sweep of embroidery, of vast tapestry, God manipulated. That is the allusion of the psalmist to the woven hangings of tapestry as they were known long before David's time. Far back in the ages what enchantment of thread and color, the Florentine velvets of silk and gold and Persian carpets woven of goats' hair! If you have been in the Gobelin manufactory of tapestry in Paris—alas, now no more!—you witnessed wondrous things as you saw the wooden needle or broach going back and forth and in and out; you were transfixed with admiration at the patterns wrought. No wonder that Louis XIV bought it, and it became the possession of the throne, and for a long while none but thrones and palaces might have any of its work! What triumphs of loom! What victory of skilled fingers! So David says of the heavens that God's fingers wove into them the light; that God's fingers tapestried them with stars; that God's fingers embroidered them with worlds.

How much of the immensity of the heavens David understood I know not. Astronomy was born in China 2,800 years before Christ was born. During the reign of Hoang-Ti astronomers were put to death if they made wrong calculations about the heavens. Job understood the refraction of the sun's rays and said they were "turned as the clay to the seal." The pyramids were astronomical observatories, and they were so long ago built that Isaiah refers to one of them in his nineteenth chapter and calls it the "pillar at the border." The first of all the sciences born was astronomy. Whether from knowledge already abroad or from direct inspiration, it seems to me David had wide knowledge of the heavens. Whether he understood the full force of what he wrote, I know not, but the God who inspired him knew, and he would not let David write anything but truth, and therefore all the worlds that the telescope ever revealed or Copernicus or Galileo or Kepler or Newton or Laplace or Herschel or our own Mitchell ever saw were so easily made that they were made with the fingers. As easily as with your fingers you mold the wax, or the clay, or the dough to particular shapes, so he decided the shape of our world, and that it should weigh six sextillion tons and appointed for all worlds their orbits and decided their color—the white to Sirius, the ruddy to Aldebaran, the yellow to Pollux, the blue to Altair, marrying some of the stars, as the 2,400 double stars that Herschel observed, administering to the whims of the variable stars as their glance becomes brighter or dim, preparing what astronomers called, "the girdle of Andromeda" and the nebula in the sword handle of Orion. Worlds on worlds! Worlds under worlds! Worlds above worlds! Worlds beyond worlds! So many that arithmetics are of no use in the calculation! But he counted them as he made them, and he made them with his fingers! Reservation of power! Suppression of omnipotence! Resources as yet untouched! Almightiness yet undemonstrated! Now I ask, for the benefit of all disheartened Christian workers, If God accomplished so much with his fingers, what can he do when he puts out all his strength and when he unlimbers all the batteries of his omnipotence? The Bible speaks again and again of God's outstretched arm, but only once, and that in the text of the bare arm of God.

A GREAT UNDERTAKING.

My text makes it plain that the rectification of this world is a stupendous undertaking. It takes more power to make this world over again than it took to make it at first. A word was only necessary for the first creation, but for the new creation the unsleeved and unhindered fore arm of the Almighty! The reason of that I can understand. In the shipyards of Liverpool or Glasgow or New York a great vessel is constructed. The architect draws out the plan, the length of the beam, the capacity of tonnage, the rotation of wheel or screw, the cabin, the masts and all the appointments of this great palace of the deep. The architect finishes his work without any perplexity, and the carpenters and the artisans toil on the craft so many hours a day, each one doing his part, until with flags flying, and thousands of people huzzaing on the docks, the vessel is launched. But out on the sea that steamer breaks her shaft and is limping slowly along toward harbor, when Caribbean whirlwinds, those mighty hunters of the deep, looking out for prey of ships, surround that wounded vessel and pitch it on a rocky coast, and she lifts and falls in the breakers until every joint is loose, and every spar is down, and every wave sweeps over the hurricane deck as she parts midships.

Would it not require more skill and power to get that splintered vessel off the rocks and reconstruct it than it required originally to build her? Aye! Our world that God built so beautiful, and which started out with all the flags of Edenic foliage and with the chant of paradisaical bowers, has been 60 centuries pounding in the skeries of sin and sorrow, and to get her out, and to get her off, and to get her on the right way again will require more of omnipotence than it required to build her and launch her. So I am not surprised that though in the drydock of one word our world was made it will take the unsleeved arm of God to lift her from the rocks and put her on the right course again. It is evident from my text and its comparison with other texts that it would not be so great an undertaking to make a whole constellation of worlds, and a whole galaxy of worlds, and a whole astronomy of worlds, and swing them in their right orbits as to take this wounded world, this stranded world, this bankrupt world, this destroyed world, and make it as good as when it started.

EVILS TO OVERCOME.

Now, just look at the enthroned difficulties in the way, the removal of which, the overthrow of which, seem to require the bare right arm of omnipotence. There stands heathenism, with its 860,000,000 victims. I do not care whether you call them Brahmans or Buddhists, Confucians or fetich idolaters. At the World's fair in Chicago last summer those monstrosities of religion tried to make themselves respectable, but the long hair and baggy trousers and trinketed robes of their representatives cannot hide from the world the fact that those religions are the authors of funeral pyre, and juggernaut crushing, and Ganges infanticide, and Chinese shoe torture, and the aggregated massacres of many centuries. They have their heels on India, on China, on Persia, on Borneo, on three-fourths of the acreage of our poor old world.

I know that the missionaries, who are the most sacrificing and Christlike men and women on earth, are making steady and glorious inroads upon these built up abominations of the centuries. All this stuff that you see in some of the newspapers about the missionaries as living in luxury and idleness is promulgated by corrupt American or English or Scotch merchants, whose loose behavior in heathen cities has been rebuked by the missionaries, and these corrupt merchants write home or tell innocent and unsuspecting visitors in India or China or the darkened islands of the sea these falsehoods about our consecrated missionaires, who, turning their backs on home and civilization and emolument and comfort, spend their lives in trying to introduce the mercy of the gospel among the downtrodden of heathenism. Some of those merchants leave their families in America or England or Scotland and stay for a few years in the ports of heathenism while they are making their fortunes in the tea or rice or opium trade, and while they are thus absent from home give themselves to orgies of dissoluteness such as no pen or tongue could, without the abolition of all decency, attempt to report. The presence of the missionaries, with their pure and noble households, in those heathen ports is a constant rebuke to such debauchees and miscreants. If satan should visit heaven, from which he was once roughly but justly expatriated, and he should write home to the realms pandemoniac, his correspondence published in Diabolos Gazette or Apollyonic News, about what he had seen, he would report the temple of God and the Lamb as a broken down church, and the house of many mansions as a disreputable place, and the cherubim as suspicious of morals. Sin never did like holiness, and you had better not depend upon satanic report of the sublime and multipotent work of our missionaries in foreign lands. But notwithstanding all that these men and women of God have achieved, they feel and we all feel that if the idolatrous lands are to be Christianized there needs to be a power from the heavens that has not yet condescended, and we feel like crying out in the words of Charles Wesley:

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on thy strength, the nations shake!

Aye, it is not only the Lord's arm that is needed, the holy arm, the outstretched arm, but the bare arm!

AN ECCLESIASTICAL JOKE.

There, too, stands Mohammedanism, with its 176,000,000 victims. Its Bible is the Koran, a book not quite as large as our New Testament, which was revealed to Mohammed when in epileptic fits, and resuscitated from these fits he dictated it to scribes. Yet it is read today by more people than any other book ever written. Mohammed, the founder of that religion, a polygamist, with superfluity of wives, the first step of his religion on the body, mind and soul of woman, and no wonder that the heaven of the Koran is an everlasting Sodom, an infinite seraglio, about which Mohammed promises that each follower shall have in that place 72 wives, in addition to all the wives he had on earth, but that no old woman shall ever enter heaven. When a bishop of England recently proposed that the best way of saving Mohammedans was to let them keep their religion, but engraft upon it some new pinciples from Christianity, he perpetrated an ecclesiastical joke, at which no man can laugh who has ever seen the tyranny and domestic wretchedness which always appear where that religion gets foothold. It has marched across continents and now proposes to set up its filthy and accursed banner in America, and what it has done for Turkey it would like to do for our nation. A religion that brutally treats womanhood ought never to be fostered in our country. But there never was a religion so absurd or wicked that it did not get disciples, and there are enough fools in America to make a large discipleship of Mohammedanism. This corrupt religion has been making steady progress for hundreds of years, and notwithstanding all the splendid work done by the Jessups, and the Goodells, and the Blisses, and the Van Dykes, and the Posts, and the Misses Bowens, and the Misses Thompsons, and scores of other men and women of whom the world was not worthy, there it stands, the giant of sin, Mohammedanism, with one foot on the heart of woman and the other on the heart of Christ, while it mumbles from its minarets this stupendous blasphemy: "God is great, and Mohammed is his prophet." Let the Christian printing presses at Beyroot and Constantinople keep on with their work and the men and women of God in the mission fields toil until the Lord crowns them, but what we are all hoping for is something supernatural from the heavens, as yet unseen, something stretched down out of the skies, something like an arm uncovered, the bare arm of the God of nations!

THE NIAGARA OF INEBRIETY.

There stands also the arch demon of alcoholism. Its throne is white and made of bleached human skulls. On one side of that throne of skulls kneels in obeisance and worship democracy, and on the other side republicanism, and the one that kisses the cancerous and gangrened foot of this despot the ottenest gets the most benedictions. There is a Hudson river, an Ohio, a Mississippi of strong drink rolling through this nation, but as the rivers from which I take my figure of speech empty into the Atlantic or the gulf this mightier flood of sickness and insanity and domestic ruin and crime and bankruptcy and woe empties into the hearts, and the homes, and the churches, and the time, and the eternity of a multitude beyond all statistics to number or describe. All nations are mauled and scarified with baleful stimulus, or killing narcotic. The pulque of Mexico, the cashew of Brazil, the hasheesh of Persia, the opium of China, the guavo of Honduras, the wedro of Russia, the soma of India, the aguardiente of Morocco, the arak of Arabia, the mastic of Syria, the raki of Turkey, the beer of Germany, the whisky of Scotland, the ale of England, and all drinks of America, are doing their best to stupefy, inflame, dement, imperish, brutalize and slay the human race. Human power, unless re-enforced from the heavens, can never extirpate the evils I mention. Much good has been accomplished by the heroism and fidelity of Christian reformers, but the fact remains that there are more splendid men and magnificent women this moment going over the Niagara abysm of inebriety than at any time since the first grape was turned into wine and the first bead of rye began to soak in a brewery. When people touch this subject, they are apt to give statistics as to how many millions are in drunkards' graves, or with quick tread marching on toward them. The land is full of talk of high tariff and low tariff, but what about the highest of all tariffs in this country, the tariff of $900,000,000 which runs put upon the United States in 1891, for that is what it cost us? You do not tremble or turn pale when I say that. The fact is we have become hardened by statistics, and they make little impression. But if some one could gather into one mighty lake all the tears that have been wrung [illegible] orphanage and widowhood, or into one organ diapason all the groans that have been uttered by the suffering victims of this holocaust, or into one whirlwind all the sighs of centuries of dissipation, or from the wicket of one immense prison have look upon us the glaring eyes of all those whom strong drink has endungeoned, we might perhaps realize the appalling desolation. But, no, no, the sight would forever blast our vision; the sound would forever stun our souls. Go on with your temperance literature; go on with your temperance platforms; go on with your temperance laws. But we are all hoping for something from above, and while the bare arm of suffering, and the bare arm of invalidism, and the bare arm of poverty, and the bare arm of domestic desolation, from which rum hath torn the sleeve, are lifted up in beggary and supplication and despair, let the bare arm of God strike the breweries, and the liquor stores, and the corrupt politics, and the license laws, and the whole inferno of grogshops all around the world. Down, thou accursed liottle, from the throne! Into the dust, thou king of the demijohn! Parched be thy lips, thou wine cup, with fires that shall never be quenched!

PLENTY OF AMMUNITION.

But I have no time to specify the manifold evils that challenge Christianity. And I think I have seen in some Christians, and read in some newspapers, and heard from some pulpits a disheartenment, as though Christianity were so worsted that it is hardly worth while to attempt to win this world for God, and that all Christian work would collapse, and that it is no use for you to teach a Sabbath class, or distribute tracts, or exhort in prayer meetings, or preach in a pulpit, as satan is gaining ground. To rebuke that pessimism, the gospel of smashup, I preach this sermon, showing that you are on the winning side. Go ahead! Fight on! What I want to make out today is that our ammunition is not exhausted; that all which has been accomplished has been only the skirmishing before the great Armageddon; that not more than one of the thousand fountains of beauty in the King's park has begun to play; that not more than one brigade of the innumerable hosts to be marshaled by the rider on the white horse has yet taken the field; that what God has done yet has been with arm folded in flowing robe, but that the time is coming when he will rise from his throne, and throw off that robe, and come out of the palaces of eternity, and come down the stairs of heaven with all conquering step, and halt in the presence of expectant nations, and flashing his omniscient eyes across the work to be done will put back the sleeve of his right arm to the shoulder, and roll it up there, and for the world's final and complete rescue make bare his arm. Who can doubt the result when according to my text Jehovah does his best; when the last reserve force of omnipotence takes the field; when the last sword of eternal might leaps from its scabbard? Do you know what decided the battle of Sedan? The hills a thousand feet high. Eleven hundred cannons on the hills. Artillery on the heights of Givonne, and 12 German batteries on the heights of La Moncello. The crown prince of Saxony watched the scene from the heights of Mairy. Between a quarter to 6 o'clock in the morning and 1 o'clock in the afternoon of Sept. 2, 1870, the hills dropped the shells that shattered the French host in the valley. The French emperor and the 86,000 of his army captured by the hills. So in this conflict now raging between holiness and sin "our eyes are unto the hills."

A GREAT VICTORY.

Down here in the valleys of earth we must be valiant soldiers of the cross, but the Commander of our host walks the heights and views the scene far better than we can in the valleys, and at the right day and the right hour all heaven will open its batteries on our side, and the commander of the hosts of unrighteousness with all his followers will surrender, and it will take eternity to fully celebrate the universal victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. "Our eyes are unto the hills." It is so certain to be accomplished that Isaiah in my text looks down through the field glass of prophecy and speaks of it as already accomplished, and I take my stand where the prophet took his stand and look at it as all done. "Hallelujah, 'tis done." See! Those cities without a tear! Look! Those continents without a pang. Behold! Those hemispheres without a sin! Why, those deserts, Arabian desert, American desert, and Great Sahara desert, are all irrigated into gardens where God walks in the cool of the day. The atmosphere that encircles our globe floating not one groan. All the rivers and lakes and oceans dimpled with not one falling tear. The climates of the earth have dropped out of them the rigors of the cold and the blasts of the heat, and it is universal spring! Let us change the old world's name. Let it no more be called the earth, as when it was reeking with everything pestiferous and malevolent, scarleted with battlefields and gashed with graves, but now so changed, so aromatic with gardens, and so resonant with song, and so rubescent with beauty, let us call it Immannel's Land or Beulah or millennial gardens or paradise regained or heaven! And to God, the only wise, the only good, the only great, be glory forever. Amen.

THE DEFIANT KHEDIVE

Egypt's Ruler Will Not Humble Himself at England's Command.

CAIRO, Jan. 25.—The situation of affairs here, arising from the khedive's recent obnoxious criticisms of the Egyptian army and of the British officers who have been instrumental in organizing the Egyptians into fair fighting material, is decidedly serious, and if the khedive persists in his present attitude it may even lead to his removal from the throne. The protest which Lord Cromer, the British consul general and minister plenipotentiary, made to the khedive, accompanied, it is said, by a demand for an apology, was made on the direct order of the Earl of Rosebery, the secretary of state for foreign affairs.



ABBAS II, OF EGYPT.

It is now stated here that Lord Cromer had also requested the khedive to issue a decree praising the troops whom he had previously blamed. The khedive has most emphatically refused to submit to such a public humiliation, and it is believed by those who know him most intimately that Abbas Pasha will resist to the utmost the demands made by the British minister plenipotentiary. England is equally determined that if the khedive remains on the throne he will have to make some sort of a retraction.

The English population of Cairo is greatly excited at the present aspect of affairs, and it is distinctly asserted that the Khedive is acting with a set purpose, and upon direct prompting, carefully arrived at, and coming from a foreign power antagonistic to England.

Favoring Cleveland's Hawaiian Policy.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—Representative McCreary, chairman of the house committee on foreign affairs, introduced late yesterday afternoon a resolution embodying the policy of the Democratic members of the committee on the subject of Hawaii. The resolution declares that the action of the United States naval force in aiding in overthrowing the constitutional government was contrary to the spirit of our constitution, and is condemned; that the assumption of a protectorate is inexpedient; that foreign interference in Hawaiian affairs would be resisted by our government. The president's policy is heartily approved.

Peckham for Supreme Judge.

WASHINGTON, Jan 23.—The president sent to the senate the nomination of Wheeler H. Peckham, of New York, to be associate justice of the supreme court of the United States. Wheeler H. Peckham is a brother of Judge Rufus Peckham, of the New York court of appeals. He was appointed district attorney by Mr. Cleveland when he was governor of New York, but subsequently resigned. The New York senators and their friends are very indignant over the nomination.

Murderer Bamberger Executed.

CANDO, N. D., Jan. 20.—Albert F. Bamberger was hanged about a mile from this place in a deep ravine, surrounded by high hills, for the brutal murder, July 6, 1893, of six members of the Kreider family, who had emigrated from Elizabethtown, Pa. A tight board fence about six feet high surrounded the scaffold, but the execution was witnessed by thousands of people, who climbed the hills and watched every detail of the event.

Sue Silenced Depew.

Some of the best of Chicago's postprandial speakers are of the clergy, and one of the brightest of all of them is Rev. P. S. Henson, the popular pastor of the First Baptist church. At a dinner not long ago he was called upon without any warning, and he acquitted himself as cleverly as he always does under such circumstances. He incidentally referred to great men who had been spoiled, like children, by being made much of, and he stated that the only great man who had not been spoiled by being "lionized" was Daniel.

Dr. Henson referred in this connection, too, to Dr. Chauncey M. Depew, the silver tongued New Yorker, who speaks best after he has lost his appetite, and of him he told a story. Dr. Depew, he said, was in attendance at a Baptist social affair once upon a time, and he had a seat next to a good sister, whom he attempted to patronize. "Do you know, madam," he said to her between courses, "I came very near being a Baptist myself." The lady expressed mild surprise, and Dr. Depew proceeded to make it a little stronger. "Yes, I narrowly escaped immersion once," he said. "Indeed," said the lady. "Why, Dr. Depew, I never thought you could disappear from the public gaze long enough for that," whereat Dr. Depew busied himself with the next course and forever after held his peace—on that occasion at least.—Chicago Post.

LUNATICS CREMATED.

Terrible Holocaust on a County Poor Farm in Iowa.

EIGHT INMATES BURNED TO DEATH

They Were All Violently Insane, and Were Left in the Building Unattended. The Disaster Evidently Due to Official Negligence.

BOONE, Ia., Jan. 23.—The building on the Boone county poor farm in which the incurable insane were confined was burned at 10 p. m., and eight of the nine inmates were burned to death. Only one woman, Mrs. Hibbard, escaped from the burning building, and gave the alarm to the steward, Holcomb, who was in the main building adjacent. It was then too late to save the insane people, and the main building was saved only by the greatest effort. The steward says that he banked the fires in the furnace about 9 o'clock, and does not know how the fire originated, unless from a defective flue.

The dead are: Mary Tucker, John Annasniggs, Anna Soderburg, Christine Anderson, Christine Peterson, Mrs. Scott, Tom Leaser and Joseph Craig.

The building burned was an old two story frame structure, which was as dry as tinder, and add to the inflammable nature of the place, many of the partitions were padded with cotton and some of the bed clothing was of cotton batting three inches thick. This was because only the incurably insane were kept there. These patients were nearly all violent, and the great amount of cotton padding was used to prevent them injuring themselves. The building was heated by a furnace which was last summer condemned by a local expert as unsafe, but no attention had apparently been paid to his warning.

Mr. Holcomb, the steward, says that when he got out doors the flames were bursting from all of the windows of the frame structure, and it was a mass of flames inside. He burst open a door, but was driven back by the flames, which in a few moments had burned the building to the ground. The main building was saved by pouring on water which the heat of the fire melted from a huge snow drift alongside the building. No one saw the people who were burned to death, and whether they made any effort to escape can never be known. There seems to have been no attendant of any kind in the building where the insane people were locked up.

Ran Off with an Electric Car.

QUEBEC, Jan. 25.—A man named Kearn, slightly under the influence of liquor, ran away with an electric street car and came near killing a number of people. Seeing an empty car on the track near the barns he boarded it and turned on the electricity, with the result that the car started at full speed, running down four or five people, two of whom were badly injured, and smashing up a butcher's cart. After going about a mile he became afraid and managed to reverse the motor. Thereupon the car went back as fast as it had come and knocked down three more people, finally colliding with another car. Kearn was arrested.

The American Protective Association.

BLOOMINGTON, Ills., Jan. 25.—The number of delegates to the state convention of the American Protective association have been largely augmented. The declaration of principles adopted declares: Nationality is not a bar to membership in the order; we interfere with no man's partisan politics; we attack no man's religion so long as he does not attempt to make his religion an element of political power; we regard all religious political organizations as the enemies of civil and religious liberty; we are in favor of laws taxing church property.

Panic at a Revival Meeting.

ROMNEY, W. Va., Jan. 25.—During a revival meeting at the Methodist church here, while the excitement was at its height and the mourners' bench was crowded, the floor began to sink. Instantly there was a panicky rush for the doors and windows, and people were thrown down and trampled under foot. Fortunately the floor only sank about six inches, and order was restored before many were seriously injured. About twenty people were hurt.

Six Men Probably Drowned.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Jan. 25.—A boat containing six white men left Sullivan's Island on Monday last for the life saving station on Morris Island. Yesterday the bodies of two of the men were found on the shore of Morris Island. One of them, H. R. Campsen, was a member of the life saving crew on Morris Island; the other, Fred Miller, was a resident of Sullivan's Island. The other four men are supposed to be drowned.

Hydrophobia from a Cat's Bite.

HENDERSON, Ky., Jan. 25.—A cat belonging to Charles Fogg, a farmer, became affected with rabies and bit every member of the family before it was killed. Two children who were bitten by the cat died after suffering all the horrors of hydrophobia, and the father also became a victim to the dread disease. Two other members of the family were prostrated with the malady, but have recovered.

The Montgomery's Speed Average.

NEW LONDON, Conn., Jan. 22.—The naval board finished its work at noon yesterday, and announced the time of the new cruiser Montgomery on her speed trial last Friday. The speed awarded is 19.056, a fraction over 19 knots, and brings her builders a bonus of $200,000. The Montgomery arrived at Baltimore last night, having left here Saturday morning.

A Remarkable Fall.

NEW YORK, Jan. 25.—Charles Jemer, 37 years old, of Brooklyn, an iron worker, while at work on the new building 44 Cedar street fell fourteen stories and was not instantly killed. He landed on his shoulders. At Chambers street hospital, where he was taken, the surgeons found the man horribly battered, with his spine probably fractured.

Encouraging for Iron Workers.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 25.—President Garland, of the Amalgamated Association, writes very encouraging letters from the west. He says the iron and steel markets are beginning to improve, and that most mills report orders to such an extent as to justify resumption, with a prospect of steady work.

Banker Koetting Gets Five Years.

MILWAUKEE, Jan. 25.—John B. Koetting, cashier of the defunct South Side Savings bank was sentenced to a term of five years at the state prison at Waupon.

TO RESTRAIN CARLISLE

Legal Fight Against the Proposed Bond Issue.

A REPORT ON THE INCOME TAX.

The Majority of the Ways and Means Committee of the National House Declare That Those Who Receive Greatest Benefits Should Bear Greatest Burdens.

DES MOINES, Ia., Jan. 20.—General Master Workman Sovereign was seen by an Associated Press reporter regarding the proposed injunction proceedings against Secretary Carlisle. "It may be a good deal like a mouse tackling a lion," he said to a reporter, "but we are going to do it."

The petition praying for an injunction to restrain the secretary of the treasury from issuing bonds in the sum of $50,000,000, or any other amount, will be drawn



JAMES R. SOVEREIGN.

here by Judge Cole, will be sworn to by Mr. Sovereign and sent to Washington to be filed in the circuit court of the District of Columbia.

"There is no such a thing as a special reserve, legal or otherwise," said Mr. Sovereign, "provided for anywhere in the federal statutes. There is nothing in the law providing for a reserve of $100,000,000 at this time, and more than this, there is a provision for a reserve of $99,000,000. The government claims to be able to issue the bonds under the act of 1875 to replace a deficit in the reserve; yet it has offered for sale an amount of bonds double the amount of the very deficit it claims that it must replace. To me this claim is not reasonable, consistent or honest.

"Now, we propose to force an action, so to speak, enjoining the secretary from making the issue because he has absolutely no authority to do so."

REGARDING THE INCOME TAX.

Points in the Report of the Ways and Means Committee.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—Representative McMillin presented the majority report from the committee on ways and means on the internal revenue bill, the most important feature of which is the income tax. On this subject the committee says in part:

"A tax on incomes is no experiment in this country. It has been tried thoroughly here and in other great governments of the world. In all countries where it has been tried it has not only yielded a certain revenue, but it has also put a portion of the burdens of taxation on that part of the community deriving the greatest advantages and blessings from the government and most able to meet its requirements.

"All citizens are alike interested in the protection of life and liberty. But in addition to this those who have been blessed with large fortunes are also interested in having them protected against the rapacity of the lawless.

"The wealth of this country amounts to more than $65,000,000,000, and the question arises whether it is not just as fair that a portion of this money should be raised by a tax on the earnings of wealth instead of imposing it all or nearly all on consumption. The committee believe that it is just and proper that the amount proposed by this bill should be collected from a tax on incomes instead of placing all of it on the necessaries of life, which are consumed by all, but are not used in proportion to their ability to pay taxes, but according to the necessities of existence.

"What just complaint can there be against placing thirty millions of this burden on wealth rather than all of it upon consumption? The committee see no hardship in requiring those who have incomes of more than $4,000 a year to pay 2 per cent. of all in excess of that amount to carry on the government under which it has been accumulated and by which it is protected."

Two Killed by a Dynamite Cartridge.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Jan. 25.—A terrible outrage, resulting in the death of two men and the fatal injury of some others, occurred just as the Missouri, Kansas and Texas train was leaving San Marcos. A dynamite cartridge which had been placed in the smoking car stove by some unknown person exploded, the stove and half the car being scattered to pieces. Ed Binding, travelling agent of the City brewery, of San Antonio, and J.C. Heidelheimer, a prominent merchant of Austin, Tex., were instantly killed. All the other passengers in the car, six in number, were injured.

Prisoners Knock Out a Sheriff.

THOMSON, Ga., Jan. 25.—Sheriff Hawes was knocked senseless while feeding the prisoners yesterday, and six negroes made their escape. The crime was discovered very shortly afterward, and the whole town is wild with excitement. The sheriff's skull is badly fractured and his condition is critical. A posse was immediately organized and three of the negroes were caught. If the sheriff dies there is probability of a lynching.

Train Robbers Run Down.

VINITA, I. T., Jan. 24.—The gang of train robbers of which Bob Rogers was the leader were located by officers at the home of Rogers, on Big Creek, twenty miles from here, and were pounced down upon while asleep in the house. Bob Rogers and Dynamite Jack were captured unhurt. Dynamite's brother, Kiowa, was killed, and Willis Brown was so severely wounded that his death is expected.

Twelve Victims of the Meadow Disaster

JERSEY CITY, Jan. 24.—Another victim has been added to the list of the killed by the recent collision on the Hackensack meadows in the person of William Barcliffe, who died in the City hospital. Barcliff makes the twelfth victim of the disaster.

FREE COAL AND SUGAR.

The House So Decided When Pressed for a Vote.

IRON ORE, TOO, IS UNCHANGED.

The House in Committee of the Whole Decides That These Articles Shall be on the Free List If the Wilson Tariff Bill Becomes Law.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—The house yesterday determined the abolition of the duty upon refined sugar, which was passed upon just before the house adjourned Monday night as an amendment to an amendment offered by Mr. Robertson, one of the Louisiana sugar men. A way out of the confusion which existed upon the effect of the amendment adopted was found after a two hours' discussion of the parliamentary situation by submitting the question to the house as to whether the Warner amendment placing refined sugar on the free list should be considered as a substitute for the Robertson amendment. This was decided affirmatively, and then by an overwhelming vote, in which the Republicans joined with the Radical Democrats against the sugar men and several members of the ways and means committee, the substitute was adopted.

With regard to the sugar schedule, therefore, the committee of the whole has abolished the bounty and placed all sugar, both raw and refined, upon the free list. When it came to consider the coal schedule, however, the committee fared much better, and all four of the amendments designed to place a duty of from forty to seventy-five cents per ton upon coal were beaten.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—The amendments to the iron schedule yesterday shared the same fate as those to the coal schedule. They were overwhelmingly defeated and iron ore remains upon the free