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A VISION OF HEAVEN.

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

He Dreams a Marvelous Dream of Heaven and Describes What He Saw There—The Saints Who Are Great In Heaven—Names Not In the Directory.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 4.—In the Brooklyn Tabernacle this forenoon the hymns, the Scripture lesson and the prayers, as well as the sermon, were about the future world more than about this world. Rev. Dr. Talmage took for his subject "A Vision of Heaven," the text being Ezekiel i, 1, "Now it came to pass as I was among the captives by the river of Chebar that the heavens were opened and I saw visions of God."

Expatriated and in far exile on the banks of the river Chebar, an affluent of the Euphrates, sat Ezekiel. It was there he had an immortal dream, and it is given to us in the Holy Scriptures. He dreamed of Tyre and Egypt. He dreamed of Christ and the coming heaven. This exile seated by that river Chebar had a more wonderful dream than you or I ever have had or ever will have seated on the banks of the Hudson or Alabama or Oregon or Thames or Tiber or Danube.

But we all have had memorable dreams, some of them when we were half asleep and half awake, so that we did not know whether they were born of shadow or sunlight, whether they were thoughts let loose and disarranged as in slumber, or the imagination of faculties awake.

Such a dream I had this morning. It was about half past 5, and the day was breaking. It was a dream of God, a dream of heaven. Ezekiel had his dream on the banks of the Chebar; I had my dream not far from the banks of the Hudson. The most of the stories of heaven were written many centuries ago, and they tell us how the place looked then, or how it will look centuries ahead. Would you not like to know how it looks now? That is what I am going to tell you. I was there this morning. I have just got back. How I got into that city of the sun I know not. Which of the 12 gates I entered is to me uncertain. But my first remembrance of the scene is that I stood on one of the main avenues, looking this way and that, lost in raptures, and the air was full of music and redolence and laughter and light that I knew not which street to take, when an angel of God accosted me and offered to show me the objects of greatest interest, and conduct me from street to street, and from mansion to mansion, and from temple to temple, and from wall to wall. I said to the angel, "How long hast thou been in heaven?" and the answer came, "Thirty-two years according to the ment watches I ballooned calendar." I asked there was a secret about this angel's every Chr that was not given me, but from the tenderness and sweetness and affec—For interest taken in my walk chops, fin salt and rugh heaven, and more than all in site Hot fact of 32 years' residence, the num—Do of years since she ascended, I think writer and my mother." Old age and decrep ZETTE le and the tired look were all gone, —So I think it was she. You see, I was found by on a visit to the city and had not nesda taken up residence, and I could have ow only in part.

THE CHURCH IN HEAVEN.

I looked in for a few moments at the Moqu at temple. Our brilliant and lovely first tea tch essayist, Mr. Drummond, says first base e is no church in heaven, but he did lundh look for it on the right street. audie ary 10th, John was right when in his Patmos—Wi vision, recorded in the third chapter into t Revelation, he speaks of "the temple cus my God." I saw it this morning, the was largest church I ever saw, as big as all lon e churches and cathedrals of the earth, hea pt together, and it was thronged. Oh, had that a multitude! I had never seen so ma any people together. All the audiences not f all the churches of all the earth put cuse. ether would make a poor attendance —Ar mpared with that assemblage. There bou as a fashion in attire and headdress ped at immediately took my attention. her e fashion was white. All in white, hai ve one. And the headdress was a "wh arland of rose and lily and mignonette, mingled with green leaves culled om the royal gardens and bound together with bands of gold.

And I saw some young men with a chim g on the finger of the right hand and he is id to my accompanying angel, "Why for a e rings on the fingers of the right d?" and I was told that those who ers to the them were prodigal sons and once Sloan & wine in the wilderness and lived more, Masks, but they came home, and the the Citizen father said, "Put a ring on —We des to Coun hand." and presen I said there was one exception to We sus fashion of white pervading all the buying titorium and clear up through all the ing an —Re leries. It was the attire of the one derful o presided in that immense temple— Corset chiefest, the mightiest, the loveliest —wi on in all the place. His cheeks physicianed to be flushed with infinite beauofficiation and his forehead was a morning sky, tor he l his lips were eloquence omnipotent. gets s it his attire was of deep colors. They sex. ggested the carnage through which he the l passed, and I said to my attending cer angel, "What is that crimson robe that poc wears?" and I was told, "They are chro yed garments from Bozrah," and "He rod the wine press alone."

ty. Soon after I entered this temple they tra gan to chant the celestial litany. It frien as unlike anything I had ever heard now r sweetness of power, and I have heard dow e most of the great organs and the ed in ost of the great oratorios. I said to pres y accompanying angel, "Who is that tim anding yonder with the harp?" and plea answer was, "David!" And I said, as a who is that sounding that trumpet?" ent fr the answer was, "Gabriel!" And I bllitted, "Who is that at the organ?" and groom answer was, "Handel!" And the nally sic rolled on till it came to a doxolchildr extolling Christ himself, when all to the worshipers, lower down and higher the e thousand galleries of them, suddenly dropped on their knees and chanted, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." Under the overpowering harmony I fell back. I said: "Let us go. This is too much for mortal ears. I cannot bear the overwhelming symphony."

But I noticed as I was about to turn away that on the steps of the altar was something like the lachyrmal, or tear bottle, as I had seen it in the earthly museums, the lachrymals, or tear bottles, into which the orientals used to weep their griefs and set them away as sacred. But this lachyrmal, or tear bottle, in stead of earthenware, as those the orientals used, was lustrous and fiery with many splendors, and it was towering and of great capacity. And I said to my attending angel, "What is that great lachrymal, or tear bottle, standing on the step of the altar?" and the angel said: "Why, don't you know? That is the bottle to which David, the psalmist, referred in this fifty-sixth psalm when he said, 'Put thou my tears into thy bottle.' It is full of tears from earth—tears of repentance, tears of bereavement, tears of joy, tears of many centuries." And then I saw how sacred to the sympathetic God are earthly sorrows.

As I was coming out of the temple I saw all along the pictured walls there were shelves, and golden vials were being set up on all those shelves. And I said: "Why the setting up of those vials at this time? They seem just now to have been filled," and the attending angel said, "The week of prayer all around the earth has just closed, and more supplications have been made than have been made for a long while, and these new vials, newly set up, are what the Bible speaks of as "golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of saints." And I said to the accompanying angel, "Can it be possible that the prayers of earth are worthy of being kept in such heavenly shape?" and "Why," said the angel, "there is nothing that so moves heaven as the prayers of earth, and they are set up in sight of these infinite multitudes, and, more than all, in the sight of Christ, and he cannot forget them, and they are before him w without end."

THE GREAT CHRISTIAN SEEN.

Then we came out, and as the temple is always open and some worship at one hour and others at other hours we passed down the street amid the throngs coming to and going from the great temple. And we passed along through a street called Martyr place, and we met there, or saw sitting at the windows, the souls of those who on earth went through fire and blood and under sword and rack. We saw John Wyclif, whose ashes were by decree of the council of Constance thrown into the river, and Rogers, who bathed his hands in the fire as though it had been water, and Bishop Hooper and McKail and Latimer and Ridley and Polycarp, whom the flames refused to destroy as they bent outward till a spear did the work, and some of the Albigenses and Huguenots and consecrated Quakers who were slain for their religion. They had on them many scars, but their scars were illumined, and they had on their faces a look of especial triumph.

Then we passed along Song row, and we met some of the old gospel singers. "That is Isaac Watts," said my attendant. As we came up to him, he asked me if the churches on earth were still singing the hymns he composed at the house of Lord and Lady Abney, to whom he paid a visit of 36 years, and I told him that many of the churches opened their Sabbath morning services with his old hymn, "Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest," and celebrated their gospel triumphs with his hymn, "Salvation, Oh, the Joyful Song!" and often roused their devotions by his hymn, "Come, We That Love the Lord."

While we were talking he introduced me to another of the song writers and said, "This is Charles Wesley, who belonged on earth to a different church from mine, but we are all now members of the same church, the temple of God and the Lamb," And I told Charles Wesley that almost every Sabbath we sang one of his old hymns, "Arm of the Lord, Awake!" or, "Come, Let Us Join Our Friends Above!" or, "Love Divine, All Love Excelling." And while we were talking on that street called Song row Kirk White, the consumptive college student, now everlastingly well, came up, and we talked over his old Christmas hymn, "When Marshaled on the Nightly Plain." And William Cowper came up, now entirely recovered from his religious melancholy and not looking as if he had ever in dementia attempted suicide, and we talked over the wide earthly celebrity and heavenly power of his old hymns, "When I Can Read My Title Clear," and "There Is a Fountain Filled With Blood."

And there we met George W. Bethune of wondrous Brooklyn pastorate, and I told him of how his comforting hymn had been sung at obsequies all around the world—"It Is Not Death to Die." And Toplady came up and asked about whether the church was still making use of his old hymn, "Rock of Ages, Cleft For Me." And we met also on Song row Newton and Hastings and Montgomery and Horatio Bonar, and we heard floating from window to window snatches of the old hymns which they started on earth and started never to die.

"But," say some of my hearers, "did you see anything of our friends in heaven?" Oh, yes, I did. "Did you see my children there?" says some one, "and are there any marks of their last sickness still upon them?" I did see them, but there was no pallor, no cough, no fever, no languor, about them. They are all well and ruddy and songful and bounding with eternal mirth. They told me to give their love to you; that they thought of you hour by hour, and that when they could be excused from the heavenly playgrounds they came down, and hovered over you, and kissed your cheek, and filled your dream with their glad faces, and that they would be at the gate to greet you when you ascended to be with them forever.

"But," say other voices, "did you see our glorified friends?" Yes, I saw them, and they are well in the land across which no pneumonias or palsies or dropsies or typhoids ever sweep. The aroma blows over from orchards with trees bearing 12 manner of fruits, and gardens compared with which Chatsworth is a desert. The climate is a mingling of an earthly June and October—the balm of the one and the tonic of the other. The social life in that realm where they are is superb and perfect. No controversies or jealousies or hates, but love, universal love, everlasting love. And they told me to tell you not to weep for them, for their happiness knows no bound, and it is only a question of time when you shall reign with them in the same palace and join with them in the same exploration of planets and the same tour of worlds.

But yonder in this assembly is an upturned face that seems to ask how about the ages of those in heaven. "Do my departed children remain children, or have they lost their childish vivacity? Do my departed parents remain aged, or have they lost the venerable out of their nature?" Well, from what I saw I think childhood has advanced to full maturity of faculty, retaining all the resilience of childhood, and that the aged had retreated to midlife, freed from all decadence, but still retaining the charm of the venerable. In other words, it was fully developed and complete life of all souls, whether young or old.

CHANGED CONDITIONS.

Some one says, "Will you tell us what most impressed you in heaven?" I will. I was most impressed with the reversal of earthly conditions. I knew, of course, that there would be differences of attire and residence in heaven, for Paul had declared long ago that souls would then differ "as one star differed from another," as Mars from Mercury, as Saturn from Jupiter. But at every step in my dream in heaven I was amazed to see that some who were expected to be high in heaven were low down, and some who were expected to be low down were high up. You thought, for instance, that those born of pious parentage, and of naturally good disposition, and of brilliant faculties, and of all styles of attractiveness will move in the highest range of celestial splendor and pomp. No, no. I found the highest thrones, the brightest coronets, the richest mansions, were occupied by those who had reprobate father or bad mother, and who inherited the twisted natures of 10 generations of miscreants, and who had compressed in their body all depraved appetites and all evil propensities, but they laid hold of God's arm, they cried for especial mercy, they conquered seven devils within and seventy devils without and were washed in the blood of the Lamb, and by so much as their contest was terrific and awful and prolonged, victory was consummate and resplendent, and they have taken places immeasurably higher than those of good parentage, who could hardly help being good, because they had 10 generations of preceding piety to aid them. The steps by which many have mounted to the highest places in heaven were made out of the cradles of a corrupt parentage. When I saw that, I said to my attending angel: "That is fair; that is right. The harder the struggle the more glorious the reward."

Then I pointed to one of the most colonnaded and grandly domed residences in all the city and said, "Who lives there?" and the answer was, "The widow who gave two mites." "And who lives there?" and the answer was, "The penitent thief to whom Christ said, 'This day shalt thou be with me in paradise.'" "And who lives there?" I said, and the answer was, "The blind beggar who prayed, 'Lord, that my eyes may be opened.'"

NAMES NOT IN THE DIRECTORY.

Some of those professors of religion who were famous on earth I asked about, but no one could tell me anything concerning them. Their names were not even in the city directory of the New Jerusalem. The fact is that I suspected some of them had not got there at all. Many who had ten talents were living on the back streets of heaven, while many with one talent had residences fronting on the King's park, and a back lawn sloping to the river clear as crystal, and the highest nobility of heaven were guests at their table, and often the white horse of him who "hath the moon under his feet" champed its bit at their doorway. Infinite capsize of earthly conditions! All social life in heaven graded according to earthly struggle and usefulness as proportioned to talents given!

As I walked through those streets I appreciated for the first time what Paul said to Timothy, "If we suffer, we shall also reign with him." It surprised me beyond description that all the great of heaven were great sufferers. "Not all?" Yes, all. Moses, him of the Red sea, a great sufferer. David, him of Absalon's unfilial behavior, and Ahithophel's betrayal, and a nation's dethronement, a great sufferer. Ezekiel, him of the captivity, who had the dream on the banks of the Chebar, a great sufferer. Paul, him of the diseased eyes, and the Mediterranean shipwreck, and the Mars Hill derision, and the Mamertine endungeonment, and the whipped back, and the headman's ax on the road to Ostia, a great sufferer.

Yea, all the apostles after lives of suffering died by violence, beaten to death with fuller's club, or dragged to death by mobs, or from the thrust of a sword, or by exposure on a barren island, or by decapitation. All the high up in heaven great sufferers, and women more than men, Felicitas and St. Cecelia and St. Agnes and St. Agatha and St. Lucia and women never heard of outside their own neighborhood, queens of the needle, and the broom, and the scrubbing brush, and the washtub, and the dairy, rewarded according to how well they did their work, whether to set a tea table or govern a nation, whether empress or milkmaid.

I could not get over it, as in my dream I saw all this, and that some of the most unknown of earth were the most famous in heaven and that many who seemed the greatest failures of earth were the greatest successes of heaven. And as we passed along one of the grandest boulevards of heaven there approached us a group of persons so radiant in countenance and apparel I had to shade my eyes with both hands because I could not endure the luster, and I said, "Angel, do tell me who they are?" and the answer was, "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb!"

EQUALIZED AT LAST.

My walk through the city explained a thousand things on earth that had been to me inexplicable. When I saw up there the superior delight and the superior heaven of many who had on earth had it hard with cancers and bankruptcies and persecutions and trials of all sorts, I said, "God has equalized it all at last; excess of enchantment in heaven has more than made up for the deficits on earth."

"But," said I to my angelic escort, "I must go now. It is Sabbath morning on earth, and I must preach today and be in my pulpit by half past 10 o'clock. Goodby," I said to the attending angel. "Thanks for what you have shown me. I know I have seen only in part, but I hope to return again, through the atoning mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ. Goodby."

Then I passed on amid chariots of salvation, and along by conquerers' thrones, and amid pillared majesties, and by windows of agate, and under arches that had been hoisted for returned victors. And as I came toward the walls with the gates, the walls flashed upon me with emeralds and sapphires and chrysoprases and amethysts, until I trembled under the glory, and then I heard a bolt shove, and a latch lift, and a gate swing, and they were all of pearl, and I passed out loaded with raptures, and down by worlds lower and lower, and lower still, until I came within sight of the city of my earthly residence, and until through the window of my earthly home the sun poured so strong upon my pillow that my eyelids felt it, and in bewilderment as to where I was and what I had seen I awoke.

Reflection the First—The superiority of our heaven to all other heavens. The Scandinavian heaven: The departed are in everlasting battle, except as restored after being cut to pieces; they drink wine out of the skulls of their enemies. The Moslem heaven as described by the Koran: "There shall be houris with large black eyes like pearls hidden in their shells." The Slav's heaven: After death the soul hovers six weeks about the body, and then climbs a steep mountain, on the top of which is paradise. The Tasmanian's heaven: A spear is placed by the dead, that they may have something to fight with, and after awhile they go into a long chase for game of all sorts. The Tahitian's heaven: The departed are eaten up of the gods. The native African heaven: A land of shadows, and in speaking of the departed they say all is done forever. The American aborigine's heaven: Happy hunting grounds, to which the soul goes on a bridge of snake. The philosopher's heaven: Made out of a thick fog or an infinite don't know. In heaven, and I believe in heaven, which, though mostly described by figures of speech in the Bible and by parable of a dream in this discourse, has for its chief characteristics separation from all that is vile; absence from all that can discomfort; presence of all that can gratulate. No mountains to climb; no chasms to bridge; no night to illumine; no tears to wipe. Scandinavian heaven, Slav's heaven, Tasmanian heaven, Tahitian heaven, African heaven, aborigines' heaven, scattered into tameness and disgust by a glimpse of St. John's heaven, of Paul's heaven, of Christ's heaven, of your heaven, of my heaven!

THE SILVER OF TEARS.

Reflection the Second—You had better take patiently and cheerfully all pangs, affronts, hardships, persecutions and trials of earth, since, if rightly borne, they insure heavenly payments of ecstasy. Every twinge of physical distress, every lie told about you, every earthly subtraction, if meekly borne, will be heavenly addition. If you want to amount to anything in heaven and to move in its best society, you must be "perfected through suffering." The only earthly currency worth anything at the gate of heaven is the silver of tears. At the top of all heaven sits the greatest sufferer, Christ of the Bethlehem caravansary and of Pilate's oyer and terminer, and of the Calvarean assassination.

What he endured, oh, who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell?

Oh, ye of the broken heart, and the disappointed ambition, and the shattered fortune, and the blighted life, take comfort from what I saw in my Sabbath morning dream!

Reflection the Third and Last—How desirable that we all get there! Start this moment with prayer and penitence and faith in Christ, who came from heaven to earth to take us from earth to heaven.

Last summer, a year ago, I preached one Sabbath afternoon in Hyde Park, London, to a great multitude that no man could number. But I heard nothing from it until a few weeks ago, when Rev. Mr. Cook, who for 22 years has presided over that Hyde Park outdoor meeting, told me that last winter, going through a hospital in London, he saw a dying man whose face brightened as he told him that his heart was changed that afternoon under my sermon in Hyde Park, and all was bright now at his departure from earth to heaven.

Why may not the Lord bless this as well as that? Heaven as I dreamed about it, and as I read about it, is so benign a realm you cannot any of you afford to miss it. Oh, will it not be transcendently glorious after the struggle of this life is over to stand in that eternal safety? Samuel Rutherford, though they viciously burned his books and unjustly arrested him for treason, wrote of that celestial spectacle:

The King there in his beauty,
Without a veil, is seen;
It were a well spent journey,
Though seven deaths lay between.

The Lamb with his fair army
Doth on Mount Zion stand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

THE OPERA BOUFFE WAR

The Recent "Bombardment" of Rio de Janeiro.

A VERY GREAT WASTE OF POWDER.

Much Firing, but Trifling Damage to Life or Property—Cannon Balls Glanced from the Aquidaban's Turrets Like Peas.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8.—The special correspondent of the Associated Press in Rio Janeiro writes as follows under date of Jan. 12:

The comparative quiet which has prevailed here for ten days or more was rudely interrupted yesterday by a furious encounter between the Aquidaban and the forts, followed by an attack by the rebel fleet and the batteries in their possession upon the shore defenses of the city.

Later in the day another fight took place at Santa Ana and Ponas da Areia. All the fighting, however, only resulted in the killing of four men and the mortally wounding of a fifth. These were all citizens of Rio. What loss, if any, the rebels sustained is not known.

It has been rumored for two days that the Aquidaban had returned from the north, and that after a trip to Desterro she was waiting outside for a good chance to run in. Consequently the forts, both government and rebel, were on the qui vive, ready to help or hinder the movement as opportunity offered. In spite of this the entry of the Aquidaban was something of a surprise to all.

Instantly the firing began from Fort Santa Cruz, and a moment later Fort St. John joined in the fight. Little Fort Lage, further inside the bay, also sent her quota to increase the hail of missiles which rattled around the daring Aquidaban. At that range, however, not a shot reached its mark, and without delaying a reply the big black ship pressed silently on into the narrow channel between the fortresses.

Further on Fort Santa Cruz was not three hundred yards away from the Aquidaban and worked her guns furiously, sending a pleasing fire down upon the decks of the warship. St. John, a mile away, sent her heaviest projectiles against the rebel ship's broadside, while Fort Lage swept her decks with a raking fire. A ship could hardly be subjected to a more severe test, and yet the Aquidaban passed rapidly on apparently uninjured. Such shots as struck her glanced from her turrets or rebounded like peas from her armor. When just opposite Fort Santa Cruz, in the narrowest and most dangerous place, she seemed to awake. From her huge guns fire spurted dangerously and their heavy projectiles rushed forth against her foes.

Fort Villegaignon, far up the harbor, now came into action, and by her rapid fire attempted to draw off attention from the Aquidaban. For half an hour the fight continued, until at last the Aquidaban dropped anchor alongside the Tamandare, out of range of all hostile batteries.

Then it was time to count results. Perhaps 300 shots had been fired at ranges from 300 yards to two miles. Yet, so far as can be learned, absolutely no damage was done.

The Aquidaban, though struck several times, was practically unhurt, while not a single shot, either from her batteries or from Fort Villegaignon, struck any one of the government forts.

Later the Guanabara, one of the rebel torpedo cruisers, opened fire on the shore batteries erected to protect the custom house. This was answered from the shore, but neither side seemed to do much damage. A little later at Cobras Island the cruiser Trajano joined the Guanabara, and still later the Libertalde, with Admiral da Gama's flag flying, also came into action. The latter, however, contented herself with firing three heavy projectiles, which lashed over the shore defenses and buried themselves in the heart of the city.

The only fatalities reported were caused by the explosion in the city of a heavy shell, fired by the Guanabara, which killed four men: Pedro Mainetti, a policeman; Manitel de Jesus Gadarela, a shoemaker; Americo Duarte, an apothecary, and Manuel Gonsalves de Silva, a medical student.

To Prohibit Football Playing.

BOSTON, Feb. 8.—Representative D. A. Buckley, of Cambridge, introduced in the legislature a petition for legislation prohibiting the game of football. A bill accompanying the petition provides punishment for any person "who takes part in a game of football when money is charged for admission, or who offers or sells a ticket of admission to a game."

Burglars Loot a Bank.

TOLEDO, O., Feb. 8.—The private bank of J. C. N. Alder, at Deshler, thirty-five miles south of here, was robbed during the night. The vault was blown open and completely demolished with dynamite, and scraps of currency were found in the debris. The robbers secured $5,000 in coin, and $1,200 in paper is thought to have been blown to pieces.

Murdered on the Street.

CLYDE, N. Y., Feb. 8.—James B. Nichols, a prominent young man of this village, was shot and instantly killed yesterday afternoon by Frederick H. Childs, son of Sylvester Childs, a prominent and wealthy jeweler, while passing along the street. Childs claimed that Nichols had been circulating stories derogatory to himself. The murderer was jailed.

Killed by a Natural Gas Explosion.

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 8.—An explosion of natural gas totally demolished a house at Madison avenue and Yieser street. The building was occupied by Louis Kuehler, his wife and four children. Rosa Kuehler, 12 years old, was killed and the others perhaps fatally injured.

Religious Riots in India.

BOMBAY, Feb. 8.—Serious religious riots have occured at Feela, a hundred miles northeast of this city. Hindu temples and Mohammedan mosques were destroyed and several persons were killed and wounded. The troubles were quelled by the militia.

Belden for Governor of New York.

UTICA, N. Y., Feb. 8.—It is announced here on good authority that Congressman James A. Belden, of Syracuse, will be a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor this fall.

Eight Killed by an Explosion.

VANCOUVER, B. C., Feb. 8.—Word has reached this city of the total destruction of the tugboat Estelle by an explosion, and the loss of the entire crew, numbering eight persons.

THE TARIFF IN THE SENATE

The Income Tax Provision Will Probably Cause a Democratic Split.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8.—Senator Voorhees declined to make direct reply to a question as to the correctness of the report that the Democratic members of the senate finance committee had ordered the printing of a draft of a tariff bill agreed upon, but other members of the Democratic side of the committee, while denying that they had agreed upon a bill, admitted that a bill containing the suggestions of some of the members had gone to the printer, and would be used as a basis of work by the committee. This bill, it is understood, makes liberal concessions to the sugar and coal interests, and it also makes a material change in the income tax feature of the house bill, providing for a tax only upon the incomes of corporations.

Among the rumors which are flying thick and fast about the senate is one to the effect that in case the income tax is not ommitted Senators Hill, Murphy and Gorman will vote with the Republicans to recommit when the bill is reported to the senate. On the other hand the bill with the income tax retained will probably command the vote of the three Populist senators, which it would lose if this tax should be left out.

The developments today confirm the report hitherto sent out that most of the schedules providing specific rates may be changed so as to provide for ad valorem duties.

Senator Jones, of Arkansas, stated today that the committee would be able to report in about two weeks time.

Senator Cameron introduced a proposed amendment to the tariff bill, changing the date when it shall take effect from June 1, 1894, to Jan. 1, 1896.

Senator Call introduced an amendment to Senator Stewart's bond resolution just before the senate adjourned, declaring in favor of legalizing the bonds issued by Secretary Carlisle to the extent of $60,000,000 prior to Feb. 12, prohibiting all future issues except by authority of congress and repealing the existing laws authorizing bonds.

The Effort to Save Prendergast.

CHICAGO, Feb. 8.—Affidavits in support of the motion to grant a new trial to Prendergast, the assassin of Mayor Harrison, were filed yesterday. Arguments are to be heard Feb. 14. The principal grounds on which a new trial will be asked are that Juror A. G. Murray was well acquainted with Mayor Harrison, whereas he stated on his examination that he knew him only slightly, and because the jury was allowed to separate on election day.

Train Robbers Sentenced to Death.

NEWPORT, Ark., Feb. 7.—The jury in the case of Albert Mansker, one of the Oliphant train robbers who killed Conductor W. P. McNally, of the St. Louis and Iron Mountain road, returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. Judge Butler sentenced Mansker and his previously convicted accomplices, James L. Wyrick and Thomas Brady, to be hanged on April 6. The three desperadoes took their sentences coolly.

A Reunited Couple Murdered.

GREENBAY, Ala., Feb. 8.—Aaron Tollifee and his wife were found murdered near here. He was full of buckshot and she with a pistol ball in her brain. A week ago the woman deserted her husband for a former lover named Anthony Thomas. Tollifer succeeded in inducing her to return home with him, but they were killed on the way. Thomas is in jail charged with murdering the two as they journeyed homeward.

Vaillant Guillotined.

PARIS, Feb. 5.—August Vaillant, the anarchist sentenced to death for throwing a dynamite bomb in the chamber of deputies, met his death by the guillotine at 7 o'clock this morning. Vaillant walked to his doom unflinchingly, his remarkable bravado exciting the admiration of even the prison officials. As his head was being placed on the fatal block he shouted in a loud voice "Vive l'anarchie!"

Herbert Wants More Sailors.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8.—There are not enough men enlisted in the navy to properly man the United States ships which go into commission before the first of May, and the limit allowed by law will not permit the enlistment of a sufficient number. Additional authority will be required from congress to enlist sufficient men, and Secretary Herbert will probably lay the matter before that body.

Poverty and Suicide.

TRENTON, Feb. 8.—Mrs. Emily Bracegirdle, a widow 38 years of age, with three children, living at 22 School street, cut her throat with a razor early in the morning, and the children when they awoke found her lying dead in a pool of blood. She kept a little candy store, but was unable to make a living and had been despondent for a month.

Fears for a Missing Schooner.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 8.—Fears are entertained in shipping circles for the safety of the three masted schooner Samuel H. Walker, of Taunton, Mass., which left here on Jan. 16. She is in command of Captain George T. Nickerson, of Wilmington, Del., and carried a crew of eight men.

Dwiggins to be Extradited.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Feb. 8.—Governor Altgeld issued a warrant on the requisition from the governor of Indiana for Zimri Dwiggins, wanted in Oxford, Ind., on a charge of embezzling $8,000 from the Commercial bank of that place while president of the institution.

The Elopers Forgiven.

JERSEY CITY, Feb. 8.—John Quinn, the reformed gambler who eloped with the pretty daughter of his partner in evangelistic work, E. P. Goff, has been forgiven by his father-in-law, and has returned to assist in the evangelistic work.

An Equine Holocaust.

DEKALB, Ills., Feb. 8.—One hundred and forty-seven Percheron horses and three trotters perished in a fire which destroyed one of W. L. Elwood's big stock barns yesterday. Tramps are thought to have started the blaze.

Given Up for Lost.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., Feb. 8.—The fishing schooner Robert J. Edwards has been given up for lost by her owners. It is known that on Jan. 12 she encountered a heavy gale, since which time nothing has been heard from her.

Emperor William Coming Over.

BERLIN, Feb. 5.—In conversation with some personal friends the kaiser said that he would take advantage of the first possible opportunity to pay a visit to the United States.

HIS END WAS PEACE.

Closing Scene in the Life of Gentle George W. Childs.

AT REST BESIDE MR. DREXEL.

The Great Editor Temporarily Interred in the Drexel Mausoleum—Philadelphia Printers Start a Movement to Erect a Monument to Their Patron Saint.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 5.—The death of George W. Childs, which occurred at 3 o'clock Saturday morning at his Walnut street house, threw a shadow of mourning over all sections of this country where electric messages are borne. It spread across the seas, where the sad news was transmitted by the cables. Expressions of sorrow were heard not only in America, but over the wide world, in all parts of which the dead philanthropist's name is familiar as a household word for benevolence and uprightness.

The cup of sorrow was lifted to the lips of millions. Whether men had met Mr. Childs or not, they knew him by his work of a lifetime—that of helping those willing to help themselves, if possible, or sustaining them entirely, if necessary. The chief magistrate of the nation expressed his personal sympathy and that of the people of the United States in a message of condolence to the helpmate who was



GEORGE W. CHILDS.

the companion of the dead. Members of his cabinet, senators, congressmen and governors of some states did likewise. Leaders in commercial life, judges of courts, bishops of churches, famous actors, eminent publicists and honored private citizens joined in tributes of sorrow which were flashed over the wires.

Mr. Childs was unconscious from 9:30 Friday night until the end, and his death was painless. As one of the physicians described it:

"Mr. Childs suffered no pain, and his end was peaceful. He had been unconscious for the past three days, except at intervals. Mr. Childs' lower limbs were not both paralyzed, as has been stated. The stroke only affected his right side, he having lost the use of both his right arm and leg. During the last few hours he lay like a child asleep."

The death of Mr. Childs will not alter the policy of The Public Ledger, nor will any changes be made in the management of the paper. By an agreement entered into by Mr. Childs and the late Anthony J. Drexel, and in accordance with a provision in the latter's will, the Drexel estate will now purchase from Mrs. Childs the interest Mr. Childs held in The Ledger and will accordingly own the paper absolutely. The four surviving children of Anthony J. Drexel will hold equal shares in the property.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 7.—The services attendant upon the funeral of George W. Childs were participated in by a gathering that taxed the capacity of St. James' Protestant Episcopal church, Twenty-second and Walnut streets, to the utmost. Hundreds of people were unable to gain admission to the church, while among those in the morning congregation were many men conspicuous in the various walks of life in the country.

The church services were preceded by a more private service in the Childs residence, across from the church. At this only the members of the family and the close friends of the deceased were present. Before 12 o'clock the streets in the neighborhood of the church were policed by a numerous body of officers, reserves and men from the adjoing districts.

All persons wore black more or less, and there was a genuine expression of sorrow marked upon almost every face. Fully half of the mourners were women outside of the delegated representatives. Every class of society was represented in the church, and the sorrow of loss to the whole community was thus shown by the general outpouring which the capacity of the church was all too small to accommodate. Bishop Potter, of New York, preached an eloquent sermon.

The remains were temporarily interred in the Drexel mausoleum at Woodlands cemetery, the body being placed in the catacomb next to the one occupied by the remains of the late A. J. Drexel, the business partner and boon companion of Mr. Childs.

Many hundreds of letters and telegrams of condolence have been received by Mrs. Childs. Most of these are from labor organizations in all sections of the land, notably from printers' unions, all speaking in tenderest terms of labor's patron saint.

Typographical Union No. 2, of this city, held a meeting Monday night, and after adopting a suitable memorial the initiating steps were taken toward the erection of a monument by union printers in Philadelphia. It was stated that subscriptions for this purpose had already been tendered, and a committee will be appointed later to take charge of the matter.

For Tariff Reform.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—At 6 o'clock last night, at the conclusion of one of the grandest, most imposing and most impressive scenes ever witnessed in the American capital, the Wilson tariff bill passed the house of representatives by a vote of 204 to 140. Only 17 Democrats of all the boasted Democratic opposition to the measure stood out to the end and voted