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The Easton Gazette.

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CHRIST A CONQUEROR

REV. DR. TALMAGE PUTS OLD TRUTHS IN A NEW GARB.

A Remarkable Sermon Full of the Well Known Preacher's Apt Metaphors and Glowing Illustrations—A Sermon For the Unconverted.

BROOKLYN, March 4.—From the startling figure of the text chosen by Rev. Dr. Talmage in his sermon in the Brooklyn Tabernacle today the preacher brought out the radical truths of the Christian religion. It was sacramental day in the Tabernacle. The subject of the sermon was "Christ the Conqueror," the text being Isaiah lxiii, 1, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah—this that is glorious in his apparel, traveling in the greatness of his strength?"

Edom and Bozrah, having been the scene of fierce battle, when those words are used here or in any other part of the Bible they are figures of speech setting forth scenes of severe conflict. As now we often use the word Waterloo to describe a decisive contest of any kind, so the words Bozrah and Edom in this text are figures of speech descriptive of a scene of great slaughter. Whatever else the prophet may have meant to describe, he most certainly meant to depict the Lord Jesus Christ saying, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, traveling in the greatness of his strength?"

GOING TO BATTLE.

When a general is about to go out to the wars, a flag and a sword are publicly presented to him, and the maidens bring flowers, and the young men load the cannon, and the train starts amid a huzza that drowns the thunder of the wheels and the shriek of the whistle. But all this will give no idea of the excitement that there must have been in heaven when Christ started out on the campaign of the world's conquest. If they could have foreseen the siege that would be laid to him, and the maltreatment he would suffer, and the burdens he would have to carry, and the battles he would have to fight, I think there would have been a million volunteers in heaven who would have insisted on coming along with him. But no; they only accompanied him to the gate; their last shout heard clear down to the earth; the space between the two worlds bridged with a great hosanna.

You know there is a wide difference between a man's going off to battle and coming back again. When he goes off, it is with epaulets untangled, with banner unspecked, with horses sleek and shining from the groom. All that there is of struggle and pain is to come yet. So it was with Christ. He had not yet fought a battle. He was starting out, and though this world did not give him a warm hearted greeting there was a gentle mother who folded him in her arms. And a babe finds no difference between a stable and a palace, between courtiers and camel drivers.

As Jesus stepped on the stage of this world it was amid angelic shouts in the galleries and amid the kindest maternal ministrations. But soon hostile forces began to gather. They deployed from the sanhedrin. They were detailed from the standing army. They came out from Cæsarean castles. The vagabonds in the street joined the gentlemen of the mansion. Spirits rode up from hell, and [illegible] long array there came a force together that threatened to put to rout this newly arrived one from heaven.

Jesus, now seeing the battle gathering, [illegible] his own standard. But who gather about it? How feeble the recruits! A few shoremen, a blind beggar, a woman with an alabaster box, another woman with two mites and a group of friendless, moneyless and positionless people [illegible] to his standard. What chance was there for him? Nazareth against him, Bethlehem against him, Capernaum against him, Jerusalem against him, Galilee against him, the courts against him, the army against him, the throne against him, the world against him, all hell against him. No wonder they asked him to surrender.

But he could not surrender, he could not apologize, he could not take any back steps. He had come to strike for the deliverance of an enslaved race, and he must do the work. Then they sent out their pickets to watch him. They saw in what house he went and when he came out. They watched what he ate, and who with; what he drank, and how much. They did not dare to make their final assault, for they knew not but that behind him there might be a re-enforcement that was not seen.

But at last the battle came. It was to be more fierce than Bozrah, more bloody than Gettysburg, involving more than Austerlitz, more combatants employed than at Chalons, a ghastlier conflict than all the battles of the earth put together, though Edmund Burke's estimate of thirty-five thousand millions of the slain be accurate. The day was Friday. The hour was between 12 and 3 o'clock. The field was a slight hillock northwest of Jerusalem. The forces engaged were earth and hell, joined as allies on one side, and heaven, represented by a solitary inhabitant, on the other.

HERO OF EARTH AND HEAVEN.

The hour came. Oh, what a time it was! I think that that day the universe looked on. The spirits that could be spared from the heavenly temple and could get conveyance of wing or chariot came down from above, and spirits getting furlough from beneath came up; and they listened, and they looked, and they watched. Oh, what an uneven battle! Two worlds armed on one side; an unarmed man on the other. The regiment of the Roman army at that time stationed at Jerusalem began the attack. They knew how to fight, for they belonged to the most thoroughly drilled army of all the world. With spears glittering in the sun they charged up the hill. The horses prance and rear amid the excitement of the populace—the heels of the riders plunged in the flanks, urging them on.

The weapons begin to tell on Christ. See how faint he looks! There the blood starts, and there, and there, and there. If he is to have re-enforcements, let him call them up now. No; he must do this work alone—alone. He is dying. Feel for yourself of the wrist; the pulse is feebler. Feel under the arm; the warmth is less. He is dying. Aye, they pronounce him dead. And just at that moment that they pronounced him dead he rallied, and from his wounds he unsheathed a weapon which staggered the Roman legions down the hill and hurled the satanic battalions into the pit. It was a weapon of love—infinite love, all conquering love. Mightier than javelin or spear, it triumphed over all. Put back, ye armies of earth and hell!

The tide of battle turns. Jesus hath overcome. Let the people stand apart and make a line that he may pass down from Calvary to Jerusalem, and thence on and out all around the world. The battle is fought. The victory is achieved. The triumphal march is begun. Hark to the hoofs of the warrior's steed and the tramping of a great multitude, for he has many friends now! The hero of heaven and earth advances. Cheer, cheer! "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, traveling in the greatness of his strength?"

FIGHTING FOR SALVATION.

We behold here a new revelation of a blessed and startling fact. People talk of Christ as though he were going to do something grand for us after awhile. He has done it. People talk as though 10 or 20 years from now, in the closing hours of our life or in some terrible pass of life, Jesus will help us. He has done the work already. He did it 1,861 years ago. You might as well talk of Washington as though he were going to achieve our national independence in 1950 as to speak of Christ as though he were going to achieve our salvation in the future. He did it in the year of our Lord 33—1,861 years ago—on the field of Bozrah, the captain of our salvation fighting unto death for your and my emancipation.

All we have to do is to accept that fact in our hearts, and we are free for this world, and we are free for the world to come. But, lest we might not accept, Christ comes through here today "traveling in the greatness of his strength," not to tell you that he is going to fight for you some battle in the future, but to tell you that the battle is already fought and the victory already won.

You have noticed that when soldiers come home from the wars they carry on their flags the names of the battlefields where they were distinguished. The Englishman coming back has on his banner Inkerman and Balaklava; the Frenchman, Jena and Eylau; the German, Versailles and Sedan. And Christ has on the banner he carries as conqueror the names of 10,000 battlefields he won for you and for me. He rides past all our homes of bereavement—by the doorbell swathed in sorrow, by the wardrobe black with woe, by the dismantled fortress of our strength.

Come out and greet him today, O ye people! See the names of all the battle passes on his flag. Ye who are poor, read on this ensign the story of Christ's hard crusts and pillowless head. Ye who are persecuted, read here of the ruffians who chased him from his first breath to his last. Mighty to soothe your troubles, mighty to balk your calamities, mighty to tread down your foes, "traveling in the greatness of his strength." Though his horse be brown with the dust of the march, and the fetlocks be wet with the carnage, and the bit be red with the blood of your spiritual foes, he comes up now, not exhausted from the battle, but fresh as when he went into it—coming up from Bozrah, "traveling in the greatness of his strength."

THE GREAT CONQUEROR.

You know that when Augustus and Constantine and Trajan and Titus came back from the wars what a time there was. You know they came on horseback or in chariots, and there were trophies before, and there were captives behind, and there were people shouting on all sides, and there were garlands flung from the window, and over the highway a triumphal arch was sprung. The solid masonry today at Benevento, Rimini and Rome still tell their admiration for those heroes. And shall we let our conqueror go without lifting any acclaim? Have we not flowers red enough to depict the carnage, white enough to celebrate the victory, fragrant enough to breathe the joy?

Those men of whom I just spoke dragged their victims at the chariot wheels, but Christ, our Lord, takes those who once were captives and invites them into his chariot to ride, while he puts around them the arm of strength, saying, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, and the waters shall not drown it, and the fires shall not burn it, and eternity shall not exhaust it."

If this be true, I cannot see how any man can carry his sorrows a great while. If this conqueror from Bozrah is going to beat back all your griefs, why not trust him? Oh, do you not feel under this gospel your griefs falling back and your tears drying up as you hear the tramp of a thousand illustrious promises led on by the conqueror from Bozrah, "traveling, traveling in the greatness of his strength?"

On that Friday which the Episcopal church rightly celebrates, calling it "Good Friday," your soul and mine were contended for. On that day Jesus proved himself mightier than earth and hell, and when the lances struck him he gathered them up into a sheaf as a reaper gathers the grain, and he stacked them. Mounting the horse of the Apocalypse, he rode down through the ages "traveling in the greatness of his strength." On that day your sin and mine perished, if we will only believe it.

THE LORD OF BUSINESS.

There may be some one here who may say: "I don't like the color of this conqueror's garments. You tell me that his garments were not only spattered with the blood of conflict, but also they were soaked; that they were saturated; that they were dyed in it." I admit it. You say you do not like that. Then I quote to you two passages of Scripture: "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission." "In the blood is the atonement." But it was not your blood. It was his own. Not only enough to redden his garments and to redden his horse, but enough to wash away the sins of the world. Oh, the blood on his brow, the blood on his hands, the blood on his feet, the blood on his side! It seems as if an artery must have been cut.

> There is a fountain filled with blood
> Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
> And sinners plunged beneath that flood
> Lose all their guilty stains.

At 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon go among the places of business or toil. It will be no difficult thing for you to find men who by their looks show you that they are overworked. They are prematurely old. They are hastening rapidly toward their decease. They have gone through crises in business that shattered their nervous system and pulled on the brain. They have a shortness of breath, and a pain in the back of the head, and at night an insomnia that alarms them. Why are they drudging at business early and late? For fun? No; it would be difficult to extract any amusement out of that exhaustion. Because they are avaricious? In many cases, no. Because their own personal expenses are lavish? No; a few hundred dollars would meet all their wants.

The simple fact is the man is enduring all that fatigue and exasperation and wear and tear to keep his home prosperous. There is an invisible line reaching from that store, from that bank, from that shop, from that scaffolding, to a quiet scene a few blocks, a few miles away, and there is the secret of that business endurance. He is simply the champion of a homestead, for which he wins bread and wardrobe and education and prosperity, and in such battle 10,000 men fall. Of ten business men whom I bury nine die of overwork for others. Some sudden disease finds them with no power of resistance, and they are gone. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

LIFE FOR LIFE.

At 1 o'clock tomorrow morning, the hour when slumber is most uninterrupted and most profound, walk amid the dwelling houses of the city. Here and there you will find a dim light, because it is the household custom to keep a subdued light burning, but most of the houses from base to top are as dark as though uninhabited. A merciful God has sent forth the archangel of sleep, and he puts his wings over the city. But yonder is a clear light burning, and outside on the window casement a glass or pitcher containing food for a sick child—the food set in the fresh air.

This is the sixth night that mother has sat up with that sufferer. She has to the last point obeyed the physician's prescription, not giving a drop too much or too little, or a moment too soon or too late. She is very anxious, for she has buried three children with the same disease, and she prays and weeps, each prayer and sob ending with a kiss of the pale cheek. By dint of kindness she gets the little one through the ordeal.

After it is all over the mother is taken down. Brain or nervous fever sets in, and one day she leaves the convalescent child with a mother's blessing and goes up to join the three in the kingdom of heaven. Life for life. Substitution! The fact is that there are an uncounted number of mothers who, after they have navigated a large family of children through all the diseases of infancy and got them fairly started up the flowering slope of boyhood and girlhood, have only strength enough left to die. They fade away. Some call it consumption; some call it nervous prostration; some call it intermittent or malarial disposition, but I call it martyrdom of the domestic circle. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

THE SACRIFICE OF PATRIOTISM.

Or perhaps the mother lingers long enough to see a son get on the wrong road, and his former kindness becomes rough reply when she expresses anxiety about him. But she goes right on, looking carefully after his apparel, remembering his every birthday with some memento, and when he is brought home, worn out with dissipation, nurses him till he gets well and starts him again and hopes and expects and prays and counsels and suffers until her strength gives out and she falls. She is going, and attendants bending over her pillow ask her if she has any message to leave, and she makes great effort to say something, but out of three or four minutes of indistinct utterance they can catch but three words, "My poor boy!" The simple fact is she died for him. Life for life. Substitution!

About 33 years ago there went forth from our homes hundreds of thousands of men to do battle for their country. All the poetry of war soon vanished and left them nothing but the terrible prose. They waded knee deep in mud. They slept in snowbanks. They marched till their cut feet tracked the earth. They were swindled out of their honest rations and lived on meat not fit for a dog. They had jaws all fractured, and eyes extinguished, and limbs shot away. Thousands of them cried for water as they lay dying on the field the night after the battle and got it not. They were homesick and received no message from their loved ones. They died in barns, in bushes, in ditches, the buzzards of the summer heat the only attendants on their obsequies.

No one but the infinite God, who knows everything, knows the ten thousandth part of the length and breadth and depth and height of anguish of the northern and southern battlefields. Why did these fathers leave their children and go to the front, and why did these young men, postponing the marriage day, start out into the probabilities of never coming back? For the country they died. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

But we need not go so far. What is that monument in Greenwood? It is to the doctors who fell in the southern epidemics. Why go? Were there not enough sick to be attended in these northern latitudes? Oh, yes; but the doctor puts a few medical books in his valise, and some vials of medicine, and leaves his patients here in the hands of other physicians, and takes the rail train. Before he gets to the infected regions he passes crowded rail trains, regular and extra, taking the flying and affrighted populations. He arrives in a city over which a great horror is brooding. He goes from couch to couch, feeling of pulse and studying symptoms, and prescribing day after day, night after night, until a fellow physician says, "Doctor, you had better go home and rest; you look miserable."

But he cannot rest while so many are suffering. On and on until some morning finds him in a delirium, in which he talks of home and then rises and says he must go and look after those patients. He is told to lie down, but he fights his attendants until he falls back, and is weaker and weaker, and dies for people with whom he had no kinship, and far away from his own family, and is hastily put away in a stranger's tomb, and only the fifth part of a newspaper line tells us of his sacrifice—his name just mentioned among five. Yet he has touched the furthest height of sublimity in that three weeks of humanitarian service. He goes straight as an arrow to the bosom of him who said, "I was sick and ye visited me." Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

THE CRIMSON TIDE.

Some of our modern theologians who want to give God lessons about the best way to save the world tell us they do not want any blood in their redemption. They want to take this horse by the bit and hurl him back on his haunches and tell this rider from Bozrah to go around some other way. Look out lest ye fall under the flying hoofs of this horse, lest ye go down under the sword of this conqueror from Bozrah! What means the blood of the pigeons in the old dispensation; the blood of the bullock; the blood of the heifer; the blood of the lamb? It meant to prophesy the cleansing blood, the pardoning blood, the healing blood of this conqueror who comes up from Bozrah, "traveling in the greatness of his strength."

I catch a handful of the red torrent that rushes out from the heart of the Lord, and I throw it over this audience, hoping that one drop of its cleansing power may come upon your soul. O Jesus, in that crimson tide wash our souls! We accept thy sacrifice. Conqueror of Bozrah, have mercy upon us! We throw our garments in the way. We fall into line. Ride on, Jesus, ride on! "Traveling, traveling is the greatness of thy strength."

But after awhile the returning conqueror will reach the gate, and all the armies of the saved will be with him. I hope you will be there and I will be there. As we go through the gate and around about the throne for the review, "a great multitude that no man can number"—all heaven can tell without asking right away which one is Jesus, not only because of the brightness of his face, but because while all the other inhabitants in glory are robed in white—saints in white, cherubim in white, seraphim in white—his robes shall be scarlet, even the dyed garments of Bozrah. I catch a glimpse of that triumphant joy, but the gate opens and shuts so quickly I can hear only half a sentence, and it is this: "Unto him who hath washed us in his blood!"

A Great Waterfall Project.

What is believed to be the largest artificial waterfall in the world is that projected by the Southern Pacific Railway company near Wright's station, in the Santa Cruz mountains—a mountain stream being made to run over and above a railroad track and designed to prevent the obstruction of travel by landslides, as in times past, at the northern end of the long tunnel near the above named station. This unique piece of engineering consists of an extension of the tunnel northward 200 feet, passing the point where the stream crosses the track by an arch of solid masonry.

The plan of this stone tunnel presents briefly an arch 20 feet in height, composed of huge blocks of stone capable of durably withstanding the wear and tear of the elements. The inside exhibits the same width and height as the tunnel proper and is constructed in such a manner as to prevent the stream of water flowing over from percolating through. The top of the arch being about 15 feet above the bed of the stream, the latter is raised up, by filling, to the proper level, and as the stream flows over the top of the stone arch a fall of not less than 20 feet is produced on the other side of the track.—New York Sun.

A Chance For the Poets.

What a theme for the poets in the wreck of the old Kearsarge! How it calls up memories of the great past! How it appeals to the national pride! The gale—the reef—the gallant old ship straining—her timbers parting—her hold filling—she careens—a shiver—a mighty plunge—a mad swirl of rushing waters, and naught is left of the old Kearsarge but the splendid record of her mighty deeds! The poets will think of more than this, of course, and something very much better, but here is a suggestion that may help them:

aghast
ashore,
at last
no more—
the mast
of yore,
avast!
the reef of Roncador.

The way being made so easy, it will not be hard to do it. It is astonishing how smoothly these things go when you have a good start.—Wheeling Intelligencer.

Diseases of Makers of Melinite.

Melinite, the French explosive, is apt to poison the workmen engaged in making it. After some time they lose their appetites and good digestion, their skins turn yellow, and they show signs of poisoning by the vapors of picric acid, which is chemically formed in their systems. At last the acid attacks the bronchial tubes, and influenza or pneumonia may supervene. Messrs. Sykes and Ross have also shown that similar effects result from the manufacture of roburite. The French government has allowed the operatives in the melinite factories a ration of milk daily to counteract the poison.—London News.

DYNAMITE CONSPIRACY.

Further Details Anent West Virginia's Mine Riots.

UNEARTHED BY A DETECTIVE.

He Engaged Himself as a Mule Driver, Attended the Meetings of the Strikers and Pretended to Take a Prominent Part in the Disturbances.

CHARLESTOWN, W. Va., March 8.—The revelation of a dynamite plot is causing extreme excitement up the river among the strikers and the militia. The presence of Pinkerton men at Eagle and vicinity does not tend to quiet the strikers, and the greatest fears are now expressed for the safety of the militia and Wyant. The latter's house is on the railroad and is the headquarters of the officers. Each passing freight train is loaded with strikers and a bomb could easily be thrown into one of the windows.

The details of the plan for killing Wyant and murdering the military who should come into Montgomery to make arrests was not discovered solely through a confession of an arrested striker. The plot was brought to light by a Pinkerton detective who was employed by Wyant. He was ostensibly a mule driver, and was very reticent and always appeared to be unfriendly to his employer. He at once joined in the proposed strike, attended all the meetings of the strikers, learned all their plans, and when the attack was made on Wyant's tipple he was with the attacking party apparently doing his best to drive out the operator and his men, but really, as he expresses it, "murdering the air."

When Wyant was arrested by Kinney, a special constable sworn in by Squire Adkins, of Montgomery, to serve the warrant on Wyant, the detective was present and promptly arrested Kinney. The detective swears that the plot was for Kinney to shoot through his pocket if he refused to go to Montgomery to be tried. If he consented to be tried there it was then that the plot to dynamite Wyant and his guards was to be put into execution. This detective gave all the information that led to the arrest of the strikers.

Jackson is the rioter arrested with dynamite on his person, and he fully corroborates the detective's story, and is now at Fayetteville testifying in the preliminary trial of the rioters. Seven more rioters were taken to Fayetteville yesterday. The authorities do not regard the trouble as over, as another Gatling was taken to Eagle yesterday. The report sent out that twenty freight cars had been burned at Paint Creek is without truth.

Major Banks, commanding three companies at Eagle, telegraphed the governor that a portion of the troops should be removed, and they were recalled today. Pink Brown, who furnished the dynamite to the strikers, was arrested near Montgomery and taken to Fayetteville. He said two of the strikers tried to induce him to let them have dynamite. He is not a miner, but has lost an arm while using dynamite to kill fish. He is said to be very tough. There have been thirty-three strikers arrested, and many warrants are still unserved. About 300 miners passed Eagle yesterday, going east, and there was a meeting somewhere last night. These meetings are all secret, and back in the mountains.

FOUR MORE MINERS KILLED

Three Crushed Beneath a Rock and Another Burned to Death.

SCRANTON, Pa., March 7.—Four men in a gang of mine shaft sinkers were killed in the Richmond shaft in the northern part of the city. The accident was caused by the fall of a shelf of rock from the side of the shaft near the bottom and a consequent explosion of a blower of gas.

The victims are Thomas Holwill, chargeman, who leaves a wife and child, burned to death; Richard Hughes, single, 27 years; James Northen, single, 29 years; Albert Richards, single, 24 years.

The men were at work at the bottom of the shaft, almost 400 feet from the surface. They had but recently opened the Clark vein, and were clearing away the coal at the foot of the shaft. Above them hung a bell like piece of rock which projected slightly from the side of the shaft. This shelved downward and had been somewhat loosened by previous blasts.

Suddenly the rock gave way. Three were caught and crushed to instant death. Chargeman Holwill rushed away as the rock fell, with five others of the men. He went farther into the opening than his fellow workmen, still carrying his naked lamp in his hand. Instantly flames burst forth, enveloping him. His companions tried to put out the flames at their own peril, but before they succeeded he was dead. The after damp quickly gathered, and it was only by the prompt action that the survivors succeeded in reaching the foot of the shaft and signaling the engineer and were hoisted to the surface.

A Dishonest Broker's Flight.

NEW YORK, March 8.—The announcement on the Stock Exchange of the suspension of the firm of Hunter, Clark & Jacobs was somewhat of a surprise, as it was not known to be involved in any operations on the wrong side. As the sequel proves the firm was involved by Mr. Clark, one of its members, who signed the firm's name to a number of fifteen day privileges in sugar at 84, pocketing the proceeds of his sale of privileges and then, when the market jumped up on him, disappearing, leaving the firm, which knew nothing of his operations, to redeem their paper. After paying out some $80,000 the firm made an assignment.

God in the Constitution.

WASHINGTON, March 8.—The senate committee on judiciary heard a large delegation from the Reformed Presbyterian church in advocacy of the recognition of God in the constitution of the United States. Rev. David Macalester, of Allegheny, in reply to Senator Hoar, admitted that a Jew could not subscribe to a constitution which should say "Through God's appointed way, which is through Jesus Christ." Senator Vilas asked what would be the effect of adding after "Through Jesus Christ" the words "And his vicegerent on earth, the holy Roman pontiff." Dr. Macalester replied that America had been founded by the Huguenots and Protestants.

To Succeed Senator White.

NEW ORLEANS, March 8.—Congressman Blanchard has been appointed United States senator to succeed Judge White, whose resignation takes effect March 12. Representative Catchings, of Mississippi, will succeed Mr. Blanchard as chairman of the river and harbor committee of the national house.

PENSION BILL PASSED.

The Appropriations Go Through the House Unamended.

THE TARIFF BILL IS FINISHED.

It Is Now Before the Full Finance Committee of the Senate, but May Not Reach the Senate Itself for Two or Three Weeks to Come.

WASHINGTON, March 8.—After five days of debate the pension appropriation bill, carrying $151,000,000, was passed by the house yesterday afternoon without division. Throughout the debate there had been no criticism of the amount carried by the bill, the debate being, on the one hand, confined to an assault on the manner in which the present commissioner had administered the office and his alleged unauthorized suspension of pensions, and on the other to a defense of the attempt of the commissioner to purge the rolls of those who were not entitled to a place upon them. Yesterday there were several very spirited speeches—those by General Henderson, of Iowa, Mr. O'Neill, in closing the debate, and ex-Speaker Grow.

All the amendments to the bill save one, that of Mr. Pickler, to make the reports of examining surgeons open to the inspection of the applicant or his attorneys, were defeated. They all fell under points of order that they were not germane. The one which attracted most attention was that of Mr. Enloe, to repeal a portion of the provision included in the act of last December to prevent the suspension of any pension except on thirty days' notice, so as to permit the suspension in case of plain prima facie evidence that the pensioner had secured his pension by forgery, perjury or other palpable fraud.

This amendment was offered at the suggestion of Commissioner Lochren himself, who, under the opinion of the attorney general, declared that if the act of last December stood over $500,000 would have to be paid out to suspended pensioners who were proven beyond question not to be longer entitled to the pensions they had been drawing. Mr. Outhwaite, the chairman of the committee of the whole, however, ruled the amendment out on Mr. Martin's point of order that it was not germane.

An exciting and interesting debate was precipitated in the senate by Mr. Harris' motion for the second reading of the seigniorage bill. This was opposed by Mr. Sherman, who moved its reference to the finance committee, and in the course of a strong speech in opposition to the bill said that its object was to divert a trust fund from its legitimate purposes—a thing which in Ohio would be a penitentiary offense. His motion was defeated, however, and the bill taken up as unfinished business, and almost before anyone was aware of what had happened it passed its third reading and was on the point of passing the senate. Then its opponents recovered from their surprise and endeavored to prevent its passage, and on request of Senator Sherman it went over.

In the morning hour Mr. Morgan introduced a resolution calling on the president for information as to the occupancy of Bluefields, Nicaragua, by the British. This was agreed to. The house bill appropriating $45,000 for saving the Kearsarge was also passed, as did the bill permitting General O. O. Howard to accept from the French government the decoration of commander of the Legion of Honor.

The Wilson tariff bill was submitted to the full senate finance committee today, and is now under discussion. Senator Voorhees said this morning that the committee would be given a few days to consider the bill as a whole, and that, after it should be reported to the senate, at least a week of additional time would be permitted before there would be an effort to have the bill taken up in the senate.

The sugar schedule was the last thing to receive the attention of the committee and the work was brought to a close by placing the figure at one cent a pound, or about that figure, on sugar showing 80 degrees fineness according to the polariscopic test, and increasing the amount gradually with the increase of the purity of the article. It is known that the increase does not reach a fourth of a cent, but it cannot be definitely stated just what it is.

It is learned from another source than that quoted to the effect that the tax on whisky will remain the same as now stated in the Wilson bill, that the whisky tax will probably be increased to $1.10 per gallon and the bonded period extended to five years.

The Democratic members of the finance committee do not consider that the seigniorage bill will be in the way of the tariff bill when the time shall come for taking up the latter, as they think it will have been disposed of before the tariff can possibly be reached.

While Mr. Voorhees believes that the finance committee will be through with the tariff bill at the end of the present week, the Republican members of the committee say they will ask for not less than two weeks, and possibly three.

Killed by a Falling Building.

STONEHAM, Mass., March 8.—A new three story front and two story rear building in process of construction collapsed last night, killing one man and badly injuring others. The front and rear walls were of wood and the side walls of brick, and it was one of the side walls that fell out, thus precipitating the front wall into the street. Mr. N. Lord, who was passing at the time, was crushed under the falling wall and so badly injured that he died soon after. One woman, whose name was not learned, was injured so badly that she will probably die, and several others were more or less injured.

Sisters Stricken with Insanity.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., March 6.—A special from Sanborn, Niagara county, says the three youngest daughters of Joseph Shirk a highly-respected citizen of this place were all taken violently insane Saturday morning, and have continued so to this time. They were taken to the insane hospital at Buffalo today. The young women were found naked and raving insane in a piece of woods. The cause of their mania is unknown.

Train Swept Into a River.

PITTSBURG, March 8.—While Engine 27 and five coke cars on the Pittsburg Youngstown and Ashtabula branch of the Fort Wayne road was passing Kenwood thirty miles west of here, a heavy land slide came down the hill and swept the train into the Beaver river. The train men narrowly escaped death, but all got off with injuries of a more or less serious nature.

THE NEW PREMIER.

Victoria's Quaint Announcement of His Selection.

EARL OF KIMBERLY'S ELEVATION.

He Assumes the Foreign Portfolio in the New Cabinet, While Hon. Henry Fowler Becomes Secretary for India and Mr. Morley Retains the Irish Secretaryship.

LONDON, March 5.—The manner in which the queen announces the retirement of Mr. Gladstone to the people will prove interesting to Americans. It is contained in the court circular and is written by a court official. Every word of this circular is generally submitted to the queen in advance. The announcement is dated Windsor Castle, March 3, and begins thus:

"The queen, accompanied by Her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice, drove out yesterday afternoon." Then follows a list of arrivals at the castle, headed by the names of the children of the Duchess of Albany, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, American ambassador to the court of St. James, and the French ambassador, ending with the names of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. It then goes on to enumerate all those who attended her majesty's dinner, wherein the names of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone come last. This is followed by the information that the queen and Princess Beatrice went out this morning, and then comes the fact that a cabinet council had been held.

Finally, following the announcement anent the council, comes the announcement that the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone had an audience with the queen and tendered his resignation, which was graciously accepted by her majesty. It adds that the queen has summoned Earl Rosebery, K. C., secretary of state for foreign affairs, and offered him the post of prime minister vacated by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M. P., and that Earl Rosebery has accepted her majesty's offer.

LONDON, March 6.—The Standard makes the following official announcement: The Earl of Kimberly will assume the foreign portfolio; the Right Hon. Henry Fowler the Indian portfolio, and Mr. T. E. Ellis, now a lord of the treasury, will become patronage secretary to the treasury, succeeding Mr. Majoribanks, the Liberal "whip." Mr. John Morley has consented to retain his portfolio as chief secretary for Ireland at the urgent request of Lord Rosebery and others of his colleagues.

Upon the recommendation of Mr. Gladstone the queen has made these changes: Mr. Stuart Rendel, member of parliament for Montgomeryshire and chairman of the Parliamentary association of Welsh Liberals, and Sir Reginald Earle Wilby, G. C.B., permanent secretary of the treasury, have been raised to the peerage by her majesty. Sir Algernon West has been appointed a privy councillor, and Chairman Cowan, of the Midlothian Liberal association, has been made a baronet. Mr. George W. Spencer Lyttleton and Mr. George H. Murray (Mr. Gladstone's secretaries) have been made companions of the bath.

LONDON, March 8.—The announcement is made officially that Mr. Herbert Gladstone, fourth son of the ex-premier, will succeed Mr. George J. Shaw-Lefevre as first commissioner of works in Lord Rosebery's cabinet. Mr. Gladstone is 40 years of age.

Murder at the Polls in Troy.

TROY, N. Y., March 8.—In an election row in this city yesterday Robert Ross was shot and killed and his brother William wounded. "Bat" Shea and John McGough were also severely wounded by shots from a revolver. The condition of all the wounded men is critical. Both "Bat" Shea and John Boland are held on suspicion of firing the shot that killed Ross. The Ross brothers were Republicans and the others named were Democrats. The election resulted in the election of Malloy, the regular Democratic candidate, who was backed by Senator Murphy.

Portuguese Attack British.

PORT NATAL, March 8.—The Portuguese having obstructed the progress of the British parties engaged in constructing the telegraph line between the British sphere and Tete on the Zambesi, Lieutenant and Commander George S. Q. Carr, in command of the steel sternwheel gunboat Mosquito, sixty-two tons, landed a party of bluejackets in order to protect the men at work on the telegraph line. The Portuguese fired upon the British landing party, and the fire was returned. Several were killed on both sides.

The Champion Battleship.

PHILADELPHIA, March 8.—The battleship Indiana, which left Cramps' ship yard for a preliminary trial trip on Tuesday, returned today. The trip was entirely successful, over fifteen knots an hour being made. There seems to be no doubt that the vessel will average over sixteen and a half knots on her official trial trip. Her guaranteed speed is fifteen knots. She is as steady as a rock, and there seems no room for doubt that she will take her destined place as the queen of the battleships of the world.

Charged with Stealing $65,000.

NEW YORK, March 8.—John G. Hallock, for many years confidential clerk of Pabst & Co., importers of glass and chinaware at 26 Barclay street, is in jail charged with embezzlement. The complainant is Lorenz Zeller, assignee of the firm, which failed in January. Hallock's stealings, it is claimed, will aggregate $65,000.

Inner Circles in the A. P. A.

SPRINGFIELD, O., March 8.—President C. O. Wildasin, of the Ohio American Protective association, claims cliques called inner circles have been formed by politicians in the order in Cincinnati, Cleveland and Toledo, for controling them for political purposes. He will order an investigation.

Mr. Gladstone's Illness.

LONDON, March 8.—The following bulletin has been issued by Mr. Gladstone's physicians: "Mr. Gladstone is suffering from a troublesome cough, due to a catarrhal inflammation of the throat. His temperature, however, is only slightly above normal and his strength is good. He remains in bed."

Potter Palmer Seriously Ill.

CHICAGO, March 8.—Potter Palmer, the millionaire hotel keeper, is seriously ill with grip. Mr. Palmer is nearly 70 years old, and fears are felt that he may not recover.

Another Thieving Bank Official.

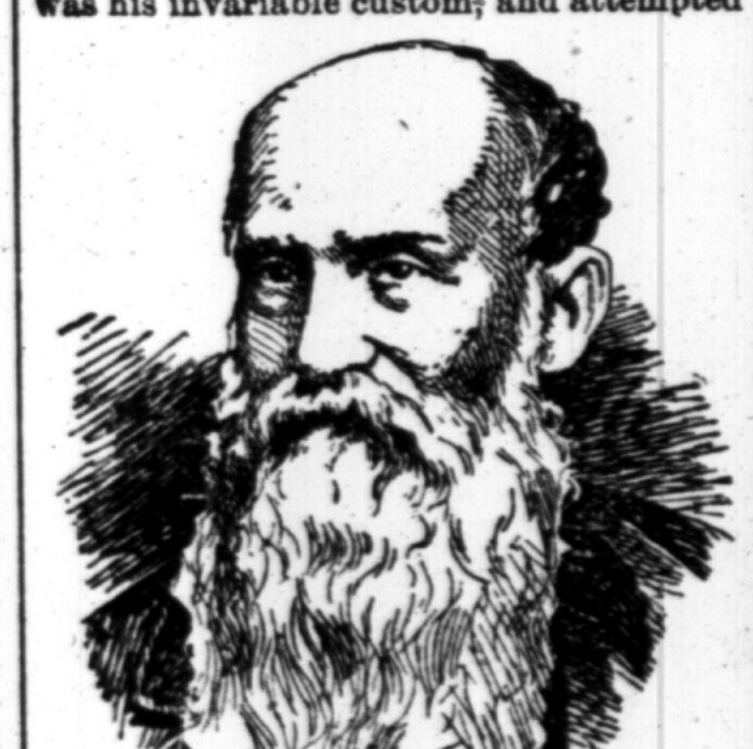
BOSTON, March 8.—W. Percy Thatcher, teller of the Brookline National bank, is under arrest, charged with embezzlement from the institution of $8,200.

DEATH OF GENERAL EARLY.

The Veteran Southern Soldier the Victim of an Accident.

LYNCHBURG, Va., March 3.—United States Senator John W. Daniel at 11 o'clock last night in a sad voice announced that his old commander, General Jubal A. Early, at whose bedside he has been a constant watcher for some days, had gone to his eternal reward. General Early died at 10:35. He passed away quietly, in the presence of his family and physician, his kindred and several intimate friends.

The old general seemed aware of his approaching end early in the day. Before noon he called for the morning paper, as was his invariable custom, and attempted to read, but found that his sight was failing. Soon after he extended his hand to Senator Daniel and calmly said: "I want to tell you good-by, Major." He then bid his nephew, Cabell Early, farewell, after which he dropped into a quiet slumber. Later in the day the dying veteran asked Senator Daniel not to leave the room, as he wanted to talk with him about certain arrangements, but from that time he suffered such intense pain that he did not revive the subject. He met death with his hand resting quietly in Senator Daniel's.



GENERAL JUBAL A. EARLY.

It is thought that General Early has left a good estate, though he was a man of astonishing generosity, especially towards his numerous relatives and needy ex-Confederates.

Three weeks ago General Early had a serious fall while passing up the steps of the post office here, from which he never recovered. There is no doubt that this hastened the veteran's death. He was 78 years old.

AVENGED HIS WIFE AND CHILD.

Two Brutal Negro Murderers Slain by a Stricken Father.

FRANKLIN PARK, N. J., March 2.—Yesterday two negroes attempted to rob a prosperous farmer. In their attempt they killed his young wife and infant child and were killed themselves. The woman would have been the mother of another child within a few days if she had been allowed to live. The burglars' victims are Mrs. Moore Baker and her daughter Gertie, 16 months old, and the dead burglars are Henry Baker, 22 years old, and Willard Thompson, 18 years old.

The Bakers have long been held as sociable and reputable members of this small community. "Hen" Baker had been in the employ of the Baker family since boyhood. The sight of a $100 bill in the possession of Mr. Moore Baker, however, excited his cupidity, and getting the assistance of Thompson the two visited the house soon after midnight, while Mr. Baker and his family were asleep.

It is evident that Mrs. Baker was aroused when the fiends entered her room, and doubtless made an outcry, but not loud enough to awake her sleeping husband. She was quickly dispatched with an ax carried by Thompson. Then the child awakened with a cry, and it, too, had its skull crushed with the ax.

At this time Mr. Baker was awakened. Jumping from bed he grappled with Thompson, who held the ax, and after a severe struggle, in which he himself was twice cut, succeeded in wrenching the weapon from him. Then he rained blow after blow upon the murderous negro until he fell dead. Meantime "Hen" Baker had hid in an adjoining room, and Mr. Baker secured his shotgun. As "Hen" emerged Baker discharged both barrels at him, and the miscreant died an hour later. The coroner's jury promptly acquitted Mr. Baker.

The British at Bluefields.

WASHINGTON, March. 8.—The resolution of inquiry concerning the landing of British marines to preserve order at Bluefields, near the mouth of Nicaragua canal, which was introduced in the senate by Senator Morgan yesterday was the result of the discussion of this subject by the senate foreign relations committee. There is apprehension in the minds of senators that the English government is making an effort to obtain a footing on the eastern coast of the isthmus, in violation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. Senator Morgan is especially jealous of any movement on the part of a foreign government which might affect the Nicaragua canal, and probably nothing could happen to give him greater concern than for England to secure a foothold in that region.

Killed by a Falling Mast.

NEW YORK, March 8.—The fishing sloop Marie Duryea, while on her way to Horse Shoe for a load of crabs, was struck by a puff of wind and her mast blown out. In falling the mast struck the captain, who was almost instantly killed. The mate, the only other man aboard, rowed ashore for assistance, but before it could be secured the sloop had disappeared. She was found, however, off Rockaway, with the dead captain still aboard.

Philadelphia Appointments Confirmed.

WASHINGTON, March 7.—John R. Read, to be collector of the port of Philadelphia; St. Clair Mulholland, to be pension agent, and P. Gray Meek, to be surveyor of the port, were confirmed in yesterday's executive session of the senate. The senate on Monday confirmed the nomination of C. Eugene Townsend for superintendent of the United States mint at Philadelphia.

The President Home Again.

WASHINGTON, March 6.—The steamer Violet, with the presidential party aboard, arrived here at noon today. To a reporter Mr. Cleveland stated that his trip had been a very enjoyable one, and the sport fine. He is looking splendidly. The president was at once driven to the executive mansion, while Secretary Gresham was driven to his home.

The Suburban Stake Not Reduced.

NEW YORK, March 8.—The stake of the Suburban, the greatest event on the American turf, will not be reduced, as report has had it. It will be worth $25,000, as heretofore, rumors to the contrary notwithstanding.

MATTERS IN MARYLAND.

HAGERSTOWN, March 5.—The trustees of Bellevue asylum organized by electing D. L. Kenly as president; H. C. Ankeney, secretary; B. F. Fiery, treasury; Dr. E. M. Schindel, physician; Levi Baer, keeper, and John Reynold, farmer.

CUMBERLAND, March 5.—The county commissioners today appointed James Hitshew and Thomas Chandler constables. This completes the commissioners' appointments except as to the tax collectors. The collectors will be appointed in April.

HAGERSTOWN, Md., March 6.—William H. Billmyer, a well known citizen of Shepherds, W. Va., took one and a half ounces of laudanum at the Hotel Hamilton, with suicidal intent. Two doctors worked with him all night, and he is still in a precarious condition, with chances against his recovery.

ELKTON, March 4.—Farmer John Pennington, whose home is north of Newark, was visited on Thursday midnight by a burglar, who stole $13 in money and a gold chain. A gun that stood near the bed in which Mr. and Mrs. Pennington were sleeping was taken downstairs and loaded by the robber. It was left there.

ANNAPOLIS, March 3.—The Maryland legislature yesterday passed a bill authorizing the Pennsylvania Railroad company to construct a road from Elkton to a point on the Kent and Queen Anne railroad, at or near Massey's, in Kent county, and to draw on the state treasury for $58,000, the unexpended portion of Cecil county's internal improvement fund.

BALTIMORE, March 2.—Dr. Alden Miles and Maud Atkins, who were arrested in Pittsburg last Tuesday, were returned to Baltimore today and lodged in the Towson jail. Neither resisted the requisition papers from Governor Brown. Miss Atkins, who is but 15 years of age, is Dr. Miles' sister-in-law. He deserted his wife and eloped with the young girl.

FREDERICK, Md., March 7.—The 110th annual session of the Baltimore conference of the Methodist Episcopal church was formally opened in the Methodist church in this city at 9 o'clock this morning. Bishop Charles H. Fowler, of Minneapolis, will preside during the session, which is expected to continue for one week. One of the most important subjects to be considered will be "State aid to denominational schools."

BALTIMORE, March 2.—William Joeneke, 24 years old, was fatally shot at the corner of Sharp and Cross streets by George Stroggan, 19 years old. The bullet entered Joeneke's abdomen and lodged in the bowels. His wound is pronounced fatal. Joeneke claimed the shooting was intentional, but was too weak to give the cause. Stroggan declares that he did not intend to shoot, but was showing the pistol to Joeneke when it went off accidentally.

WESTMINSTER, March 4.—David Powell, aged about 80, committed suicide on last Friday night by hanging himself by a shawl strap to a cherry tree on the place of his brother-in-law, Andrew Myerly, near Roop's Mill, Carroll county. The tree limb was so low that Mr. Powell had to bend his knees to keep his feet from resting on the ground. No cause for the act is known. Mr. Powell had been unwell for some time. He leaves no family.

BALTIMORE, March 7.—Joseph Donjan, who was sentenced to eighteen months in the Maryland penitentiary for sending a threatening postal card to Vice President Stevenson, has written to President Cleveland asking for pardon, in which he says: "I'll promise never to write a newspaper article, nor will I otherwise bring myself in the foreground unless it is to serve my own interest without disturbing other people. Liberty is health to me. Confinement will soon prove my destroyer. I ask mercy."

ELLICOTT CITY, March 4.—The preliminary steps were taken yesterday before Justice Wallenhorst for the incorporation of the electric railway company which proposes to construct an electric road through Montgomery, Howard and Baltimore counties, to connect Washington and Baltimore. The capital stock will be $1,000,000. After the certificate is signed by Judge Jones it will be filed with the secretary of state at Annapolis. Among the incorporators are R. G. Harper Carroll, Alexander Brown, Samuel E. George and Williams & Williams, attorneys.

BELAIR, March 4.—The celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of the Rev. Dr. William F. Brand took place today at St. Mary's Protestant Episcopal church, near Emmorton. The morning service was read by Rev. Frederick Gibson, of St. George's church, Baltimore, assisted by Rev. Robert H. Paine, of Mount Calvary church, Baltimore. Bishop Paret preached a sermon on the relation of a pastor to his flock. A series of well executed monochromes drawn by Rev. J. A. Oertel and representing several of the prophets and scenes in Old Testament history were shown for the first time. Mr. Oertel made some of the paintings already in the church.

ANNAPOLIS, Md., March 6.—Old Annapolis yesterday celebrated her 200th anniversary as capital of Maryland. Everything was decorated with state and national colors from the state house down. There was a great parade of militia and civic organizations of the town, and exercises were held at the Masonic Opera House at 4 o'clock by St. John's college, when Adjutant General H. Kyd Douglass, of Maryland, delivered an address on "Free Religion and Education." At 8 p. m. exercises were held at the state house, and Professor Alfred P. Dennis, of Princeton university, delivered an address on the "Catholic and Puritan Settlement." An historical sketch was read by Mr. E. S. Riley, of Annapolis.

Who Will Provide for Lobengula's Family?

CAPE TOWN, March 6.—A trader named Dawson, who has arrived at Buluwayo from the Shangani river, says that at the point where the last stand was made by the Wilson party, which was annihilated by the Matabeles, he found the bones of thirty-three men. Dawson gathered the remains together and buried them in one grave. King Lobengula, it is now stated, died on Jan. 23. The Matabeles are hurrying into Buluwayo, with the intention of surrendering, and are very anxious to know where they are going to live and who is to support the wives and children of the late King Lobengula.

Victims of Yellow Fever.

RIO DE JANEIRO, March 6.—George M. Rollins, who volunteered to act as an intermediary between Admiral da Gama and the American merchantmen in the incident which culminated in the United States cruiser Detroit firing on the insurgent warships Trojana and Guanabara, died yesterday of yellow fever. Captain W. A. Sturgis, of the American ship Santuit, which towed the Destroyer from New York to Pernambuco to join President Peixoto's new fleet, also died of the same disease.