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THE RESURRECTION.

REV DR. TALMAGE PREACHES UPON "EASTER IN GREENWOOD."

The Great Tabernacle Thronged—The Pulpit Almost Hidden With Flowers—The Usual Beautiful and Unique Sermon, Brooklyn's Famed Cemetery.

BROOKLYN, March 25.—The Easter services in the Tabernacle today were attended by immense audiences. Beautiful floral decorations almost hid the pulpit from view, and the great organ gave forth its most rapturous strains in honor of the day. In the forenoon Rev. Dr. Talmage delivered an eloquent sermon on "Easter In Greenwood," the text being taken from Genesis xxiii, 17, 18, "And the field of Hebron, which was in Machpelah, which was before Mamre, the field, and the cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about, were made sure unto Abraham."

Here is the first cemetery ever laid out. Machpelah was its name. It was an arborescent beauty, where the wound of death was bandaged with foliage. Abraham, a rich man, not being able to bribe the king of terrors, proposes here, as far as possible, to cover up the ravages. He had no doubt previously noticed this region, and now that Sarah, his wife, had died—that remarkable person who, at 90 years of age, had born to her the son Isaac, and who now, after she had reached 127 years, had expired—Abraham is negotiating for a family plot for her last slumber.

Ephron owned this real estate, and after, in mock sympathy for Abraham, refusing to take anything for it, now sticks on a big price—400 shekels of silver. The cemetery lot is paid for, and the transfer made in the presence of witnesses in a public place, for there were no deeds and no halls of record in those early times. Then in a cavern of limestone rock Abraham put Sarah, and a few years after himself followed, and then Isaac and Rebekah, and then Jacob and Leah. Embowered, picturesque and memorable Machpelah! Thus "God's acre" dedicated by Abraham has been the mother of innumerable mortuary observances. The necropolis of every civilized land has vied with its metropolis.

BEAUTIFUL CITIES OF THE DEAD.

The most beautiful hills of Europe outside the great cities are covered with obelisk and funeral vase and arched gateways and columns and parterres in honor of the inhumated. The Appian way of Rome was bordered by sepulchral commemorations. For this purpose Pisa has its arcades of marble sculptured into excellent bas-reliefs and the features of dear faces that have vanished. Genoa has its terraces cut into tombs, and Constantinople covers with cyprus the silent habitations, and Paris has its Pere la Chaise, on whose heights rest Balzac and David and Marshal Ney and Cuvier and La Place and Moliere and a mighty group of warriors and poets and painters and musicians. In all foreign nations utmost genius on all sides is expended in the work of interment, mummification and incineration.

Our own country consents to be second to none in respect to the lifeless body. Every city and town and neighborhood of any intelligence or virtue has not many miles away its sacred inclosure, where affection has engaged sculptor's chisel and florist's spade and artificer in metals. Our own city has shown its religion as well as its art in the manner which it holds the memory of those who have passed forever away by its Cypress Hills, and its Evergreens, and its Calvary and Holy Cross and Friends' cemeteries.

All the world knows of our Greenwood, with now about 270,000 inhabitants sleeping among the hills that overlook the sea, and by lakes embosomed in an Eden of flowers, our American Westminster abbey, an Acropolis of mortuary architecture, a Pantheon of mighty ones ascended, elegies in stone, Iliads in marble, whole generations in peace waiting for other generations to join them. No dormitory of breathless sleepers in all the world has so many mighty dead.

THE MIGHTY SLEEPERS.

Among the preachers of the gospel, Bethune and Thomas DeWitt and Bishop Janes and Tyng and Abeel, the missionary, and Beecher and Buddington, and McClintock and Inskip, and Bangs and Chapin, and Noah Schenck and Samuel Hanson Cox. Among musicians, the renowned Gottschalk and the holy Thomas Hastings. Among philanthropists, Peter Cooper and Isaac T. Hopper, and Lucretia Mott and Isabella Graham, and Henry Bergh, the apostle of mercy to the brute creation. Among the litterati, the Carys—Alice and Phœbe—James K. Paulding and John G. Saxe. Among journalists, Bennett and Raymond and Greeley. Among scientists, Ormsby Mitchell, warrior as well as astronomer and lovingly called by his soldiers "Old Stars;" Professor Proctor and the Drapers—splendid men, as I well know, one of them my teacher, the other my classmate.

Among inventors Elias Howe, who through the sewing machine did more to alleviate the toils of womanhood than any man that ever lived, and Professor Morse, who gave us magnetic telegraphy, the former doing his work with the needle, the latter with the thunderbolt. Among physicians and surgeons Joseph C. Hutchinson and Marion Sims and Dr. Valentine Mott, with the following epitaph, which he ordered cut in honor of Christian religion: "My implicit faith and hope is in a merciful Redeemer, who is the resurrection and the life. Amen and Amen." This is our American Machpelah, as sacred to us as the Machpelah in Canaan, of which Jacob uttered that pastoral poem in one verse: "There they buried Abraham and Sarah, his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebekah, his wife, and there I buried Leah."

THE FAMILY OF FLOWERS.

At this Easter service I ask and answer what may seem a novel question, but it will be found, before I get through, a practical and useful and tremendous question, What will resurrection day do for the cemeteries? First, I remark, it will be their supernal beautification. At certain seasons it is customary in all lands to strew flowers over the mounds of the departed. It may have been suggested by the fact that Christ's tomb was in a garden. And when I say garden I do not mean a garden of these latitudes. The late frosts of spring and the early frosts of autumn are so near each other that there are only a few months of flowers in the field. All the flowers I see today had to be petted and coaxed and put under shelter, or they would not have bloomed at all. They are the children of the conservatories. But at this season and through the most of the year the Holy Land is all ablush with floral opulence.

You find all the royal family of flowers there, some that you supposed indigenous to the far north, and others indigenous to the far south—the daisy and hyacinth, crocus and anemone, tulip and water lily, geranium and ranunculus, mignonette and sweet marjoram. In the college at Beirut you may see Dr. Post's collection of about 1,800 kinds of Holy Land flowers, while among trees are the oaks of frozen climes, and the tamarisk of the tropics, walnut and willow, ivy and hawthorn, ash and elder, pine and sycamore. If such floral and botanical beauties are the wild growths of the field, think of what a garden must be in Palestine! And in such a garden Jesus Christ slept after, on the soldier's spear, his last drop of blood had coagulated. And then see how appropriate that all our cemeteries should be floralized and tree shaded. In June Greenwood is Brooklyn's garden.

THE RESURRECTION IDEA.

"Well, then," you say, "how can you make out that the resurrection day will beautify the cemeteries? Will it not leave them a plowed up ground? On that day there will be an earthquake, and will not this split the polished Aberdeen granite as well as the plain slab that can afford but two words—'Our Mary' or 'Our Charley?'" Well, I will tell you how resurrection day will beautify all the cemeteries. It will be by bringing up the faces that were to us once, and in our memories are to us now, more beautiful than any calla lily, and the forms that are to us more graceful than any willow by the waters. Can you think of anything more beautiful than the reappearance of those from whom we have been parted? I do not care which way the tree falls in the blast of the judgment hurricane, or if the plowshare that day shall turn under the last rose leaf and the last china aster, if out of the broken sod shall come the bodies of our loved ones not damaged, but irradiated.

The idea of the resurrection gets easier to understand as I hear the phonograph unroll some voice that talked into it a year ago, just before our friend's decease. You touch the lever, and then come forth the very tones, the very song of the person that breathed into it once, but is now departed. If a man can do that, cannot Almighty God, without half trying, return the voice of your departed? And if he can return the voice, why not the lips, and the tongue, and the throat that fashioned the voice? And if the lips, and the tongue, and the throat, why not the brain that suggested the words? And if the brain, why not the nerves, of which the brain is the headquarters? And if he can return the nerves, why not the muscles, which are less ingenious? And if the muscles, why not the bones, that are less wonderful? And if the voice, and the brain, and the muscles, and the bones, why not the entire body? If man can do the phonograph, God can do the resurrection.

A WONDERFUL FACT.

Will it be the same body that in the last day shall be reanimated? Yes, but infinitely improved. Our bodies change every seven years, and yet in one sense it is the same body. On my wrist and the second finger of my right hand there is a scar. I made that at 12 years of age, when, disgusted at the presence of two warts, I took a redhot iron and burned them off and burned them out. Since then my body has changed at least a half dozen times, but those scars prove it is the same body.

We never lose our identity. If God can and does sometimes rebuild a man five, six, ten times in this world, is it mysterious that he can rebuild him once more and that in the resurrection? If he can do it 10 times, I think he can do it 11 times. Then look at the 17 year locusts. For 17 years gone, at the end of 17 years they appear, and by rubbing the hind leg against the wing make that rattle at which all the husbandmen and vine dressers tremble as the insectile host takes up the march of devastation. Resurrection every 17 years—a wonderful fact!

Another consideration makes the idea of resurrection easier. God made Adam. He was not fashioned after any mode. There had never been a human organism, and so there was nothing to copy. At the first attempt God made a perfect man. He made him out of the dust of the earth. If out of ordinary dust of the earth and without a model God could make a perfect man, surely out of the extraordinary dust of mortal body and with millions of models God can make each one of us a perfect being in the resurrection. Surely the last undertaking would not be greater than the first. See the gospel algebra. Ordinary dust minus a model equals a perfect man. Extraordinary dust and plus a model equals a resurrection body. Mysteries about it? Oh, yes. That is one reason why I believe it. It would not be much of a God who could do things only as far as I can understand. Mysteries? Oh, yes. But no more about the resurrection of your body than about its present existence.

A TIRED WORLD.

I will explain to you the last mystery of the resurrection and make it as plain to you as that two and two make four if you will tell me how your mind, which is entirely independent of your body, can act upon your body so that at your will your eyes open, or your foot walks, or your hand is extended. So I find nothing in the Bible statement concerning the resurrection that staggers me for a moment. All doubts clear from my mind. I say that the cemeteries, however beautiful now, will be more beautiful when the bodies of our loved ones come up in the morning of the resurrection.

They will come in improved condition. They will come up rested. The most of them lay down at the last very tired. How often you have heard them say, "I am so tired!" The fact is, it is a tired world. If I should go through this audience and go round the world, I could not find a person in any style of life ignorant of the sensation of fatigue.

I do not believe there are 50 persons in this audience who are not tired. Your head is tired, or your back is tired, or your foot is tired, or your brain is tired, or your nerves are tired. Long journeying or business application or bereavement or sickness has put on you heavy weights. So the vast majority of those who went out of this world went out fatigued. About the poorest place to rest in is this world. Its atmosphere, its surroundings and even its hilarities are exhausting. So God stops our earthly life and mercifully closes the eyes, and more especially gives quiescence to the lung and heart, that have not had 10 minutes' rest from the first respiration and the first beat.

If a drummer boy were compelled in the army to beat his drum for 24 hours without stopping, his officer would be court martialed for cruelty. If the drummer boy should be commanded to beat his drum for a week without ceasing, day and night, he would die in attempting it. But under your vestment is a poor heart that began its drumbeat for the march of life 30 or 40 or 60 or 80 years ago, and it has had no furlough by day or night, and whether in conscious or comatose state it went right on, for if it had stopped seven seconds your life would have closed. And your heart will keep going until some time after your spirit has flown, for the auscultator says that after the last expiration of lung and the last throb of pulse, and after the spirit is released, the heart keeps on beating for a time. What a mercy, then, it is that the grave is the place where that wondrous machinery of ventricle and artery can halt!

DUST OF THE EARTH.

Under the healthful chemistry of the soil all the wear and tear of nerve and muscle and bone will be subtracted, and that bath of good fresh clean soil will wash off the last ache, and then some of the care which way the tree falls in the blast of the judgment hurricane, or if the plowshare that day shall turn under the last rose leaf and the last china aster, if out of the broken sod shall come the bodies of our loved ones not damaged, but irradiated.

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FOOD FOR THE ARMY.

Salem Very Liberal in Its Treatment of the Marchers.

RECRUITS COME IN VERY SLOWLY.

Their Appearance at Beloit Excites the Ridicule of the Villagers, but Boys Who Had Prepared to Snowball Them Pitied Their Forlorn Appearance.

CANTON, O., March 26.—In the face of a sharp, cold wind that brought shivers to the frames of well clad people Coxey's army marched eight miles yesterday on the road to Washington. There were a few less than a hundred of them. Not to exceed a dozen had overcoats or gloves.

The start from Massillon resembled the moving of an old time country circus, more than anything else. There was no gladness of peace in the procession, as Coxey had designed, his divorced wife refusing to permit her daughter to go with the army in that capacity. Coxey's son Jesse, a boy of 16, was mounted on a



J. S. COXEY.

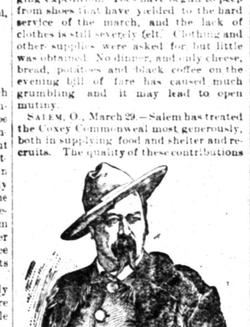
blooded stallion from the stock farm, and wore a military uniform. Browne and the other officers were similarly mounted, while the "general" rode in a phaeton behind one of his favorite horses. Mrs. Coxey, her 3-year old son and the housekeeper for the Coxeys rode in a buggy.

But seventy two of Coxey's Commonwealers had the courage to march away from Canton yesterday afternoon in the face of the wintry blast. They were starting at the time set for the start. The band deserted at that point also, and that took much of the spirit out of the soldiers.

ALLIANCE, O., March 28.—Twelve miles of the longest free lunch route on record was mapped out for the Coxey caravan yesterday. January weather was also on the program, but the sympathy of the people along the line of march is making it possible for the men to progress without any particular hardships. They were cheered yesterday morning by sausage, ham, dry bread and black coffee.

The army arrived in Alliance footsore and weary, and at once set out upon a begging expedition. Toes have begun to peep from shoes that have yielded to the hard service of the march, and the lack of clothes is still severely felt. Clothing and other supplies were asked for but little was obtained. No dinner, and only cheese, bread, potatoes and black coffee on the evening bill of fare has caused much grumbling and it may lead to open mutiny.

SALEM, O., March 29.—Salem has treated the Coxey Commonweal most generously, both in supplying food and shelter and recruits. The quality of these contributions



CARL BROWNE.

of men and things was of the highest. Indeed the leaders are so pleased with the new men as to be more hopeful in their talk than ever.

Shortly after 3 o'clock the army filed into the town, seventy-nine strong. Probably 3,000 people gave them a silent welcome. The mayor, J. W. Northrop, provided two halls, Kauffman's Armory and the Federation of Labor hall, as sleeping quarters. Quantities of food, such as coffee, bread, meat, sandwiches and boiled eggs had been prepared by a committee of citizens, and this was turned over to Marshal Browne. Camp Anna L. Diggs was a vacant lot, near the depot, donated by a prominent townsman for that purpose. In a miserable sleet storm the army camped and was fed.

Mr. Bonsall, who has managed the citizens' arrangements here, had Carl Browne to supper. The latter then held a crowded meeting in the opera house at 7 o'clock. Sixteen of the best recruits thus far enlisted joined immediately after the camp was reached. They are all genuine workmen. One walked from Ashtabula in four days, another came from Connecticut and two from Alliance.

The weary Commonweal struggled into Beloit, O., at noon. The march was broken at Niles Junction, where Marshal Browne called a halt for half an hour. Horn blowing and chaffing from the villagers greeted the woebegone Commonweal. Some of the boys had several bushels of snowballs prepared for the army, but the appearance of the men was so forlorn that they were allowed to pass through unmolested. Several have deserted and there is much grumbling. The army, sixty-seven strong, passed through Damascus at 1:30 p. m., and was jeered and guyed by the people of the village. Owing to the rough roads the marchers were not able to make schedule time.

At East Liverpool, O., last night the Coxey contingent showed its hand at a public meeting held in Wittenberger's hall. James F. Green, defeated candidate for the Democratic nomination for city marshal, was elected marshal of the East Liverpool regiment. The leaders have a bona fide roll of 525 "soldiers" to date, and the force is being steadily enlarged. Almost all of them are striking potters.

The marchers were cheered this morning by the appearance of Mr. Coxey, who returned from Chicago in time to resume the march.

Washing the Hands.

Washing the hands in water to which ammonia has been added is a very common recommendation. This would be well enough, perhaps, if the supplementary processes were correctly given, but the direction is simply for putting a little of this substance into the water in which the hands are washed. Somebody follows these directions and finds the hands rough and disagreeable almost beyond endurance. Some day the victim of this foolish practice makes up her mind that maybe ammonia doesn't agree with her and forthwith discontinues its use.

The fact is that ammonia is absolutely unfit for the toilet unless its effects are carefully removed by some suitable agent. It is strongly alkaline and destroys the natural oil on and near the surface of the skin, leaving it rough, crackly and with a decided tendency to chap and wrinkle. After the use of soap of any sort or any alkaline preparation the hands should be thoroughly washed in clean water and rubbed with some soothing compound, such as glycerin and rosewater, a bit of diluted honey, almond oil or some like substance. This restores the softness of the skin and prevents chapping.—Good Housekeeping.

The Pioneers.

So much has been heard of Mary Wollstonecraft as a herald of woman's equality that most people have forgotten the name of Mary Astell, a contemporary of Defoe's, who lived a hundred years before Mary Wollstonecraft, and who was the first woman who pleaded for "woman's equality of education and social position." If it were a daring thing to do in the eighteenth century, it was surely a much more daring thing to do in the seventeenth, and, though Mary Astell may be said to have "hedged" a little under the wrath of her contemporaries, yet to her is the credit of having been the first to urge the necessity of giving woman the benefits of a thorough education. Other pioneers there have been at a later date who have suffered slander and persecution in the woman's cause, and whose work has been ignored and set aside by the more noisy crowd who now enjoy the benefits which the pioneers' sufferings purchased. —Humanitarian.

Flowers and Singing.

Concerning a paragraph published on the alleged weakening influences of flowers, especially violets, upon the voices of singers, a correspondent writes that an evidence in favor of the assertion was had at a matinee in New York of the opera season. A very large and beautiful bunch of violets was handed to Nordica, who, with scant ceremony, thrust them instantly away from her, holding them behind her as she backed off the stage and reappearing to bow again without them. The incident was sufficiently marked to attract the notice of at least one person and attests the assertion that singers have reason to dread the effect of the perfume of violets while singing a solo.—New York Times.

WEDDED AND MURDERED.

A Married Couple Who Lived But Three Hours Together.

PENSACOLA, Fla., March 29.—A terrible tragedy was enacted in this city Tuesday night, in which C. S. Huff and bride, who had been married but three hours previous, lost their lives. Mrs. Huff was formerly the wife of Thomas Trainor, steamboat captain. Last fall she obtained a divorce from Trainor, and on Tuesday she married Huff. After the divorce Trainor continued to visit the home of his former wife, and kept his clothes there. It is not known whether marriage relations were resumed, but it is thought they were.

Trainor claims that he went to Huff's house to obtain his clothes and was ordered out by Huff, who refused to let him have them. He refused to go without the clothes. Huff advanced toward him with a knife in his hand, when Trainor drew his pistol and shot him dead. He also claims that Mrs Huff was shot accidentally by going between him and Huff. Both died instantly. Trainor is in jail.

Like an Earthquake.

PITTSBURG, March 24.—Ten thousand pounds of dynamite blew up at Black Run, near Hulton, yesterday, and the only four people who knew anything about it were scattered in fragments over a quarter of a mile of territory. The dead are: William Arthur, aged 25 years. Mrs Belle Arthur, aged 17, wife of William Arthur. Sallie Reamlie, aged 21, sister of Mrs. Arthur. Charles Robbins, aged 19 years, of Allegheny City, who was employed as a puncher. Nellie Reamlie, aged 19, sister of the other woman, was fatally injured and brought to Pittsburg, where she died in the West Penn hospital.

Governor Hogg Indignant.

AUSTIN, Tex., March 29.—Governor Hogg authorizes the following: "You can truthfully say that neither the cormorant nor the commune can disgrace Texas while I am governor. When a railroad company hauls tramps or unemployed, penniless men into this state it cannot dump them in a barren desert and murder them by torture and starvation without atoning for it. If there is any virtue in justice. Nor will I permit them to be shot down on Texas soil by any armed force whatever, no matter how much the Southern Pacific and other enemies of the state may howl about the commune."

Dependent Pensioners Reinstated.

WASHINGTON, March 28.—The pension rolls will be greatly enlarged by a decision of Assistant Secretary of the Interior Reynolds. It will restore to the rolls the names of a large number of insane, idiotic and permanently helpless minor children of deceased soldiers where the pensions of the former had ceased by the children attaining the age of 16 years prior to the passage of the act of June 27, 1890. The decision holds that the act of 1890 has the effect of restoring these dependent persons to the rolls during life or a continuance of the disability.

The Seventh Gaylord Mine Victim.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., March 29.—The body of the seventh victim in the Gaylord mine was taken out shortly after 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. It proved to be that of Thomas Leyshon, who was the only single man of the all fated thirteen. His mother, who is a resident of Canton, O., came here immediately after the accident and visited the shaft daily in the hope that the next victim found would be her son. She was not at the shaft when the body of her son was brought up, but received the remains at the undertaker's establishment.

No Hope for the Peach Crop.

LAUREL, Del., March 29.—Little hope remains now, even among the most sanguine, that any considerable portion of the peach buds have survived the trying ordeal of the past three nights. Strawberries are not hurt. Apricots, pears, cherries and plums are utterly ruined, and raspberries and blackberries are badly injured. Early gardens are destroyed, and the work done in them during the past few weeks of fine weather will have to be done over.

Escaped Prisoners Captured.

PHILLIPSBURG, N. J., March 29.—Charles Dorsey and Harry Lair, two prisoners who broke out of Belvidere jail early last Saturday morning, were captured in a shanty at Whitaker's, two miles below here. They offered no resistance, and were recommitted to Belvidere jail. They were awaiting trial for robbing a jewelry store at Washington.

Four Hunters Drowned.

HOLLAND, Mich., March 27.—Saturday night Eugene McKay, Charles Petrie and two other men left here in a boat to camp out and hunt on Sunday. Yesterday the bodies of the men were found floating in the bay. The victim were Charles Petrie, Jean McKay, D. C. Schaefer and Irwin Thake. Petrie was the only married man in the party.

A Reception to Satolli.

BALTIMORE, March 29.—Archbishop Satolli and Rev. P. J. Donahue, bishop-elect of Wheeling, W. Va., will be tendered a public reception by the Catholics of Baltimore on Sunday evening, April 15. The reception will take place in the main hall of Harris' Academy of Music, and will be followed by a banquet.

The Kearsarge a Total Loss.

WASHINGTON, March 28.—Secretary Herbert has received a dispatch from the officers of the wrecking vessel Orion, which departed from Boston to save the hull of the Kearsarge, which stranded on Roncador reef, stating that the Kearsarge has been burned and is a total loss.

An Embezzler Pleads Guilty.

NEW YORK, March 29.—Yesterday before Judge Benedict Benjamin G. Sanford, late cashier of the St. Nicholas bank, withdrew his plea of not guilty and pleaded guilty to the charge of embezzlement. He was remanded for sentence.

Children Playing with Matches.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., March 29.—Edith and Fayette Horton, 7 and 5 years old, respectively, children of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Horton, were burned to death in a hay loft. They were at play and had some matches.

A Distinguished African Traveler Dead.

LONDON, March 28.—Commander Verney Lovett Cameron, the distinguished African traveler, after hunting with Baron Rothschild's hounds at Leighton Buzzard, Bedfordshire, was thrown from his horse, and died four hours later.

Another Free Coinage Bill.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—Senator Stewart, of Nevada, yesterday introduced a bill to provide for free and unlimited coinage of silver.

MR. ROSSELL TESTIFIES

Miss Pollard's Old Lover Appears for Breckinridge.

HE WAS ONCE ENGAGED TO HER,

But Declares That Her Actions Were Not Calculated to Hold His Respect—Depositions Tending to Show That the Plaintiff Was Unchaste.

WASHINGTON, March 23.—Counsel for Colonel Breckinridge have decided to follow the example of their opponents by reserving their client's testimony for the closing card in their case. Accordingly the silver haired congressman disappointed many people by failing to go upon the witness stand, and one of the disappointed ones was Madeline Pollard herself, who left court as soon as she learned of the program for the day. The entire day was dragged out by the reading of depositions, all aimed at two points, viz.: To prove that Miss Pollard did not give birth to a child at the Norwood convent in 1885, and that she is older than she represents herself to be.

There will be nothing more for the jury until Monday, as the court is observing Good Friday, and the session tomorrow will be devoted to arguments over the admissability of depositions to show that Miss Pollard had been intimate with other men than the defendant, to which the plaintiff has given notice of objections.

WASHINGTON, March 27.—The Pollard-Breckinridge testimony yesterday consisted in the reading of depositions taken in Kentucky. Among them were depositions from Joseph C. Bailey, clerk of the Woodford county circuit court at Versailles; Lawyer Edward M. Wallace, of Lexington; Judge J. R. Morton and Joseph H. Hunt and others. These tended to prove that Colonel Breckinridge was in attendance on a murder trial at Versailles on the dates that Miss Pollard had testified that he was with her in Lexington. The deposition of William G. Wood showed that he had been engaged to marry Miss Pollard in 1882, but the match was broken off. The deposition of Mack Julian, who has been blind since 1882, was to the effect that on the night of Dec. 24, 1882, he had spent the night with a merry party at the house of Squire Tinsley, near Gräfensburg. While there a mock marriage ceremony was performed between him and Miss Pollard, and he subsequently assisted the plaintiff, who had been drinking, upstairs to bed, while he sat on the edge of the bed. He had kissed Miss Pollard, but had taken no other liberties.

WASHINGTON, March 28.—In the Breckinridge-Pollard case yesterday the defense called as a witness the chief of police of the District of Columbia, Major Moore. He denied that in either of the two interviews Colonel Breckinridge had said "this is one of life's tragedies," or that he had said anything about Miss Pollard's having had two children. Dr. E. W. Shaffer, deputy coroner of district, and Edwin B. Hay testified as experts in handwriting that in their judgment the black bordered letter which Miss Pollard had declared a forgery and the use of which she acknowledged authorship was written by the same person.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—The surprise of the Pollard-Breckinridge trial yesterday was the unexpected appearance of one of Miss Pollard's old lover's, Rankin Rossell, a Kentucky school teacher.

Mr. Rossell testified that he had met Miss Pollard first in the fall of 1883, when he was employed in a Cincinnati dry goods store. Miss Pollard came into the store and introduced herself to him, stating she had heard her cousin, Nellie Oliver, speak of him often. At her request he accompanied her to