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ZIKLAG IN ASHES!

TALMAGE'S ELOQUENT SERMON AT LITTLE ROCK.

ing of the Village of David by the malekites the Theme of His Discourse. e Must Fight Like the Warriors of Old o Recover Our Loved Ones.

LITTLE ROCK, May 20.—On his way to California, whence he will start on May 31 on his round the world journey, Rev. Dr. Talmage, having halted here, preached today to a large audience on the subject of "Recovered Families." The text chosen was I Samuel xxx, 4, 19: "Then David and the people that were with him lifted up their voice and wept until they had no more power to weep. * * * David recovered all."

There is intense excitement in the village of Ziklag. David and his men are bidding goodby to their families and are off for the wars. In that little village of Ziklag the defenseless ones will be safe until the warriors, flushed with victory, come home. But will the defenseless ones be safe? The soft arms of children are around the necks of the bronze warriors until they shake themselves free and start, and handkerchiefs and flags are waved and kisses thrown until the armed men vanish beyond the hills. David and his men soon get through with their campaign and start homeward. Every night on their home no sooner does the soldier put his head on the knapsack than in his dream he hears the welcome of the wife and the shout of the child.

Oh, what long stories they will have to tell their families of how they dodged the battle-axe, and then will put up their sleeve and show the half healed wound. With glad, quick step, they march on, David and his men, for they are marching home. Now they come up to the last hill which overlooks Ziklag, and they expect in a moment to see the dwelling places of their loved ones. They look, and as they look their cheek turns pale, and their lip quivers, and their hand involuntarily comes down on the hilt of the sword. "Where is Ziklag? Where are our homes?" they cry. Alas, the curling smoke above the ruins tells the tragedy!

Captured by the Enemy.

The Amalekites have come down and pressed the village and carried the children, and the wives, and the children of David and his men into captivity. The swarthy warriors stand for a few moments transfixed with horror. Their eyes glance to each other, and they burst into uncontrollable weeping, when a strong warrior weeps grief is appalling. It seems as if the mountain might tear him to pieces. They cannot until they had no more power to weep." But soon their sorrow turns into wrath, and David, swinging his sword in air, cries, "Pursue, for thou shalt overtake them, and without fail recover all." Now the march becomes a double quick." Two hundred of David's men stop by the brook Besor, faint with fatigue and grief. They cannot go a step farther. They are left there. But the other 400 men under David, with a sort of panther step, march on in sorrow and in rage. They find by the side of the road a half dead Egyptian, and they resuscitate him and compel him to tell the whole story. He says, "Yonder they went, the captors of the captives," pointing in the direction. Forward, yo 400 brave men of David!

Very soon David and his enraged army come upon the Amalekitish camp. Yonder they see their own wives and children and mothers, and under the Amalekitish guard. There are the officers of the Amalekitish army holding a feast. The cups are full; the music of the dance begins. The Amalekites cheer and cheer and cheer their victory. But, without note of warning or warning of trumpet, David and his 400 men burst upon the scene. David and his men look up, and one see at their loved ones in captivity under Amalekitish guard throws himself into a very fury of determination, and you know how men will fight when they fight for their wives and children. Oh, there are lightnings in their eye, and every finger is a spear, and their voice is like the shout of the whirlwind! Amid the upset tankards and the costly viands crushed underfoot, the wounded Amalekites lie, their blood mingling with their wine, shrieking for mercy. No sooner do David and his men win the victory than they throw their swords down into the dust—what do they want with swords now?—and the broken families come together amid a great shout of joy that makes the parting scene in Ziklag seem very insipid in the comparison. The rough old warrior has to use some persuasion before he can get his child to come to him now after so long an absence, but soon the little finger traces the familiar wrinkle across the scarred face. And then the empty tankards are set up, and they are filled with the best wine from the hills, and David and his men, the husbands, the wives, the brothers, the sisters, drink to the overthrow of the Amalekites and to the rebuilding of Ziklag. So, O Lord, let thine enemies perish!

Spoils of Victory.

Now they are coming home, David and his men and their families—a long procession. Men, women and children, loaded with jewels and robes and with all kinds of trophies that the Amalekites had gathered up in years of conquest—everything now in the hands of David and his men. When they come to the brook Besor, the place where they had the men sick and incompetent to travel, the jewels and the robes and all kinds of treasures are divided among the sick as well as among the well. Surely the lame and exhausted ought to have some of the treasures. Here is a robe for a pale faced warrior. Here is a pillow for this dying man. Here is a handful of gold for the wasted trumpeter.

I really think that these men who fainted by the brook Besor may have endured as much as those men who went into the battle. Some mean fellows objected to the sick ones having any of the spoils. The objectors said, "These men did not fight." David, with a magnanimous heart, replies, "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

Ziklag In Ashes!

This subject is practically suggestive to me. Thank God, in these times a man can go off on a journey and be gone weeks and months and come back and see his house untouched of incendiary and have his family on the step to greet him if by telegram he has foretold the moment of his coming. But there are Amalekitish disasters, there are Amalekitish diseases that sometimes come down upon one's home, making as devastating work as the day when Ziklag took fire. There are families you represent broken up. No battering ram smote in the door, no iconoclast crumbled the statues, no flame leaped amid the curtains, but so far as all the joy and merriment that once belonged to that house are concerned the home has departed.

Armed diseases came down upon the quietness of the scene—scarlet fevers or pleurisies or consumptions or undefined disorders came and seized upon some members of that family and carried them away. Ziklag in ashes! And you go about, sometimes weeping and sometimes enraged, wanting to get back your loved ones as much as David and his men wanted to reconstruct their despoiled households. Ziklag in ashes! Some of you went off from home. You counted the days of your absence. Every day seemed as long as a week. Oh, how glad you were when the time came for you to go aboard the steamboat or railcar and start for home! You arrived. You went up the street where your dwelling was, and in the night you put your hand on the doorbell, and, behold! it was wrapped with the signal of bereavement, and you found that Amalekitish death, which has devastated a thousand other households, had blasted yours. You go about weeping amid the desolation of your once happy home, thinking of the bright eyes closed, and the noble hearts stopped, and the gentle hands folded, and you weep until you have no more power to weep. Ziklag in ashes!

A gentleman went to a friend of mine in the city of Washington and asked that through him he might get a consulship to some foreign port. My friend said to him, "What do you want to go away from your beautiful home for into a foreign port?" "Oh," he replied, "my home is gone! My six children are dead. I must get away, sir. I can't stand it in this country any longer." Ziklag in ashes!

Shadows of Bereavement.

Why these long shadows of bereavement across this audience? Why is it that in almost every assemblage black is the predominant color of the apparel? Is it because you do not like saffron or brown or violet? Oh, no! You say, "The world is not so bright to us as once it was," and there is a story of silent voices, and of still feet, and of loved ones gone, and when you look over the hills expecting only beauty and loveliness you find only devastation and woe. Ziklag in ashes!

One day, in Ulster county, N. Y., the village church was decorated until the fragrance of the flowers was almost bewildering. The maidens of the village had emptied the place of flowers upon one marriage altar. One of their own number was affianced to a minister of Christ, who had come to take her to his own home. With hands joined, amid a congratulatory audience, the vows were taken. In three days from that time one of those who stood at the altar exchanged earth for heaven. The wedding march broke down into the funeral dirge. There were not enough flowers now for the coffin lid, because they had all been taken for the bridal hour. The dead minister of Christ is brought to another village.

He had gone out from them less than a week before in his strength; now he comes home lifeless. The whole church bewailed him. The solemn procession moved around to look upon the still face that once had beamed the messages of salvation. Little children were lifted up to look at him. And some of those whom he had comforted in days of sorrow, when they passed that silent form, made the place dreadful with their weeping. Another village emptied of its flowers—some of them put in the shape of a cross to symbolize his hope, others put in the shape of a crown to symbolize his triumph. A hundred lights blown out in one strong gust from the open door of a sepulcher. Ziklag in ashes!

Heaven to Win.

I preach this sermon today because I want to rally you, as David rallied his men, for the recovery of the loved and the lost. I want not only to win heaven, but I want all this congregation to go along with me. I feel that somehow I have a responsibility in your arriving at that great city. Do you really want to join the companionship of your loved ones who have gone? Are you as anxious to join them as David and his men were to join their families? Then I am here, in the name of God, to say that you may and to tell you how.

I remark, in the first place, if you want to join your loved ones in glory, you must travel the same way they went. No sooner had the half dead Egyptian been resuscitated than he pointed the way the captors and the captives had gone, and David and his men followed after. So our Christian friends have gone into another country, and if we want to reach their companionship we must take the same road. They repented. We must repent. They prayed. We must pray. They trusted in Christ. We must trust in Christ. They lived a religious life. We must live a religious life. They were in some things like ourselves. I know, now they are gone, there is a halo around their names, but they had their faults. They said and did things they ought never to have said or done. They were sometimes rebellious, sometimes cast down. They were far from being perfect. So I suppose that when we have gone some things in us that are now only tolerable may be almost resplendent. But as they were like us in deficiencies we ought to be like them in taking a supernal Christ to make up for the deficits. Had it not been for Jesus they would have all perished, but Christ confronted them and said, "I am the way," and they took it.

The Path of Trouble.

I have also to say to you that the path that these captives trod was a troubled path, and that David and his men had to go over the same difficult way. While these captives were being taken off they said, "Oh, we are so tired; we are so sick; we are so hungry!" But the men who had charge of them said: "Stop this crying. Go on!" David and his men also found it a hard way. They had to travel it. Our friends have gone into glory, and it is through much tribulation that we are to enter into the kingdom. How our loved ones used to have to struggle! How their old hearts ached! How sometimes they had a tussle for bread! In our childhood we wondered why there were so many wrinkles on their faces. We did not know that what were called "crow's feet" on their faces were the marks of the black raven of trouble. Did you never hear the old people, seated by the evening hearth, talk over their early trials, their hardships, the accidents, the burials, the disappointments, the empty flour barrel when there were so many hungry ones to feed, the sickness almost unto death, where the next dose of morphine decided between ghastly bereavement and an unbroken home circle? Oh, yes! It was trouble that whitened their hair. It was trouble that shook the cup in their hands. It was trouble that washed the luster from their eyes with the rain of tears until they needed spectacles. It was trouble that made the cane a necessity for their journey. Do you never remember seeing your old mother sitting some rainy day looking out of the window, her elbow on the window sill, her hand to her brow, looking out, not seeing the falling shower at all (you well knew she was looking into the distant past), until the apron came up to her eyes because the memory was too much for her?

Oft the big, unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrowed cheek,
Told in eloquence sincere
Tales of woe they could not speak.

But, this scene of weeping o'er,
Past this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never, never weep again.

"Who are these under the altar?" the question was asked, and the response came, "These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Our friends went by a path of tears into glory. Be not surprised if we have to travel the same pathway.

I remark again, if we want to win the society of our friends in heaven, we will not only have to travel a path of faith and a path of tribulation, but we will also have to positively battle for their companionship. David and his men never wanted sharp swords, and invulnerable shields, and thick breastplates so much as they wanted them on the day when they came down upon the Amalekites. If they had lost that battle, they never would have got their families back. I suppose that one glance at their loved ones in captivity hurled them into the battle with tenfold courage and energy. They said: "We must win it. Everything depends upon it. Let each one take a man on point of spear or sword. We must win it." And I have to tell you that between us and coming into the companionship of our loved ones who are departed there is an Austerlitz, there is a Gettysburg, there is a Waterloo. War with the world, war with the flesh, war with the devil. We have either to conquer our troubles, or our troubles will conquer us. David will either slay the Amalekites, or the Amalekites will slay David. And yet is not the fort to be taken worth all the pain, all the peril, all the besiegement?

Look! Who are they on the bright hills of heaven yonder? There they are, those who sat at your own table, the chair now vacant. There they are, those whom you rocked in infancy in the cradle or hushed to sleep in your arms. There they are, those in whose life your life was bound up. There they are, their brow more radiant than ever before you saw it, their lips waiting for the kiss of heavenly greeting, their cheek resonate with the health of eternal summer, their hands beckoning you up the steep, the feet bounding with the mirth of heaven. The pallor of their last sickness gone out of their face, nevermore to be sick, nevermore to cough, nevermore to limp, nevermore to be old, nevermore to weep. They are watching from those heights to see if through Christ you can take that fort, and whether you will rush in upon them—victors. They know that upon this battle depends whether you will ever join their society. Up! Strike harder! Charge more bravely! Remember that every inch you gain puts you so much farther on toward that heavenly reunion.

Families Reunited

If this morning while I speak you could hear the cannonade of a foreign enemy which was to despoil your city, and if they really should succeed in carrying your families away from you, how long would we take before we resolved to go after them? Every weapon, whether fresh from the armory or old and rusty in the garret, would be brought out, and we would urge on, and coming in front of the foe we would look at them and then look at our families, and the cry would be, "Victory or death!" and when the ammunition was gone we would take the captors on the point of the bayonet or under the breech of the gun.

If you would make such a struggle for the getting back of your earthly friends, will you not make as much struggle for the gaining of the eternal companionship of your heavenly friends? Oh, yes, we must join them! We must sit in their holy society. We must sing with them the song. We must celebrate with them the triumph. Let it never be told on earth or in heaven that David and his men pushed out with braver hearts for the getting back of their earthly friends for a few years on earth than we to get our departed!

You say that all this implies that our departed Christian friends are alive. Why, had you any idea they were dead? They have only moved. If you should go on the 2d of May to a house where one of your friends lived and find him gone, you would not think that he was dead. You would inquire next door where he had moved to. Our departed Christian friends have only taken another house. The secret is that they are richer now than they once were and can afford a better residence. They once drank out of earthenware. They now drink from the King's chalice. "Joseph is yet alive," and Jacob will go up and see him. Living, are they? Why, if a man can live in this damp, dark dungeon of earthly captivity, can he not live where he breathes the bracing atmosphere of the mountains of heaven? Oh, yes, they are living!

Do you think that Paul is so near dead now as he was when he was living in the Roman dungeon? Do you think that Frederick Robertson of Brighton is as near dead now as he was when, year after year, he slept seated on the floor, his head on the bottom of a chair because he could find ease in no other position? Do you think that Robert Hall is as near dead now as when on his couch he tossed in physical tortures? No. Death gave them the few black drops that cured them. That is all death does to a Christian—cures him. I know that what I have said implies that they are living. There is no question about that. The only question this morning is whether you will ever join them.

The Glorious Promise.

But I must not forget those 200 men who fainted by the brook Besor. They could not take another step farther. Their feet were sore; their head ached; their entire nature was exhausted. Besides that they were broken hearted because their homes were gone. Ziklag in ashes! And yet David, when he comes up to them, divides the spoils among them! He says they shall have some of the jewels, some of the robes, some of the treasures. I look over this audience this morning, and I find at least 200 who have fainted by the brook Besor—the brook of tears. You feel as if you could not take another step farther, as though you could never look up again. But I am going to imitate David and divide among you some glorious trophies. Here is a robe, "All things work together for good to those who love God." Wrap yourself in that glorious promise. Here is for your neck a string of pearls made out of crystallized tears. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Here is a coronet, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Oh, ye fainting ones by the brook Besor, dip your blistered feet in the running stream of God's mercy, bathe your brow at the wells of salvation, soothe your wounds with the balsam that exudes from trees of life. God will not utterly cast you off, O broken hearted man, O broken hearted woman, fainting by the brook Besor!

A shepherd finds that his musical pipe is bruised. He says: "I can't get any more music out of this instrument, so I will just break it, and I will throw this reed away. Then I will get another reed, and I will play music on that." But God says he will not cast you off because all the music has gone out of your soul. "The bruised reed he will not break." As far as I can tell the diagnosis of your disease, you want divine nursing, and it is promised you, "As one whom his mother comforteth so will I comfort you." God will see you all the way through, O troubled soul, and when you come down to the Jordan of death you will find it to be as thin a brook as Besor, for Dr. Robinson says that in April Besor dries up and there is no brook at all. And in your last moment you will be as placid as the Kentucky minister who went up to God, saying in the dying hour: "Write to my sister Kate and tell her not to be worried and frightened about the story of the horrors around the deathbed. Tell her there is not a word of truth in it, for I am there now, and Jesus is with me, and I find it a very happy way, not because I am a good man, for I am not. I am nothing but a poor, miserable sinner, but I have an Almighty Saviour, and both of his arms are around me."

May God Almighty, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, bring us into the companionship of our loved ones who have already entered the heavenly land and into the presence of Christ, whom, not having seen, we love, and so David shall recover all, "and as his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

Washing Cotton Dresses.

If cotton dresses are properly made, there is no reason why they should not be washed many times. To make up sateens and ginghams with boned basques, heavily lined skirts and velvet bound edges is an absurdity. Bodices and skirts may be made together, belting in by means of a draw ribbon, which, being loosened, reduces the gown to straight lines without folds. The frills and flounces about the shoulders are all set on draw ribbon headings and can also be let out flat. The big sleeves are supplied with an armhole set with a draw ribbon, by which it is narrowed for wear and widened for washing. Serpentine bodices are used also for wash dress designs, these bodices being practically two straight sash pieces. There are no bones. Lace, if used on these gowns, is of good heavy washable, really more to be used than lace. If ribbon is employed, it is made into bows easily adjusted and removed, or it is used under insertion of lace or embroidery, and so can be pulled out when the gown goes to the tub.—Boston Courier.

LOSSES BY THE FLOOD.

Millions Swept Away by the Rapidly Rushing Waters.

THE LOSS OF LIFE VERY SMALL,

Though Many People Were Compelled to Take Refuge in the Upper Stories of Their Homes—Williamsport Decides to Bear Her Own Heavy Loss.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., May 22.—The crest of the great flood here touched thirty-two feet and bore down on its mighty bosom five human lives and at least $4,000,000 in property. The water is now receding rapidly, and a large portion of the city is again free from the deluge.

The little steamer Minnie, which plies upon the Susquehanna river, mostly carrying picnic parties, yesterday split in two and the four persons aboard her were drowned. The victims are: Daniel Strouser, Thomas Dunlap and two sons and Isaac Haiza. Haiza was not on the boat, but he dwelt in a tiny ark on the riverside, and he was carried away in the rushing torrent.

The boom officials say there were in the boom prior to the flood 170,000,000 feet of logs. In the Linden boom were 10,000,000 feet, and in the Lock Haven boom 15,000,000. At least 5,000,000 more feet were carried along the mouths of the creeks. All these 200,000,000 feet of cut logs were torn from their fetters and swept toward the sea. The logs are worth $2,000,000. Manufactured into lumber they would be worth no less than $3,000,000.

Added to this is the loss in wages to the several thousand men who work in the sawmills during the summer. These are robbed of their occupation, and the blow is terrible. The sawed lumber carried away amounts to $350,000. It is estimated that 25 per cent, or about 50,000,000 feet, of the escaped logs can be caught farther down the river. Of course the lumbermen pay the men who catch them, which reduces the profit on the same lumber. About $150,000 in sawmill property was lost. The heavy losers are the West End mill people, Coleman's mill, one of Strong, Deemer & Co.'s mills, Righter's mill, Munson's, the Star mill, White's mill and Caldfield's mill. The Brown, Clark & Howe mill suffered little injury, and this is true of Maynard's mill.

The two bridges connecting Williamsport and South Williamsport at Maynard street and Market street are practically total wrecks. They cost about $150,000. The merchants and property owners all lost something, making the vast total of about $4,000,000.

The wind storm did considerable damage throughout Luzerne county. Fences were blown down, trees uprooted and outbuildings wrecked. Several large coal breakers were badly damaged. The steamer Mayflower, plying on the Susquehanna between Nanticoke and Plymouth, was dashed against its pier by the wind, and totally wrecked. It sank in a few minutes. The crew had a narrow escape. At Ashley a tree fell on a passing electric car, wrecking it and fatally injuring Bryan Berry, the motorman. Two

MANY FAMILIES PENNILESS.

Buildings in Danger of Falling Through the Action of the Torrent.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., May 23.—As the waters recede the havoc wrought by the flood is becoming more and more apparent, and each investigation proves that the loss to property will be as great as it was in 1889. Dozens of families among the poorer people of the city have lost all they had in the world, and almost every one has lost something. In fact, so widespread is the damage that it is impossible to particularize. The greatest havoc was wrought at Newberry, three miles out of this city, where the Reading depot was completely wrecked and every house in the place was from six to twelve feet under water.

In the city proper the foundations of many of the largest buildings in the city are found to have been so greatly weakened as to be unsafe. In the case of the Pine Street M. E. church the foundation of the steeple has been impaired so that the structure may fall at any time. These facts are causing great uneasiness, as many deaths resulted from falling buildings after the previous floods.

The losses in the farming districts have been very great, and reports from all the surrounding towns bring tales of the loss of thousands of dollars worth of logs and lumber swept away in the roaring torrent.

The Schuylkill Receding.

PHILADELPHIA, May 23.—The worst of the flood along the Schuylkill river in this city is over. The water has been falling slowly all day and yesterday and last night, and although much property is still submerged the prospects are more encouraging. In individual cases, however, the condition of the river is still dangerous. One of these is the outlying hamlet of Clearview, composed of about 300 families, and built on the banks of the Schuylkill river near the mouths of Darby and Cobbs creeks. These two streams have arisen with alarming rapidity, and the people have been driven by the rising water into the second and third stories of their houses.

Altoona's Water Dam Breaks.

ALTOONA, Pa., May 21.—The dam in the horseshoe curve above this city broke at 1:30 o'clock last night, thirteen feet of it being carried away. The people living in the valley had ample time to get out of the way of the rushing waters. If the heavy rainfall continues the rest of the dam will probably be carried away. Altoona gets its water supply from this body of water. A railroad signal tower at Mapleton was washed away and an iron bridge at the same place was thrown down. Between this city and Mill Creek the loss suffered by the farmers is very great. Their crops are destroyed, and fences and buildings have been washed away.

Whole Farms Ruined.

HUNTINGDON, Pa., May 21.—The Juniata river and the Raystown branch have risen twenty-two feet, flooding the low lying farm lands and imprisoning entire families in their homes, who cannot be reached. Portstown, a suburb of this city, was flooded to the second floors of the houses, and Allegheny street, in this city, was submerged. At Stonestown, Bedford county, Mrs. Jacob Miller, while trying to save some personal belongings was drowned. Whole farms on the Raystown branch have been practically ruined

Industries Closed by the Flood.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., May 22.—The rivers have overflowed their banks, necessitating the stoppage of many industries and damaging the machinery and stocks. The new railroad depots were abandoned yesterday afternoon, the water covering the tracks to a depth of two feet. Passengers are being carried to the old depots on the outskirts of the town. The electric light plant has been forced to shut down. The new Hokendauqua bridge, just finished at an expense of $40,000, is badly damaged and may have to be partially rebuilt. Many homes along the river banks have been abandoned.

Heavy Railroad Losses.

PITTSBURG, May 23.—It is estimated that the damage on the Pittsburg division of the Pennsylvania railroad by the flood will reach $75,000. Nearly 1,000 men are at work repairing the tracks between Conemaugh and Gallitzin, and it is expected that the road will be opened through before night. The Pittsburg and Western road resumed the running of trains over their own tracks today, and all the other roads are running trains as usual. Monday night John Schultze, who was engaged in pumping leaking barges, fell into the river and was drowned.

Williamsport Will Bear Her Own Loss.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., May 24.—A public meeting was held last night to decide whether or not to ask for assistance, at which C. H. McCormick presided. Much distress was reported, but the sentiment of the meeting was against asking for aid until it was found to be impossible to get along without it. Conservative estimates place the total losses at $4,000,000 in the city and county. The lumber men at a meeting decided to try and ascertain where their lost logs are, so that they may be reclaimed if possible.

Bridges Carried Away.

HOLLIDAYSBURG, Pa., May 22.—Late flood reports from different parts of Blair county indicate that the most serious effects have been felt. The greater portion of Frankstown township is now covered by a lake a mile wide. All traffic has been suspended on the three branches of the Pennsylvania railroad centering at this place. The county commissioners recently constructed several new iron bridges at an outlay of $40,000. The majority are either down or in a dismantled condition.

The Worst in Bradford's History.

BRADFORD, Pa., May 21.—The worst flood in Bradford's history is rushing through Tuna valley. Twenty streets contiguous to the creek are inundated and hundreds of families are in the swim. In the fourth ward twenty families were taken out of their homes in boats during the night. A 13-months-old baby fell into the east branch and was being swept away in the current. Thomas Potter leaped into the creek and after a desperate struggle saved the child.

Lock Haven Appeals for State Aid.

LOCK HAVEN, Pa., May 24.—The city has resumed its usual activity, but the streets are still in very bad shape. At a meeting of city council resolutions were adopted instructing the mayor to appeal to the governor for aid in cleaning the streets and pumping out the cellars. The appeal was forwarded by Mayor Mayer. This county has lost the greater part of its bridges by the flood. No lives are thus far reported as having been lost.

Fleeing to the Hills.

LEWISBURG, Pa., May 21.—There are heavy washouts at Millmont and west of there to Rising Sun. A number of bridges are gone, and the extensive and expensive tram way construction at Paddy mountain is all washed out. The water is two feet higher at Coburn than it was in 1889, and the people of the valley are fleeing to the hills and mountains for safety.

Lock Haven Emerging.

LOCK HAVEN, Pa., May 23.—After having been under water from Sunday night until yesterday morning, Lock Haven is recovering her usual serenity. The principal business houses, which have been flooded to the depth of three feet or more, have resumed business, and the citizens are moving back into their homes.

The Juniata a Raging Torrent.

HOLLIDAYSBURG, Pa., May 21.—The storm of the past two days has transformed the Juniata river from a modest stream into a turbulent torrent. The water has reached higher points in Blair county than during the flood of 1889. Hundreds of acres of farm lands are submerged and crops destroyed.

Alarming Rise of the Schuylkill.

READING, Pa., May 22.—The Schuylkill river has continued to rise until it has attained a height of seventeen feet. In the lower section of the city along the river front the river has broken from its banks and flooded the cellars and first stories of houses.

Heavy Rainfall in Maryland.

BALTIMORE, May 21.—The rainstorm in Baltimore and Maryland has been very severe, and 4½ inches is the unusual record for twenty-four hours. Reports from points on the Potomac report the river overflowing its banks.

Iron Works Resume.

BETHLEHEM, Pa., May 23.—The damage done by the flood in this vicinity will amount to thousands of dollars. All danger is past, however, and the waters are receding rapidly. The Lehigh iron works resumed work this morning.

Two Children Drowned.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., May 22.—Two children of John Knoskoky, Nanticoke, aged respectively 10 and 8, fell into a swollen creek yesterday afternoon and were drowned.

The Loss at Warren.

WARREN, Pa., May 23.—The high water has come and gone down. The total loss in this city is now estimated at $15,000.

Taylor Finally Confirmed.

WASHINGTON, May 24.—C. H. J. Taylor, the colored Kansan over whose confirmation to be recorder of deeds for the District of Columbia there has been a spirited contest in the senate, was confirmed at yesterday's executive session, the vote standing 34 to 15. There was no speechmaking beyond a few remarks by Senator Hill to the effect that the Democratic party platform on the subject of home rule should be observed. The division in the vote was not over party lines, but Taylor received a larger percentage of Republican votes than at first seemed probable.

An Anti-Cleveland Candidate.

DALLAS, Tex., May 24.—The formal announcement of Judge John H. Reagan ex-Confederate postmaster general, that he is a candidate for governor, has created a profound sensation. A month ago he declared he was against President Cleveland. This announcement at once makes the campaign for and against Cleveland

HASTINGS AND LYON.

The Choice of Pennsylvania's Republican Convention.

NO OPPOSITION TO GEN. HASTINGS.

In the Contest for the Second Place on the Ticket Congressman Robinson Was Defeated by Walter Lyon by Over Three to One.

HARRISBURG, May 24.—The Republican state convention was held here today, and after a session lasting seven hours, with an intermission for dinner, named the following ticket to be voted for next November:

For governor, General Daniel H. Hastings of Bellefonte; lieutenant governor, Walter Lyon of Pittsburg; auditor general, Amos H. Mylin of Lancaster; secretary of internal affairs, General James W. Latta of Philadelphia; congressmen-at-large, Hon. Galusha A. Grow and Hon. George F. Huff.

General Louis Wagner, of Philadelphia, was chosen temporary chairman. After the appointment of the usual committees the convention took a recess for one hour, and on reassembling ex-Congressman Theodore L. Flood was elected permanent chairman. Dr. Flood made a long speech, into which he wove the name of nearly every prominent statesman from the time of Washington, each name being applauded by the crowd.



DANIEL H. HASTINGS.

Chairman Gilbert, of the resolutions committee, read the platform, which was unanimously adopted, and then came the most interesting moment of the day, when General Beaver climbed to the stage to nominate General Daniel H. Hastings, "the hero of Johnstown." General Beaver's speech, which was a masterpiece of oratory, was frequently interrupted by enthusiastic applause, as was that of Charles Emory Smith in seconding the nomination. At the conclusion of Mr. Smith's speech General Hastings was nominated by acclamation.

W. I. Shaffer, of Delaware, asked the convention to nominate for lieutenant governor Congressman J. B. Robinson, the "dashing Sheridan" of Pennsylvania politics, who is famous in every corner of the state where love of courageous hearts in the hearts of the people, and who is the choice of the rank and file of the party."



WALTER LYON.

Walter T. Merrick, of Tioga, seconded the nomination in a speech in which he insinuated that bossism was responsible for Lyon's nomination.

Out of 255 votes cast Lyon got 133 and Robinson 62, and the former was declared the choice of the convention. Philadelphia and Allegheny cast 87 solid votes for Lyon.

In his speech of acceptance General Hastings called attention to existing business depression, which he charged to the uncertainty over tariff legislation, and predicted an overwhelming victory for the Republican ticket at the next election.

Fatal Mine Riot in Indiana.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., May 24.—News has reached this city of serious trouble at Little's coal mines, at Little's station, on the Evansville and Indianapolis railroad. Two hundred and fifty miners from Washington and other mines in Davies and Pike counties armed with Winchester rifles and a cart load of ammunition, marched to Little's mines for the purpose of compelling the force at work to join in the strike. A battle occurred in which five men were wounded and two killed. Deputy sheriffs stationed as guards at the mines were disarmed and driven away. The strikers evidently intend to remain at Little's, as they have gone into camp and brought about six days' provisions with them.

Another French Ministerial Crisis.

PARIS, May 23.—The government was defeated yesterday in the chamber of deputies on the question as to whether the minister of public works had the authority to allow the employes of the state railroads to attend the congress of railroad men. The premier, M. Casimir-Perier, demanded the adoption of the order of the day, pure and simple. This motion was rejected by a vote of 275 to 225. M. Casimir-Perier thereupon left the Palais Bourbon and the ministers proceeded to the Elysee Palace and notified President Carnot of their intention to resign. Today the resignations were formally tendered. M. Bourgeois, who was invited by President Carnot to form a cabinet, declines.

Coxeyites Sent to Jail.

WASHINGTON, May 22.—Coxey, Browne and Jones were sentenced by Judge Miller, in the Washington police court, to twenty days in jail for violating the statute of the United States prohibiting the display of partisan banners in the Capitol grounds, and Coxey and Browne were fined $5 each additional for trespassing on the grass, the alternative being another ten days in jail. Jones was acquitted on this last charge. The men were taken to jail in irons.

The Columbia Makes a New Record.

PHILADELPHIA, May 23.—The cruiser Columbia returned from her government trial yesterday afternoon. The results of the trial were satisfactory, even far beyond expectation. The trial was not for speed, but to test her seaworthiness. She was speeded, however, and she made the wonderful record of twenty-four knots an hour, and under natural draft at that.

Senators by Direct Vote.

WASHINGTON, May 23.—The house committee on election of the president and vice president has voted to make a favorable report on the bill of Representative Tucker, of Virginia, providing for the election of United States senators by a direct vote of the people.

WIDE TIRES TESTIMONY.

Their Superiority Over the Narrow Shown. Observations of a Farmer.

I wish to give my observation and experience. I have a lot of teams to look after, and we have on the farm but two narrow tired wagons. In the spring of 1891 when hauling manure the wagon with 3 inch tires and the one with 1¾ inch both went to the field together, the loads being equal. When in the field, the broad tired drove in and unloaded; the narrow stuck. Four horses were put to it to get it to a place to unload. The condition of the field was the same, broad tires on top of the ground, narrow tires in ground about eight inches.

In addition to the farm I also own the largest sawmill plant in southeastern Indiana and now use wide t