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SERMON ON THE SEA.

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SUBJECT WAS "THE EXCITED GOVERNOR."

The Apostle Paul's Great Eloquence Before Felix—Clinging to Their Sins—"Go Thy Way For This Time"—The Convenient Season Is Now.

BROOKLYN, June 10.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now speeding across the Pacific to Honolulu on his round the world journey, has selected as the subject for sermonic discourse through the press today "The Excited Governor," the text being taken from Acts xxiv, 25: "Felix trembled and answered, Go thy way for this time. When I have a convenient season, I will call for thee."

A city of marble was Cæsarea—wharves of marble, houses of marble, temples of marble. This being the ordinary architecture of the place, you may imagine something of the splendor of Governor Felix's residence. In a room of that palace, floor tessellated, windows curtained, ceiling fretted, the whole scene affluent with Tyrian purple and statues and pictures and carvings, sat a very dark complexioned man of the name of Felix, and beside him a woman of extraordinary beauty, whom he had stolen by breaking up another domestic circle. She was only 18 years of age, a princess by birth, and unwittingly waiting for her doom—that of being buried alive in the ashes and scoriæ of Mount Vesuvius, which in sudden eruption one day put an end to her abominations.

Well, one afternoon Drusilla, seated in the palace, weary with the magnificent stupidities of the place, says to Felix: "You have a very distinguished prisoner, I believe, of the name of Paul. Do you know he is one of my countrymen? I should very much like to see him, and I should very much like to hear him speak, for I have heard so much about his eloquence. Besides that the other day, when he was being tried in another room of this palace and the windows were open, I heard the applause that greeted the speech of Law- er Tertullus as he denounced Paul. ow, I very much wish I could hear aul speak. Won't you let me hear im speak?" "Yes," said Felix, "I will will order him up now from the uardroom."

Paul's Great Sermon.

Clank, clank, comes a chain up the marble stairway, and there is a shuffle at the door, and in comes Paul, a little old man, prematurely old through exposure, only 60 years of age, but looking as though he were 80. He bows very courteously before the governor and the beautiful woman by his side. They say: "Paul, we have heard a great deal about your speaking. Give us now a specimen of your eloquence." Oh, if ere ever was a chance for a man to ow off, Paul had a chance there! He ight have harangued them about Gre an art, about the wonderful water- orks he had seen at Corinth, about e Acropolis by moonlight, about pris life in Philippi, about "what I saw Thessalonica," about the old mythol jies, but "No!" Paul said to himself, am now on the way to martyrdom, d this man and woman will soon be ad, and this is my only opportunity talk to them about the things of rnity."

And just there and then there broke upon the scene a peal of thunder. It s the voice of a judgment day speak- g through the words of the decrepit ostle. As that grand old missionary oceeded with his remarks the stoop gins to go out of his shoulders, and rises up, and his countenance is illu ined with the glories of a future fe, and his shackles rattle and grind he lifts his fettered arm and with hurls upon his abashed auditors the lts of God's indignation. Felix grew ry white about the lips. His heart eat unevenly. He put his hand to his row as though to stop the quickness and violence of his thoughts. He drew his robe tighter about him, as under a sudden chill. His eyes glare, and his knees shake, and as he clutches the side of his chair in a very paroxysm of terror he orders the sheriff to take Paul back to the guardroom. "Felix trembled and said: Go thy way for this time. When I have a convenient season, I will call for thee."

A young man came one night to our services, with pencil in hand, to caricature the whole scene and make mirth of those who should express any anxiety about their souls, but I met him at the oor, his face very white, tears running own his cheek, as he said, "Do you hink there is any chance for me?" Fe- x trembled, and so may God grant it ay be so with others.

Clinging to Their Sins.

I propose to give you two or three reasons why I think Felix sent Paul back to the guardroom and adjourned this whole subject of religion. The first reason was, he did not want to give up his sins. He looked around. There was Drusilla. He knew that when he became a Christian he must send her back to Azizus, her lawful husband, and he said to himself, "I will risk the destruction of my immortal soul sooner than I will do that." How many there are now who cannot get to be Christians because they will not abandon their sins! In vain all their prayers and all their churchgoing. You cannot keep these darling sins and win heaven, and now some of you will have to decide between the wine cup and unlawful amusements and lascivious gratifications on the one hand and eternal salvation on the other.

Delilah sheared the locks of Samson; Salome danced Herod into the pit; Drusilla blocked up the way to heaven for Felix. Yet when I present the subject now I fear that some of you will say: "Not quite yet. Don't be so precipitate in your demands. I have a few tickets yet that I have to use. I have a few engagements that I must keep. I want to stay a little longer in the whirl of conviviality—a few more guffaws of unclean laughter, a few more steps on the road to death, and then, sir, I will listen to what you say. 'Go thy way for this time. When I have a convenient season, I will call for thee.'"

Another reason why Felix sent Paul to the guardroom and adjourned this subject was he was so very busy. In ordinary times he found the affairs of state absorbing, but those were extraordinary times. The whole land was ripe for insurrection. The Sicarii, a band of assassins, were already prowling around the palace, and I suppose he thought, "I can't attend to religion while I am so pressed by affairs of state." It was business among other things that ruined his soul, and I suppose there are thousands of people who are not children of God because they have so much business. It is business in the store—losses, gains, unfaithful employees.

"Go Thy Way For This Time."

It is business in your law office—subpœnas, writs you have to write out, papers you have to file, arguments you have to make. It is your medical profession, with its broken nights and the exhausted anxieties of life hanging upon your treatment. It is your real estate office, your business with landlords and tenants and the failure of men to meet their obligations with you. Aye, with some of those who are here it is the annoyance of the kitchen, and the sitting room, and the parlor—the wearing economy of trying to meet large expenses with a small income. Ten thousand voices of "business, business, business" drown the voice of the eternal Spirit, silencing the voice of the advancing judgment day, overcoming the voice of eternity, and they cannot hear; they cannot listen. They say, "Go thy way for this time." Some of you look upon your goods, look upon your profession, you look upon your memorandum books, and you see the demands that are made this very week upon your time and your patience and your money, and while I am entreating you about your soul and the danger of procrastination you say: "Go thy way for this time. When I have a convenient season, I will call for thee."

Oh, Felix, why be bothered about the affairs of this world so much more than about the affairs of eternity? Do you not know that when death comes you will have to stop business, though it be in the most exacting period of it—between the payment of the money and the taking of the receipt? The moment he comes you will have to go. Death waits for no man, however high, however low. Will you put your office, will you put your shop in comparison with the affairs of an eternal world, affairs that involve thrones, palaces, dominions eternal? Will you put 200 acres of ground against immensity? Will you put 40 or 50 years of your life against millions of ages? Oh, Felix, you might better postpone everything else, for do you not know that the upholstering of Tyrian purple in your palace will fade, and the marble blocks of Cæsarea will crumble, and the breakwater at the beach, made of great blocks of stone 60 feet long, must give way before the perpetual wash of the sea, but the redemption that Paul offers you will be forever? And yet and yet and yet you wave him back to the guardroom, saying: "Go thy way for this time. When I have a convenient season, I will call for thee."

The Favor of Men.

Again, Felix adjourned this subject of religion and put off Paul's argument because he could not give up the honors of the world. He was afraid somehow he would be compromised himself in this matter. Remarks he made afterward showed him to be intensely ambitious. Oh, how he hugged the favor of men!

I never saw the honors of this world in their hollowness and hypocrisy so much as in the life and death of that wonderful man, Charles Sumner. As he went toward the place of burial, even Independence hall in Philadelphia asked that his remains stop there on their way to Boston. The flags were at half mast, and the minute guns on Boston common throbbed after his heart had ceased to beat. Was it always so? While he lived, how censured of legislative resolutions; how caricatured of the pictorials; how charged with every motive mean and ridiculous; how all the urns of scorn and hatred and billingsgate emptied upon his head; how, when struck down in senate chamber, there were hundreds of thousands of people who said, "Good for him; serves him right;" how he had to put the ocean between him and his maligners that he might have a little peace, and how, when he went off sick, they said he was broken hearted because he could not get to be president or secretary of state!

O commonwealth of Massachusetts, who is that man that sleeps in your public hall covered with garlands and wrapped in the stars and stripes? Is that the man who, only a few months before, you denounced as the foe of republican and democratic institutions? Is that the same man? Ye American people, ye could not by one week of funeral eulogium and newspaper leaders, which the dead senator could neither read nor hear, atone for 25 years of maltreatment and caricature.

When I see a man like that, pursued by all the hounds of the political kennel so long as he lives and then buried under a great pile of garlands and amid the lamentations of a whole nation, I say to myself: What an unutterably hypocritical thing is all human applause and all human favor! You took 25 years in trying to pull down his fame and then take 25 years in trying to build his monument. My friends, was there ever a better commentary on the hollowness of all earthly favor? If there are young men who read this who are postponing religion in order that they may have the favors of this world, let me persuade them of their complete folly. If you are looking forward to gubernatorial, senatorial or presidential chair, let me show you your great mistake.

Can it be that there is now any young man saying: "Let me have political office, let me have some of the high positions of trust and power, and then I will attend to religion, but not now. 'Go thy way for this time. When I have a convenient season, I will call for thee!'"

And now my subject takes a deeper tone, and it shows what a dangerous thing is this deferring of religion. When Paul's chain rattled down the marble stairs of Felix, that was Felix's last chance for heaven. Judging from his character afterward, he was reprobate and abandoned. And so was Drusilla.

One day in southern Italy there was a trembling of the earth, and the air got black with smoke intershot with liquid rocks, and Vesuvius rained upon Drusilla and upon her son a horrible tempest of ashes and fire. They did not reject religion. They only put it off. They did not understand that that day, that that hour when Paul stood before them, was the pivotal hour upon which everything was poised, and that it tipped the wrong way. Their convenient season came when Paul and his guardsman entered the palace. It went away when Paul and his guardsman left. Have you never seen men waiting for a convenient season? There is such a great fascination about it that, though you may have great respect to the truth of Christ, yet somehow there is in your soul the thought: "Not quite yet. It is not time for me to become a Christian." I say to a boy, "Seek Christ." He says: "No. Wait until I get to be a young man." I say to the young man, "Seek Christ." He says, "Wait until I come to midlife." I meet the same person in midlife, and I say, "Seek Christ." He says, "Wait until I get old." I meet the same person in old age and say to him, "Seek Christ." He says, "Wait until I am on my dying bed." I am called to his dying couch. His last moments have come. I bend over the couch and listen for his last words. I have partially to guess what they are by the motion of his lips, he is so feeble, but rallying himself he whispers until I can hear him say, "I—am—waiting—for—a—more—convenient—season," and he is gone!

Now Is the Time.

I can tell you when your convenient season will come. I can tell you the year. It will be 1894. I can tell you what kind of a day it will be. It will be the Sabbath day. I can tell you what hour it will be. It will be between 8 and 10 o'clock. In other words, it is now. Do you ask me how I know this is your convenient season? I know it because you are here, and because the Holy Spirit is here, and because the elect sons and daughters of God are praying for your redemption. Ah, I know it is your convenient season because some of you, like Felix, tremble as all your past life comes upon you with its sin, and all the future life comes upon you with its terror. This night air is aglare with torches to show you up or to show you down. It is rustling with wings to lift you into light or smite you into despair, and there is a rushing to and fro, and a beating against the door of your souls with a great thunder of emphasis, telling you, "Now, now is the best time, as it may be the only time."

May God Almighty forbid that any of you, my brethren or sisters, act the part of Felix and Drusilla and put away this great subject. If you are going to be saved ever, why not begin tonight? Throw down your sins and take the Lord's pardon. Christ has been tramping after you many a day. An Indian and a white man became Christians. The Indian, almost as soon as he heard the gospel, believed and was saved, but the white man struggled on in darkness for a long while before he found light.

After their peace in Christ the white man said to the Indian, "Why was it that I was kept so long in the darkness and you immediately found peace?" The Indian replied: "I will tell you. A prince comes along, and he offers you a coat. You look at your coat, and you say, 'My coat is good enough,' and you refuse his offer, but the prince comes along, and he offers me the coat, and I look at my old blanket, and I throw that away and take his offer. You, sir," continued the Indian, "are clinging to your own righteousness, you think you are good enough, and you keep your own righteousness, but I have nothing, nothing, and so when Jesus offers me pardon and peace I simply take it."

My reader, why not now throw away the wornout blanket of your sin and take the robe of a Saviour's righteousness—a robe so white, so fair, so lustrous, that no fuller on earth can whiten it? O Shepherd, tonight bring home the lost sheep! O Father, tonight give a welcoming kiss to the wan prodigal! O friend of Lazarus, tonight break down the door of the sepulcher and say to all these dead souls as by irresistible fiat: "Live! Live!"

How About the Clever Woman?

The clever woman! What is to become of her? If you have the interests of humanity at heart, you will try to find out if there is any hope for her, for they say she is multiplying every day at such a rate that her class will soon form a very large percentage of that humanity you profess to study. For my part I feel very sorry for her. Not only has she been called a "drug on the market"—fancy being called a drug!—but a lot of other bad names; and only a few weeks ago the Professional Woman's league passed a unanimous verdict on her of "unmarriageable!" They broke it to her gently this way: "The brainy woman cannot marry a man mentally her inferior." It is the illiterate man who is in the position to marry.—New York Recorder.

Kossuth's Legacy.

An interesting puzzle in connection with the recent death of Kossuth is, our Vienna correspondent says, being circulated at Buda-Pesth. The question is, What did Kossuth bequeath to his two sons? Answer—A life from 1802 until 1894. Add these years. The result is the total heritage, which, divided equally between them, gives 1848.—London News.

THOSE THREE FIRES.

DR. TALMAGE DISCUSSES THE BURNING OF THE TABERNACLES.

They Are Mysteries Which He Will Wait to Have Solved In the Great Beyond—The First Stage In the Great Preacher's Trip Around the World.

At half past 9 o'clock on the night of May 14, 1894, I descended the front steps of my home in Brooklyn. The sensation of leaving for a journey around the world is not all made up of bright anticipation. The miles to be traveled are so numerous, the seas to be crossed are so treacherous, the peradventures are so many, that the solemnities outnumber the expectations. My family accompany me to the railway train. Will we all meet again? The climatic changes, the ships, the shoals, the hurricanes, the bridges, the cars, the epidemics, the possibilities, hinder any positiveness of prophecy. I come down the front steps of my home. Will I ever again ascend them? The remarks made by Hon. William M. Evarts a few evenings before at the public reception—on the conclusion of my twenty-fifth year of Brooklyn pastorate—though uttered in facetiousness, were consolatory. He said, "Dr. Talmage ought to realize that if he goes around the world he will come [illegible] at the same place from which he start[illegible]." May the God who holds the winds in one fist and the ocean in the hollow of the other hand protect us!

I leave home while the timbers of our destroyed church are still smoking. Three great churches have been consumed. Why this series of huge calamities I know not. Had I not made all the arrangements for departure and been assured by the trustees of my church that they would take all the responsibilities upon themselves, I would have postponed my intended tour or adjourned it forever, but all whom I have consulted tell me now is the time to go, and my face is toward the setting sun.

Six times before this have I crossed the American continent, and I have seen the sun rise from the golden cradle of the eastern sky and seen him buried beneath the pomp of the western horizon. Three girths have been put around the American continent—the Northern Pacific, the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific. All these girths have been tightened, and the buckles are moving ever and anon until the continent is less and less in circumference. When I first crossed it, it took fully seven days. Instead of the elegant dining cars of today, we stopped at restaurants with table covers indescribable, for they had on them layers of other strata of breakfasts insulting in appearance. The first time I ever saw Judge Field of the United States supreme court was at one of these tables on the Rocky mountains. Like myself, he had dismounted from the Union Pacific train. We sat opposite each other. The different courses of food were put upon the table, but his appetite and mine declined everything presented. Our eyes met, and we burst into a guffaw of laughter that was the introduction of a friendship that has been valuable to me ever since. A smile as well as a tear may open a chapter of hearty acquaintanceship.

What is the meaning of the three fires? As I leave, people in many lands are discussing the question, for telegrams from across the Atlantic as well as from many parts of this country show that the fiery news had leaped every whither. Three vast structures dedicated to God and the work of trying to make the world better gone down, and all this within a few years. They were well built as to permanence and durability. All the talk about these buildings as mere firetraps is the usual cant, for there is as much secular cant as religious cant. Have you heard in the last 40 years of any church, or any hall, or any theater which, after destruction, was not called a firetrap? That charge always makes a lively opening for any description of a fire.

There have been no better structures, secular or religious, put up in the last 25 years than the three Brooklyn Tabernacles, and the modes of egress from them so ample that the thousands of worshipers assembled in any of them could be put safely on the street inside of five minutes. The fact is that there is nothing in this world incombustible. When the great Chicago and Boston fires took place, they burned up stones and iron. The human race will go on building inconsumable churches, and inconsumable banks, and incombustible storehouses, and inconsumable cities, and then all will be consumed in the world's last fire.

Builders who had large experience and established reputation pronounced the Brooklyn Tabernacles perfect structures. But what is the meaning of the three fires? There may be a hundred different lessons learned by a hundred different people, and legitimate lessons. As for myself, I adjourn the most of the meaning to the next world. We will learn there in two minutes more than we can find out here in 50 years. With that anticipation, mysteries do not often bother me.

One reason for these consecutive disasters may be that the patience of the best people in the world, the members of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, was to be perfected. "Purified by fire." Mighty discipline for one of the Lord's hosts. Whether I ever meet them on earth or not, it will be a theme of heavenly reminiscence. We shall talk it all over, the story of the three fires.

Another reason why the last church went down may have been that some of us were idolizing the building, and the Lord will not allow idolatry. The house was such a "Midsummer Night's Dream" of beauty. Enchantment lifted in galleries and sprung in arches and glorified in the light that came through windows, touching it with their deftest fingers. The acoustics so rare that thousands of ears were in easy reach of common accentuation. An organ which was a halleluiah set up in pipes and banked in keys, waiting for a musician's manipulation, that would lead the congregational song as an archangel might lead heaven. Glorious organ! When it died down into the ashes of that fire, perhaps its soul went up, where Handel and Haydn began to play on it. The most superb audience room that I ever gazed on or ever expect to see until I enter the temple of the sun. On one memorial wall of that building, a stone which I had rolled down from Mount Calvary, where our Lord died, and two tables of stone that were sawed off from Mount Sinai and brought on camels across the desert by my arrangement, and a part of Paul's pulpit, which the queen of Greece allowed me, from Mars hill. Architecture so chaste, so grand, so appropriate, so suggestive, so stupendous! One of the doxologies of heaven alighted. Well, perhaps we thought too much of it. When we think too much of our children, the Lord takes them, and when we think too much of our church the Lord summarily removes it.

I suppose another reason for the departure of that house was that it had done its work. Church buildings, like individuals, accomplish what they were built for and then go. One person lives 90 years, another 40 years, another three years, and when God takes an individual, whether at 90 or 40 or 3 years, his mission is ended. This last church stood three years, and any person who knows what multitudes have there assembled, and what transactions for eternity have there taken place, will admit that it was well to build it, even if we had known at the start that it would only last from 1891 to 1894.

Another reason why I think this last church went down was to keep me humble. The Lord had widened my work through Christendom, and with two receptions the week before the conflagration, the one a city reception presided over by our mayor, and the other a national and international reception presided over by one of the chief men [illegible]tion, who had recently stepped fr[illegible] presidential cabinet, and the occasion honored by addresses and letters and cablegrams from men of worldwide fame in church and state, and the whole scene brilliant beyond description, and in compliment to myself, who was brought up a farmer's boy, there was danger that I might become puffed up and my soul be weakened for future work. I did not yet feel any stirrings of that sort, and had only felt a humble gratitude for what had been said and done by friends transatlantic and cisatlantic, but I had ordered full reports of the meeting laid aside for future perusal, and I had engaged the fleetest stenographer I know of to take down every word, from the opening doxology of the first reception to the benediction of the last reception, and some time, when less busy, I would take in all the eloquence and kindness and splendor of that memorable week. What might have been the result upon myself I know not. I have seen upon others the withering effect of human praise. A cold chill of the world's neglect is no more destructive than the sunstroke from too much heat of popular approval. The disaster may have been needed, and it came so close upon the adulation that it acted as an everlasting prevention. In the light of that awful blaze of that Sabbath in May, 1894, no self sufficiency could stand a second.

Another reason for the fires, I think, is that somehow, and in a way that I know not, my opportunities are to widen. After each of the other fires new doors were open. I prayerfully expect that such will be the sequence of the last conflagration.

Will the Brooklyn Tabernacle be rebuilt? I know not. What or when or where shall be my work I cannot even guess, nor have I the least anxiety. Nothing but an inspired utterance of the Bible could bear such repetition as I have for the last 12 days given to the words of the psalmist, "The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice."

I have safely arrived on the Pacific coast. A startling question was asked me just before I reached here. I was in deep slumber in a section of a sleeping car when the curtain was pushed back, and a venerable lady seized hold of me and shrieked, "Who are you, and what are you doing here?" It was a sudden calling of the roll of passengers, and I did not feel like answering to my name. The question was repeated in more earnestness, with louder voice. I could not at first understand why the interrogation as to my identity, but after gathering my senses together I mildly suggested that perhaps she had mistaken my place for her own. This was no doubt the case, and she made a quick retreat. The fact is that the sections and berths of a sleeping car are very much alike. The new mode of hanging the number of the berth in large figures on the outside of the drapery of the sleeping place is a great improvement, but midnight perambulation, even under the best of circumstances, is more or less confusing. The mistake that the venerable lady made is a mistake that thousands of people make, for they think some one else has their place. Most of the struggle in the world is in trying to get some one else's berth. Better go back contented and take the place assigned you. In trying to get some one else's place we may lose our own without getting his. I cannot jeer at the old lady's mistake, for that night on the Southern Pacific railroad I bethought myself that there are during every presidential campaign at least 100,000 people trying to get the berths of the 100,000 present occupants.

Goodby, my friends all over! On the other side of the world I will think of those who have put me under obligation, and the first hour I have passed the latitude and longitude farthest away from home and begin to return I will count the weeks and days that stand between me and the lowest step of the front door from which, on the evening of May 14, I departed.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.
San Francisco, May 26.

OPPOSITION TO M'BRIDE

Officials of the Mine Workers' Union Invited to Resign.

VOTING TO CONTINUE THE STRIKE.

Illinois Miners Declare That the Columbus Compromise Was a Cowardly Surrender—The Dissatisfaction Spreading. Ohio Strikers Still Burning Bridges.

SPRING VALLEY, Ills., June 14.—At a delegate meeting of northern Illinois miners here yesterday, at which at least 10,000 miners were represented, it was unanimously voted to never dig a ton of coal until the operators restore last year's prices. From now on the operators will not only have the foreign miners to combat, but the English speaking miners as well. Resolutions were unanimously adopted expressive of the feelings of the miners of this district. These resolutions, referring to the Columbus compromise, declare that:

"We, the miners of Spring Valley, Ills., in mass meeting assembled, believe such action on the part of the national officers to be a cowardly surrender of the principle for which we are contending.

"We repudiate the action of our national officers in adopting the aforesaid scale, and call upon those who signed the scale to resign from the positions which they have disgraced. And we demand that the present officers shall call a delegate convention of the miners of the United States at the earliest day possible for the purpose of electing new officers and devising ways and means for continuing the present suspension."

The miners here hope that these same resolutions will be adopted by every local union in the northern and possibly in the southern and central Illinois fields also.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., June 14.—The coal operators of Springfield sub-district submit the following prices to be paid until May 1, 1895: Thirty-five cents a ton gross, or 52¼ cents per ton net, over 1¼ inch screen, or $2.25 per day, work to be resumed June 18. Leading miners are of the opinion that the strike will continue in this district. A miners convention will be held on Saturday.

LA SALLE, Ills., June 14.—The miners of this vicinity adopted resolutions denouncing the action of the delegates at Columbus, and calling for the resignation of President McBride and others who signed the compromise. The men resolved not to go to work unless they were paid last year's prices.

STILL DESTROYING BRIDGES

Two More Burned on the Wheeling and Lake Erie Road.

MASSILLON, O., June 14.—Two more bridges were wantonly burned on the Wheeling and Lake Erie railway yesterday afternoon at Fullers' mine, two miles east of Sherrodsville. The company had the temerity to assume that the strike was virtually over, and moved one train of West Virginia coal. The caboose was barely out of sight of Sherrodsville when the bridges were burned down and the telegraph wires cut. It will require at least four days to get the road open for freight traffic. The Massillon miners say they will stay out six months longer rather than to yield the differential, which the operators refuse to concede.

UHRICHSVILLE, O., June 14.—Reports from along the line occupied by troops show that several skulking parties were driven away by the soldiers during the night. Sheriff Adams has given Colonel Coit full authority to protect property, prevent stoppage of trains and preserve order. The railroad company is driving piles for a temporary bridge to replace the one burned near Midvale. General Manager Woodford, C., L. and W. R. R., has asked Colonel Coit to protect the bridge one mile south of Beach City and trestle No. 115, about one mile north of this place. This trestle is the one burned last Saturday.

COLUMBUS, O., June 14.—President John McBride, of the United Mine Workers, stated today that when the miners had read and considered the circular letter sent out by the national executive board they would accept the settlement. He said the miners had forced the matter of the strike last fall, and he would have resigned at that time if they had permitted him to do so. He had relieved himself of the responsibility, and the miners would now have to assume it if they continued the strike.

CINCINNATI, June 14.—Dispatches from the mining districts in Ohio show that the miners are more determined than ever to reject the Columbus compromise agreement. They are conferring at different points to prevent work next Monday on the sixty cent scale. Charles Humbolt, leader of the Flushing strikers was taken from the Bellaire jail yesterday to Columbus for trial in the United States court. Marshal Bohl and deputies expect to make arrests in eastern Ohio today.

MIDVALE, O., June 12.—Miners fired a trestle two miles north of the station yesterday and stopped a mail train. They forcibly prevented repairs to the trestle. The guards were covered by revolvers. Coal oil was then used, the bridge burning down in an hour. Passenger train 38, carrying mail, got to the bridge just after the fire. It backed to Uhrichsville.

MASSILON, O., June 12.—A trestle bridge on the Wheeling and Lake Erie railroad, located at East Greenville mine, five miles northwest of Massillon, was blown up with giant powder, and the ruins then burned. The road is now blocked.

The Columbus Compromise.

COLUMBUS, O., June 12.—The conference of miners and operators here succeeded in reaching an agreement. At the joint conference last night the agreement was ratified. A. A. Adams, president of the Ohio miners, who was a member of the scale committee, refused to sign the agreement. The scale agreed upon is as follows: Pittsburg, thin vein, 69 cents; thick vein, 56 cents; Hocking valley, 60 cents; Indiana bituminous, 60 cents; Indiana block, 70 cents; Streator, Ills., 62½ cents for summer and 70 cents for winter; Bloomington, Ills., 77½ cents for summer and 85 cents for winter; La Salle and Spring Valley, Ills., 72½ cents for summer and 80 cents for winter. Other sections in northern Illinois fields at prices relative to the above.

Coke Workers Shot Down.

UNIONTOWN, Pa., June 11.—Strikers captured four non-union men yesterday and subjected them to all sorts of indignities. In attempting to rescue them the deputies fired upon the strikers, and John Mokoff was killed and Stephen Cornack and George Restorshiek fatally injured. The deputies claim that the strikers started the battle. This the strikers vigorously deny, asserting that the deputies were searching the houses of strikers for the kidnaped "scabs," and that all of the men were shot in their own yards, Mokoff being shot in the back. The kidnaped "scabs" were rescued by the deputies today, being found in a camp of the strikers near Kyle.

An Unsatisfactory Conference.

PUNXSUTAWNEY, Pa., June 13.—The news that the meeting between the Berwind-White people and a committee of their employes, which met in Altoona yesterday, came to a close without a settlement is a disappointment to the nearly four thousand miners here, and there are fears of a serious outbreak at any time. The operators absolutely refused to make any concessions, and the miners would not accept the terms offered. President Bradley said the miners would as soon starve without working as work at the wages offered them.

Pennsylvania Strikers Dissatisfied.

PITTSBURG, June 13.—Unless the national officers of the mine workers' union, who made the compromise at Columbus, can give a satisfactory reason for so doing the miners in the Pittsburg district will not accept the sixty-nine cent rate, and the strike will continue. The miners throughout the district are very decided in their condemnation of the national officials, because all of the delegates to the Cleveland convention were instructed to hold out for the seventy-nine cent rate and no compromise.

The Maryland Strikers.

FROSTBURG, Md., June 14.—Efforts at Lonaconing to open the Detmold mine proved unavailing, the men who wanted to go to work being driven back by the strikers. Additional men went to work in Eckhart mine, but the situation at Hoffman mine continues the same, and Hoffman is considered the key to the situation. Agitator William B. Wilson was arrested yesterday in Lonaconing on a charge of conspiracy and sent to Cumberland.

No Truce in Colorado.

DENVER, June 14.—The coal miners' strike in this state does not appear to be nearing a settlement. Over three hundred men employed in the Crested Butte mines have decided to strike until the schedule of three years ago is restored. At Spring Gulch the men have gone out. In the Trinidad district but 200 men are at work in half a dozen mines.

Voted to Burn Their Charters.

WASHINGTON, Ind., June 14.—At a gathering of 2,000 miners at White Oak delegates to the state meeting at Terre Haute were instructed to use all means to have McBride removed from the organization. Several unions passed resolutions to burn their charters.

STILL STEALING TRAINS

Coxeyites Undeterred by Prosecution and Imprisonment.

OMAHA, June 14.—Judge Dundy telegraphed United States Attorney General Olney for troops to protect the Union Pacific railway from further Commonwealers at Julesburg and Ogalalla. There is intense excitement at Julesburg. There are fully 600 of the Coxeyites there, who are a part of the Carter army which formed in Utah and stole one train. Forty of the army stole a Union Pacific stock train yesterday and were sidetracked at Ogalalla.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., June 14.—Judge Thomas, of the United States circuit court, found Captain J. A. Ralston, Color Sergeant Frank E. Woods and Commissary Ed Hart, leaders of the band of Coxeyites who seized a Union Pacific train at Watkins, Colo., and were captured at Ellis, Kan., guilty of contempt in that they interfered with a road in the hands of a receiver. Judge Thomas sentenced the men each to forty days in jail.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., June 14.—Bluford Wilson, solicitor for the receivers of the Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis Consolidated Railroad company, received a telegram from J. R. Sample, superintendent of the road, that fifty Commonwealers had seized fast freight No. 78, bound from St. Louis to Louisville, and demanded free passage. Deputy marshals left for Edwardsville.

BISMARCK, N. D., June 14.—The Coxeyites succeeded in getting out of town on stolen handcars, fitted up with platforms made of stolen lumber. The cars were found near Steele, N. D., but the 'Wealers had fled. Another party of 100 is being mobilized here and at Manden. Trains are being sent out under armed protection.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., June 14.—Judge Ross, in the United States court, yesterday sentenced the 170 'Wealers who stole the train on the Atlantic and Pacific to four months in jail. Judge Ross has received a letter threatening dynamite.

National Tube Works Still Closed.

MCKEESPORT, Pa., June 14.—Since the failure of the business men to accomplish anything in their attempt to settle the trouble between the National Tube Works company and its employes the matter is at a standstill. General Manager Converse says emphatically that the works will stand idle for a long time before he will advance wages, owing to the business depression throughout the country. Mr. Converse says, however, that whenever business should justify it he would be glad to pay better wages. The strikers show no disposition to return to work.

Dead from an Officer's Bullet.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., June 14.—William Edwards, the "cowboy" who was shot by Officer Rudden, of this place, during a fight between the three Williams boys and three police officers, died yesterday in the hospital here. All three of the policemen and two of the Williams brother were injured. Had Rudden not shot Edwards when he did the dead man would have killed officer Dunlap, whom he was about to stab.

Professor Shortlidge's Trial Postponed.

MEDIA, Pa., June 13.—Professor Shortlidge, who murdered his wife while insane, was brought from Norristown and taken before Judge Clayton. William B. Broomall, counsel for the defense, asked for a postponement of the case until the September term of the court. The request was granted, and the professor was taken back to the asylum.

Stole Nearly Half a Million.

SAGINAW, Mich., June 13.—Newell B. Parsons was convicted last evening of stealing railroad bonds valued at $463,000 from the Well-Stone Mercantile company, his former employers. Parsons had been a trusted clerk of the company, and stood high socially.

Eight Hour Law Invalid.

LINCOLN, Neb., June 11.—The supreme court has handed down a decision declaring the eight hour a day labor law unconstitutional.

MOROCCO'S RULER DEAD

It Is Probable That the Oriental Despot Was Murdered.

HIS SON CALLED TO SUCCEED HIM.

Prince Mohammed, However, May Make a Protest Against the Elevation of Abdul Aziz, and Trouble Is Feared—An Absolute Monarchy.

TANGIER, June 12.—News received here from the interior confirms the report of the death of Sultan Muley Hassan. The sultan's son, Mulai Abdul Aziz, has been proclaimed sultan of Morocco. The sultan died suddenly on June 7, at Tada, between Morocco and Casa Blanca. Measures have been taken to prevent anticipated disorders. Sensational rumors are in circulation as to the cause of the sultan's death, and the populace is becoming excited. The belief prevails that the sultan was murdered.

According to the certificate of the doctors who attended him, the cause of the sultan's death was dysentery. He was conscious until the end, and expressed the desire that Abdul Aziz should succeed him. There is danger of a revolt being organized by the brother of the deceased, who has been acting as the representative of the sultan at Fez. The troops at Casa Blanca have accepted the new sovereign, but the allegiance elsewhere is doubted.

MULEY HASSAN.

His Shereefian majesty, Sidi Muley Hassan, sultan of Fez and Morocco, Tafilet and Sus, has survived many announcements of his death, but the present reports seem to confirm one another, and it is probable that at last this delectable "ruler of the true believers" has met the death he so often had dealt out to others. Muley Hassan was born in 1831, the eldest son of Sultan Sidi Muley Mohammed, and ascended the throne on the death of his father, on Sept. 25, 1873. Muley Hassan was the fourteenth sovereign of the dynasty of the Alides or Fileli, founded by Muley Achmet, and the thirty-fifth lineal descendant of Ali, uncle and son-in-law of the Prophet Mohammed, and of the prophet's daughter Fatima.

Muley Hassan was a personage of some romantic interest, but politically owed his importance to the jealousies of the European powers, which hope to divide his territory between them some of these days, rather than to any especial merit or ability of his own. Personally he was a fine specimen of the Oriental despot, a stalwart and handsome man, wearing "the shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun" with imposing and regal dignity. His court ceremonials were filled with barbaric splendor, and his authority was absolute over all his dominions so far as he was able to enforce it, his actual power over the more distant of his tribesmen being extremely vague.

After the attack by the Riff tribesmen on the Spanish fortress at Mellila last autumn, which was promptly punished by Spanish soldiers, the sultan agreed to pay the demands of Spain, and he ordered the arrest and hamstringing of several of the leaders of the rebellion. This action of the sultan was looked upon by the hill tribes as a humiliating backdown, and Muley Hassan lost the respect of many of his people. It was rumored some time ago that a movement was afoot to depose or remove "his most serene highness," and it is not improbable that the monarch of Morocco has been murdered.

Woman Suffrage for Kansas.

TOPEKA, Kan., June 14.—The People's party state convention used the entire morning endeavoring to reach a conclusion whether to put a woman suffrage plank in the platform or leave it out. At 1 o'clock the convention decided to insert a woman suffrage plank by a vote of 376 to 280. The ticket nominated is as follows: For governor, L. D. Lewelling (by acclamation); lieutenant governor, D. G. Furnbeck; secretary of state, J. W. Amis; treasurer, W. H. Biddle; attorney general, John T. Little; auditor, Van B. Prather; congressman-at-large, W. A. Harris; associate justice of the supreme court, George W. Clark.

The Uprising in Corea.

WASHINGTON, June 14.—A brief cablegram has been received at the state department from United States Minister Sill at Seoul, Corea, confirming the accounts already received of the uprising in that country. The minister says it had its origin in resentment at the arbitrary action of the governor of one of the provinces. He was killed by the rioters, as were about thirty members of his household. The rebels have occupied Seoul, the capital of Corea. Japanese and other foreign troops have been landed to protect life and property. The king has fled.

Father and Child Killed by an Explosion.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., June 14.—A sixty-five horse power boiler in the saw mill of Gressler & Co., at Deloy, on the Fall Brook railroad, above Williamsport, exploded last night, killing Joseph Rickner and his 5-year-old daughter, and burying them in the ruins of the mill. Rickner, who was the foreman in the mill, had gone to the place with his child for the purpose of banking the fire for the night.

A Village Swept Away.

PORTLAND, Ore., June 14.—A telephone message from The Dalles states that almost the entire village of Grants, in Sherman county, has been swept away by the flood. Only the elevator and a few buildings on the highland remain. Grants is a place of about 200 inhabitants.

Another Paddock Murderer Convicted.

UNIONTOWN, Pa., June 14.—The jury in the trial of Michael Furin, charged with complicity in the murder of Superintendent Paddock, returned a verdict of murder in the second degree.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED

Friday, June 8.

Professor W. D. Whitney, the Yale philologist and lexicographer, died yesterday, aged 67.

Neal Coleman, white, 18 years old, is in jail at Lessburg, Fla., for ravishing 14-year-old Emma Fussell, whose condition is critical.

Louis Williams, colored, aged 18 years, was lynched at Wasson, Miss., for attempting last Friday to outrage a 10-year-old white girl.

The new United States cruiser Minneapolis returned to Philadelphia from her preliminary trial trip last night. It was evidently satisfactory, and her builders predict that she will make twenty-three knots on her official trial.

Saturday, June 9.

In the 100 mile cowboy race at Chadron, Neb., four horses died from hard driving.

Buchanan Schley, of Hagerstown, Md., has been nominated by the president as surveyor of customs at Baltimore.

Two boats carrying Coxeyites from Denver were upset in the Platte river, and it is believed that over twenty were drowned.

Bill Dalton, the noted outlaw and leader of the famous Longview robbers, was killed while trying to escape a posse near Ardmore, I. T.

Dr. Henry C. Meyer, for the poisoning of Ludwig Brandt to get his life insurance, was sentenced by Recorder Smythe, in New York, to life imprisonment.

At Helena, Mont., nineteen Commonwealers who stole a Northern Pacific train were sentenced to jail for ninety days. Forty-four more will be sentenced Monday.

Monday, June 11.

At Coney Island Mlle. Beatrice, a lion tamer, was badly bitten on the face by a pet lion. Her condition is critical.

Marie Decca lost her suit at Harrisburg, Pa., to recover from her husband, F. S. Chrisman, possession of their $5,000 home.

Bessie Ainsworth, Mildred Larkins and Amos Larkins, all under 18, were drowned while boating in the lake near Vermillion, O.

Coxey, Browne and Jones were released from the Washington jail yesterday and rejoined the Commonweal army at Bladensburg, Md.

The railroad station at Fort Gibson, I. T., was held up by two masked robbers. They secured $600 in cash, besides express packages thought to contain large sums.

Tuesday, June 12.

Dispatches from Ishpeming, Mich., tell of scorching forest fires in that region.

Don Frederico Madrazo, the distinguished Spanish painter, died at Madrid, aged 79.

Bishop T. M. D. Ward, of the African Methodist Episcopal church, died suddenly at Jacksonville, Fla.

Two young men named Bashey and York were drowned in Brown brook, near Augusta, Me., while bathing.

In a fight following a Polish dance in Chicago two men were killed and four seriously stabbed, among the latter a girl of 17.

While responding to a fire alarm Chief Henry L. Bixley, of the Newton, Mass., fire department, was thrown from his carriage and killed.

Wednesday, June 13.

James A. Roberts, comptroller of New York state, is a candidate for governor.

The Bubonic plague is killing people at the rate of a hundred a day in Hong Kong. There have been 1,500 deaths.

E. O. Pickering was nominated for governor by the Kansas Prohibitionists. He was the nominee two years ago.

Hon. J. T. Andrews, the oldest ex-member of congress in New York state, died at Himrods, N. Y., last night, aged 93.

George Peabody was elected by the Rhode Island legislature as successor to Nathan F. Dixon in the United States senate.

An oil stove exploded in Philadelphia, killing 2-year-old Rebecca King and seriously injuring Mrs. King and her baby. Mrs. King was driven insane.

Coxey, the Commonweal leader, has accepted an invitation from labor organizations of St. Paul and Minneapolis to speak in the latter city July 4.

Thursday, June 14.

A gasoline and gas stove trust has been formed in New York.

There were heavy snowfalls yesterday in the mountain districts of eastern France.

The American Railway Union has decided to affiliate with the Knights of Labor in the labor movement.

The mother of the khedive of Egypt is trying to arrange a marriage between her son and the eldest daughter of the sultan of Turkey.

An unknown young woman who jumped from a ferryboat between Philadelphia and Camden refused to grasp life lines thrown to her.

STOCK AND PRODUCE MARKETS

Closing Quotations of the New York and Philadelphia Exchanges.

NEW YORK, June 13.—The share speculation was on a smaller scale today than for the past few days, but while the transactions were limited the tone of the market was decidedly firm. Closing bids:

Lehigh Valley	37¼	W. N. Y. & Pa.	1½
Pennsylvania	49	Erie	14½
Reading	17½	D., L. & W.	161
St. Paul	61½	West Shore	105½
Lehigh Nav.	50⅝	N. Y. Central	98
N. Y. & N. E.	—	Lake Erie & W.	15½
New Jersey Cen.	106½	Del. & Hudson	130

General Markets.

PHILADELPHIA, June 13.—Flour firmly held; winter super., $2@2.10; do. extras, $2.10@2.35; No. 2 winter family, $2.35@2.50; Pennsylvania roller straight, $2.70@2.85; western winter clear, $2.50@2.75. Wheat, quiet, steady; with 61¼c. bid and 61½c. asked for June. Corn quiet, firm, with 46½c. bid and 46¾c. asked for June. Oats firmer, dull, with 47½c. bid and 48c. asked for June. Beef steady; beef hams, $19. Pork firm. Lard steady; western steam, $7.10; city, $6.25@6.62½. Butter quieter; western factory, 9½@14½c.; Elgins, 19c.; Pennsylvania creamery prints, extra, 19c.; exceptional fancy lots higher; do., fair to prime, 17@18c.; do., "garlicky," 15@16c.; prints jobbing at 20@23c.

Live Stock Markets.

NEW YORK, June 13.—Beeves dull; choice native steers, $5; good to prime, $4.72½@4.90; medium to fair do., $4.40@4.70; inferior to ordinary do., $4.25@4.35; ordinary to prime southern "stillers," $4.30@4.70; choice corn fed Colorados, $4.65@4.70; common to good bulls, $2.50@3.75; poor to prime dry cows, $1.85@3.50. Calves lower; poor to prime veals, $3.50@4.87½; choice and selected, $5@5.25; fair to good buttermilk calves, $2.50@3. Sheep and lambs very dull; poor to prime sheep, $2.50@3.75; poor to prime lambs, $3@4.50; choice, $4.60@4.70. Hogs firmer; inferior to choice, $5@5.50.

EAST LIBERTY, Pa., June 13.—Cattle a shade lower; prime, $4.50@4.85; good, $4.40@4.50; good fat cows and heifers, $2.75@3.25; bulls and stags, $2@3. Hogs active, higher; best Philadelphias, $4.95@5; best Yorkers, $4.90@4.95. Sheep in light supply; extra, $3.50@3.60; good, $3.10@3.30; common, 50c.@$1.25; lambs, $3.10@4.80.