Your [special] attention is called to the "Notice to Subscribers," top of first column on 3d page.

Please read it.

The Easton Gazette.

THE OLDEST Paper in Talbot County.

THE PUREST IN POLITICS, THE SUBSCRIPTION LISTS CONTAINING THE MOST BONE-FIDE SUBSCRIBERS.

THE LARGEST ALL HOME PRINTED PAPER IN THE COUNTY.

VOL LXXVIII. NO. 34. EASTON, MD. SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1894. $1 50 PER YEAR.

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SUCCESSOR TO HAYWARD & BRO.

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This department is complete in all its details, and price the lowest. Our fifty years experience enables us to know our business thoroughly. 11 18

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THE RELIABLE MEAT AND PROVISION DEPOT.

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MARTIN M. WRIGHT,

SUCCESSOR TO B. P. COX.

FINE and STAPLE GROCERIES,

Queensware, Wood and Willowware,

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Confectionery a Specialty.

Former customers and everybody looking for FIRST QUALITY Goods at lowest prices will not go amiss by calling at the

WRIGHT GROCERY STORE

ODD FELLOWS BLOCK,

EASTON, MD.

STRIKERS BURN CARS.

How Fourth of July Was Inaugurated at Chicago.

TO ARREST THE STRIKE LEADERS.

Debs and His Associates Will be Called Upon to Answer for Conspiracy and Contempt of Court—Railroad Managers to Accept No Compromise.

CHICAGO, July 5.—The Fourth of July was almost a mockery in Chicago. The day was made the occasion for a big bonfire, but it was not in the way of celebration. As if in defiance of the calling out of the federal troops came an act of incendiarism against the allied railroads. Almost the first news of the national holiday was a report of the firing of a number of cars at West Pullman in the Blue Island district of the Rock Island road. The conflagration took place just far enough away to be out of quick reach of the detachment of federal troops sent to that point Tuesday night from Fort Sheridan. The reports place the number of cars burned at nearly a dozen, all freight.

A few trains arrived at the depots in this city, and were unmolested. One of them was a Santa Fe train with one Pullman attached. It entered the station with more armed deputies than passengers aboard.

Taken in its entirety, however, the day was a quiet one in strike circles, barring an occasional flurry caused by the gathering of mobs in the stock yards district, which, however, was held in check by police and deputies, backed up by the near proximity of a detachment of regulars from Fort Sheridan, for whom the strikers have a wholesome respect.

The Chicago and Northwestern yesterday resumed its passenger service, which is now moving regularly and without interference.

There are from 2,500 to 3,000 passengers on the Chicago and Alton blocked at Bloomington. The Chicago and Alton notified their men to report for duty this morning or consider themselves discharged. As they did not report for work men are being hired in their places, and the road will be opened, if necessary, by the aid of the United States troops.

While a train bearing the cavalry troops was pulling into the stock yards last evening a crowd of 10,000 people surrounded the cars and pulled the coupling pins. The police charged the crowd, and Lieutenant Fitzpatrick was knocked down by a stone. The encounter was fierce, but brief, and after a score of them had been severely clubbed, the strikers were routed. The regulars did not interfere.

Deputy Marshal Logan came to the marshal's office in Chicago last evening with four prisoners who were arrested at Blue Island. They were John Buckley, Carl Christ, Edward Heim and August Johnson.

The general managers, after their meeting yesterday, positively reiterated their previous policy regarding the present strike in the strongest terms they have yet used. It is emphatically stated that there is no compromise and no surrender contemplated or possible on the part of the railroads.

Today an order was entered in the United States court for a special grand jury to investigate the railroad strikes. On Tuesday night, before leaving the city, Judge Crosscup left instructions with Clerk Burnham to call a grand jury for next Tuesday. The investigation will be directed not merely against the strikers who have resorted to actual violence, but against the leaders of the boycott. Edwin Walker, the special counsel of the government, said that Debs' punishment is certain. A charge of criminal conspiracy will be brought against all the officers of the American Railway union. In addition to that they will be charged with violating the injunction and inciting men to riot.

A telegram was received by District Attorney Milchrist yesterday afternoon from Attorney General Olney, directing him to lose no time in calling a special grand jury to investigate the strike.

Besides telegraphing to Mr. Milchrist to convene the grand jury in special session as soon as possible, Mr. Olney has also authorized a large number of district attorneys in other localities to proceed to get omnibus injunctions against the strikers similar to the ones issued at Chicago.

SACRAMENTO, July 5.—The most in- nse excitement prevailed here yesterday. he celebration of the national holiday as completely overshadowed by the stir- g events arising from the desperate ruggle between the Southern Pacific and e American Railway union. At 10 a. m. o regiments of state militia from San ancisco and two companies from ockton marched into this city.

Soon after the troops had breakfasted e city became wildly excited over a re- t that several men had been shot. It ...ed, however, the shooting was accidental. A bungling militia man from San Francisco dropped his rifle, which was discharged. The bullet passed through the leg of one of the militia men's comrades and struck a city fireman named Wing in the abdomen, fatally wounding him. Only a few minutes afterward, when all the troops had been drawn up and were executing an order to "load," another youth accidentally discharged his musket and tore a sleeve from the uniform of a comrade.

At 1 o'clock the troops moved toward e depot where a large force of po... puty sheriffs and deputies under United ates Marshal Baldwin were already on guard. The strikers and sympathizers to the number of several thousand, had preceded the troops. When the soldiers ar- ved they were greeted with derisive yells and harsh comments.

It became known that General Superintendent Filmore had announced his intention to start trains under military protection. The strikers at once became demonstrative. Chairman Frank Knox, one of the leaders, saw the gravity of the situation and addressed the men, urging them not to meet the militia. Notwithstanding his conciliatory talk, the strikers loudly declared that no Pullmans should be moved. Finally three companies of militia were ordered to drive the strikers the depot.

The scene was at once tumultuous and situation threatening. For a few min- s the soldiers hesitated, then they ered, and then came a blunt refusal move against the excited strikers. A minutes later the troops turned their s upon the turbulent mob at the de- and quickly withdrew to the armory. afening shout announced the second ory of the strikers over the railroad pany and their first victory over the militia. Soon after this it became known why the militia had retreated. United States Marshal Baldwin and the railroad officials had insisted that the troops refrain from shooting, and that they remove the strikers by physical strength. This plan the officers of the militia absolutely refused to sanction.

When the troops had withdrawn to their armory and the jubilant strikers and their sympathizers were loudly celebrating their victory, a new source of danger became apparent. A body of fifty strikers appeared on the scene armed with rifles and ammunition. It was learned that the Garibaldi Guard had turned its armory over to the strikers.

At Dunsmuir, shortly after noon, a body of seventy-five strikers, fully armed and equipped for battle marched to the Southern Pacific depot, where other American Railway union men had a car and locomotive in waiting, and soon the armed body of excited men were speeding toward Sacramento. A United States marshal's car was coupled behind the coach in which the strikers were riding. At Red Bluff a demonstration which also portends trouble was made by the strikers. The American Railway union men received orders early in the day to come to Sacramento, and at once began rustling about the town for arms. Finally 100 rifles and plenty of ammunition was secured and placed in a caboose at the depot. When the train from Dunsmuir arrived at Red Bluff the rolling arsenal and another load of strikers was taken aboard. At 3:30 the train stopped at Reddington long enough for the strikers to purchase all the available ammunition. Soon they were speeding on again toward Sacramento.

At Valparaiso, Ind., last night Judge Gillett issued a restraining order against Grand Trunk strikers.

Plunged Down a Rocky Gorge.

GREENVILLE, Me., July 3.—The Halifax express leaving Montreal at 8 p. m. Sunday evening on the Canadian Pacific railroad was wrecked at the bridge over the West Outlet, a small stream near here, yesterday. Five persons were killed outright and eight injured, some fatally. The dead are: Engineer Fred Leavett, of Megantic, Me., married; Fred Foss, Canadian Pacific station, assistant at Greenville, single; Walter Starkey, mail clerk, St. John, N. B., married; G. C. Hoyt, passenger, Fort Fairfield, Me.; an unknown second class passenger, buried under the wreck. The entire train with the exception of the Pullman went through the trestle, striking upon the rocks, stumps and roots of trees beneath.

Mishap to the Montgomery.

NORFOLK, Va., July 5.—After spending twenty-four hours at sea the United States steamship Montgomery met with a mishap which will possibly take her out of commission for three or more months. On Tuesday, while the vessel was off Cape Henry, Commander Davis decided to give her a speed trial of eighteen miles. The engineers had just received orders to start the vessel at full speed, and were at that moment turning the steam on to the port high pressure engine, when a terrific explosion was heard, followed a moment later by the sound of escaping steam. The cylinder head was blown out, and the cylinder was a complete wreck.

A Martyr's Funeral.

PARIS, July 2.—The remains of the late President Sadi Carnot, the murdered chief magistrate of France, struck by the hand of Santo Cesario, the anarchist, at Lyons on Sunday last, were deposited in the Pantheon yesterday by the side of the remains of his grandfather, Lazare Carnot, the "organizer of victory." The funeral was made the occasion for one of the most remarkable civic and military displays in the history of France.

Prendergast to Hang Next Week.

CHICAGO, July 5.—Prendergast, the assassin of Mayor Carter H. Harrison, was declared "not insane" by a jury in Judge Payne's court, and, under sentence of the court, must be hanged Friday, July 13. Prendergast sat unmoved during the whole proceeding. His counsel will move for a new trial, and if this be not granted they have expressed their intention of carrying the matter to the supreme court.

The Fourth's First Fatality.

NEW YORK, July 5.—The first accident in the long series that attend a New York's celebration of the Fourth was fatal. At 12:30 o'clock yesterday morning Julia Rees, a widow aged 65, of 316 East Fifty-seventh street, was instantly killed by a stray shot while sitting at the window of her home. A neighbor who did the shooting was arrested.

Threatening President Casimir-Perier.

PARIS, July 3.—A placard was found in the Marche St. Honore last evening, which threatened President Casimir-Perier with death. A placard similarly gotten up was found on the same spot a few days prior to the assassination of President Carnot. It bore the words: "On June 25 France will mourn."

Four Hundred Killed in Battle.

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 3.—Information has been received of fighting between Circassian settlers and Druses in Syria, in which 400 were killed and wounded. Twelve women and children were massacred during the fighting. The Druses were badly armed and were the greater sufferers.

A Journalist's Sudden Death.

CHICAGO, July 5.—James Sullivan, political editor of the Chicago Tribune, died suddenly yesterday afternoon in the rooms of the Newspaper club. Death resulted from heart disease or apoplexy. Mr. Sullivan had been in unusually good spirits during the day.

A Hundred People Drowned.

BUDA PESTH, July 5.—A terrible drowning disaster is reported from Mad. A ferryboat, which was crossing the river Theiss, near the town mentioned, was capsized with 200 people on board. It is reported that about 100 of the passengers were drowned.

"Bat" Shea Convicted.

TROY, N. Y., July 5.—The jurors in the trial of "Bat" Shea for the killing of Robert Ross on last election day at 1 o'clock yesterday morning brought in a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree.

Britannia Defeats Valkyrie.

LARGS, July 5.—The Britannia and the Valkyrie contested yesterday in the second regatta of the Clyde racing season for the Wemyss prize of £50. Britannia won by seven minutes.

Russia as a Peacemaker.

ST. PETERSBURG, July 5.—Russia has urged China and Japan to withdraw their troops from Corea, and endeavor to amicably settle their dispute regarding that country.

FORTY HOMES BURNED.

Destructive Fourth of July Conflagration at Hudson, Mass.

THE LOCAL FIREMEN POWERLESS.

Only by the Aid of Firemen from Other Places and by Blowing Up a Number of Houses Was the Town Saved from Utter Destruction.

HUDSON, Mass., July 5.—Shortly before 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon the most disastrous fire this section of the country has ever seen broke out in Chamberlain's ice factory. When discovered it had gained considerable headway, and with a strong wind blowing the flames soon went beyond the reach of the local firemen and spread with wonderful rapidity, the factory being burned to the ground within half an hour.

One cause for the rapid spread of the fire is assigned to the explosion of several barrals of naphtha and oil used in the shoe business. Within an hour the flames had spread to the Union depot, the public telephone office and Higgins' shoe factory. The firemen were perfectly helpless, and assistance was summoned from surrounding cities and towns. The postoffice, with its contents, was totally destroyed, and the loss in the departments cannot be fixed. It is known, however, that several registered packages arrived on the morning mail and were not delivered on account of the holiday.

Forty dwelling houses were destroyed, together with their contents. The firemen worked with a will, but their efforts seemed to be in vain, and it was finally found necessary to blow up a number of houses to save the entire town from destruction. The loss is estimated between $750,000 and $1,000,000. It is said to be mostly insured. The Boston fire department assisted.

Big Fire in New Haven.

NEW HAVEN, July 5.—A general alarm was rung for fire in the big city market last night. The fire was caused by an explosion of fireworks in one of the stores. In a few minutes another fireworks store on the opposite side of the block was in flames, and both were destroyed. Loss estimated at $100,000 to $125,000.

Hoboken's Independence Day Murder.

HOBOKEN, N. J., July 5.—Thomas McLaren, a brakeman on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad, yesterday afternoon shot and killed Jennie Kneattle, a woman who claimed to be his wife. The shooting occurred at the residence of Mrs. Thomas Mulvaney, 58 Garden street, where the murdered woman has been staying for some time past. Last May the woman had McLaren arrested on the charge of bigamy. She failed to submit proofs of her marriage, and the case was dropped. Then she refused to have anything more to do with McLaren. McLaren called on her yesterday and besought her to return to him. Failing to influence her, he shot her. The murderer escaped.

Terribly Tortured by Robbers.

MIDDLETOWN, O., July 5.—Fred Snider, whose wife is dead, and whose children are all married, lives alone near Le Sourdsville. Being wealthy and miserly it is generally supposed he had much money about the premises. Late at night three masked robbers broke in, beating him terribly. Finally they applied lighted candles to his feet and other parts of his body until Snider pointed to a drawer, where they got $50. They renewed the torture by burning, but Snider implored them to search every nook. They tied him to the bed and left. Neighbors found Snider unconscious, and recovery is pronounced impossible.

Loss by Fire and Earthquake.

VICTORIA, B. C., July 5.—Word has been received here that on June 17 the village of Honmura, adjoining Yokohama, was destroyed by fire, upward of 1,000 houses having been consumed, and three days afterwards the heaviest earthquake experienced in Yokohama and Tokio since 1880 occurred. The loss by the fire amounts to hundreds of thousands of dollars and several thousand people are homeless and destitute. Tokio's loss of life by the earthquake is severe, twenty-six persons having been killed and many wounded.

Alleged Anarchist Acquitted.

LONDON, July 5.—A verdict of not guilty was found yesterday in the case of Fritz Brall, who was tried on the charge of making and possessing explosives. Brall was arrested at Chelsea on June 1, and in his house were found an electric battery, metals, anarchist documents and chemicals enough, the police said, to blow up half of London. He was also charged with counterfeiting coin. This charge was withdrawn, however, and the prisoner was discharged.

Ran Off a Trestle.

CRIPPLE CREEK, Colo., July 3.—A passenger train on the Florence and Cripple Creek road, bound south, left the track a short distance from here. The entire train, consisting of engine, baggage car and two coaches, ran off the trestle. W. G. Milner, a passenger, had his head buried in the sand and was smothered to death. Frank Wasson, a brakeman, was so badly squeezed between cars that he may die. Two others were seriously injured.

A Syracuse Double Tragedy.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., July 3.—Henry Vogler, aged 49, shot and instantly killed William Stutz, aged 50. Vogler then fired a bullet into his own brain, and died two hours later. It is reported that Vogler believed that Stutz was intimate with Mrs. Vogler.

1894			JULY.			1894
Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

MOON'S PHASES.

New Moon	3	0:49 a.m.	Full Moon	17	5:07 p.m.
First Quarter	9	6:19 p.m.	Third Quarter	25	4:11 p.m.

TARIFF IN THE HOUSE.

Prospects of the Measure in the Lower Branch of Congress.

CONGRESSMAN CATCHINGS' VIEW.

He Believes That a Month Will Elapse Before the Bill Is Finally Put to a Vote on Final Passage—Remote Possibility of Further Filibustering.

WASHINGTON, July 5.—In the midst of intense excitement, at 10:41 Tuesday night, after having been debated for three months and one day, the tariff bill, amended to take effect Aug. 1, 1894, passed the senate by a vote of 34 to 30—a strict party vote, except Mr. Hill, who voted with the Republicans against the measure. The Populists divided their strength, two—Messrs. Kyle and Allen—voting in favor of the bill, and two—Messrs. Peffer and Stewart—voting against it.

With the tariff bill passed by the senate attention is now directed to the action of the house. In view of this fact Representative Catchings, who, with Speaker Crisp and Representative Outhwaite, constitute the Democratic members of the rules, or "steering" committee, was asked to outline the course of procedure in the house and what would be done to expedite the bill to its final enactment. Said Mr. Catchings: "Mr. Wilson will be given every assistance at the command of the rules committee. There has been no conference with him, and no exact program is arranged, but he will be given such support as he desires at successive stages.

"The bill will reach the speaker's table today. Tomorrow it will be formally referred to the ways and means committee. Saturday I think they will report it back to the house with a recommendation of nonconcurrence in the senate amendments, and for a conference. It is probable, therefore, that the conferees can be appointed, and the conference sessions actually opened by Saturday of this week."

Mr. Catchings then took up each step of legislative progress, explaining the possibilities of delay and the manner of overcoming it. "The first step made by Mr. Wilson for a reference to the ways and means committee is formal, and will probably be agreed to at once without debate. But there is the possibility of some comment and discussion at that time. There is no rule to prevent it. Some member may rise with an unexpected proposition for disagreement with the senate, without reference to committee or for instructions to the committee. But such moves are hardly probable. The usual and regular course would be to refer the bill to Mr. Wilson's committee. And if the course was interrupted a special rule would be brought in to bring the question to a vote at once.

"When the committee makes its report recommending a conference there is again an opportunity for discussion. But again a special rule will operate to let the house vote on the simple proposition of whether it wishes to disagree with the senate, so that either with or without a rule the vote will undoubtedly be reached, the conferees appointed by the speaker and the conference under way by Saturday.

"When the conference begins," continued Mr. Catchings, "they may make occasional reports on such agreements as are reached. In the meantime the senate and house will proceed with their regular business. A conference report is always privileged, so that the conferences can come in at any time and secure immediate hearing, either on partial agreements or an agreement throughout. As to how long they will take is problematic. It may be ten days or two weeks, with occasional reports of partial progress in the meantime.

"The last stage will be when the conferees report to the house. At that time there will be more or less debate. But when the conferees present a definite proposition there will be a special rule, if need be, to bring the proposition to a vote. There will be no nibbling at the bill, and no long debate when the main point is to have the house express its wishes by a vote.

"The only possibility of delay is through filibustering, but I have never known of a filibuster against a tariff bill, and it is hardly a remote possibility in the present case.

"With the house voting promptly on all propositions," concluded Mr. Catchings, "there ought not to be much delay in completing the bill. I hardly think, however, that we will be through with our work so as to adjourn by August 1, although it will not be much beyond that time."

It is the general understanding that when the senate meets tomorrow there will be only a brief session, and that the senate will then adjourn until Monday. It is quite probable that there will not be a quorum in the senate again this week. The resolution of Senator Kyle, introduced at the request of the striking railroad men, is regarded as sure to cause debate, and senators who expect to speak on it understand that it will go over until Monday.

The War in Africa.

PRETORIA, Transvaal, July 5.—The war between the Boers and the supporters of the Zoutpanberg Chief Malaboch continues. Malaboch and his followers refuse to yield, and are hiding in caves, where, apparently they cannot be reached by the Transvaal troops. Commander General Joubert, however, has decided to blow up the caves if the rebels refuse to come forth. He will first send a message with a flag of truce to notify Malaboch of his intention, and will give time for the women and children to escape.

Both Eyes Blown Out.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., July 5.—Tony Lagrant had both eyes blown out by an explosion of powder yesterday afternoon. Otto Krobitsch was fatally burned by an explosion of powder. He had a quarter of a pound of the explosive in his pocket, and a spark from a shooting cracker caused the explosion. He was terribly burned from head to foot. Phillip Risel, aged 45 years, was scalded to death by falling into a vat of hot water.

Death of Ex-Governor Winans.

HAMBURG, Mich., July 5.—Ex-Governor Edwin B. Winans died at his home here at 4:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon of heart disease. Mr. Winans was born in New York state in 1826, and had been a resident of Michigan since 1834. He was elected governor in 1890.

New England's Many Victims.

BOSTON, July 5.—Two dozen victims of patriotism and fireworks on hospital beds and eight persons dead is the accident story of yesterday's celebration throughout New England.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED

Friday, June 29.

The New Mexico statehood bill passed the national house.

The bill making Labor Day a national holiday has been signed by the president.

John Goodnow, of Minnesota, has been elected chairman of the executive committe of the Republican National league.

Senator Clarence Lexow, of the New York police investigating committee, was tendered a reception last night in Brooklyn.

At New London yesterday the race between Yale and Harvard seniors was won by Yale by thirty lengths. Yale freshmen also won, defeating Columbia and Harvard.

Saturday, June 30.

Lord Charles J. F. Russell, son of the sixth duke of Bedford, died at London, aged 87.

The yacht Vigilant's first race in England will be on July 7, when she will contest for the queen's cup.

All the window glass factories in the United States closed down today for the usual summer suspension.

The French police have established the fact that President Carnot was the victim of an organized plot, his murderer being chosen by lot.

Fire destroyed the Woodruff stores in Brooklyn, causing $1,075,000 loss. John C. Barrow, aged 25, and James Prentice, 26, were killed by a falling wall. Samuel Solan was fatally hurt.

Monday, July 2.

Almost the entire business portion of Bayou Sara, La., was destroyed by fire yesterday.

The thermometer at Perry, O. T., yesterday stood at 110 degs. in the shade and 126 in the sun.

General Carlos Ezeta, the fugitive ex-president of Salvador, arrived at New York with his family.

At Montgomery, Vt., Mrs. Lottie Baker, after separating from her husband, murdered her four children, the eldest 7. She was arrested.

The United States cruiser San Francisco has arrived from Brace, a small island in the West Indies, with valuable relics of the lost warship Kearsarge.

Thomas A. McGrath, a 19 year old boy, who resided in New York, while returning with a party of friends from Jamaica, L. I., fell between two trolley cars and was beheaded.

Tuesday, July 3.

Georgia's melon industry is suffering greatly from the tie up of western railroads.

Jean Carries, the noted French sculptor and porcelain decorator, died in Paris yesterday.

Jake Kilrain has telegraphed his acceptance of Slavin's offer for a glove contest at New Orleans.

An incendiary fire in Dundee, N. Y., destroyed seven stores, a dwelling, a new church and several barns.

In the British house of commons the clause imposing a whisky duty in Ireland for a year only was adopted.

The United States cruiser Columbia will probably be ordered to China in the event of war between China and Japan.

Wednesday, July 4.

K. B. Ovaum, a despondent Norwegian farmer, of Butler, S. C., killed his two little children and himself.

The mother of General Boulanger, the French military leader who suicided in 1891, died in Paris today, aged 92.

George McGee, a convict in the Kentucky state prison at Frankfort, stabbed Charley Thomas, another convict, killing him instantly. Both were negroes.

By an explosion of gasoline at Louisville Henry Zimmerman was fatally and his 9 year old boy was seriously burned, and Mrs. Zimmerman lost her life.

E. J. Edwards and John Shriver, the two newspaper men who refused to testify before the senate sugar investigating committee, were indicted yesterday. Released on bail.

Thursday, July 5.

Richard Croker, the ex-Tammany leader, arrived at New York from Europe yesterday.

Cholera has reappeared at St. Petersburg, and notice to this effect was gazetted today.

In a battle between Brazilian insurgents and government troops on June 27 over 1,000 insurgents were killed.

Fire originating in an explosion of fireworks destroyed the greater part of the town of Honey Grove, Tex., yesterday. Loss about $200,000.

Since the murder of President Carnot special detectives accompany the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York to all public ceremonies.

STOCK AND PRODUCE MARKETS

Closing Quotations of the New York and Philadelphia Exchanges.

NEW YORK, July 2.—The proportions which the railway strike has assumed affected the stock market today very unfavorably, and as a result a majority of the shares traded in show a decline on the day's transactions. Closing bids:

Lehigh Valley	37	W. N. Y. & Pa.	—
Pennsylvania	48¼	Erie	13
Reading	16⅛	D., L. & W.	160
St. Paul	59⅝	West Shore	
Lehigh Nav.	50⅝	N. Y. Central	163⅜
N. Y. & N. E.	8½	Lake Erie & W.	15½
New Jersey Cen.	107	Del. & Hudson.	128¾

General Markets.

PHILADELPHIA, July 2.—Flour weak; winter superfine, $2.10@2.25; do. extras, $2.25@2.40; No. 2 winter family, $2.40@2.60; Pennsylvania roller straight, $2.70@2.85; western winter clear, $2.50@2.75. Wheat firmer, quiet; with 60c. bid and 60¼c. asked for July. Corn quiet, firm; with 45c. bid and 46c. asked for July. Oats strong, advancing, with 48c. bid and 49c. asked for July. Beef firm; cut meats firm; pickled bellies, 7@8c.; pickled shoulders, 5¾c.; pickled hams, 10½@10¾c. Pork steady. Lard firm; western steam closed at $7.15 bid; city at 5¾c. Butter steady; Pennsylvania creamery prints, fancy, 19c.; do. choice, 18c.; do. fair to good, 16@17c.; prints jobbing at 20@23c. Cheese quiet. Eggs firm; New York and Pennsylvania, 13@13½c.; western fresh, 11½@12½c.; cases, $1.25@2.75.

Live Stock Markets.

NEW YORK, July 2.—Beeves very strong; steers, 75c.@$1 per 100 lbs. higher; rough butchers offering 50c. higher; native corn fed steers, choice, $6.05@6.10; good to prime, $5.85@6; grass fed do., medium to fair, $6.45@5.80; inferior to ordinary, $5@5.40; common, $4.50@4.75; "stillers," good to prime, $5.65@5.90; ordinary Texans, $4.25; stags, $5; bulls, $2.35@4.50; dry cows, $2.20@4. Calves active; choice veals, $5.40; poor to prime, $3.50@5.25; buttermilk calves, inferior to good, $2.40@2.75. Sheep and lambs active; poor to strictly prime sheep, $2.75@4.50; common to choice lambs, $4.50@6.50. Hogs higher; inferior to good hogs, $5.35@5.60.

EAST LIBERTY, Pa., July 2.—Cattle fair; prime, $4.60@4.80; good, $4.40@4.50; good fat cows and heifers, $2.75@3.15; bulls, stags and bologna cows, $2@3. Hogs higher; Philadelphias, $5.65@5.75; common to fair Yorkers, $5.45@5.55; pigs, $5.60@5.65. Sheep higher; extra, $3.80@4; good, $3.40@3.70; fair, $2.10@2.60; common, 50c.@$1.50; lambs, $3.10@5.10.

IN CHRIST'S GARDEN.

REV. DR. TALMAGE SENDS A SERMON ACROSS THE SEA.

The Great Preacher Now Nearing Australia—Description of a Beautiful Garden. Its Flowers, Fruits and Thorns—An Invitation to Enter.

BROOKLYN, July 1.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now nearing Australia on his round the world journey, has selected as the subject for his sermon through the press today "The Royal Garden," the text being taken from Solomon's Song v, 1, "I am come into my garden."

The world has had a great many beautiful gardens. Charlemagne added to the glory of his reign by decreeing that they be established all through the realm—decreeing even the names of the flowers to be planted there. Henry IV, at Montpellier, established gardens of bewitching beauty and luxuriance, gathering into them Alpine, Pyrenean and French plants. One of the sweetest spots on earth was the garden of Shenstone, the poet. His writings have made but little impression on the world, but his garden, "The Leasowes," will be immortal. To the natural advantage of that place was brought the perfection of art. Arbor and terrace and slope and rustic temple and reservoir and urn and fountain here had their crowning. Oak and yew and hazel put forth their richest foliage. There was no life more diligent, no soul more ingenious than that of Shenstone, and all that diligence and genius were brought to the adornment of that one treasured spot. He gave £300 for it. He sold it for £17,000.

And yet I am to tell you of a richer garden than any I have mentioned. It is the garden spoken of in my text, the garden of the church, which belongs to Christ, for my text says so. He bought it, he planted it, he owns it, and he shall have it. Walter Scott, in his outlay at Abbotsford, ruined his fortune, and now, in the crimson flowers of those gardens, you can almost think or imagine that you see the blood of that old man's broken heart. The payment of the last £100,000 sacrificed him. But I have to tell you that Christ's life and Christ's death were the outlay of this beautiful garden of the church of which my text speaks. Oh, how many sighs and tears and pangs and agonies! Tell me, ye women who saw him hang! Tell me, ye executioners who lifted him and let him down! Tell me, thou sun that didst hide, ye rocks that fell! "Christ loved the church and gave himself for it." If, then, the garden of the church belongs to Christ, certainly he has a right to walk in it. Come, then, O blessed Jesus, this morning, walk up and down these aisles and pluck what thou wilt of sweetness for thyself.

In Christ's Garden.

The church in my text is appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place of choice flowers, of select fruits and of thorough irrigation.

That would be a strange garden in which there were no flowers. If nowhere else, they will be along the borders or at the gateway. The homeliest taste will dictate something, if it be the old fashioned hollyhock or dahlia or daffodil or coreopsis, but if there be larger means then you will find the Mexican cactus and dark veined arbutelon and blazing azalea and clustering oleander. Well, now, Christ comes to his garden, and he plants there some of the brightest spirits that ever flowered upon the world. Some of them are violets, unconspicuous, but sweet in heaven. You have to search for such spirits to find them. You do not see them very often perhaps, but you find where they have been by the brightening face of the invalid, and the sprig of geranium on the stand, and the window curtains keeping out the glare of the sunlight. They are perhaps more like the ranunculus, creeping sweetly along amid the thorns and briers of life, giving kiss for sting, and many a man who has had in his way some great black rock of trouble has found that they have covered it all over with flowering jasmine running in and out amid the crevices. These Christians in Christ's gardens are not like the sunflower, gaudy in the light, but whenever darkness hovers over a soul that needs to be comforted there they stand, night blooming cereuses. But in Christ's garden there are plants that may be better compared to the Mexican cactus—thorns without, loveliness within—men with sharp points of character. They wound almost every one that touches them. They are hard to handle. Men pronounce them nothing but thorns, but Christ loves them notwithstanding all their sharpnesses. Many a man has had very hard ground to culture, and it has only been through severe toil he has raised even the smallest crop of grace.

Thorns and Roses.

A very harsh minister was talking with a very placid elder, and the placid elder said to the harsh minister, "Doctor, I do wish you would control your temper." "Ah," said the minister to the elder, "I control more temper in five minutes than you do in five years." It is harder for some men to do right than for others to do right. The grace that would elevate you to the seventh heaven might not keep your brother from knocking a man down. I had a friend who came to me and said, "I dare not join the church." I said, "Why?" "Oh," he said, "I have such a violent temper. Yesterday morning I was crossing very early at the Jersey City ferry, and I saw a milkman pour a large amount of water into the milk can, and I said to him, "I think that will do," and he insulted me, and I knocked him down. Do you think I ought to join the church?" Nevertheless that very same man, who was so harsh in his behavior, loved Christ and could not speak of sacred things without tears of emotion and affection. Thorns without, but sweetness within—the best specimen of Mexican cactus I ever saw.

There are others planted in Christ's garden who are always ardent, always radiant, always impressive—more like the roses of deep hue that we occasionally find called "giants of battle"—the Martin Luthers, St. Pauls, Chrysostoms, Wyklifs, Latimers and Samuel Rutherfords. What in other men is a spark in them is a conflagration. When they sweat, they sweat great drops of blood. When they pray, their prayer takes fire. When they preach, it is a Pentecost. When they fight, it is a Thermopylæ. When they die, it is a martyrdom. You find a great many roses in the gardens, but only a few "giants of battle." Men say, "Why don't you have more of them in the church?" I say, "Why don't you have in the world more Napoleons and Humboldts and Wellingtons?" God gives to some ten talents, to another one.

The Passion Flower.

In this garden of the church, which Christ has planted, I also find the snowdrops, beautiful, but cold looking, seemingly another phase of the winter. I mean those Christians who are precise in their tastes, unimpassioned, pure as snowdrops and as cold. They never shed any tears; they never get excited; they never say anything rashly; they never do anything precipitately. Their pulses never flutter; their nerves never twitch; their indignation never boils over. They live longer than most people, but their life is in a minor key. They never run up to C above the staff. In the music of their life they have no staccato passages. Christ planted them in the church, and they must be of some service, or they would not be there. Snowdrops, always snowdrops.

But I have not told you of the most beautiful flower in all this garden spoken of in the text. If you see a century plant, your emotions are started. You say, "Why, this flower has been a hundred years gathering up for one bloom, and it will be a hundred years more before other petals will come out." But I have to tell you of a plant that was gathering up from all eternity, and that 1,900 years ago put forth its bloom never to wither. It is the passion flower of the cross! Prophets foretold it. Bethlehem shepherds looked upon it in the bud, the rocks shook at its bursting, and the dead got up in their winding sheets to see its full bloom. It is a crimson flower—blood at the roots, blood on the branches, blood on all the leaves. Its perfume is to fill all the nations. Its touch is life. Its breath is heaven. Come, O winds, from the north, and winds from the south, and winds from the east, and winds from the west, and bear to all the earth the sweet smelling savor of Christ, my Lord.

> His worth, if all the nations knew,
> Sure the whole earth would love him too.

Full of Fruit.

Again, the church may be appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place of select fruits. That would be a strange garden which had in it no berries, no plums, no peaches or apricots. The coarser fruits are planted in the orchard, or they are set out on the sunny hillside, but the choicest fruits are kept in the garden. So in the world outside the church Christ has planted a great many beautiful things — patience, charity, generosity, integrity—but he intends the choicest fruits to be in the garden, and if they are not there then shame on the church. Religion is not a mere flowering sentimentality. It is a practical life giving, healthful fruit—not posies, but apples. "Oh!" says somebody, "I don't see what your garden of the church has yielded." Where did your asylums come from, and your hospitals, and your institutions of mercy? Christ planted every one of them; he planted them in his garden. When Christ gave sight to Bartimeus, he laid the cornerstone of every blind asylum that has ever been built. When Christ soothed the demoniac of Galilee, he laid the cornerstone of every lunatic asylum that has ever been established. When Christ said to the sick man, "Take up thy bed and walk!" he laid the cornerstone of every hospital the world has ever seen. When Christ said, "I was in prison, and ye visited me," he laid the cornerstone of every prison reform association that has ever been formed. The church of Christ is a glorious garden, and it is full of fruit. I know there is some poor fruit in it. I know there are some weeds that ought to have been thrown over the fence. I know there are some crabapple trees that ought to be cut down. I know there are some wild grapes that ought to be uprooted, but are you going to destroy the whole garden because of a little gnarled fruit? You will find worm eaten leaves in Fontainebleau and insects that sting in the fairy groves of the Champs Elysees. You do not tear down and destroy the whole garden because there are a few specimens of gnarled fruit. I admit there are men and women in the church who ought not to be there, but let us be just as frank and admit the fact that there are hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands of glorious Christian men and women, holy, blessed, useful, consecrated and triumphant. There is no grander collection in all the earth than the collection of Christians.

Catalogue of Fruits.

There are Christian men in the church whose religion is not a matter of psalm singing and church going. Tomorrow morning that religion will keep them just as consistent and consecrated on "exchange" as it ever kept them at the communion table. There are women in the church of a higher type of character than Mary of Bethany. They not only sit at the feet of Christ, but they go out into the kitchen to help Martha in her work, that she may sit there too. There is a woman who has a drunken husband, who has exhibited more faith and patience and courage than Hugh Latimer in the fire. He was consumed in 20 minutes. Hers has been a 20 years' martyrdom. Yonder is a man who has lain 15 years on his back, unable even to feed himself, yet calm and peaceful as though he lay on one of the green banks of heaven watching the oarsmen dip their paddles in the crystal river! Why, it seems to me this moment as if Paul threw to us a pomologist's catalogue of the fruits growing in this great garden of Christ—love, joy, peace, patience, charity, brotherly kindness, gentleness, mercy—glorious fruit, enough to fill all the baskets of earth and heaven.

I have not told you of the better tree in this garden and of the better fruit. It was planted just outside Jerusalem a good while ago. When that tree was planted, it was so split and bruised and barked men said nothing would ever grow upon it, but no sooner had that tree been planted than it budded and blossomed and fruited, and the soldiers' spears were only the clubs that struck down that fruit, and it fell into the lap of the nations, and men began to pick it up and eat it, and they found in it an antidote to all thirst, to all poison, to all sin, to all death—the smallest cluster larger than the famous one of Eshcol, which two men carried on a staff between them. If the one apple in Eden killed the race, this one cluster of mercy shall restore.

Water For the Garden.

Again, the church, in my text, is appropriately called a garden because it is thoroughly irrigated. No garden could prosper long without plenty of water. I have seen a garden in the midst of a desert, yet blooming and luxuriant. All around were dearth and barrenness, but there were pipes, aqueducts reaching from this garden up to the mountains, and through those aqueducts the water came streaming down and tossing up into beautiful fountains until every root and leaf and flower was saturated. That is like the church. The church is a garden in the midst of a great desert of sin and suffering. It is well irrigated, for "our eyes are unto the hills, from whence cometh our help." From the mountains of God's strength there flow down rivers of gladness. There is a river the stream whereof shall make glad the city of our God. Preaching the gospel is one of these aqueducts. The Bible is another. Baptism and the Lord's supper are aqueducts. Water to slake the thirst, water to restore the faint, water to wash the unclean, water tossed high up in the light of the sun of righteousness, showing us the rainbow around the throne. Oh, was there ever a garden so thoroughly irrigated? You know the beauty of Versailles and Chatsworth depends very much upon the great supply of water. I came to the latter place (Chatsworth) one day when strangers are not to be admitted, but by an inducement, which always seemed as applicable to an Englishman as an American, I got in, and then the gardener went far up above the stairs of stone and turned on the water. I saw it gleaming on the dry pavement, coming down from step to step, until it came so near I could hear the musical rush, and all over the high, broad stairs it came foaming, flashing, roaring down until sunlight and wave in gleesome wrestle tumbled at my feet. So it is with the church of God. Everything comes from above—pardon from above, joy from above, adoption from above, sanctification from above. Oh, that now God would turn on the waters of salvation, that they might flow down through his heritage, and that this day we might each find our places to be "Elims," with 12 wells of water and threescore and ten palm trees.

A Hard Prayer.

Hark! I hear the latch at the garden gate, and I look to see who is coming. I hear the voice of Christ, "I am come into my garden." I say: "Come in, O Jesus; we have been waiting for thee. Walk all through these paths. Look at the flowers. Look at the fruit. Pluck that which thou wilt for thyself." Jesus comes into the garden and up to that old man and touches him and says, "Almost home, father; not many more aches for thee. I will never leave thee. I will never forsake thee. Take courage a little longer, and I will steady thy tottering steps, and I will soothe thy troubles and give thee rest. Courage, old man." Then Christ goes up another garden path, and he comes to a soul in trouble and says: "Peace! all is well. I have seen thy tears; I have heard thy prayer. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; he will preserve thy soul. Courage, O troubled spirit." Then I see Jesus going up another garden path, and I see great excitement among the leaves, and I hasten up that garden path to see what Jesus is doing there, and, lo! he is breaking off flowers, sharp and clean, from the stem, and I say, "Stop, Jesus; don't kill those beautiful flowers." He turns to me and says: "I have come into my garden to gather lilies, and I mean to take these up to a higher terrace, and for the garden around my palace, and there I will plant them, and in better soil, and in better air. They shall put forth brighter leaves and sweeter redolence, and no frost shall touch them forever." And I looked up into his face and said, "Well, it is his garden, and he has a right to do what he will with it. Thy will be done"—the hardest prayer a man ever made.

Heartsease.

I notice that the fine gardens sometimes have high fences around them, and I cannot get in. It is so with the king's garden. The only glimpses you ever get of such a garden is when the king rides out in his splendid carriage. It is not so with this garden—the King's garden. I throw wide open the gate and tell you all to come in. No monopoly in religion. Whosoever will, may. Choose now between a desert and a garden. Many of you have tried the garden of this world's delight. You have found it has been a chagrin. So it was with Theodore Hook. He made all the world laugh. He makes us laugh now when we read his poems, but he could not make his own heart laugh. While in the midst of his festivities he confronted a looking glass, and he saw himself and said: "There, that is true. I look just as I am—done up in body, mind and purse." So it was with Shenstone, of whose garden I told you at the beginning of my sermon. He sat down amid those bowers and said: "I have lost my road to happiness. I am angry and envious and frantic and despise everything around me, just as it becomes a madman to do." Oh, ye weary souls, come into Christ's garden today and pluck a little heartsease! Christ is the only rest and the only pardon for a perturbed spirit. Do you not think your chance has almost come? You men and women who have been waiting year after year for some good opportunity in which to accept Christ, but have postponed it 5, 10, 20, 30 years, do you not feel as if now your hour of deliverance and pardon and salvation had come? Oh, man, what grudge hast thou against thy poor soul that thou wilt not let it be saved? I feel as if salvation must come now to some of your hearts.

The Immortal Rescue.

Some years ago a vessel struck on the rocks. They had only one lifeboat. In that lifeboat the passengers and crew were getting ashore. The vessel had foundered and was sinking deeper and deeper, and that one boat could not take the passengers very swiftly. A little girl stood on the deck, waiting for her turn to get into the boat. The boat came and went—came and went—but her turn did not seem to come. After awhile she could wait no longer, and she leaped on the taffrail and then sprang into the sea, crying to the boatman: "Save me next! Save me next!" Oh, how many have gone ashore into God's mercy, and yet you are clinging to the wreck of sin! Others have accepted the pardon of Christ, but you are in peril. Why not this morning make a rush for your immortal rescue, crying until Jesus shall hear you and heaven and earth ring with the cry: "Save me next! Save me next!"

A Queer Profession.

"There are only three men in Chicago in that fellow's line of business," remarked the chatty Wabash avenue barber as he turned to strap the razor. "Oh, he trades in barbers' crank notions, superstitions and whims," the operator continued. "He goes from one shop to another with that little handbag and trades razors, straps, brushes, hones—anything in the tonsorial line. How does he make a living at it? Easy enough! You don't know barbers very well, I guess. Well, some of them buy a razor for, say, $2, and after he's used it awhile makes up his mind that he doesn't like it. So he sells it to this man for $1. This man leaves it on trial with some other barber and gets $4 worth of old razors in exchange, and then he sells one of those old razors to the original purchaser of the $2 razor. He does the same with straps and hones and brushes. Of course he makes money, dresses well, smokes good cigars and works only when he feels like it. There's money in it for the three fellows in the business, but the snap will be overdone as soon as the scheme is better known. Capital necessary to begin? Cheek and acquaintance are all that is necessary. When the razor broker gets a cranky customer who shaves himself and doesn't care what his outfit costs, provided it suits him—why, then he does what any one else would do. He makes the crank pay for his crankiness."—Chicago Tribune.

Facial Expression.

We naturally look at a young face for a prophecy and at an old one for a record. But the materials from which we attempt to inform ourselves are of a very different character in the two classes. In the one case we see a general arrangement of features, which, according to some utterly inscrutable law, accompanies certain traits of mental and moral character. No satisfactory theory has ever been put forward to account for such facts as that human beings with a certain inherited squareness of jaw are always of a tenacious disposition.

But when we scrutinize an older face we peruse the linear inscriptions upon its surface as we read a book of which we know the author. Not only do such and such conformations of its lines have a definite meaning, but we can form an opinion as to why and when, if not how, they were written.

The caligraphy, of course, is not uniform in all cases, and there are various complexities about it which may render an exact interpretation a matter of difficulty. Trouble or passion, which in one instance is recorded in bold characters, in another may leave scarcely a visible mark, and it is obvious that a lean face will betray the story of emotional experience more readily than one covered with a mask of fat and smooth skin.—Blackwood's Magazine.

A Bridal Joke.

Two families were recently greatly disturbed over a telegram. A son and a daughter of those familes had married and gone away on a bridal tour of three weeks or a month, as the case might be. Two days after the three weeks were up the bride's parents received a telegram, which read:

Have had a row with my husband. Am coming home. KITTY.

To say this was not startling would be to say what was not true, and the bride's parents at once hastened to the home of the groom's parents, only to find there a similar message, except that it read, "Have had a row with my wife." Messages were wired at once, but no replies were received, as the couple had evidently started home immediately after they had sent their communications. Then there followed an anxious waiting, and 36 hours later the happy couple turned up smiling, with the explanation that it was a row on the river they were talking about, and they weren't to blame if the telegraph didn't pronounce words correctly.—Detroit Free Press.

A Pathetic Incident.

It was a most pathetic apology that I heard on my way down town in a street car the other day. The car was crowded, and as it stopped I saw two women get on. As they did so one of the women accidentally stepped on the foot of one of the passengers. It did seem awkward until the woman, turning to the passenger, said, "Pardon me, but I am totally blind."—Hartford Post.