THOSE WHO

PAY FOR WHAT THEY GET are the people the advertiser wishes to reach. The subscription list of the GAZETTE is *not* inflated with bums and dead-heads for the sake of "largest circulation."

The Easton Gazette.

THE OLDEST
PAPER IN TALBOT COUNTY

The Purest in Politics, the Subscription Lists containing the most Bona-fide subscribers.

VOL. LXXIX. NO. 14. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1895. $1.50 PER YEAR.

Here's Your Chance! FOR BARGAINS.

☞Everything in CASSIMERES, DRESS GOODS, DRESS TRIMMINGS, LACES and EMBROIDERIES at and below cost. Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves and Corsets greatly reduced. About 300 pairs of Corsets left. A good CORSET for 35 Cents.

☞Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Neckwear and all Gents' Furnishings greatly reduced. In fact, everything in Dry Goods, Notions, &c., must go, to make room for our new line of HOUSE FURNISHINGS, of which we intend to carry the largest and handsomest line ever in this market. Our Carpets are extremely low.

☞Best Razor-Steel Scissors, 25 cents. "New-Home" and "American" Sewing Machines, from $12 to $30. A first-class Machine for $18 and $20. In Queensware we are headquarters. Our Groceries are always pure and fresh. Cigars, Cigarettes and Tobacco, all grades. An immense stock of Pipes at half-price.

J. E. SHANNAHAN.

☞Agent for the Old Staten Island Dyeing Establishment.

Dallas B. Hayward.

DRUGGIST.
SUCCESSOR TO HAYWARD & BRO.
WASHINGTON STREET.

Drugs, the freshest, finest and cheapest. Prescriptions, compounded with the greatest of care. Every feature of the drug business given particular attention. Our establishment is perfectly appointed, thereby enabling us to supply you with the best of everything in our lines. Besides carrying the best assortment of drugs, we have a choice lot of toilet articles, perfumery, sachet, soaps, etc. Patent Medicines, and all else you may require. Visit us.

Dallas B. Hayward.

WEDDINGS are about the Leading "TOPICS" at present.

STURMER, The Jeweler,

Will be pleased to show "you" his select stock of

Wedding Gifts.

Washington Street, EASTON, MD.

One Hundred Cents' Worth for Every Dollar,

—AT THE—

WRIGHT GROCERY.

☞1895 finds our stock of Groceries and Queensware better selected than ever before, and our efforts to please our customers are renewed for 12 months.

MARTIN M. WRIGHT,

Successor to B. P. COX.

Odd Fellows' Building, EASTON, MD

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!

JOHN MASON & CO'S.

Three story warehouse is full of Furniture from bottom to top, the best and cheapest that was ever brought to town and in price and quality we defy competition. We have bought our goods at the lowest cash price and as times are hard we propose to sell at a very small advance.

COME AND SEE US AND WE GUARANTEE TO SAVE YOU MONEY.

UNDERTAKING and EMBALMING.

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

Got a Cold

Means much more than you imagine

FOR A SURE CURE TRY

FAIRBANK'S Cough Syrup.

"It Cures When All Others Fail."

A POSITIVE CURE

For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough and Consumption. Can be had of all druggists and dealers in medicine or the manufacturers. Price 25 cents per bottle.

FAIRBANKS & WATTS,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Having Bought

The Shops and Tools of William H. Withgott, opposite Wilson's Mill, Easton, Md., also the tools of E. J. Biery. I am now prepared to do all kinds of Blacksmithing and repair all kinds of Machinery, from a sewing machine to the largest and heaviest machinery made. A competent blacksmith and machinist always in charge of shops. I shall also continue to carry on my old line of

Contracting and Building

Plumbing and Gas Fitting, Steam and Hot Water Heating.—Agent for the Aremotor Windmill. All work carefully and promptly done. Give me a call. I think I can please you.

LEWIS WHITEHOUSE, - Prop'r.

E. J. BIERY, Foreman.

☞N. B.—Mr. William J. Biery has also located his wheelwright business in the same shop with me, and is now prepared to do all kinds of Repair work in his line in his usual prompt and careful manner.

EVENING.

Swiftly fall the ev'ning shadows, thickest darkness now is nigh—
I am tired of standing idle, and would fain toil hard,
But the sunny hours have vanished, and asleep I soon must lie
In the place of broken columns, in the green churchyard.

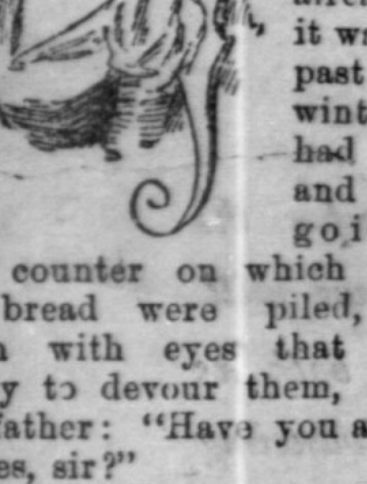
Life is transient as the shadows on the mountainside that play,
Life is as a vapor on a silent summer noon—
Oh, my eye is growing weary, and my locks are turning gray,
And the grass will flourish o'er me in the churchyard soon.

Rest is for the burdened toiler, rest for him whose task is done,
And the weary worker longeth for his blissful sleep;
But the noonday I have wasted, idly dancing in the sun,
And I see the faint night shadows o'er the landscape creep.

Oh, the golden light has faded, thickest darkness now is nigh—
I am tired of standing idle, and would fain toil hard,
But the sunny hours have vanished, and asleep I soon must lie
In the place of broken columns, in the green churchyard.

—Frank Miller, in Good Words.

Ruth Edwards's Lovers.



GIFFORD HULL, the grocer's son, standing behind the counter of his father's store, tying up sugar in pound parcels, saw a girl come into the store, brightly lighted already, though it was only half-past five, for the winter afternoon had been dark and rainy, and going up to the counter on which some loaves of bread were piled, looked at them with eyes that seemed all ready to devour them, and say to his father: "Have you any five-cent loaves, sir?"

The grocer answered promptly, "No."

"How much are these, sir?" asked the girl.

"Reg'lar price," said the grocer; "ten cents."

"Have you any stale loaves?" asked the girl.

"No," said the grocer very shortly. But his son, looking askance at the girl, who was as pretty and as fair and as fragile as a lily, saw her take the end of a black ribbon that hung about her throat from her bosom, and untie from it a five-cent piece, which she held toward his fat father in her trembling fingers.

"Won't you please cut a loaf in two, and sell me half?" she pleaded.

"Not in the habit of doing business in that way," said the grocer.

The girl turned away. Gifford saw starvation in her eyes, despair in all her movements, and slipped his thumb and finger into his waistcoat pocket, and came from behind the counter.

"Let's see the five-cent bit, miss," he said. "Why, bless you, you've made a mistake, it's a ten-cent piece. I thought it was very large for five cents. Father, that's the price of a loaf."

The girl looked at the piece of money with eyes that dilated with something between joy and awe. She muttered to herself, under her breath, "It's a miracle! Jack's five pence to turn to ten pence." Gifford followed the girl, and by his gentle, manly courtesy and sympathy won her confidence.

"Let me help you a little," he said. "I think you can get work at Mrs. Trimmer's, the milliner. Give her our card, and say we sent you. But you mustn't go until to-morrow. Just around here is a decent place—common, but decent—where they'll take you in. This will do it, and get your breakfast and dinner. Oh, take it!"

"I never thought to be a beggar," said the girl, passionately.

"Take it as a loan," said the grocer. "You can't sleep here, let alone the ain all night."

"If you'll let me pay it back I'll not y no again," said the girl, "and ank you, thank you, thank you."

"Mrs. Trimmer's is 84 —— street, Biddy Ryan's is that tall brick use there, in the basement. She es girls to board. You'd better you're a nursemaid or a seams- ss. That is true, you know. Good- ht."

Then when she had said good-night watched her, saw her admitted at Irishwoman's door, and went me, rejoicing that that pretty, nder young creature would not ep in the street that night. He k her on trust, sharp young city esman though he was, and be- in her implicity.

was odd for the son of his father, ifford was his mother all over, e the penurious maxims that the n dinned in his ears.

t was, that instead of making up nd next day that the girl was postor and had spent his gift in Gifford walked, in the after- down —— street, and looking adame Trimmer's window, saw e remembered, set about with raids of brown hair, bent over at; and seeing it turn toward ked straight in and up to the said: "Good-day," and then y" to Madame Trimmer.

e brought two of our custom- her, I see," he said. "Glad it." And just then his fing- ing with the contents of his et, touched the cash received of one of the customers alluded to—the five-cent piece he had so deftly hocus-pocussed into ten cents.

The girl looked at him in surprise, Madame looked at the girl more respectfully than before. The story of the fire was true then, and this dress that the young woman wore was given her by a neighbor when she escaped in her night attire from the burning dwelling.

So she began upon the subject of fires, and Gifford Hull, who had the gift of representation peculiar to good salesmen, talked also. He told no lies; but when they parted, Madame Trimmer had somehow come to the belief that the house in which her new hand had resided was a brown stone; that the dresses destroyed were velvet and satin, and the money lost some thousands at least; and being a mean and contemptible person, was disposed to be very amiable to Ruth Edward, in consequence.

A little while after, Gifford called again at the store—and again and again. At last he saw Ruth in neat attire, pretty with knots of ribbon, trim with bright belts and snowy cuffs, and dainty gaiters. And though she never looked sweeter to him than she did that night in her ragged dress, and with her wet hair blown about her face, when he first saw her, he saw now how proud any man might be of her. He did not measure his worth by dollars, as his father did, and the worthy grocer had been very economical in the matter of poor Gifford's education. Now he had fallen in love, he began to wish he knew more—could do or be something better. The idea that he conferred a favor on her because she was poor, and he was or would be rich, never entered his honest mind.

But he went where he could see her often, and asked her to walk with him of bright evenings, and took her now and then to see a play, and carried her flowers; and at last, one evening told her that he loved her, and asked her to be his wife. When he did that, she burst into tears, and told him by way of answer all her story.

Her betrothed husband, Jack Perry, had left her three years before; he was a sailor, and she had waited and waited, but he had never come again. He might be dead, but she could not believe it. "And," she said, "while I believe he lives I can love no other man. I'm fond of you. You'd make me happy, I know; but I must be true to Jack. Forgive me, if I give you pain. I'm as fond of you as a sister could be, but—but you are not Jack."

"No, I'm not Jack," said Gifford sadly, "and I'll not trouble you any more, but just be your friend still, if you'll let me."

He kept his promise for a year. In it changes came to pass. The grocer died, and he was his own master. He was lonely, for he had no other relative. The house seemed desolate, and he used to think how Ruth's presence there would brighten it. He saw her growing sweeter and sweeter and dearer to him every day, and so he spoke again.

"Are you waiting for Jack still?" he said.

She answered: "I am always waiting."

He was her friend again as he had been, but he could not think of any other face by the fireside of his home, nor did he seek to place one there. Weeks slipped away and months. Another year, then. As the holiday time was coming on, and people were trimming up their dwellings with evergreen and holly, he took her a great armful of fragrant branches for her little room, and meeting her face to face, saw a look in her eyes that he had never seen before. He took her hand in his and held it, and her cheek flushed. He bent his head low and kissed her mouth.

"Are you waiting for Jack still?" he asked softly. She answered.

"I have waited a long, long while. I shall never forget Jack; but—"

"But you'll remember me a little."

When they parted Gifford thought himself the happiest man on earth, for Ruth had promised to marry him in a week.

The afternoon before he went to see her, and they spent a long and happy hour together.

To-morrow she would be his—to-morrow—to-morrow! He told her all his plans for their life together. At last he arose to go.

His hand was on the latch, and he had kissed her, when there came a knock upon the door. He opened it. A man stood there, in sailor's dress, bronzed, browned with wind and weather, who opened his lips to speak—stopped with the words upon his lips, and uttered a low cry. It was echoed by Ruth—Ruth, who tore her hand away from Gifford, and screamed:

"It's Jack! My God! it's Jack, come back!"

Jack! Gifford heard that, and knew what it meant. His heart seemed to turn to a lump of stone.

"Jack has come back to her!" he repeated; and then remembering the woman he loved more than himself, he spoke bravely:

"Good-by, Ruth. Don't mind me. I'm glad you are happy."

Then he was gone, leaving them together. What was to have been his wedding eve had come, and Gifford lay cast down upon the carpet before the blazing fire, with his head upon his hands. If he had been a woman, he could have sobbed. As it was, he only moaned. He was thinking. Just now the clergyman's servant was lighting the gas in the parlor to be ready for them, and the clergyman was waiting and his good old wife. Just now, but for Jack, he would have tapped at her door, and he would have handed her into their carriage, and they would have driven to the parsonage, and the words would have been uttered, the sweet, sweet words of the marriage service, and those whom God had joined no man could put asunder. Alas! Jack had come and had parted them forever.

Just then the house door, that always creaked when it was opened, creaked woefully, and a step crossed the hall, and the flutter of a woman's dress came to his ears; and Gifford lifted up his head, and saw that some one had come into the room. The daylight was gone, and the fire just gave a little gleam of red, and he could not see who it was, and called out: "Who is there?"

Then whoever it was came toward him and knelt down, and put her hand upon his head.

"Ruth!" he cried; "oh, Ruth, why do you come here?"

"Light the lamp," she said, "and see why."

He lit it.

She stood before him in her dainty wedding dress, in which, no doubt, she was to be married to Jack. It was very cruel—but he did not tell her so. He only said:

"Why do you come back to me, since Jack has come back to you?"

She lifted her eyes to his and smiled.

"Jack did not seek me out," she said. "He rang at my door by chance. He dreaded nothing more than meeting me; for he is married to another woman—he for whom I waited so long."

"Married!" Then he looked at her. "Married! and you—"

"I have come to you," she said. "I have not even a memory now that is not yours. The man I thought I loved—only a myth that wore his likeness. And the knowledge has given me no pain, but only joy, if you still love me, Gifford."

And the lights were not lit in the parsonage fruitlessly.—New York News.

Cotton Picked by Machine.

One of the most remarkable mechanical devices recently introduced in Georgia is a cotton-picking machine. The dimensions of the machine are approximately nine feet in length, five feet in width, and six feet in height. It is mounted on four metal carrying wheels, and in general appearance is not unlike a road engine, except that it is hauled by horses, and receives the power to propel the working mechanism from the traction wheels. The rear wheels are four feet in diameter. The tires are eight inches wide, and cleated on the rim to provide traction ample to operate the mechanism for picking the cotton from the plants, and the stripping devices and elevators in motion. The object of the elevators is to deposit the cotton in large sacks located at the top near the rear end of the machine. The total weight of the machine is about 1600 pounds, and of extremely light draught, and it can be drawn and operated by one pair of horses. The cotton-picking apparatus can be readily and almost instantly raised or lowered to suit the condition of the cotton and the surface of the ground on which it is operated. The picking and stripping mechanisms are entirely encased within light metallic cases, except the elongated slots through which the picking needles protrude. The needles are mounted on suitable bearings in vertical carriers, thirty-four in number, seventeen on each side, being linked together, working simultaneously. The gears are incased within the carriers. Each carrier in making the circuit of its oblong course, makes nearly one turn on its own axis, and each needle while in the plant makes fifteen revolutions, and five revolutions in the opposite direction while being stripped. The needles are inserted longitudinally into the plant to an extended position, then rotated rapidly and moved backward at a speed corresponding to the forward rate of travel of the machine, thereby avoiding any movement of the needles in relation to the plant except a rotary motion. The needles are withdrawn longitudinally from the plant, and pass between yielding stationary strippers, whereby the cotton is deposited in the elevators. The capacity of the machine is from six to eight acres per day, and from two to four bales per day, according to the yield. It takes fifteen ordinary hands a whole day to pick one bale, averaging about 100 pounds each, or 500 pounds of lint after it is ginned.—Chicago Herald.

A Useful Wild Product.

Palmettoes are plentiful in Terrebonne. In the rear of nearly every field in this parish palmetto bushes can be found gracefully spreading their broad leaves over acres of land. Thousands of plants are cut down and destroyed every year in "clearing up" land for cultivation. From the time that this parish was first settled to the present day the leaves of the palmetto have been used for various purposes. Many of the people on the lower ends of the bayous wear palmetto hats 365 days in the year, that were made by their wives or sisters from the palmettoes that so abundantly grow on the skirts of our woods, while the most durable baskets, used in harvesting time, are made from it. The Courier has one of these baskets, which it uses as a mail basket, that, after three years of knocking about, is to-day as good as new. The young people of the bayous get more pleasure out of the palmetto than can easily be estimated. Small boxes, puzzles, baskets, etc., are made by the children for their own use and amusement by trimming the young leaves, platting them, and ingeniously weaving the plats together. But, although the palmetto plant has been made use of here, few have ever guessed that its leaves contained a superior quality of tannin, or that it could be used in the manufacture of brushes, upholstery material, the finest quality of paper, or as a substitute for cow's hair in plastering.—Houma (La.) Courier.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "New Ground."

TEXT: "Lest I should build upon another man's foundation."—Romans xv., 20.

After, with the help of others, I had built three churches in the same city, and not feeling called upon to undertake the superhuman toil of building a fourth church, Providence seemed to point to this place as the field in which I could enlarge my work, and I feel a sense of relief amounting to exultation. Whereunto this work will grow I cannot prophesy. It is inviting and promising beyond anything I have ever touched. The churches are the grandest institutions this world ever saw, and their pastors have no superiors this side of heaven, but there is a work which must be done outside of the churches, and to that work I join myself for awhile, "Lest I build on another man's foundation."

The church is a fortress divinely built. Now, a fortress is for defense and for drill, and for storing ammunition, but an army must sometimes be on the march far outside the fortress. In the campaign of conquering this world for Christ the time has come for an advance movement, for a "general engagement," for massing the troops, for an invasion of the enemies' country. Confident that the forts are well manned by the ablest ministry that ever blessed the church, I propose, with others, for awhile, to join the cavalry and move out and on for service in the open field.

In laying out the plan for his missionary tour Paul, with more brain than any of his contemporaries or predecessors or successors, sought out towns and cities which had not yet been preached to. He goes to Corinth, a city mentioned for splendor and vice, and Jerusalem, where the priesthood and sanhedrin were ready to leap with both feet upon the Christian religion. He feels he has a special work to do, and he means to do it. What was the result? The grandest life of usefulness that man ever lived. We modern Christian workers are not apt to imitate Paul. We build on other people's foundations. If we erect a church, we prefer to have it filled with families all of whom have been pious. Do we gather a Sunday-school class, we want good boys and girls, hair combed, faces washed, manners attractive. So a church in this city is apt to be built out of other churches. Some ministers spend all their time in fishing in other people's ponds, and they throw the line into that church pond and jerk out a Methodist, and throw the line into another church pond and bring out a Presbyterian, or there is a religious row in some neighboring church, and the whole school of fish swim off from that pond, and we take them all in with one sweep of the net. What is gained? Absolutely nothing for the general cause of Christ. It is only as in an army, when a regiment is transferred from one division to another, or from the Fourteenth Regiment to the Sixty-ninth Regiment. What strengthens the army is new recruits.

The fact is, this is a big world. When in our schoolboy days we learned the diameter and circumference of this planet, we did not learn half. It is the latitude and longitude and diameter and circumference of want and woe and sin that no figures can calculate. This one spiritual continent of wretchedness reaches across all zones, and if I were called to give its geographical boundary I would say it is bounded on the north and south and east and west by the great heart of God's sympathy and love. Oh, it is a great world. Since 6 o'clock this morning at least 80,000 have been born, and all these multiplied populations are to be reached of the gospel. In England or in Eastern American cities we are being much crowded, and an acre of ground is of great value, but out West 500 acres is a small farm, and 20,000 acres is no unusual possession. There is a vast field here and everywhere unoccupied, plenty of room more, not building on another man's foundation. We need as churches to stop bombarding the old iron clad sinners that have been proof against thirty years of Christian assault, and aim for the salvation of those who have never yet had one warm hearted and point blank invitation. There are churches whose buildings might be worth $200,000, who are not averaging five new converts a year and doing less good than many a log cabin meeting house with tallow candle stuck in wooden socket and a minister who has never seen a college or known the difference between Greek and Choctaw. We need churches to get into sympathy with the great outside world, and let them know that none are so broken hearted or hardly bestead that they will not be welcomed. "No!" says some fastidious Christian: "I don't like to be crowded in church. Don't put any one in my pew." My brother, what will you do in heaven? When a great multitude that no man can number assembles, they will put fifty in your pew. What are the select few to-day assembled in the Christian churches compared with the mightier millions outside of them?

At least 3,000,000 people in this cluster of seaboard cities, and not more than 200,000 in the churches. Many of the churches are like a hospital that should advertise that its patients must have nothing worse than toothache or "run arounds," but no broken heads, no crushed ankles, no fractured thighs. Give us for treatment moderate sinners, velvet coated sinners and sinners with a gloss on. It is as though a man had a farm of 3000 acres and put all his work on one acre. He may raise never so large ears of corn, never so big heads of wheat, he would remain poor. The church of God has bestowed its chief care on one acre and has raised splendid men and women in that small inclosure, but the field is the world. That means North and South America, Europe, Asia and Africa and all the islands of the sea.

It is as though after a great battle there were left 50,000 wounded and dying on the field and three surgeons gave all their time to three patients under their charge. The major-general comes in and says to the doctors, "Come out here and look at the nearly 50,000 dying for lack of surgical attendance." "No," say the three doctors, standing there and fanning their patients; "we have three important cases here, and we are attending them, and when we are not positively busy with their wounds it takes all our time to keep the flies off." In this awful battle of sin and sorrow, where millions have fallen on millions, do not let us spend all our time in taking care of a few people, and when the command comes, "Go into the world," say practically: "No; I cannot go. I have here a few choice cases, and I am busy keeping off the flies." There are multitudes to-day who have never had any Christian worker look them in the eye, and with earnestness in the accentuation say, "Come!" or they would long ago have been in the kingdom. My friends, religion is either a sham or a tremendous reality. If it be a sham, let us cease to have anything to do with Christian association. If it be a reality, then great populations are on their way to the bar of God unfitted for the ordeal, and what are we doing?

In order to teach the multitude of outsiders we must drop all technicalities out of our religion. When we talk to people about the hypostatic union and French encyclopedianism and erastianism and complutensianism, we are as impolitic and little understood as if a physician should talk to an ordinary patient about the pericardium and intercostal muscle and scorbutic symptoms. Many of us come out of the theological seminaries so loaded up that we take the first ten years to show our people how much we know, and the next ten years to get our people to know as much as we know, and at the end find that neither of us knows anything as we ought to know. Here are thousands of sinning, struggling and dying people who need to realize just one thing—that Jesus Christ came to save them, and will save them now. But we go into a profound and elaborate definition of what justification is, and after all the work there are not outside of the learned professions 5000 people in the United States who can tell what justification is. I will read you the definition:

"Justification is purely a forensic act, the act of a judge sitting in the forum, in which the Supreme Ruler and Judge, who is accountable to none, and who alone knows the manner in which the ends of His universal government can best be attained, reckons that which was done by the substitute, and not on account of anything done by them, but purely upon account of this gracious method of reckoning, grants them the full remission of their sins."

Now, what is justification? I will tell you what justification is. When a sinner believes, God lets him off. One summer in Connecticut I went to a large factory, and I saw over the door written the words, "No admittance." I entered and saw over the next door, "No admittance." Of course I entered. I got inside and found it a pin factory, and they were making pins, very serviceable, fine and useful pins. So the spirit of exclusiveness has practically written over the outside door of many a church, "No admittance." And if the stranger enter he finds practically written over the second door, "No admittance," and if he goes in over all the pew doors seems written, "No admittance," while the minister stands in the pulpit, hammering out his little niceties of belief, pounding out the technicalities of religion, making pins. In the most practical, common sense way, and laying aside the nonessentials and the hard definitions of religion, go out on the God given mission, telling the people what they need and when and how they can get it.

Comparatively little effort as yet has been made to save that large class of persons in our midst called skeptics, and he who goes to work here will not be building upon another man's foundation. There is a great multitude of them. They are afraid of us and our churches, for the reason we do not know how to treat them. One of this class met Christ, and hear with what tenderness and pathos and beauty and success Christ dealt with him: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. This is the first commandment, and the second is like to this—namely, thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is no other commandment greater than this." And the scribe said to Him, "Well, Master, Thou hast said the truth, for there is one God, and to love Him with all the heart, and all the understanding, and all the soul, and all the strength, is more than whole burnt offerings and sacrifices." And when Jesus saw that he answered discreetly He said unto him, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." So a skeptic was saved in one interview. But few Christian people treat the skeptic in that way. Instead of taking hold of him with the gentle hand of love, we are apt to take him with the iron pinchers of ecclesiasticism.

You would not be so rough on that man if you knew by what process he had lost his faith in Christianity. I have known men skeptical from the fact that they grew up in houses where religion was overdone. Sunday was the most awful day of the week. They had religion driven into them with a trip hammer. They were surfeited with prayer meetings. They were stuffed and choked with catechisms. They were often told they were the worst boys the parents ever knew, because they liked to ride down hill better than to read Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." Whenever father and mother talked of religion, they drew down the corners of their mouth and rolled up their eyes. If any one thing will send a boy or girl to ruin sooner than another, that is it. If I had such a father and mother, I fear I should have been an infidel. When I was a boy in Sunday-school, at one time we had a teacher who, when we were not attentive, struck us over the head with a New Testament, and there is a way of using even the Bible so as to make it offensive.

Others were tripped up of skepticism from being grievously wronged by some man who professed to be a Christian. They had a partner in business who turned out to be a first-class scoundrel, though a professed Christian. Many years ago they lost all faith by what happened in an oil company which was formed amid the petroleum excitement. The company owned no land, or if they did there was no sign of oil produced, but the President of the company was a Presbyterian elder, and the treasurer was an Episcopal vestryman, and one director was a Methodist class leader, and the other directors prominent members of Baptist and Congregational churches. Circulars were gotten out telling what fabulous prospects opened before this company. Innocent men and women who had a little money to invest, and that little their all, said, "I don't know anything about this company, but so many good men are at the head of it that it must be excellent, and taking stock in it must be almost as good as joining the church."

So they bought the stock and perhaps received one dividend so as to keep them still, but after awhile they found that the company had reorganized and had a different president and different treasurer and different directors. Other engagements or ill health had caused the former officers of the company, with many regrets, to resign. And all that the subscribers of that stock had to show for their investment was a beautifully ornamented certificate. Sometimes that man looking over his old papers comes across that certificate, and it is so suggestive that he vows he wants none of the religion that the presidents and trustees and directors of that oil company professed. Of course their rejection of religion on such grounds was unphilosophical and unwise. I am told that many of the United States army desert every year, and there are thousands of court martials every year. Is that anything against the United States Government that swore them in? And if a soldier of Jesus Christ desert, is that anything against the Christianity which he swore to support and defend? How do you judge of the currency of a country? By a counterfeit bill? Oh, you must have patience with those who have been swindled by religious pretenders. Live in the presence of others a frank, honest, earnest Christian life, that they may be attracted to the same Saviour upon whom your hopes depend.

Remember skepticism always has some reason, good or bad, for existing. Goethe's irreligion started when the news came to Germany of the earthquake at Lisbon, Nov. 1, 1775. That 60,000 people should have perished in that earthquake and in the after rising of the Tagus so stirred his sympathies that he threw up his belief in the goodness of God.

Others have gone into skepticism from a natural persistence in asking the reason why. They have been fearfully stabbed of the interrogation point. There are so many things they cannot get explained. They cannot understand the Trinity or how God can be sovereign and yet a man a free agent. Neither can I. They say: "I don't understand why a good God should have let sin come into the world. Neither do I. You say: "Why was that child started in life with such disadvantages, while others have all physical and mental equipment?" I cannot tell. They go out of church on Easter morning and say: "That doctrine of the resurrection confounded me." So it is to me a mystery beyond unravelment. I understand all the processes by which men get into the dark. I know them all. I have traveled with burning feet that blistered way. The first word which most children learn to utter is: "Papa," or "Mamma," but I think the first word I ever uttered was: "Why?" I know what it is to have a hundred midnights pour their darkness into one hour. Such men are not to be scoffed, but helped. Turn your back upon a drowning man when you have the rope with which to pull him ashore, and let that woman in the third story of a house perish in the flames when you have a ladder with which to help her out and help her down, rather than turn your back scoffingly on a skeptic whose soul is in more peril than the bodies of those other endangered ones possibly can be. Oh, skepticism is a dark land. There are men in this house who would give a thousand worlds if they possessed them to get back to the placid faith of their fathers and mothers, and it is our place to help them, and we may help them, never through their heads, but always through their hearts. These skeptics, when brought to Jesus, will be mightily effective, far more so than those who never examined the evidences of Christianity.

Thomas Chalmers was once a skeptic Robert Hall a skeptic, Robert Newton a skeptic, Christmas Evans a skeptic. But when once with strong hand they took hold of the chariot of the gospel they rolled it on with what momentum! If I address such men and women to-day, I throw out no scoff. I implead them by the memory of the good old days, when at their mother's knee they said, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and by those days and nights of scarlet fever in which she watched you, giving you the medicine at just the right time and turning your pillow when it was hot, and with hands that many years ago turned to dust soothed away your pain, and with voice that you will never hear again, unless you join her in the better country, told you to never mind, for you would feel better by and by, and by that dying couch, where she looked so pale and talked so slowly, catching her breath between the words, and you felt an awful loneliness coming over your soul—by all that I beg you to come back and take the same religion. It was good enough for her. It is good enough for you. Nay, I have a better plea than that. I plead by all the wounds and tears and blood and groans and agonies and death throes of the Son of God, who approaches you this moment with torn brow, and lacerated hand, and whipped back, and saying, "Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Again, there is a field of usefulness but little touched occupied by those who are astray in their habits. All northern Nations, like those of North America and England and Scotland—that is, in the colder climates—are devastated by alcoholism. They take the fire to keep up the warmth. In southern countries, like Arabia and Spain, the blood is so warm they are not tempted to fiery liquids. The great Roman armies never drank anything stronger than water tinged with vinegar, but under our northern climate the temptation to heating stimulants is most mighty, and millions succumb. When a man's habits go wrong, the church drops him; the social circle drops him; good influence drops him; we all drop him. Of all the men who get off track, but few ever get on again. Near my summer residence there is a life saving station on the beach. There are all the ropes and rockets, the boats, the machinery for getting people off shipwrecks. One summer I saw there fifteen or twenty men who were breakfasting after having just escaped with their lives and nothing more. Up and down our coasts are built these useful structures, and the mariners know it, and they feel that if they are driven into the breakers there will be apt from shore to come a rescue. The churches of God ought to be so many life saving stations, not so much to help those who are in smooth waters, but those who have been shipwrecked. Come, let us run out the lifeboats! And who will man them? We do not preach enough to such men. We have not enough faith in their release. Alas, if when they come to hear us we are laboriously trying to show the difference between sublapsarianism and supralapsarianism, while they have a thousand vipers of remorse and despair coiling around their immortal spirits!

The church is not chiefly for goodish sort of men whose proclivities are all right, and who could get to heaven praying and singing in their own homes. It is on the beach to help the drowning. Those bad cases are the cases that God likes to take hold of. He can save a big sinner as well as a small sinner, and when a man calls earnestly to God for help He will go out to deliver such a one. If it were necessary, God would come down from the sky, followed by all the artillery of heaven and a million angels with drawn swords. Get 100 such redeemed men in each of your churches, and nothing could stand before them, for such men are generally warm-hearted and enthusiastic.

Furthermore, the destitute children of the streets offer a field of work comparatively unoccupied. The uncared for children are in the majority in most of our cities. Their condition was well illustrated by what a boy in this city said when he was found under a cart gnawing a bone and some one said to him, "Where do you live?" and he answered, "Don't live nowhere, sir!" Seventy thousand of the children of New York City can neither read nor write. When they grow up, if unreformed, they will outvote your children, and they will govern your children. The whisky ring will hatch out other whisky rings, and grogshops will kill with their horrid stench public sobriety, unless the church of God rises up with outstretched arms and infolds this dying population in her bosom. Public schools cannot do it. Art galleries cannot do it. Blackwell's Island cannot do it. Almshouses cannot do it. New York Tombs cannot do it. Sing Sing cannot do it. People of God, wake up to your magnificent mission! You can do it. Get somewhere, somehow, to work!

The Prussian cavalry mount by putting their right foot into the stirrup, while the American cavalry mount by putting their left foot into the stirrup. I don't care how you mount your war charger if you only get into this battle for God, and get there soon, right stirrup, or left stirrup, or no stirrup at all. The unoccupied fields are all around us, and why should we build on another man's foundation?

I have heard of what was called the "thunder legion." It was in 179, a part of the Roman army to which some Christians belonged, and their prayers, it was said, were answered by thunder and lightning and hail and tempest, which overthrew an invading army and saved the Empire. And I would to God that you could be so mighty in prayer and work that you would become a thundering legion before which the forces of sin might be routed and the gates of hell made to tremble. All aboard now on the gospel ship! If you cannot be a captain or a first mate, be a stoker or a deckhand, or ready at command to climb the ratlines. Heave away now, lads! Shake out the reefs in the foretopsail! Come, O heavenly wind, and fill the canvas! Jesus aboard will assure our safety. Jesus on the sea will beckon us forward. Jesus on the shining shore will welcome us into harbor. "And so it came to pass that they all escaped safe to land."

THE ANTI-LOTTERY LAW.

Full Provisions of the Last Bill Signed by the President.

The last measure signed by the President and one in which a great deal of interest has been taked, is the anti-lottery bill. The measure is a brief one of four sections, the most important of which is the first.

This specifies that "any person who shall cause to be brought within the United States from abroad, for the purpose of disposing of the same, or deposited in or carried by the mails of the United States, or carried from one state to another in the United States any paper, certificate, or instrument purporting to be or represent a ticket, chance, share or interest in or dependent upon the event of a lottery, so-called gift concert or similar enterprise, offering prizes dependent upon lot or chance, or shall cause any advertisement of such lottery, so-called gift concert or similar enterprise, offering prizes dependent upon lot or chance, to be brought into the United States or deposited in or carried by the mails of the United States, or transferred from one State to another in the same, shall be punished in the first offense by imprisonment for not more than two years or by a fine of not more than $1,000 or both, and in the second and after offenses by such imprisonment only."

The other sections of the bill apply to the act all provisions of existing laws for the suppression of the lottery traffic in or circulation of obscene books, and extend the powers conferred in section 2, chapter 908, of the statue of 1890 to all letters or other matter sent by mail.

THE NEWS.

The Rev. J. Hoffman Batten, publisher of a religious paper in Asbury Park, was arrested on the charge of libeling the mayor of the town.——O. P. Wilkins, released a few days ago from the Minnesota penitentiary, and Charles W. Crawford, a youth of nineteen years, entered the State Bank at Adel, Iowa, shot S. M. Leach, the cashier, secured a few hundred dollars and escaped from the town, pursued by a crowd. Wilkins took refuge in a barn, which was fired. He was forced out and a fight followed in which he was shot dead. The other robber was captured. Several men were wounded.——Mrs. Ballington Booth, of the Salvation Army, was granted permission by Judge Ferris, of Cincinnati, to perform the marriage ceremony.—The trial of Perry Coffey at Winston, N. C., for the murder of his brother, was postponed because Joseph Roberts, the most important witness for the State, was found dead.——The first annual meeting of the National Wholesale Lumber Dealer's Association, was held in Philadelphia.——A strike involving from twelve to seventeen thousand miners is on in the Pittsburg district, the operators having refused the sixty-nine cent rate demanded by the men.

Mrs. Helena Seims, of Hoboken, N. J., died of a broken heart.——The Portland (Ore.) Cold Storage Warehouse was burned. Loss $75,000.——Several towboats and barges were sunk in the Ohio River near East Liverpool, O., by the ice.——A good deal of silver is being shipped from the United States to Japan.——Rev. H. W. Harris, of Oakland, Cal., has gone on the stage.——George Magee was hanged at Frankfort, Ky.——At a fight at Kimball, W. Va., four persons were seriously wounded, and Frank Mournot was killed.——Bill Tom Hatfield was killed on Short Pole Creek, W. Va.——The Nebraska legislature has decided to pay beet-sugar producers five dollars a ton.——Harry Hill, who murdered Matthew Akeson, of Cass county, Neb., was hanged at Plattsmouth, Neb.——Fire at Norfolk, Neb., destroyed the Reno Hotel and other property. Damage $75,000.

Constable Eugene Lynch was waylaid and shot and mortally wounded at Soddy, a mining town in Hamilton county, Tenn., by John Lemon, whom he had arrested, and who had escaped from custody.——Levi Bruster and Abraham Turpin, colored waiters in the Fibeck Hotel, TerreHaute, Ind. exchanged five shots at each other, with fatal effect to Turpin. The shooting caused a panic in the hotel.——Frank B. Meadowcroft and his brother Charles, ex-proprietors of the defunct Meadowcroft Bank, who were convicted on one indictment, were arraigned on another in Chicago charging them with receiving deposits when they knew the bank to be insolvent. A special grand jury was sworn in at Lexington, Va., to make an investigation into the wrecking of the bank. The Harvey Steel Company, of Newark, N. J., brought suit in the United States Circuit Court at Philadelphia against the Bethlehem Iron Company for alleged infringement on a number of important patented improvements used in building war vessels.

The Misses Hettie and Mamie Logan and Linda Fields were drowned by breaking through the ice while skating at Sergeant, Ky.——A large aerolite was seen shooting out of the heavens at Reno, Nev., early Saturday morning, exploding with tremendous force and awakening the people.——A boiler in the sawmill of John McCroom, near Adelphi, O., exploded, and three men were blown to atoms.——The works of the Akron China Company, at Akron, O., was destroyed by fire. Loss, $62,000, and one hundred and fifty men thrown out of work.——The President Flour Mills, at Bethalto, Ill., was burned. They were owned by D. K. Kauffman, of St. Louis, and valued at $150,000.——In an attempt to escape from a convict camp on the American River, near Folsom, Cal., three prisoners were shot.——Alfred E. Jewell, a special policeman, at Rahway, N. J., was shot and killed while assisting in a raid on a gang of tramps.——Thieves, by a slick trick, robbed the postoffice at New Haven, Ct., of $920.——A West Greenland expedition has been organized by parties in New York, Philadelphia, Princeton and Chicago.——Firebugs continue to alarm the citizens of Waynesboro, Pa., threats having been made of burning the Geiser Company's works. The stables of this company were burned last summer.——Percy B. Chamberlain, an Englishman, who owned considerable property in West Virginia, committed suicide in Chicago.

The bill to grant woman suffrage in Massachusetts was defeated in the lower house of the legislature.——Ten thousand railroad miners in the Pittsburg district struck for an advance of fourteen cents an hour.——Fire destroyed the J. B. Watham & Co.'s distillery at Louisville, Ky. Loss, $75,000.——By an explosion of natural gas in Anderson, Ind., a block of business houses valued at $75,000 was destroyed.——An incendiary fire at Kinston, N. C., destroyed twenty-five buildings, twelve being stores. Loss, $40,000; insurance, $10,000. Last week Kingston had a $200,000 fire, with insurance of $90,000.——A distinct earthquake shock lasting several seconds was felt at Wilson, N. C. Buildings were shaken but no damage done.——Wyatt Mayberry, colored, went to church and locked his three children up in the house in Breaham, Texas. The house caught fire and the oldest child, aged seven years, escaped by climbing out of the window. The two youngest were burned to death.——Crawford M. Kendrick and his brother Charles, who stood high in business circles in St. Louis, got out of town, leaving many debts behind.

ROBBERS LED BY A WOMAN.

A Well-Known Widow in Male Attire Plays the Part of Outlaw Chieftain.

Almost nightly recently in Bridgeport, Ala., stores have been robbed. Suspicion fell upon an unknown man as the leader of the gang of thieves, and the police tracked the robber to a hut where a large quantity of stolen goods were found.

The supposed man proved to be Jane Cheek, a well-known widow, dressed in male attire. She was heavily armed. The woman, the officers think, has been the leader of a band of burglars for years. Her sons, Hiram and Bob, were also arrested.

Mrs. Chatty Green celebrated her 103d birthday not long ago in an old lady's home in Boston. She was born a slave.

WORK OF CONGRESS

The Controlling Issues of its Three Sessions.

SILVER, TARIFF, FINANCES.

A Summary of the Work Accomplished Since August, 1893, when the President Called the Members in Extraordinary Sessions.

The three sessions of the Fifty-third Congress just expired, were dominated by three controlling issues. The first by the silver question. The second by the tariff question. The third by the financial question.

On the 7th of August, 1893, the Congress convened in extraordinary session for the avowed purpose of repealing the compulsory silver purchase provision of the law of 1890. This was the silver session.

Mr. W. L. Wilson, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, prepared a bill, in conformity to the recommendations of the President's message, and on the 28th of August, 1893, this measure passed the House. The Senate, in the mean time had been preparing, through the Committee on Finance a substitute bill, and on the 1st of November this Senate substitute received the approval of both Houses, and became law by the approval of the President. This measure, and the repeal of the remaining vestiges of the reconstruction Federal election laws, closed the important work of the extra session.

Upon its meeting in regular session, in December, 1893. Congress entered upon the consideration of the revision of the tariff. As in the case of the silver question, but in a much more pronounced manner, the House "proposed" and the Senate "disposed." The Wilson tariff bill, passed by the House February 1, 1894, was set aside for the Jones-Gorman compromise tariff bill, and adopted by the Senate on the 3d of July, 1894, after four months' debate, and the House was given the blunt option of the "Senate bill or nothing." It took the Senate bill and sent it to the President on the 15th of August, 1894

NOT SIGNED BY THE PRESIDENT.

President Cleveland permitted the bill to become a law without his approval, and in an informal manner communicated to individual members of Congress his dissatisfaction with the inadequacy of the changes made in the tariff system.

Supplemental to the passage of this tariff law, the Senate entered upon the profitless and inconclusive investigation of rumors that Senators had been improperly influenced to vote for the Senate sugar schedule, and had speculated in stocks of the so-called "Sugar Trust Company."

The third and last, or "financial" session of the Fifty-third Congress, has been especially marked by the refusal of both Houses to put into legislative shape the recommendations of the President for the alleviation of the stringent financial situation. The President, in his annual message, called attention to the continual depletion of the gold reserve, and complained that though it was "perfectly and palpably plain that the only way under the present conditions by which this reserve, when dangerously depleted, can be replenished is through the issue and sale of bonds of the government for gold. Congress has not only thus far declined to authorize the issue of bonds best suited to such a purpose, but there seems a disposition in some quarters to deny both the necessity and the power for the issue of bonds at all."

The Banking and Currency Committee of the House, with the approval of the administration, submitted a financial measure which, among other provisions, materially modified the national banking laws and repealed the restrictions on State bank circulation.

ADDITIONAL LEGISLATION DEMANDED.

This bill was defeated by six majority. It was followed by a second message from the President, received by both Houses of Congress December 28, in which the President said that whatever might have been the merits of the original plan proposed by him he was "now convinced that its reception by Congress and our present advanced stage of financial perplexity necessitated additional or different legislation."

He once again recommended the passage of a law authorizing the issue of low interest bearing bonds to maintain the gold reserve. The Banking and Currency Committee responded to this suggestion by offering on the 1st of February, 1895, a bill to "authorize the Secretary of the Treasury to issue bonds to maintain a sufficient gold reserve and to redeem and retire United States notes."

After only two hours' debate this bill was also defeated by a majority of 27. On the next day the President informed Congress that he had negotiated a conditional sale of over $62,000,000 of 4 per cent. coin bonds to a syndicate largely represented by foreign capitalists, having no resource left, because of the "omission thus far on the part of Congress to beneficially enlarge the powers of the Secretary of the Treasury in the premises." This last message went to the Ways and Means Committee, whose chairman, Mr. Wilson, of West Virginia, seven days after its receipt, reported a resolution authorizing the issue of $65,116,275 of gold 3 per cent. bonds, as recommended by the President. The measure was called up on February 14th and defeated the same day by forty-seven majority, after a stormy debate.

THE SENATE PROGRAMME.

These three financial measures, with general appropriation bills, consumed the greater part of the session. Early in the session the Democratic caucus of the Senate agreed that the following matters should be considered: A financial measure of some sort, details not designed; the bankruptcy bill; the bills for the admission of New Mexico and Arizona; the Nicaraguan Canal bill, and the State Bank tax repeal bill.

Of all these measures, the Nicaraguan Canal bill alone passed the Senate, after two months' debate, and that only because the Republicans utilized it as a buffer to keep off the bankruptcy bill. It failed to receive consideration in the House. The bankruptcy bill was made the unfinished business, but was choked by the appropriation bills. Financial measures were not acted upon by the Senate, and nothing planned by the Senate caucus resulted in legislation. The so-called "popgun" tariff bills sent over by the House, providing for free sugar, free coal and free iron were not even honored by consideration, and the railroad pooling bill, one of the most important measures passed by the House, was also shelved.

ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

REV. DR AND MRS. HENRY M. FIELD are passing the Winter in Washington to enjoy the near companionship of Justice Field who is said to be ageing rapidly now.

JULES VERNE is 78 pears old. His first novel was published when he was 35, and he has been producing them at the rate of two a year ever since. Verne is very fond of English literature, and he thinks Charles Dickens the greatest of all British novelists.

THE Hon Sledge Tatum, of Georgia, could not escape with that name. He is preparing to go west to superintend the survey of a part of the Ute Reservation, a position which was recently given him by the Secretary of the Interior.

JUDGE BOSWORTH, of Middleborough, Ky., has ordered that all gambling machines in that city cease operations, and that any person throwing dice either for drinks or anything else shall be arrested and make or given an opportunity to make an explanation in the City Court.

MRS PLATT, wife of ex-Senator Platt, of New York, while her husband has been concerned over the Gotham patronage is in Florida looking over the devastation which the severe weather of the past month has worked in her orange groves. Out of 3800 boxes only 800 boxes were saved, the others being frozen solid.

The late President Carnot is to be commemorated at Angouleme by a statute, which is the work of M. Raoul Verlet, a clever young sculptor, who carried off the prize at the Salon in 1887, and a medal of honor in 1889. He also did the monument in Maupassant. The Carnot monument is twelve feet high.

W. J. ELY, of New York, who recently returned from an eighteen months' prospecting tour in Venezuela and British Guiana, declares that perils and hardships beset the path of the gold hunter in those regions. Mr. Ely is about thirty years old, tall, well formed and of evident pluck and determination, but he finds the South American El Dorado is not all it is cracked up to be.

Miss Bilgrami, of Hyderabad, the first Mohammedan girl to try a university examination has passed the first examination in arts at the Madras University with honors in Arabic. Not being allowed to leave the zenana, she pursued her studies by herself under very great difficulties, as she could not attend college lectures. She took her examination in a girls' school under the eye of the head mistress.

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES.

THE two main business blocks of Kingston, North Carolina, were burned; loss $225,000.

A passenger train on the Santa Fe Road was wrecked near Pittsburg, Kansas, and eight passengers were seriously injured.

ACCORDING to a dispatch from Houston, Texas, cattlemen estimate their losses in consequences of the blizzard at over 25 per cent.

BY the explosion of a boiler in Jacob Woltz's saw mill, near South Perry, Ohio. Woltz and his son William were killed and the building wrecked.

THE City Hall in Brooklyn was damaged by fire to the extent of $40,000. The tower was destroyed, the top floor badly damaged and the building flooded with water.

ADVICE received at Albuquerque, New Mexico, from the scene of the mine explosion at Cerrillos place the number of dead positively at 25. One man is still missing.

Two convicts and 23 mules were smothered to death in Rock Slope shaft No. 1, at the Pratt Mines, Ala. The fire in the mines is believed to have been of incendiary origin.

THREE firemen were injured, two probably fatally, in Rochester, N. Y., at a fire in the mills of the R. T. French Company, manufacturers of spices and baking powder. The loss on building and stock is $40,000.

THERE was a collision on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad near Guthrie, Oklahoma Territory, between a passenger and live stock train. Charles Uppleby, the freight engineer, was killed and twenty others were injured, two fatally.

ALFRED RICKHOFF accidentally shot and fatally wounded Burt Habrell, aged 18 years, in a Chicago place of amusement. Rickhoff is a fancy marksman, and Habrell was employed to hold glass balls in his hand. While Habrell was assuming his position Rickhoff's rifle was prematurely discharged, the bullet striking Habrell in the abdomen.

A telegram from Hennessy, Okla., says that an appeal for aid has been issued by settlers in the Strip. "Hundreds of families are absolutely starving, eating practically prairie dogs and horses. The suffering is unparalleled. Cattle have been dying in droves as a result of the unprecedented 'northers' which visited both Territories and Texas within the past few weeks."

CABLE SPARKS.

THE French prohibition against American cattle does not include canned or dressed beef.

THE Earl of Cowley is dead in England. He was born in 1834 and succeeded to the title in 1894.

FIRE in Halifax, N. S., destroyed property valued at one million dollars. Several firemen were injured.

THE ironmasters of the midland countries of England have agreed to form an association to regulate the price of iron.

THE Spanish troops are said to be pursuing the Cuban insurgents with great vigor, and it is thought the insurrection will soon be quelled.

SEVERAL Red Sea professional wreckers has been arrested for pillaging the British steamer Yarrowdale, recently wrecked in the Red sea.

THE British steamship Ganges, which had been drifting in the Bay of Biscay for several days with a broken propeller, has reached Havre.

AN excursion train on the Interoceanic Railroad was thrown from the track in the mountains near Mexico City. Five coaches went down in the canyon and forty two persons were killed and thirty others injured.

THE funeral of Archduke Albrecht occurred in Vienna and was attended by representatives of all the sovereigns and courts of Europe. Emperor William walked besides Emperor Francis Joseph as the cortege entered the Capuchin Church.

Sir Herculus Robinson, formerly Governor of Hong Kong, Ceylon, New South Wales, New Zealand and of the Cape of Good Hope, has been appointed Governor and commander-in-chief of Cape Colony and high commissioners for South Africa.

Prince Lobanoff-Rostovski, Russian Ambassador to Austria, has been appointed Russian minister of foreign affairs in succession to the late M. de Giers. The Prince was Governor of Bulgaria before the election of Prince Alexander, of Battenberg.