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THE TABERNACLE PULPIT.

DR. TALMAGE ASKS THE QUESTION, "WHAT WERE YOU MADE FOR?"

His Text Taken from John xviii, 37, "To This End Was I Born"—An Able Discourse Preceded by an Impressive Scene.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 4.—A most impressive scene is that witnessed in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, when at the opening of the morning service 7,000 persons on the main floor, in two galleries and the adjoining rooms, rise and sing the Doxology. This morning in addition to the congregational singing Prof. Henry Eyre Browne rendered from the organ, "Theme and Variations in A," by Cramer. Dr. Talmage's text was taken from John 18:37, "To this end was I born

After Pilate had suicided, tradition says that his body was thrown into the Tiber, and such storms ensued on and about that river that this body was taken out and thrown into the Rhone, and similar disturbances swept that river and its banks. Then the body was taken out and removed to Lausanne and put in a deeper pool, which immediately became the center of similar atmospheric and aqueous disturbances. Though these are fanciful and false traditions they show the execration with which the world looked upon Pilate. It was before this man when he was in full life and power that Christ was arraigned as in a court of over and terminer. Pilate said to his prisoner: "Art thou a king, then?" and Jesus answered: "to this end was I born." Sure enough, although all earth and hell arose to keep him down. He is today enpalaced, enthroned and crowned king of earth and king of heaven. "To this end was I born." That is what he came for, and that is what he accomplished.

By the time a child reaches ten years of age the parents begin to discover that child's destiny, but by the time he or she reaches fifteen years of age, the question is on the child's lips: "What am I to be? What am I going to do? What was I made for?" It is a sensible and righteous question, and the youth ought to keep on asking it until it is so fully answered that the young man, or the woman can say with as much truth as its author, though on a less expensive scale: "to this end was I born."

There is too much divine skill shown in the physical, mental and moral constitution of the ordinary human being to suppose that he was constructed without any divine purpose. If you take me out on some vast plain and show me a pillared temple surmounted by a dome like St. Peter's, and having a floor of precious stones, and arches that must have taxed the brain of greatest draughtsman to design, and walls scrolled and niched and panelled and wainscotted and painted, and should ask what this building was put up for, and you answered: "for nothing at all," how could I believe you? And it is impossible for me to believe that any ordinary human being who has in his muscular, nervous and cerebral organization more wonders than Christopher Wren lifted in St. Paul's, or Phidias ever chiseled on the Acropolis, and built in such a way that it shall last long after St. Paul's cathedral is as much a ruin as the Parthenon—that such a being was constructed for no purpose, and to execute no mission, and without any divine intention toward some end. The object of this sermon is to help you to find out what you are made for, and help you find you sphere, and assist you into that condition where you can say with certainty and emphasis and enthusiasm and triumph: "to this end was I born."

First, I discharge you from all responsibility for most of your environments. You are not responsible for your parentage or grand-parentage. You are not responsible for any of the cranks that may have lived in your ancestral line, and who a hundred years before you were born may have lived a style of life that more or less affects you today. You are not responsible for the fact that your temperament is sanguine, or melancholic or bilious, or lymphatic, or nervous. Neither are you responsible for the place of your nativity, whether among the granite hills of New England or the cotton plantations of Louisiana, or on the banks of the Clyde, or the Dnieper, or the Shannon, or the Seine. Neither are you responsible for the religion taught in your father's house or the irreligion. Do not bother yourself about what you cannot help, or about circumstances that you did not decree. Take things as they are and decide the question so that you shall be able safely to say: "to this end was I born." How will you decide it? By direct application to the only being in the universe who is competent to tell you—the Lord Almighty. Do you know the reason why he is the only one who can tell? Because he can see everything between your cradle and your grave, though the grave be eighty years off. And besides that, he is the only being who can see what has been happening for the last 500 years in your ancestral line, and for thousands of years clear back to Adam, and there is not one person in all that ancestral line of 6,000 years but has somehow affected your character, and even old Adam himself will sometimes turn up in your disposition. The only being that can take all things that pertain to you into consideration is God, and he is the one you can ask. Life is so short we have no time to experiment with occupations and professions. The reason we have so many dead failures is that parents decide for children what they shall do, or children themselves, wrought on by some whim or fancy, decide for themselves without any imploration of divine guidances. So we have now in pulpits men making sermons who ought to be in blacksmith shops making ploughshares, and we have in the law those who instead of ruining the cases of their clients ought to be pounding shoe lasts, and doctors who are the worst hindrances to their patients' convalescence, and artists trying to paint landscapes who ought to be whitewashing board fences. While there are others making bricks who ought to be remodeling constitutions, or shoving planes who ought to be transforming literatures. Ask God about what worldly business you shall undertake until you are so positive you can in earnestness smite your hand on your plough handle, or your carpenter's bench or your Blackstone's Commentaries, or your medical dictionary, or your Doctor Dick's Didactic Theology, saying: "for this end was I born." There are children who early develop natural affinities for certain styles of work. When the father of the astronomer Forbes was going to London, he asked his children what present he should bring each one of them. The boy who was to be an astronomer, cried out, "bring me a telescope!" And there are children whom you find all by themselves drawing on their slates, or on paper, ships or houses or birds, and you know they are to be draughtsmen or artists of some kind. And you find others ciphering out difficult problems with rare interest and success, and you know they are to be mathematicians. And others making wheels and strange contrivances, and you know they are going to be machinists. And others are found experimenting with hoe and plough and sickle, and you know they will be farmers. And others are always swapping jack-knives or balls or bats, and making something by the bargain, and they are going to be merchants. When Abbe de Rance had so advanced in studying Greek that he could translate Anacreon at twelve years of age, there was no doubt left that he was intended for a scholar. But in almost every lad there comes a time when he does not know what he was made for, and his parents do not know, and it is a crisis that God alone can decide. Then there are those born for some especial work, and their fitness does not develop until quite late. When Philip Doddridge, whose sermons and books have harvested uncounted souls for glory, began to study the ministry, Dr. Calamy, one of the wisest and best men, advised him to turn his thoughts to some other work. Isaac Barrow the eminent clergyman and Christian scientist—his books standard now though he has been dead over 200 years—was the disheartenment of his father, who used to say that if it pleased God to take any of his children away he hoped it might be his son Isaac. So some of those who have been characterized for their stupidity in boyhood or girlhood, have turned out the mightiest benefactors or benefactresses of the human race. These things being so, am I not right in saying that in many cases God only knows what is the most appropriate thing for you to do, and He is the one to ask. And let all parents, and all schools, and all universities, and all colleges recognize this, and a large number of those who spent their best years in stumbling about among businesses and occupations, now trying this and now trying that, and failing in all, would be able to go ahead with a definite, decided and tremendous purpose, saying, "to this end was I born."

But my subject now mounts into the momentous. Let me say that you are made for usefulness and heaven. I judge this from the way you are built. You go into a shop where there is only one wheel turning and that by a workman's foot on a treadle, and you say to yourself: "there is some thing good being done, yet on a small scale;" but if you go into a factory covering many acres, and you find thousands of bands pulling on thousands of wheels, and shuttles flying, and the whole scene bewildering with activities, driven by water, or steam, or electric power, you conclude that the factory was put up to do great work and on a vast scale. Now, I look at you, and if I should find that you had only one faculty of body, only one muscle, only one nerve, if you could see but could not hear, or could hear and not see, if you had the use of only one foot or one hand, and, as to your higher nature, if you had only one mental faculty, and you had memory but no judgment, or judgment but no will, and if you had a soul with only one capacity, I would say not much is expected of you. But stand up, oh man, and let me look you squarely in the face. Eyes capable of seeing everything. Ears capable of hearing everything. Hands capable of grasping everything. Mind with more wheels than any factory ever turned, more power than Corliss engine ever moved. A soul that will outlive all the universe except heaven, and would outlive all heaven if the life of other immortals were a moment short of the eternal. Now, what has the world a right to expect of you? What has God a right to demand of you? God is the greatest of economists in the universe, and He makes nothing uselessly, and for what purpose did He build your body, mind and soul as they are built? There are only two beings in the universe who can answer that question. The angels do not know. The schools do not know. Your kindred cannot certainly know. God knows, and you ought to know. A factory running at an expense of $500,000 a year, and turning out goods worth 70 cents a year would not be such an incongruity as you, oh man, with such semi-infinite equipment doing nothing, or next to nothing, in the way of usefulness. "What shall I do?" you ask. My brethren, my sisters, do not ask me. Ask God. There's some path of Christian usefulness open. It may be a rough path, or it may be a smooth path, a long path or a short path. It may be on a mount of conspicuity, or in a valley unobserved, but it is a path on which you can start with such faith and such satisfaction and such certainty that you can cry out in the face of earth and hell and heaven: "to this end was I born." Do not wait for extraordinary qualifications. Philip the Conqueror gained his greatest victories seated on a mule, and if you wait for some caparisoned Bucephalus to ride into the conflict you will never get into the world-wide fight at all. Samson slew the Lord's enemies with the jawbone of the stupidest beast created. Shamgar slew six hundred of the Lord's enemies with an ox-goad. Under God, spittle cured the blind man's eyes in the New Testament story. Take all the faculty you have and say: "O Lord here is what I have, show me the field and back me up by omnipotent power. Anywhere, anyhow, any time for God." Two men riding on horseback came to a trough to water the horses. While the horses were drinking one of the men said to the other a few words about the value of the soul, and then they rode away, and in opposite directions. But the words uttered were the salvation of the one to whom they were uttered, and he became the Rev. Mr. Champion, one of the most distinguished missionaries in heathen lands; for years wondering who did for him the Christian kindness, and not finding him out until in a bundle of books sent him to Africa he found the biography of Brainerd Taylor and a picture of him, and the missionary recognized the face in that book as the man who, at the watering trough for horses, had said the thing that saved his soul. What opportunities you have had in the past! What opportunities you have now! What opportunities you will have in the days to come! Put on your hat, oh woman, this afternoon, and go in and comfort that young mother who lost her babe last summer. Put on your hat, oh man, and go over and see that merchant who was compelled yesterday to make an assignment; and tell him of the everlasting riches remaining for all those who serve the Lord. Can you sing? Go and sing for that man who cannot get well, and you will help him to heaven. Let it be your brain, your tongue, your eyes, your ears, your heart, your lungs, your hands, your feet, your body, your mind, your soul, your life, your death, your time, your eternity for God, feeling in your soul: "to this end was I born." It may be helpful to some if I recite my own experience in this regard. I started for the law without asking any divine direction. I consulted my own tastes. I liked lawyers and court rooms and judges and juries, and I reveled in hearing the Frelinghuysens and the Bradleys of the New Jersey bar, and as assistant of the county clerk, at 16 years of age, I searched titles, naturalized foreigners, recorded deeds, received the confession of judgments, swore witnesses and juries and grand juries. But after a while I felt a call to the Gospel ministry and entered it, and I felt so the satisfaction in the work. But one summer, when I was resting at Sharon Springs, and while seated in the park of that village, I said to myself, "if I have an especial work to do in the world I ought to find it out now," and with that determination I prayed as I had never before prayed, and got the divine direction, and wrote it down in my memorandum book, and I saw my life-work then as plainly as I see it now. Oh do not be satisfied with general directions. Get specific directions. Do not shoot at random. Take aim and fire. Concentrate. Napoleon's success in battle came from his theory of breaking through the enemy's ranks at one point, not trying to meet the whole line of the enemy's force by a similar force. One reason why he lost Waterloo was because he did not work his usual theory, and spread his force out over a wide range. Oh Christian man, oh Christian woman, break through somewhere. Not a general engagement for God but a particular engagement, and make an answer to prayer. If there are sixteen hundred million people in the world, then there are sixteen hundred million different missions to fulfil, different styles of work to do, different orbits in which to revolve, and if you do not get the divine direction there are at least fifteen hundred and ninety-nine million possibilities that you will make a mistake. On your knees before God get the matter settled so that you can firmly say: "to this end was I born."

And now I come to the climateric consideration. As near as I can tell, you were built for a happy eternity, all the disasters which have happened to your nature to be overcome by the blood of the Lamb if you will heartly accept that Christly arrangement. We are all rejoiced at the increase of human longevity. People live, as near as I can observe, about ten years longer than they used to. The modern doctors do not bleed their patients on all occasions as did the former doctors. In those times if a man had fever, they bled him, if he had consumption they bled him, if he had rheumatism they bled him, and if they could not make out exactly what was the matter they bled him. Oiden time phlebotomy was death's coadjutor. All this has changed. From the way I see people skipping about at 80 years of age, I conclude that life insurance companies will have to change their table of risks and charge a man no more premium at 70 than they used to do when he was 60, and no more premium at 50 than when he was 40. By the advancement of medical science and the wider acquaintance with the laws of health and the fact that people know better how to take care of themselves, human life is prolonged. But do you realize what, after all, is the brevity of our earthly state? In the time when people lived seven and eight hundred years, the patriarch Jacob said that his years were few. Looking at the life of the youngest person in this assembly and supposing he lived to be a nonagenarian, how short the time and soon gone, while banked up in front of us is an eternity so vast that arithmetic has not figures enough to express its length, or breadth, or depth, or height. For a happy eternity you were born unless you ruin yourself against the divine intentions. Is standing in your presence, my eye should fall upon the feeblest soul here as that soul will appear when the world lets it up, and heaven entrances it. I suppose I should be so overpowered that I should drop down as one dead. You have examined the family Bible and explored the family records, and you may have daguerrotypes of some of the kindred of previous generations, you have had photographs taken of what you were in boyhood or girlhood, and what you were ten years later, and it is very interesting to any one to be able to look back upon pictures of what he was ten, or twenty or thirty years ago; but have you ever had a picture taken of what you may be and what you will be if you seek after God and feel the Spirit's regenerating power? Where shall I plant the camera to take the picture? I plant it on this platform. I direct it toward you. Sit still or stand still while I take the picture. It shall be an instantaneous picture. There! I have it. It is done. You can see the picture in its imperfect state, and get some idea of what it will be when thoroughly developed. There is your resurrected body, so brilliant that the noonday sun is a patch of midnight compared with it. There is your soul, so pure that all the forces of diabolism could not spot it with an imperfection. There is your being so mighty and so swift that flight from heaven to Mercury or Mars or Jupiter and back again to heaven would not weary you, and a world on each shoulder would not crush you. An eye that shall never shed a tear. An energy that shall never know fatigue. A brow that shall never throb with pain. You are young again, though you died of decrepitude. You are well again though you coughed or shivered yourself into the tomb. Your every-day associates are the apostles and prophets and martyrs, and most exalted souls, masculine and feminine, of all the centuries. The archangel to you no embarrassment. God himself your present and everlasting joy. That is an instantaneous picture of what you may be, and what I am sure some of you will be. If you realize that it is an imperfect picture, my apology is what the Apostle John said: "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." "To this end was I born." If I did not think so I would be overwhelmed with melancholy. The world does very well for a little while eighty, or a hundred or a hundred and fifty years, and I think that human longevity may yet be improved up to that prolongation, for now there is so little room between our cradle and our grave we cannot accomplish much, but who would want to dwell in this world for all eternity? Some think this earth will finally be turned into a heaven. Perhaps it may, but it would have to undergo radical repairs and thorough eliminations and evolutions and revolutions and transformations infinite, to make it desirable for eternal residence. All the east winds would have to become west winds, and all the winters changed to springtides, and the volcanoes extinguished, and the oceans chained to their beds, and the epidemics forbidden entrance, and the world so fixed up that I think it would take more to repair this old world than to make an entirely new one. But I must say I do not care where heaven is if we can only get there, whether a gardenized America, or an Emparanised Europe, or a world central to the whole universe. "To this end was I born." If each one of us could say that, we would go with faces shining and hopes exhilerant amid earth's worst misfortunates and trials. Only a little while and then the rapture. Only a little while and then the reunion. Only a little while and then the transfiguration.

In the seventeenth century, all Europe was threatened with a wave of Asiatic barbarism and Vienna was especially besieged. The king and his court had fled and nothing could save the city from being overwhelmed unless the king of Poland, John Sobieski, to whom they had sent for help, should with his army come down for the relief, and from every roof and tower the inhabitants of Vienna watched and waited and hoped until on the morning of Sept. 11, the rising sun threw an unusual and unparalleled brilliancy. It was the reflection on the swords and shields and helmets of John Sobieski and his army coming down over the hills to the rescue, and that day, not only Vienna, but Europe was saved. And see to-day, Oh ye souls, besieged with sin and sorrow, that light breaks in, the swords and the shields and the helmets of divine rescue bathed in the rising sun of heavenly deliverance. Let everything else go rather than let heaven go. What a strange thing it must be to feel one's self born to an earthly crown, but you have been born for a thorne of which you may reign after the last monarch of all the earth has gone to dust. I invite you to start now for your own coronation, to come in and take the title deeds to your everlasting inheritance. Through an impassioned prayer take heaven and all of its raptures. What a poor farthing is all that this world can offer you compared with pardon here and the immortal beyond the stars, unless this side of them, there is a place large enough and beautiful enough and good enough for all the ransomed. Wherever it be, in what world, whether near or far away, in this or some other constellation, had home of light and love and blessedness! Through the atoning mercy of Christ may we all get there!

Victim of Rowdyism.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Oct. 3.—On the Louisville and Nashville train yesterday morning Miss Lena McEwan, of Frankfort, was shot by a drunken negro. Miss McEwan had been to Louisville in attendance upon the sanitarium of Mercury ball, and was returning home. The train was crowded, and many occupants were negroes. George Allen and Wes Watson, colored, had been drinking heavily and were very boisterous. Wm. Wiley, a white man, was going with a young lady to his home at Anchorage. He left his seat a moment to get a drink and when he returned Watson had taken his place. A quarrel ensued and Wiley jerked Watson out of the seat. Other negroes here intertered and the white man on the train came to Wiley's support. George Allen pulled a knife and Watson drew a pistol and fired. There was great confusion for a few moments and when it subsided it was found that Miss McEwan had been shot. The ball took effect under the right eye and ranged downward, lodging in the muscles of the neck. The negroes at the next station left the train and escaped, but were recaptured and brought here to await the result of Miss McEwan's injuries. She is in a critical condition at her home in Frankfort.

Suspected of Murdering his Father and Mother.

ROXBORO, N. C., Oct. 3.—The house of Bill Dixon, known as "gentleman Bill Dixon," was burned last night shortly after dark. Neighbors visiting the ruins shortly after, found the bones of two persons among the ashes. They are thought to be the bones of Dixon and wife. An 18 year old son had a difficulty several days ago with the father. The son is known as a deperate character, and was heard to utter threats. He has not been seen since the evening before the fire. It is thought that he killed the father and mother and then set fire to the house. They are now searching for the son known as Jim Dixon.

PERISHED IN FLAME.

THREE BURNED TO DEATH AND OTHERS INJURED.

Police and Firemen Aided the Inmates Down the Fire Escape—Fireman Murphy Finds His Wife's Corpse in the Burning House.

NEW YORK, Oct. 5.—Three persons were burned to death early this morning in a fire in a five story brick tenement house at the corner of Hudson and Dominick streets, and two others very badly burned, one so seriously that recovery is not expected. The dead are: Mrs. Annie Murphy, 32 years old, of 36 Hudson street; Miss Katie Dunn, [illegible] years old, a dressmaker who boarded with Mrs. Murphy; Josephine Ryan, [illegible] years old, of Washington, D. C., Mrs. Murphy's niece. The injured are: Martin D. Toohey, 11 years old, Mrs. Murphy's son by her first husband; his injuries are pronounced fatal; John Toohey, 9 years old, Mrs. Murphy's second son; his injuries perhaps fatal.

The fire was discovered at 2:30 o'clock this morning, when Policeman McGrath heard a sound of breaking glass which he thought was caused by burglars. Running up to the store on the ground floor of 262 Hudson, occupied by J. Kratzenstein, furniture and upholstery, he broke a pane of glass in the window when there immediately poured out a heavy volume of smoke. The policeman rapped for help and Roundsman Ryan and Detectives Cox and Gargan hastened to his aid. They sent out an alarm, then broke in the doors of the main entrance to the house on the Dominick street side. Flames and smoke rushed out and drove the policemen back. The stairway leading to the upper floor was a winding one, the entrance forming a shaft that was filled with a column of flames. It was evident that it would be impossible for the inmates of the house, fifty in number, to escape by the stairs. Policemen hastened to the fire escape on the front of the building and shouted to the panic stricken occupants not to attempt to descend by the stairs. Then they climbed up the escape and aided men, women and children to descend. In this they were aided by the firemen, who had quickly answered the alarm. Fireman Lucas on reaching the fifth floor found in the rear room Matthew Ryan, a box maker, who is a widower, and his three children almost overpowered by smoke and unable to help themselves. He dragged them to the window and with the aid of his comrades succeeded in getting them down the fire escape safely. Just then the hook and ladder truck No. 8 drove up and one of its firemen, Matthew Murphy, sprang to the ground shouting "Great God! its my house; where are my wife and child?" Before any one could stop him he rushed through the flames and smoke and fought his way up stairs to the fifth floor. There he found the body of his wife burned almost beyond recognition, lying in the hallway just outside her apartment. A little farther away was the burned form of little Josephine Ryan, the dead woman's niece. She was still living, but died soon after. The body of Miss Kate Dunn was found at the foot of a ladder leading to the roof. She had evidently been overcome by smoke and burned to death while seeking to escape. Two boys John and Martin Toohey, Mrs. Murphy's stepsons, were found in the room. They were removed to the rooms of the Monticello Club across the street where the half dressed tenants had found refuge. Thence the boys were taken to St. Vincent's Hospital. Martin Toohey was terribly burned all over his body and cannot survive. His brother John is not so badly burned, but it is feared he may be fatally injured by inhaling smoke. Mrs. Murphy was married to Fireman Murphy only one month ago. She was the widow of Fireman Toohey.

Nine families resided in the house and each family had an average of three boarders. The fire broke out in an unoccupied wood house in the cellar, and the police said this morning that it was of incendiary origin, but they would not say on what this opinion was based. The actual damage to the building will not exceed $1,500. John Toohey died at 9 o'clock in great agony.

Seven Persons Killed.

CHICAGO, Oct. 4.—A boiler explosion aboard the steamer C. W. Parker killed seven persons and seriously injured many others in the neighborhood of Archer avenue bridge, on the south branch of the river, about 1:30 o'clock this afternoon. The tug C. W. Parker, in company with three other tugs, was engaged in attempting to tow the coal steamer H. S. Pickardson out of a draw of the bridge when the explosion occurred. Three of the killed were employes of the tug, and their bodies have not been recovered. The other persons killed were standing on the banks of the river, to which a number of spectators had been drawn to witness the removal of the steamer Pickards, which arrived on Saturday from Buffalo with a cargo of coal. The vessel had run aground in the draw, and four tugs were putting forth every effort to move it, when one of them, the C. W. Parker, exploded.

In Davy Jones's Locker.

MONTREAL, Oct. 2.—A dispatch from St. Johns, N. F., says that two vessels, named the Parsee and the Amazon, returned from Labrador laden with fish, were overtaken by the recent violent storm, driven ashore and became total wrecks. The captains and crews, numbering ten or eleven men, were all drowned. In the same gale the Blossom, another Labrador vessel, on return, struck on Gull island, Notre Dame bay, and went to pieces. Four or five men perished.

The loss of the Newfoundland brig Camellia, at Scatterie, has created a painful sensation here, as Capt. Richard Harvey, a very worthy and highly respected citizen of St. Johns, with his wife and child, perished in the wreck. Their bodies were recovered.

Taken from the Sheriff.

HELENA, Ark., Oct. 1.—It is learned that Sheriff Derrick of Mariana, Ark., left Cat Island last night having in charge nine of the thirteen colored Rucker rioters who killed Inspector Miller in Arkansas last Friday. The Sheriff was on his way to Mariana where he was going to put his prisoners in jail, but the party was overtaken late last night by an armed posse who took the prisoners after a sharp struggle and hanged the entire party.

An Uncanny Visitor.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 2.—Kansas City, Kan., now comes to the front with a regulation ghost story. It is not one of the common, ordinary ghost which prowl around deserted houses, but a full fledged ghost of a policeman, uniform and all.

Two years ago a Policeman Henry James was on the beat leading toward the Southwest boulevard, and was very regular in passing such points, so much so, in fact that the people used him in place of a clock, for they knew that when James passed it was a certain hour of the night or day, as the case may be.

One morning James was found lying dead on the sidewalk with an ugly hole in the back of his head.

He had been struck with a pickaxe, which was afterwards found near by, covered with hair and blood. Not the slightest clue was ever found which would point to the perpetrator of the deed, and after a time the matter was relegated to the annals of mysteries.

It seems, however, that James did not rest easy in his grave, and it is now said that his form can be seen on a moonlight night patrolling the beat just as he did in former days when he was in the flesh.

The people living on the beat say that he can be heard walking with the same measured tread as formerly, and he appears as plainly as if he were alive.

He is never seen from the street, but always from the windows of the houses. When the people try to get nearer and see what it is the form vanishes out of sight and appears no more that night.

The other policemen were at first disposed to scoff at the so-called ghost, but one night one of them saw the specter, and now the chief is compelled to have two men walk the beat, for the patrolmen will not go alone. One now has to go to protect the other.

It is difficult to find any one who has seen the ghost, but all can tell what their neighbors saw and what they heard. They say that James walks along every night at the same hour and disappears at the spot where his body was found.

The appearance is at 1:20 o'clock in the morning, and it is supposed that he was murdered at that hour.

Grover and the Baby.

NEW YORK, October 3.—A daughter was born to Mrs. Grover Cleveland shortly after midnight. The mother and daughter are doing well. The important news did not become known down-town until nearly noon. Then it spread with the utmost rapidity, both in the city and to other parts of the country. During the afternoon many flowers were sent into Mrs. Cleveland and both father and mother received hearty congratulations. Then messenger boys began to move up the avenue with telegraphic messages from all parts of the country. Ex-President Cleveland was evidently a pleased man when seen about the recent addition to his household. He received the press representatives in the drawing room, and anticipating the question that would be asked him said: "Yes, it is true. My wife was safely delivered of a little girl this morning at six minutes past midnight, and both mother and child are doing splendidly. Mrs. Cleveland has rested quietly all day. The child is strong and healthy and at its birth weighed eight pounds."

A Massacre in Mexico.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, Oct. 5.—John H Parton, an American, who for the past two years has been engaged in the mining business near Metztilan, in the state of Hidalgo, Mexico, arrived here yesterday. He brings information of a bloody Indian outbreak, which has for some time been in progress in the district of Tuamongo, in that State.

The trouble is the outgrowth of a dispute between several colonies of Spaniards and Germans and the Indians. The newssettlers attemping to settle on the lands of the natives, the Indians resisted their attempts to evict them and much bloodshed has resulted. Parton says that a few days before his departure a settlement of whites was attacked by Indians nearly two hundred people were massacred, including men, women and children. The colonists have appealed to the Government for protection and several battalions of troops are on their way to the scene of the trouble.

A Sad Fate.

CHICAGO, Oct. 2.—When the through train on the Rock Island Road pulled into Englewood this morning Conductor Dickey missed one of his passengers. She was a lady and had come all the way through from Denver. After thoroughly searching his train for the missing woman he telegraped to Blue Island to the operator there to have the track east and west of Blue Island gone over. About two miles west of Blue Island the body of the missing passenger was found lying beside the track. She had probably gone out on the platform of the car and accidently fallen off. Nothing was found to identify the woman.

An Inhuman Father's Crime.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Oct. 5.—Carlo Monzenier, white, has been arrested for shooting his thirteen-year-old daughter. Monzenier is stated to have left his wife and children several months. He went to Mount Pleasant in company with another man and proceeded to the residence of his wife, carrying a double barrel gun loaded with bird shot. His daughter saw him coming and ran away frightened. Monzenier ordered her to stop which she did not do and her father taking deliberate aim fired. The shot struck her on the lower portion of boby. She was taken up in an insensible condition.

Killed by a Dog.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 2.—Mrs. Mary Glendenning, aged 35, was attacked by a bull dog at her home this morning. The brute bit her three times, and finally fastened his teeth in her side, dragging her some distance. Mrs. Hess, hearing her screams, came to her aid, and was in turn attacked by the dog, which bit her severely on the leg. A man passing rushed in and beat off the dog. Mrs. Glendenning is dying; Mrs. Hess may recover.

Roasted Alive.

BOSTON, Oct. 5.—The immense packing establishment of John P. Squire & Co, in East Cambridge and Somerville, was partially destroyed by fire to-night. The fire caught in the hog building in which were 1,500 live hogs. These animals were all roasted to death and the building laid flat.

ON ELECTROCUTIONS.

DR. M'DONALD'S STATEMENT ON THOSE AT SING SING.

It Fully Confirms the Accounts Given by the United Press Scribes—Insensibility Instantaneous and Death Speedy.

ALBANY, N. Y., Oct. 1.—Dr. Carlos F. MacDonald, who superintended the electrocutions at Sing Sing, to-day made the following statement which in each particular verifies the report of the United Press sent out on the day of the electrocution. In this supplementary report of the details of the executions which took place at Sing Sing prison last July it is stated that in all these cases, one electrode was so applied as to cover the forehead and temples and the other—a large one—the calf of the right leg, except in the case of Joseph Wood, in which it was applied to the left leg, in consequence of the existence of an ulcer on the right one. The electrodes were thoroughly wet with a solution of salt and water before the current was turned on and were moistened at intervals when the current was interrupted, with the same solution thrown on them with a syringe. Slocum entered the execution room at 4:33 a. m. and passed at once to the chair. The restraining straps and electrodes were adjusted expeditiously and without resistance, and the electric circuit was completed for the first time at 4:35. The first contact lasted twenty-seven seconds at the end of which time it was broken but the pulse was still found to be beating strongly, and between one, and twelve minutes later a noisy respiration became established with considerable regularity. The current was immediately reapplied and continued for 26½ seconds. Respiration had then ceased entirely and permanently and the heart beats had also ceased. After Slocum's body had been removed consultation among the medical gentlemen present seemed to point to the unanimous feeling that it was quite possible that the long continuance of the current was not so significant a factor in producing rapid cessation of the heart beat, as the sudden impact of making and breaking the contact and for that reason the next execution was conducted a little differently.

Harris A. Smiler entered the room at 5:06 a. m. The first contact was made at 5:08 a. m., and continued ten seconds; was then interrupted to allow of wetting sponges; was again made for ten seconds and again the sponges were wet, and a third contact was made for ten seconds. Three contacts of ten seconds each were thus made, at the end of which time there was no effort at respiration, but the pulse was beating so firmly and regularly that it was deemed expedient to again close the circuit for nineteen seconds, at the end of which time the heart had permanently ceased beating.

It will be noticed that in the first case the pressure was applied for fifty-three seconds in all. At the end of that time respiration and the heart beats had ceased permanently. In the second case at the end of three contacts of ten seconds each the heart beat was still strong and at the end of the fourth application of nineteen seconds that had entirely ceased. It will appear from this that the duration of the current was quite as important an item as the making and breaking of a contact. It was therefore determined to make the contact in the next case a little longer, interruptions being necessary to permit of moistening the sponges.

Joseph Wood entered at 5.32 and the electric current was completed at 5.34. Three contacts of twenty seconds each were made at the end of which time respiration had ceased permanently; no pulse could be felt at the wrist and no heart beat was heard on examination.

Jugiro entered the room at 6 a. m. At 6.02 a. m. the current was closed for the first time, and three contacts of fifteen seconds each followed, with two intermissions of twenty seconds each. When the current was finally broken a very slight fluttering was felt at the wrist. In this case extreme heat was noticed in the region of the knee above the point where the lower electrode had been applied and a thermometer held against the skin for only fifteen seconds ran up 115 degrees, the highest point it registered. At 6.17 the chest was bared and cessation of the heart was confirmed.

From the experience had in these cases, the report says we are inclined to the belief that, while unconsciousness was instantaneous and continuous from the first moment of contact in each case, yet in order to insure that death supervene as rapidly as possible it was necessary to continue the voltage employed in these cases for from fifty to sixty seconds. In each case the temperature of the water near to and at the edges of the electrodes was raised nearly, if not quite, to the boiling point, so as to blister the skin more or less extensively. There was absolutely nowhere any smoking, charring or burning.

A Sensation at Vienna.

VIENNA, Oct. 2.—A profound sensation has been created by a dispatch from Reichenberg, Bohemia, which while announcing the safe arrival at that place of the Emperor Francis Joseph, also brings the startling news that during last night an attempt was made to blow up the bridge at Rosenthal, a suburb of Reichenberg, by means of a bomb. Fortunately the plot was discovered and frustrated. It is supposed that the bomb was placed there in hope of killing the Emperor, whose train crossed the bridge in question. No arrests have been reported.

Smothered in Cotton Seed.

RALEIGH, N. C., Oct. 3.—Willloughby Sauls, of Wayne county, on going into his barn, wherein a large quantity of seed cotton was stored, discovered his five-year-old daughter Mary with her head and a portion of her body in a hole in the cotton dead. She had imitated her brother, aged twelve, in digging the hole, and while the latter went to the house she deepened the cavity and stuck her head in it, but owing to the heavy presure of the cotton from all sides was unable to draw herself out and was smothered.

GOV. TILLMAN has called a convention to meet in Columbia, during Fair week to discuss the World's Fair matter. All cities, alliances, boards of trades, etc., are requested to send delegates.