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DR. TALMAGE'S JOURNEY.

WONDERFUL ITINERARY OF CHRIST'S WALK TO NAZARETH.

Bethel and the Sea of Galilee—Farewell to the Historic Mountains Around Jerusalem—Awful Tragedies of the Olden Times.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 9.—To-day Dr. Talmage preached the seventh of his course of sermons on his recent tour in Palestine. The following is the sermon from the text, "So I lifted up mine eyes the way toward the north" (Ezekiel viii, 5:)

At 1 o'clock on a December afternoon through Damascus gate we are passing out of Jerusalem for a journey northward. Ho! for Bethel, with its stairs, the botton step of which was a stone pillow; and Jacob's well, with its immortal colloquy; and Nazareth, with its divine boy in his father's carpenter shop, and the most glorious lake that ever rippled or flashed—

Blue Galilee, sweet Galilee,
The lake where Jesus loved to be;

and Damascus, with its crooked street called Straight, and a hundred places charged and surcharged with apostolic, evangelistic, prophetic, patriarchal, kingly and Christly reminiscences.

In traveling along the roads of Palestine I am impressed, as I could not otherwise have been, with the fact that Christ for the most part went afoot. We find him occasionally on a boat, and once riding in a triumphal procession, as it is sometimes called, although it seems to me that the hosannas of the crowd could not have made a ride on a stubborn, unimpressive and funny creature like that which pattered with him into Jerusalem very much of a triumph. But we are made to understand that generally he walked. How much that means only those know who have gone over the distance traversed by Christ.

We are accustomed to read that Bethany is two miles from Jerusalem. Well, any man in ordinary health can walk two miles without fatigue. But not more than one man out of a thousand can walk from Bethany to Jerusalem without exhaustion. It is over the Mount of Olives, and you must climb up among the rolling stones and descend where exertion is necessary to keep you from falling prostrate. I, who am accustomed to walk fifteen or twenty miles without lassitude, tried part of this road over the Mount of Olives, and confess I would not want to try it often, such demand does it make upon one's physical energies. Yet Christ walked it twice a day—in the morning from Bethany to Jerusalem, and in the evening from Jerusalem to Bethany.

VIEW FROM MOUNT SCOPUS.

Likewise it seemed a small thing that Christ walked from Jerusalem to Nazareth. But it will take us four days of hard horseback riding, sometimes on a trot and sometimes on a gallop, to do it this week. The way is mountainous in the extreme. To those who went up to the Tip Top house on Mount Washington before the railroad was laid I will say that this journey from Jerusalem to Nazareth is like seven such American journeys. So all up and down and across and recrossing Palestine, Jesus walked. Ahab rode. David rode. Solomon rode. Herod rode. Antony rode. But Jesus walked. With swollen ankles and sore muscles of the legs, and bruised heel and stiff joints and panting lungs and faint head, along the roads and where there were no roads at all Jesus walked.

We tried to get a new horse other than that on which we had ridden on the journey to the Dead sea, for he had faults which our close acquaintanceship had developed. But after some experimenting with other quadrupeds of that species, and finding that all horses, like their riders, have faults we concluded to choose a saddle on that beast whose faults we were most prepared to pity or resist. We rode down through the valley and then up on Mount Scopus and, as our dragoman tells us that this is the last opportunity we shall have of looking at Jerusalem, we turn our horse's head toward the city and take a long, sad and thrilling look at the religious capital of our planet. This is the most impressive view of the most tremendous city of all time.

On and around this hill the armies of the crusaders at the first sight of the city threw themselves on their faces in worship. Here most of the besieging armies encamped the night before opening their volleys of death against Jerusalem. Our last look! Farewell, Mount Zion, Mount Moriah, Mount of Olives, Mount Calvary! Will we never see them again? Never. The world is so large and time is so short, and there are so many things we have never seen at all, that we cannot afford to duplicate visitss or see anything more than once. Farewell, yonder thrones of gray rock, and the three thousand years of architecture and battlefields. Farewell, sacred, sanguinary, triumphant, humiliated Jerusalem! Across this valley of the Kedron with my right hand I throw thee a kiss of valedictory. Our last look, like our first look, an agitation of body, mind and soul indescribable.

THE CORPSE CUT INTO TWELVE PIECES.

And now, like Ezekiel in my text, I lift up mine eyes the way toward the north. Near here was one of the worst tragedies of the ages mentioned in the Bible. A hospitable old man coming home at eventide from his work in the fields finds two strangers, a husband and wife, proposing to lodge in the street because no shelter is offered them, and invites them to come in and spend the night in his home. During the night the ruffians of the neighborhood conspired together, and surrounded the house, and left the woman dead on the doorstep, and the husband, to rally in revenge the twelve tribes, cut the corpse of the woman into twelve parts and sent a twelfth of it to each tribe, and the fury of the nation was roused, and a peremptory demand was made for the surrender of the assassins, and, the demand refused, in one day twenty thousand people were left dead on the field and the next day eighteen thousand. Wherever our horse to-day plants his foot in those ancient times a corpse lay, and the roads were crossed by red rivulets of carnage.

Now we pass on to where seven youths were put to death and their bodies gibbeted or hung in chains, not for anything they had themselves done, but as a reparation for what their father and grandfather, Saul, had done. Burial was denied these youths from May until November. Rizpah, the mother of two of these dead boys, appoints herself as sentinel to guard the seven corpses from break of raven and tooth of wolfe and paw of lion. She pitches a black tent on the rock close by the gibbets. Rizpah by day sits on the ground in front of her tent, and when a vulture begins to lower out of the noonday sky seeking its prey among the gibbets Rizpah rises, her long hair flying in the wind, and swinging her arms wildly about shoos away the bird of prey until it retreats to its eyrie. At night she rests under the shadow of her tent, and sometimes falls into a drowsiness or half sleep. But the step of a jackal among the dry leaves or the panting of a hyena arouses her, and with the fury of a maniac she rushes out upon the rock crying, "Away! Away!" and then, examining the gibbets to see that they still keep their burden, returns again to her tent till some swooping wing from the midnight sky or some growling monster on the rock again wakes her.

THE GIBBETS IN AMERICA.

A mother watching her dead children through May, June, July, August, September and October! What a vigil! Painters have tried to put upon canvass the scene, and they succeeded in sketching the hawks in the sky and the panthers crawling out from the jungle, but they fail to give the wanness, the supernatural courage, the infinite self sacrifice of Rizpah, the mother. A mother in the quiet home watching by the casket of a dead child for one night exerts the artist to his utmost, but who is sufficient to put upon canvass a mother for six months of midnights guarding her whole family, dead and gibbeted upon the mountains?

Go home, Rizpah! You must be awfully tired. You are sacrificing your reason and your life for those whom you can never bring back again to your bosom. As I say that from the darkest midnight of the century Rizpah turns upon me and cries: "How dare you tell me to go home? I am a mother. I am not tired. You might as well expect God to get tired as for a mother to get tired. I cared for those boys when they lay on my breast in infancy, and I will not forsake them now that they are dead. Interrupt me not. There stoops an eagle that I must drive back with my agonized cry. There is a panther I must beat back with my club."

Do you know what that scene by our roadside in Palestine makes me think of? It is no unusual scene. Right here in these three cities by the American sea coast there are a thousand cases this moment worse than that. Mothers watching boys that the rum saloon, that annex of hell, has gibbeted in a living death. Boys hung in chains of evil habit they cannot break. The father may go to sleep after waiting until 12 o'clock at night for the ruined boy to come home and, giving it up, he may say, "Mother, come to bed; there's no use sitting up any longer." But mother will not go to bed. It is 1 o'clock in the morning. It is half-past 1. It is 2 o'clock. It is half-past 2 when he comes staggering through the hall.

Do you say that young man is yet alive? No; he is dead. Dead to his father's entreaties. Dead to his mother's prayers. Dead to the family altar where he was reared. Dead to all the noble ambitions that once inspired him. Twice dead. Only a corpse of what he once was. Gibbeted before God and man and angels and devils. Chained in a death that will not loosen its cold grasp. His father is asleep, his brothers are asleep, his sisters are asleep; but his mother is watching him in the night. After he has gone up to bed and fallen into a drunken sleep his mother will go up to his room and see that he is properly covered, and before she turns out the light will put a kiss upon his bloated lips. "Mother, why don't you go to bed?" "Ah! she says, "I cannot go to bed. I am Rizpah watching the slain!"

But I must spur on our Arab steed, and here we come in sight of Beeroth, said to be the place where Joseph and Mary missed the boy Jesus on the way from Jerusalem to Nazareth, going home now from a great national festival. "Where is my child, Jesus?" says Mary. Where is my child, Jesus?" says Joseph. Among the thousands that are returning from Jerusalem they thought that certainly he was walking on in the crowd. They described him, saying. "He is 12 years old, and of light complexion and blue eyes. A lost child!" Great excitement in all the crowd. Nothing so stirs folks as the news that a child is lost. I shall not forget the scene when, in a great outdoor meeting, I was preaching, and some one stepped on the platform and said that a child was lost. We went on with the religious service, but all our minds were on the lost child.

After a while a man brought on the platform a beautiful little tot that looked like a piece of heaven dropped down, and said, "Here is that child." And I forgot all that I was preaching about, and lifted the child to my shoulder and said, "Here is the lost child, and the mother will come and get her right away, or I will take her home and add her to my own brood!" And some cried and some shouted, and amid all that crowd I instantly detected the mother. Everybody had to get out of her way or be walked over. Hats were nothing and shoulders were nothing and heads were nothing in her pathway, and I realized something of what must have been Mary's anxiety when she lost Jesus, and what her gladness when she found her boy in the temple of Jerusalum talking with those old ministers of religion, Shammai, Hillel and Betirah.

A CHRISTIAN WOMAN'S PRAYER.

Out on the western prairies was a happy but isolated home. Father, mother and child. By the sale of cattle quite a large sum of money was one night in that cabin, and the father was away. A robber who had heard of the money one night looked in at the window, and the wife and mother of that home saw him and she was helpless. Her child by her side, she knelt down and prayed among other things for all prodigals who were wandering up and down the world. The robber heard her prayer and was overwhelmed and entered the cabin and knelt beside her and began to pray. He had come to rob that house, but the prayer of that woman for the prodigals reminded him of his mother and her prayers before he became a vagabound, and from that hour he began a new life. Years after that woman was in a city in a great audience, and the orator who came on the platform and plead gloriously for righteousness and God was the man who many years before had looked into the cabin on the prairies as a robber. The speaker and the auditor immediately recognized each other. After so long a time a mother's prayers answered.

But we must hurry on for the muleteers and baggage men have been ordered to pitch our tents for to-night at Bethel. It is already getting so dark that we have to give up all idea of guiding the horses, and leave them to their own sagacity. We ride down amid mud cabins and into ravines, where the horses leap from depth to depth, rocks below rocks, rocks under rocks. Whoa! Whoa! We dismount in this place, memorable for many things in Bible history, the two more prominent a theological seminary, where of old they made ministers, and for Jacob's dream. The students of this Bethel Theological seminary were called "sons of the prophets." Here the young men were fitted for the ministry, and those of us who ever had the advantage of such institutions will everlastingly be grateful, and in the calendar of saints, which I read with especial affection, are the doctors of divinity who blessed me with their care.

"ANGELS ASCENDING AND DESCENDING."

But most distinguished was Bethel for that famous dream which Jacob had, his head on a collection of stones. He had no trouble in this rocky region in finding a rocky pillow. There is hardly anything else but stone. Yet the people of those lands have a way of drawing their outer garment up over their head and face, and such a pillow I suppose Jacob had under his head. The plural was used in the Bible story, and you find it was not a pillow of stone, I suppose, so that if one proved to be of uneven surface he would turn over in the night and take another stone, for with such a hard bolster he would often change in the night. Well, that night God built in Jacob's dream a long splendid ladder, the feet of it on either side of the tired pilgrim's pillow, and the top of it mortised in the sky. And bright immortals came out from the castles of amber and gold and put their shining feet on the shining rungs of the ladder, and they kept coming down and going up, a procession both ways.

I suppose they had wings, for the Bible almost always reports them as having wings, but this was a ladder on which they used hands and feet to encourage all those of us who have no wings to climb, and encouraging us to believe that if we will use what we have God will provide a way, and if we will employ the hand and the foot he will furnish the ladder. Young man, do not wait for wings. Those angels folded theirs to show you wings are not necessary. Let all the people who have hard pillows—hard for sickness, or hard for poverty, or hard for persistence—know that a hard pillow is the landing place for angels. They seldom descend on pillows of eiderdown. They seldom build dreams in the brain of the one who sleeps easy.

The greatest dream of all time was that of St. John, with his head on the rocks Patmos, and in that vision he heard the seven trumpets sounded, and saw all the pomp of heaven in procession cherubic, seraphic, archangelic. The next most memorable and glorious dream was that of John Bunyan, his pillow the cold stone of the floor of Bedford jail, from which he saw the celestial city, and so many entering it he cried out in his dream, "I wish myself among them."

I notice that those angels, either in coming down or going up on Jacob's ladder, took it rung by rung. They did not leap to the bottom nor jump to the top. So you are to rise. Faith added to faith, good deed to good deed, industry to industry, consecration to consecration, until you reach the top, rung Gradual going up from a block of granite to pillar of throne.

That night at Bethel I stood in front of my tent and looked up, and the heavens were full of ladders, first a ladder of clouds, then a ladder of stars, and all up and down the heavens were angels of beauty, angels of consolation, angels of God, ascending and descending. "Surely, God is in this place," said Jacob, "and I knew it not." But to-night God is in this place and I know it.

COUNTERFEIT MONEY.

Look Well to Your Pocket Change—You May Get Some of It.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Nov. 6.—The startling announcement has reached this city from the chief of the United States secret service, that this city was thought to be flooded with counterfeit $2 silver certificates, so perfect in mark that it was almost impossible for an expert to detect the difference between them and a real one. The letter was received by Capt. Bauer, who is at the head of the department in this district. Acting in accordance with the letter, Capt. Bauer began at once to work on the case, and in two hours he had found two of the bills, both of which had been accepted as legal currency. One of the certificates had been received by an official at the postoffice, while the other was accepted by a prominent merchant.

The imitation is so complete that nothing short of the most careful scrutiny on the part of an expert can detect the difference. The discovery is very important, for since two of the bills were found so soon after the search was begun, it is probable that the city is already flooded with the worthless money. The very fact of one having passed through the hands of a postoffice official without detection, is sufficent evidence of the cleverness of the work, and Capt. Bauer pronounces the counterfeit far superior to any work that was ever done by Miles Ogle, the "King of Counterfeiters." He warns every one to observe the greatest precaution in receiving and paying out $2 silver certificates.

In the letter received by Capt. Bauer, the following is said of the counterfeit money: "The bill has a small, round, pink seal, and the signatures, 'W. S. Rosecrans,' register of the treasury, C. N. Jordan, treasurer, upon the face. No closer imitation of the genuine bill has been distributed in this country for years. It has no silk thread, but they have been so pressed as to present the appearance of having one when held to the light. In the word 'register' the 'I' is not dotted; neither is there a period after 'treasurer,' as there is in the original. So dangerous is its character that the utmost care must be taken in receiving $2 silver certificates."

The counterfeit bills have been floating in eastern cities for several weeks, but not until recently was it known that they were in circulation here. Capt. Bauer is exerting every effort on the case, and he has specially detailed several of his men to work on it. It is probable that a large number of bills will be found here, and many persons may find that they have sustained a loss by receiving them.

In Honor of Southern Heroes.

PENSACOLA, Fla., Nov. 7.—The Ladies' Confederate Monument Association Tuesday last let the contract for a monument to be erected in this city of Richmond (Va.) granite. One face of the die will be inscribed to the memory of Jefferson Davis, the first monumental recognition of Mr. Davis, another face to Stephen R. Mallory, a citizen, and before the war a Senator from Florida and also secretary of the Confederate navy; the third face to the Confederate dead. Suggestions will be invited for inscriptions on these three faces of the monument from ladies of the South. The fourth face will be inscribed to the memory of Governor Perry, a general and governor of the State and a citizen of Pensacola, who originated the monument before his death. His inscription will come from the ladies of Florida.

The Grand Jury System Denounced.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 7.—The state grand jury has handed in a sweeping denunciation of the whole grand jury system and called for its abolition. The report declared the grand jury a superfluous adjunct to criminal jurisprudence, and asserted that in most cases it hinders and delays the administration of justice, while it affords the members when so inclined, an opportunity to gratify malice or blacken the reputation of reputable men.

A GOOD SHOWING.

THE FARMER'S ALLIANCE AND ITS POWERFUL INFLUENCE.

The New Organization a Most Potent Factor in the Canvass Just Closed—Aiding the Democratic Party and Antagonistic to the Republican Machines.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 12.—No feature of the late election has caused more genuine surprise and consternation in the Republican ranks than the results achieved by the new element in the politics of the country—the Farmers' Alliance.

The advent of this new party was hailed with delight by the Republican leaders. They knew its strength would be mainly confined to the South and trans-Mississippi States. Confident of their enormous majorities in such States as Kansas, Nebraska and Minnesota, they thought the Alliance could not work them serious harm, and they viewed the movement as one well calculated to break up the existing political lines in the South. At last, they exclaimed with one voice, a political force has been found which will destroy the Democratic solidity of the South and which will split the Bourbon cohorts in twain. How sadly they deceived themselves the results of the recent elections fully demonstrate.

While in the Southern States the Alliance men, almost to a man Democrats, went in to control Democratic primaries and conventions, their brethren of the West, largely Republicans, held aloof from the old party, and decided to make their own nominations and go it alone. The reason for this difference in the policy of the organization in the two sections was doubtless due to the fact that while in the South the Democratic party was already committed to many of the principles advocated by the Alliance, the Republican party in the West and elsewhere was committed to no single one of them. The Alliance in the South was satisfied in the main with Democratic policy, and only aspired to control that party so as to shape its legislation in certain directions, but in the West the Alliance was heartily disgusted with Republican policy, and it realized that the record of the party in Congress left no hope of securing any of the desired reforms at its hands.

In Alabama the Alliance nearly succeeded in nominating the Democratic candidate for Governor. In Georgia, South Carolina, Tennessee and Texas it did succeed in controlling the Democratic State Conventions and in placing its men at the head of the tickets, and they have been elected. In some fifteen Congressional districts in the same States Alliance Democrats secured the nomination over "regulars," and in many others, where they failed, the Democratic nominees, since elected, are pledged to the Alliance platform, with the single exception of the sub-Treasury scheme. In at least two States, Georgia and South Carolina, it is believed the Alliance will control the selection of the United States Senator. The Alliance in the South has not injured the Democratic party; it has merely dominated its nominations in certain localities.

How different the result in the West! In four States hitherto regarded as veritable Gibraltars of Republicanism the Alliance has fairly overwhelmed the Republican ticket. In Kansas a Republican majority of 80,000 has either entirely or practically disappeared. Five out of seven districts return Alliance Congressmen, and the Legislature chosen will retire Ingalls.

In Nebraska the Alliance has almost elected the Governor, and at any rate has compassed the defeat of the Republican nominee by letting in the Democratic candidate. Two Alliance men and one Democrat are elected to Congress. The Republican party has been, for the time at least, obliterated.

In Minnesota, while the Republicans apparently elect their Governor by an apology of a plurality, they have virtually suffered defeat, for as against the two opposition parties they are in a hopeless minority, and they have lost the five Congressmen and the Legislature.

South Dakota the Alliance contested with the Republicans on equal terms.

In Michigan and Illinois the Alliance did not put a ticket for State officers in the field, but the organization has elected legislative candidates and generally contributed to Republican defeat. It may hold the balance of power in the Illinois Legislature and control the election of a successor to Senator Farwell.

Such is the outcome of the Alliance movement in the campaign of 1890. The deductions therefrom are pertinent. It has shown itself to be a power in American politics, and in future elections it is likely to be a very important factor. No political movement has ever shown such amazing vitality in such a short space of time.

As it looks now, the Democratic party seems likely to be the immediate beneficiary of the Farmer Alliance "idea." The returns from the West show conclusively that united the Democracy and the Alliance can carry nearly every large Western State, and even when running separate tickets the Alliance draws so heavily from the Republicans that it jeopardizes the success of that party in all the great agricultural States of the Mississippi Valley. There is no question that the Alliance holds the balance of power to-day in Illinois, Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, and probably in the two Dakotas.

Whichever party secures its support is sure to win in 1892. Without its support or with its hostility the Republican party is in a hopeless minority. The States it promises to control have always been considered Republican strongholds, and they have been added up in the Republican column as certainly as Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi are put in the Democratic column. With some of these States voting for a Democratic candidate, or even casting their electoral vote for an Alliance candidate for President, New York ceases to be pivotal and the issue becomes much involved.

The Republican party can hope for nothing at the hands of the Alliance. The latter owes its creation to the protective tariff policy of the g. o. p. and to its indifference to the needs of the masses. Its aim is to alter and annul the very legislation in which the Republican party avers its absolute belief.

Storm-Stricken England.

LONDON, Nov. 7.—A heavy storm prevails throughout Great Britain and Ireland and much damage has been done. Rain is falling incessantly and in many sections the country is flooded. The downpour is accompanied by high winds and reports have been received of many houses being unroofed by the gale. The storm was especially severe off the shore. Telegrams from various points along the coasts state that an enormous sea is running and that a number of coasting vessels have been wrecked. Advices from Belfast state that a report has been received there that a yacht foundered in Belfast lough and that its owner, a Scottish nobleman, was drowned.

DELIGHTED WITH THE RESULT.

This is the Way President Polk Feels Over the Election.

KANSAS, Nov. 8.—Col. L. L. Polk, president of the Farmers' National Alliance, is enthused at the grand result, and, in speaking of the matter, says:

"It is what might be termed a political volcano eruption, is it not?" he said with an expressive smile. "There are two principal reasons, which I think will embody the primary root of this great revulsion of feeling. The first is the fact that the people of Kansas are awakening to the importance and absolute necessity of a pronounced position on the part of the people of the north against sectionalism. But it was left to John J. Ingalls, in a speech in the senate characterized by political malice and sectional party hate, to touch the match to the magazine, the explosion of which has culminated in the election just held. Several prominent Republicans wrote me at the time severely condemning Ingalls's course. They had been his life-long friends, both in a personal and political sense, but they would never countenance political demagoguery as demonstrated in that speech.

"A meeting was finally held in March, at Topeka, at which a resolution was passed, repudiating any man who would support Ingalls in his course. The resolution was heartily indorsed by thousands, and led to the organization of the late movement.

"Sectional agitation has served the purposes of political demagogues in the north in holding the Republican party together. When they saw the necessity of abandoning the bloody shirt racket, the 82,000 majority stampeded and swept the state. I speak from personal knowledge of the status of opinion in that section, having conversed with thousands this fall, and it was made clear to me that a determined effort was going to be made to throw sectionalism into oblivion. I trust that the patriotic men of the south will meet these right-minded people half way, and co-operate heartily with them in establishing those amicable and mutually beneficial relations which cannot but make our glorious country stronger than it has ever been before.

"The second reason lies in the wofully depressed financial condition of the farmers of that state. They believe that the chief cause of all this depression is the discriminating legislation of the past twenty-five years, and they are going to work at the source of trouble—the national legislature.

"I am informed upon good authority that there are in the state of Kansas to-day 10,000 sober, industrious, hard-working farmers, who are unable even to pay the interest on the mortgages with which their land and property are covered. They are hopelessly in debt and can only get relief in financial reform. I was prepared to hear very good news from the election, but I must say that the result has surpassed all my previous anticipations."

NEGROES IN INDIANA.

A Riot Caused at Fairmount by a Negro Republican Desperado.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 9.—A Marion, Ind, special to the Sentinel says: The Quaker town of Fairmount, twelve miles south of Marion, had its first murder last night in the killing of Con Paul by a negro named Tom Uttley. For a time the affair took on the proportions of a riot, and when the smoke of battle cleared away six men had been shot. It was the occasion of a Democratic jollification and a knot of the faithful were grouped around an anvil celebrating the recent victories. In the party were W. H. Campbell, Con Paul, J. J. Berry, Lee Harrington and Jerry Rayser. Harrington had charge of the anvil and was doing the firing, when Tom Uttley, a negro of unsavory reputation came up and ordered the celebration to stop. Harrington, frightened, dropped the rod and stepped back, and Berry, a Kentuckian by birth and a late arrival at Fairmount, took his place. He was also ordered to desist by the negro and, upon his refusal, Campbell came to the front and defied Uttley. Both men went for their guns, drawing and firing simultaneously. They stood at a distance of ten feet apart and had fired two shots apiece when the negro was struck in the forehead with a brick. The blow was severe, but had no effect, and a second after he was hit, Uttley wheeled upon his assailant and fired. Paul fell with a bullet through the top of his head, and an inch from the forehead. By this time Jerry Rayser, colored, became involved in the fight, and he went to the ground with two wounds through the left leg and right hip.

After the shooting of Paul the negro turned about and ran with the crowd in full chase. The rioting became general, and he received a bullet. With three or four men in pursuit, Uttley ran all over town, crawled under a barn and was finally captured in the Central Hotel by a citizen and escorted to the office of Dr. Harley. A mob soon gathered, surrounding the office and crying for the negro's blood. In all six men were shot, as follows: Paul, shot in the head, died this morning at 9 o'clock. Berry was shot in the cheek and hit with a stone, Rayser, colored was shot in the leg and thigh, Wm. Cabb, a farmer, a spectator was shot through the calf of the leg. Uttley wounded in the back, Campbell wounded in the wrist and arm with stones. Another man supposed to be from Somerville was seriously wounded. At midnight the town was in an uproar, and its citizens determined to hang the negro, but the riot act was read and the crowd partially dispersed, but it was not until 6 o'clock this morning that an opportunity was given for stealing the prisoner away. He is now in jail in this city.

Ready to Back Down.

CHICAGO, November 7.—The Evening Journal, for many years one of the staunchest of Republican papers, in the course of a double-leaded editorial on the political situation this afternoon, says: "What now shall be the Republican party's course? Simply this, that it must live up to what are its real principles. The McKinley bill must not stand unchanged. It must be modified in almost every feature. A national caucus of the party has been held and its leaders must obey the dictates of the caucus. There is no occasion for delay until a Democratic Congress has assembled, and a Republican Senate has given assent to the changes required. The Republican party is the party of the people and one of reform within itself. It has now its opportunity."

Fell and Broke His Neck.

WILLIAMSBURG, Ky., Nov. 7.—Wm. T. King, an old and highly respected farmer of Whitley county, fell from his barn loft and broke his neck. He lived near Rockhold, in this county. He was a staunch Democrat and had just returned from his election precinct and put up his horse, and had gone into the loft to get hay. He never spoke after he fell. He was about 70 years of age.

The Family Reduced.

AUSTIN, Tex., Nov. 7.—It has been learned that three brothers named Reed were killed at a polling place twenty-four miles south of Austin in a drunken row.

The Democratic party is much nearer to the Alliance in its sympathies and tendencies. Both advocate tariff reform and low taxes. Both are against monopolies and trusts. The thing which will be likely to keep them apart is the now famous "Sub-Treasury scheme," which would make a pawn shop of the United States Treasury This "Alliance article of faith" is something the Democratic party never can and will indorse. It is one of the wild schemes which always arise to mar reform movements, and it seems to be very dear to the Alliance heart. It remains to be seen whether the Alliance members in the Fifty-second Congress will make the adoption of this project the price of their support. Had they held the balance of power, they would doubtlessly have done so, but as it is, the Democracy, with its monster majority, is independent of them, were they three times their present number. Still the Alliance is likely to figure for some years to come in the politics of the country, and it is not unlikely that its adherents may control the United States Senate at a not very distant day. Under such circumstances it will unquestionably make itself felt in the political arena, and for some time it promises to be a quantity not to be despised or ignored.—New York Herald.

A SECRET MARRIAGE.

A Romance in Real Life—A Skeleton in the Blennerhassett Closet.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 6.—An extraordinary case has developed through the filing of an application for a change of name by Miss Theresa Blennerhassett, a member of the historical family of that name. The petitioner is the daughter of Richard S. Blennerhassett, the youngest son of the Blennerhassett of Burr conspiracy fame. She states in her petition that Oct. 10, 1871, at Odin, Ills., she was married to John Calvin Adams, and lived with him until November, 1871, but that at the instance of her family she kept her marriage a secret. Her husband was killed a few weeks after the marriage, and so, still at the solicitation of her family she continued to be known as Theresa Blennerhassett. In August, 1872, she gave birth to a female child, who was always known as Mary Blennerhassett. Petitioner says her mother and all the other members of her family are dead, save a twin brother, and her family patronymic is a historic name of which she is justly proud. Moreover, she has acquired property since her husband's death, the title of which in invested in her maiden name of Theresa Blennerhassett. She prays the court to fix and establish her legal name as Theresa Blennerhassett Adams.

The story back of this petition is romantic. Theresa Blennerhassett, in spite of the bitter opposition of her relatives, fell in love with Adams, who was a traveler for a St. Louis business house. She went on an ostensible visit to relatives at Odin, and there met and married her lover, and together they went on a flying trip to the East. She returned to her home on account of the sudden illness of her mother, and arranged with her husband to follow her in three weeks. He did so, but was thrown from the train by an accident and killed. The world was in ignorance of the clandestine marriage, and was unfortunately kept so, even after the birth of the child. The advent of the little one was kept a secret, and Therese Blennerhasset in due time announced that she had adopted a little girl. Her child has grown up in ignorance of her true relation to her foster mother, and is now a beautiful girl of 18. The present proceeding, which lay bare a family secret, are brought as much to protect the girl and insure her title, as they are to satisfy the mother's longings to have her legal status defined. Theresa Blennerhassett is now about fifty years old and has always been looked upon as an old maid.

FRIGHTENED BY A BALLOON.

The Panic Which an Airship Caused Among Russian Peasants.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 8.—An account which recently appeared in the Novoe Vremya of a balloon voyage from St. Petersburg to a point not far beyond Lake Ladoga conveys a striking picture of the benighted condition of the Russian peasantry, even within a few hundred miles of the capital. The balloon in question, containing a Col. Pomostzeff and Count Covauko, descended at a place called Moustoi, in the government of Oletz, 300 versts from St. Petersburg, and caused a general panic. The peasants thought that antichrist was descending from the sky, and that the end of the world was come; women screamed, children cried, and all the inhabitants were well-nigh out of their wits from fear. Soon from the wood came the women who had been gathering mushrooms, running as fast as their legs could carry them. 'A house,' they cried, 'has come down from the sky with wonderful strangers in it!' The peasants thereupon all hid themselves in the village as best they could, with the exception of a few bold fellows, who took their hatchets and cudgels and proceeded cautiously to the forest. It was long before these latter, who assisted to convey the apparatus to the village, could prevail upon their fellow villagers to come out of their hiding places. The aeronauts spent the night in this village, and in the morning marched back, the balloon being packed on a sledge because there was not a wheeled vehicle in the place. At the next village, Podboria, there was another scene. The descent of the balloon had also been observed here, and the inhabitants concluded that it was a visit of holy saints from heaven. So in every cottage the shrine lamps were lit, and the peasants fell on their knees and prayed the heavenly visitants to favor their village also with their presence. When, therefore, there appeared on the road to Podboria a sledge surrounded by a crowd, the whole village went out to meet it, and great was their disappointment on learning the actual state of affairs.

Their Debts they Left Behind Them.

NEW YORK, Nov. 7.—Thomas Harper, president and treasurer of Harper Bros. Company, manufacturers of decorated lamps and shades, at Barclay and Church streets, and William Harber, manager of a factory at Vanwert, Westchester County, have disappeared, leaving debts reported at $50,000. Executions against the company for $1,300 and against the Harpers for $3,300 are in the hands of the Sheriff, but, there is nothing to attach. It is said they collected all the cash they could and raised money on notes before they disappeared.

Lost Her Life for a Mole.

CHICAGO, Nov. 12.—Miss Marion Jones, aged fourteen years, was very pretty, but grieved, because her beauty was marred by a mole on the right cheek. Yesterday her parents accompanied her to the Presbyterian Hospital, where she was put under the influence of chloroform and the mole removed by Dr. Charles T. Parker. The girl never recovered from the anæsthetic, and was carried home unconscious. Physicians worked with her all night, but she died early this morning.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

An Engine Passes Through a Crowded Car Without Fatal Results.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 7.—A miraculous escape from death by the occupants of the Jacksonville, Fla., sleeping car on the Cincinnati Southern Railroad happened at Junction City at 3:30 o'clock. The Louisville and Nashville Railroad crosses the Southern at this point, and when train No. 8 of the Southern road had reached the station on schedule time and stopped at the usual place, Middlesboro, directly across the track of the Louisville and Nashville, on the latter road a heavy freight was coming from the West. It should have stopped two hundred feet from the crossing until the track was clear, but for some reason the freight did not stop. It is said that the breaks would not work. At any rate the train came rushing on and struck the sleeper in the centre, the engine ploughing through, breaking the car to pieces and throwing the occupants right and left on either side of the track. The engine left the track and crashed into the baggage room of the Louisville and Nashville depot. Fortunately the wrecked car did not take fire and no one was killed outright. The injured are: Herbert F. Tousley, Belivedere, Ill., concussion of the brain; Mrs. S. W. Wheeler, Milwaukee, knee cut slight; Jennie R. White, three years old, Milwaukee, injured about the head. These are at Junction City, Kentucky, under medical treatment. Others injured were: D. J. Wheeler, Findlay, Ohio, slight scalp wound and bruise on neck; Ered A. Shaler, Findlay, Ohio, slight bruises; David B. Shaler, Findlay, Ohio, compression of the chest. These three are able to travel and will reach this city this afternoon. W. T. Hardie, Jacksonville, Fla., general freight agent of the Savannah, Florida and Western, was badly injured about the spine; B. N. Austin, assistant general passenger agent of the Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul, Minnesota, was badly injured internally. These two were brought to this city on the delayed train and were taken to the Good Samaritan Hospital. A sad feature of Austin's misfortune is that he had gone to Jacksonville, Fla., to take home the body of his mother, who had recently died and her body was in the baggage car at the time of the accident. Austin was in great pain during his journey to this city, and as he moaned, he thought he was dying, and said: "I shall soon join my mother." McLean, conductor of the sleeper, was slightly injured, as was also the engineer of the freight train. Mr E. L. Northrup of Elicotsville, N. Y., was a passenger in the wrecked sleeper. He arrived here to-day and said he could not account for the escape of any body in the car. The engine crashed through it with such force that the whole car was in ruins and the sleeping passengers were thrown promiscuously among the debris. The delayed train reached Cincinnati over three hours late, a little after ten o'clock to-day.

REPUBLICAN REVENGE.

Reducing the Wages of Democratic Workmen.

CLINTON, O., November 7.—This morning forty-seven Democrats employed by Russell & Co. of Massillon, quit work because their wages had been reduced 33 per cent. The wages of the Republicans were not changed, and the only reason given for reducing the Democrats' wages was that they voted for John G. Warwick, the people's candidate, and against Major McKinley, the friend of the monopolists. The city of Massillon is ablaze with indignation on the part of the workingmen of both parties against the tyrannical action and an indignation meeting will be held by the citizens to take action in the matter.

The shops of Russell & Co are immense concerns, in which six or seven hundred hands find employment in the busy season, over four hundred being employed the year round. The firm manufactures agricultural machinery, steam engines and similar articles. During the campaign the Russells, who are stanch Republicans, interested themselves deeply in the election of Mr McKinley. Yesterday a large number of Democrats received their cards with the prices revised, a cut of 33 per cent. being made on every article.

Upon hearing it Lieutenant Governor Warwick could scarcely bring himself to believe it. Investigating the story, he found it to be only too true, whereupon he said:

"What an outrage! What a shame! It is terrible, terrible. I am shocked and surprised, indeed, by this infamous act. Driven from work because they voted for me!"

At once Mr Warwick began to make preparations to relieve the men who had been so outrageously treated. A telegram was sent to Michael D. Harter, of the 15th district, who has large shops at Mansfield, asking him if he could not make room for those who had been practically evicted.

Shortly after 1 o'clock Mr C. H. Russell was accosted at the postoffice by Otto Young, Democratic candidate for Probate Judge and a leading lawyer of Massillon. Mr Young asked the manufacturer if it was true that the reduction had been made. He was frigidly received, Mr Russell evading the question. Insisting upon a reply, Mr Young received the harsh response:

"Hereafter in our shops free-traders will receive free-trade wages."

J. Walter McClymonds, president of the company, is now in New York.—New York World.

Caused a Railway Disaster.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Nov. 8.—The coroner's jury in the case of the Rock Cut disaster on the Delaware and Lackawanna and Western Railroad on Monday evening decided that it was occasioned by the flagman and operator Michael A. Clark who recklessly and without a word raised the lever to the switch, thereby running one train into the other.

Through the Bridge.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Nov. 7.—The local freight train of the International and Great Northern railroad, which left this city at 4:30 oclock, a. m., went through the iron bridge over the Gaudalupe river, thirty miles north of the city. The engine and six cars went down. Fireman Jones and Engineer Healy were fatally injured.

China Leads the World.

SHANGHAI, Nov. 7.—A terrible accident has occured at Taipingfu, at which place are situated the Government mills for the manufacture of gun powder. While the workmen were employed about the mills an explosion occurred and entirely demolished the buildings. The loss of life is enormous, three hundred persons being killed. The cause of the explosion is not known.

THEY ARE HAPPY.

DEMOCRATIC BOYS AT THE CAPITAL HOARSE FROM YELLING.

The Greatest Time in Washington Ever Known—Republicans are Exceedingly Blue—Who is Responsible for the Defeat—Reed and the Force Bill.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 8.—The Democrats have yelled themselves hoarse and are tired of whooping. The poor old Republicans in this town hunted their holes early, and they have not the slightest desire to make their appearance in public places in large numbers since. Here and there you could meet a group of Republicans, and they are truly a mournful set.