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HE DEFINES HIS BELIEF.

ONE WEEK'S WORK THE SUBJECT OF DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

He Believes in the Mosaic Account of the Creation, and Does Not Hesitate to Say So Most Emphatically—A Notable Sermon Preached Sunday, May 24th.

BROOKLYN, May 24.—The striking sermon Dr. Talmage delivered this morning to an audience which filled the new Tabernacle in every part dealt with a topic of interest to all who have watched the discussions now agitating the churches. Wherever the question of the inspiration of the Bible is raised, the trustworthiness of the Mosaic narrative of the creation is always the point chiefly assailed. The fact that so prominent and eloquent a preacher as Dr. Talmage places himself clearly on record on the side of orthodoxy will doubtless have a marked influence on public opinion. His text was, Genesis i, 31, "And the evening and the morning were the sixth day."

From Monday morning to Saturday night gives us a week's work. If we have filled that week with successes we are happy. But I am going to tell you what God did in one week. Cosmogony, geology, astronomy, ornithology, ichthyology, botany, anatomy are such vast subjects that no human life is long enough to explore or comprehend any one of them. But I have thought I might in an unusual way tell you a little of what God did in one week, and that the first week. And whether you make it a week of days or a week of ages, I care not, for I shall reach the same practical result of reverence and worship.

THE FIRST MONDAY MORNING.

The first Monday morning found swinging in space the piled up lumber of rocks and metal and soil and water from which the earth was to be builded. God made up his mind to create a human family, and they must have a house to live in. But where? Not a roof, not a wall, not a door, not a room was fit for human occupancy. There is not a pile of black basalt in Yellowstone park or an extinct volcano in Honolulu so inappropriate for human residence as was this globe at that early period. Moreover, there was no human architect to draw a plan, no quarryman to blast the foundation stones, no carpenter to hew out a beam, and no mason to trowel a wall. Poor prospect! But the time was coming when a being called man was to be constructed, and he was to have a bride; and where he could find a homestead to which he could take her must have been a wonder even to angelic intelligences.

There had been earthquakes enough and volcanoes enough and glaciers enough, but earthquakes and volcanoes an glaciers destroy instead of build. A worse looking world than this never swung. It was heaped up deformities, scarifications and monstrosities. The Bible says it was without form. That is, it was not round, it was not square, it was not octagonal, it was not a rhomboid. God never did take any one in his counsels, but if he had asked some angel about the attempt to turn this planet into a place for human residence the angel would have said: "No, no; try some other world; the crevices of this earth are too deep; its crags are too appalling; its darkness is too thick."

But Monday morning came. I think it was a spring morning and about half-past four o'clock. The first thing needed was light. It was not needed for God to work by, for he can work as well in the darkness. But light may be necessary, for angelic intelligences are to see in its full glory the process of world building. But where are the candles, where are the candelabra, where is the chandelier? No rising sun will roll in the morning, for if the sun is already created its light will not yet reach the earth in three days. Nor moon nor stars can brighten this darkness. The moon and stars are not born yet, or if created their light will not reach the earth for some time yet. But there is need of immediate light. Where shall it come from? Desiring to account for things in a natural way you say, and reasonably say, that heat and electricity throw out light independent of the sun, and that the metallic bases throw out light independent of the sun, and that alkalies throw out light independent of the sun.

Oh, yes; all that is true, but I do not think that is the way light was created. The record makes me think that, standing over this earth that spring morning, God looked upon the darkness that pall-ed the heights of this world, and the chasms of it, and the awful reaches of it, and uttered, whether in the Hebrew of earth or some language celestial I know not, that word which stands for the subtle, bright, glowing and all prevading fluid, that word which thrills and garlands and lifts everything it touches, that word the full meaning of which all the chemists of the ages have busied themselves in exploring, that word which suggests a force that flies one hundred and ninety-thousand miles in a second, and by undulations seven hundred and twenty-seven trillions in a second, that one word that God utters—Light.

And instantly the darkness began to shimmer, and the thick folds of blackness to lift, and there were scintillations and coruscations and flashes and a billowing up of resplendence, and in great sheets it spread out northward, southward, eastward, westward, and a radiance filled the atmosphere until it could hold no more of the brilliance. Light now to work by while supernatural intelligences look on. Light, the first chapter of the first day of the week. Light, the joy of all the centuries. Light, the greatest blessing that ever touched the human eye. The robe of the Almighty is woven out of it, for he covers himself with light as with a garment. Oh, blessed light! I am so glad this was the first thing created that week. Good thing to start every week with is light. That will make our work easier. That will keep our disposition more radiant. That will hinder even our losses from becoming too somber. Give us more light—natural light, intellectual light, spiritual light, everlasting light. For lack of it the body stumbles, and the soul stumbles. O thou Father of Lights, give us light!

The great German philosopher in his last moment said, "I want more light." A minister of Christ recently dying cried out in exultation, "I move into the light!" Mr. Toplady, the immortal hymnologist, in his expiring moments exclaimed, "Light! Light!" Heaven itself is only more light. Upon all superstition, upon all ignorance, upon all sorrow let in the light. But now the light of the first Monday is receding. The blaze is going out. The colors are dimming. Only part of the earth's surface is visible. It is 6 o'clock, 7 o'clock, 8 o'clock; obscuration and darkness. It is Monday night. "And the evening and the morning were the first day."

TUESDAY'S WORK.

Now it is Tuesday morning. A delicate and tremendous undertaking is set apart for this day. There was a great superabundance of water. God, by the wave of his hand, this morning gathers part of it in suspended reservoirs, and part of it he orders down into the rivers and lakes and seas. How to hang whole Atlantic oceans in the clouds without their spilling over except in right quantities and at right times was an undertaking that no one but Omnipotence would have dared. But God does it as easily as you would lift a glass of water. There he hoists two clouds, each thirty miles wide and five miles high, and balances them. Here he lifts the cirrous clouds and spreads them out in great white banks as though it has been snowing in heaven. And the cirro-stratus clouds in long parallel lines, so straight you know an infinite geometer has drawn them. Clouds which are the armory from which thunder storms get their bayonets of fire. Clouds which are oceans of the wing. No wonder, long after this first Tuesday of creation week, Elihu confounded Job with the question, "Dost thou know the balancings of the clouds?"

Half of this Tuesday work done, the other half is the work of compelling the waters to lie down in their destined places. So God picks up the solid ground and packs it up into five elevations, which are the continents. With his finger he makes deep depressions in them, and these are the lakes, while at the piling up of the Alleghanies and Sierra Nevadas and Pyrenees and Alps and Himalayas the rest of the waters start by the law of gravitation to the lower places, and in their run down hill become the rivers and then all around the earth these rivers come into convention and become oceans beneath, as the clouds are oceans above. How soon the rivers got to their places when God said: "Hudson and James and Amazon, down to the Atlantis; Oregon and Sacramento down to the Pacific."

Three-quaaters of the earth being water and only one-quarter being land, nothing but Almightiness could have caged the three-fourths so that they could not have devoured the one-fourth. Thank God for water and plenty of it. What a hint that God would have the human race very clean! Three fourths of the world water. Pour it through the homes and make them pure. Pour it through the prisons and make their occupants moral. Pour it through the streets and make them healthy. There are several thousand people asleep in Greenwood who but for the filthy streets of Brooklyn and New York would have been to-day well and in churches. Moreover, there never was a filthy street that remained a moral street.

How important an agency of reform water is, was illustrated by the fact that when the ancient world got outrageously wicked it was plunged into the deluge and kept under for months till its iniquity was soaked out of it. But I rejoice that on the first Tuesday of the world's existence the water was taught to know its place, and the Mediterranean lay down at the feet of Europe, and the Gulf of Mexico lay down at the feet of North America, and Geneva lay down at the feet of the Alps, and Scroon lake fell to sleep in the lap of the Adirondacks. "And the evening and the morning were the second day."

THE CREATION OF VEGETATION.

Now it is Wednesday morning of the world's first week. Gardening and horticulture will be born to-day. How queer the hills look, and so unattractive they seem hardly worth having been made. But now all the surfaces are changing color. Something beautiful is creeping all over them. It has the color of emerald. Ay, it is herbage. Hail to the green grass! God's favorite color and God's favorite plant, as I judge from the fact that he makes a larger number of them than of anything else. But look yonder! Something starts out of the ground and goes higher up higher and higher, and spreads out broad leaves. It is a palm tree. Yonder is another growth, and its leaves hang far down, and it is a willow tree. And yonder is a growth with mighty sweep of branches. And here they come—the pear, and the apple, and the peach, and the pomegranate, and groves and orchards and forests, their shadows and their fruit girdling the earth.

We are pushing agriculture and fruit culture to great excellence in the Nineteenth century, but we have nothing now to equal what I see on this first Wednesday of the world's existence. I take a taste of one of the apples this Wednesday morning, and I tell you it mingles in its juices all the flavors of Spitzbergen and Newtown pippin and Rhode Island greening and Danvers Winter Sweet and Roxbury russet and Hubbardston Nonesuch, but added to all, and overpowering all other flavors, is the paradisaical juice that all the orchards of the Nineteenth century fail to reach. I take a taste of the pear, and it has all the luxury of the three thousand varieties of the Nineteenth century; all the Seckel and the Bartlett of the pomological gardens of later times an acidity compared with it. And the grapes! Why, this one cluster has in it the richness of whole vineyards of Catawbas and Concords and Isabellas. Fruits of all colors, of all odors, of all flavors. No hand of man yet made to pluck it or tongue to taste it. The banquet for the human race is being spread before the arrival of the first guest.

In the fruit of that garden was the seed for the orchards and gardens of the hemispheres. Notice that the first thing that God made for food was fruit, and plenty of it. Slaughter houses are of later invention. Far am I from being a vegetarian, but an almost exclusive meat diet is depraving. Savages confine themselves almost exclusively to animal food, and that is one reason that they are savages. Give your children more apples and less mutton. The world will have to give dominance to the fruit diet of Paradise before it gets back to the morals of Paradise. May God's blessing come down on the orchards and vineyards of America, and keep back the frosts and the curculio. But we must not forget that it is Wednesday evening in Eden, and upon that perfect fruit of those perfect trees let the curtain drop. "And the evening and the morning were the third day."

PUTTING THINGS TO RIGHTS.

Now it is Thursday morning of the world's first week. Nothing will be created to-day. The hours will be passed in scattering fogs and mists and vapors. The atmosphere must be swept clean. Other worlds are to hove in sight. This little ship of the earth has seemed to have all the ocean of immensity to itself. But mighier craft are to be hailed today on the high seas of space. First, the moon's white sail appears and does very well until the sun bursts upon the scene. The light that on the previous three mornings was struck from an especial word now gathers in the sun, moon and stars. One for the day, the others for the night. It seemed as if they had all within twenty-four hours been created. Ah, this is a great time in the world's first week. The moon, the nearest neighbor to our earth appears, her photograph to be taken in the Nineteenth century, when the telescope shall bring her within one hundred and twenty miles of New York.

And the sun now appears, afterward to be found eight hundred and eighty-eight thousand miles in diameter, and, put in astronomical scales, to be found to weigh nearly four hundred thousand times heavier than our earth; a mighty furnace, its heat kept up by meteors pouring into it as fuel, a world devouring other worlds with its jaws of flame. And the stars come out, those street lamps of heaven, those keys of pearl, upon which God's fingers play the music of the spheres. How bright they look in this oriental evening! Constellations! Galaxies! What a twenty-four hours of this first week—solar, lunar, stellar appearances! All this Thursday and the adjoining nights employed in pulling aside the curtain of vapor from these flushed or pale faced worlds. Enough! "And the evening and the morning were the fourth day."

THE FISHES AND THE BIRDS.

Now it is Friday morning in the first week of the world's history. Water, but not a fin swimming it; air, but not a wing flying it. It is a silent world. Can it be that it was made only for vegetables? But hark! There is a swirl and a splashing in all the four rivers of Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel and Euphrates. They are all aswim with life, some darting like arrows through split crystal, and others quiet in dark pools like shadows. Everything, from spotted trout to behemoth, all colored, all shaped, the ancestors of finny tribes that shall by their wonders of construction confound the Agassizes, the Cuviers and the Linnæuses and the ichthyologists of the more than six thousand years following this Friday of the first week.

And while I stand on the banks of these Paradisaical rivers, watching these finny tribes, I hear a whirr in the air and I look up and behold wings—wings of larks, robbins, doves, eagles, flamingoes, albatrosses, brown threshers. Creatures of all color—blue, as if dipped in the skies; fiery, as if they had flown out of the sunsets; golden, as if they had taken their morning bath in buttercups. And while I am studying the colors they begin to carol and chirp and coo and twitter and run up and down the scales of a music that they must have heard at heaven's gate. Yes, I find them in Paradise on this the first Friday afternoon of the world's existence. And I sit down on the bank of the Euphrates, and the murmur of the river, together with the chant of birds in the sky, puts me into a state of somnolence. "And the evening and the morning were the fifth day."

BEASTS AND MEN.

Now it is Saturday morning of the world's first week and with this day the week closes. But oh, what a climacteric day! The air has its population and the water its population. Yet the land has not one inhabitant. But here they come, by the voice of God created! Horses grander than those which in after time Job will describe as having neck clothed with thunder. Cattle enough to cover a thousand hills. Sheep shepherded by him who made for them the green pastures. Cattle superior to the Alderneys and Ayrshires and Devonshires of after times. Leopards so beautiful we are glad they cannot change their spots. Lions without their fierceness and all the quadruped world so gentle, so sleek, so perfect.

Look out how you treat this animal creation, whether they walk the earth or swim the waters or fly the air. Do you not notice that God gave them precedence of the human race? They were created Friday and Saturday mornings, as man was created Saturday afternoon. They have a right to be here. He who galls a horse, or exposes a cow to the storm, or beats a dog, or mauls a cat, or gambles at the pigeon shooting, or tortures an insect, will have to answer for it in the judgment day. You may console yourself that these creatures are not immortal and they cannot appear against you, but the God who made these creatures and who saw the wrong you did them will be there. Better look out, you stock raisers and railroad companies who bring the cattle on trains without food or water for three or four days in hot weather, a long groan of agony from Omaha to New York.

Better look out, you farmer riding behind that limping horse with a nail that the blacksmith drove into the quick. Better look out, you boys stoning bullfrogs and turning turtles upside down, and robbing birds' nests. But something is wanting in Paradise and the week is almost done. Who is there to pluck the flowers of this Edenic lawn? Who is there to command these worlds of quadruped and fish and bird? For whom has God put back the curtain from the face of sun and moon and star? The world wants an emperor and empress. It is Saturday afternoon. No one but the Lord Almighty can originate a human being. In the world where there are in the latter part of the Nineteenth century over fourteen hundred million people, a human being is not a curiosity.

But how about the first human eye that was ever kindled, the first human ear that was ever opened, the first human lung that ever breathed, the first human heart that ever beat, the first human life ever constructed? That needed the origination of a God. He had no model to work by. What stupendous work for a Saturday afternoon! He must originate a style of human heart through which all the blood in the body must pass every three minutes. He must make that heart so strong that it can, during each day, lift what would be equal to one hundred and twenty tons of weight, and it must be so arranged as to beat over thirty-six million times every year. About five hundred muscles must be strung in the right place, and at least two hundred and fifty bones constructed. Into this body must be put at least nine million nerves. Over three thousand perspiring pores must be made for every inch of fleshly surface.

The human voice must be so constructed it shall be capable of producing seventeen trillion five-hundred and ninety-two billion one hundred and eighty-six million forty-four thousand four hundred and fifteen sounds. But all this the most insignificant part of the human being. The soul! Ah, the construction of that God himself would not be equal to if he were any the less of a God. Its understanding, its will, its memory, its conscience, its capacities of enjoyment or suffering, its immortality! What a work for a Saturday afternoon! Aye! Before night there were to be two such human and yet immortal beings constructed. The woman as well as the man was formed Saturday afternoon. Because a deep sleep fell upon Adam, and by divine surgery a portion of his side was removed for the nucleus of another creation, it has been supposed that perhaps days and nights passed between the masculine and feminine creations. But no! Adam was not three hours unmated.

If a physician can by anæsthetics put one into a deep sleep in three minutes, God certainly could have put Adam into a profound sleep in a short while that Saturday afternoon, and made the deep and radical excision without causing distress. By a manipulation of the dust the same hand that molded the mountains molded the features and molded the limbs of the father of the human race. But his eyes did not see, and his nerves did not feel, and his muscles did not move, and his lungs did not breathe, and his heart did not pulsate. A perfect form he lay along the earth, symmetrical and of godlike countenance. Magnificent piece of Divine carpentry and Omnipotent sculpturing, but no vitality. A body without a soul.

Then the source of all life stooped to the inanimate nostril and lip, and as many a skillful and earnest physician has put his lips to a patient in comatose state and breathed into his mouth and nostril, and at the same time compressed the lungs, until that which was artificial respiration became natural respiration, so methinks God breathed into this cold sculpture of a man the breath of life, and the heart begins to translate, and the lungs to inhale, and the eyes to open, and the entire form to thrill, and with the rapture of a life just come the prostrate being leaps to his feet—a man!

But the scene of this Saturday is not yet done, and in the atmosphere, drowsy with the breath of flowers and the song of bobolinks and robin redbreasts, the man slumbers, and by anæsthetics, divinely administered, the slumber deepens until without the oozing of one drop of blood at the time or the faintest scar afterward, that portion is removed from his side which is to be built up the Queen of Paradise, the daughter of the great God, the mother of the human race, the benediction of all ages, woman the wife, afterward woman the mother. And as the two join hands and stroll down along the banks of the Euphrates toward a bower of mignonette and wild rose and honeysuckle, and are listening to the call of the whip-poor-will from the aromatic thickets the sun sinks beneath the horizon. "And the evening and the morning were the sixth day."

A GREAT WEEK'S WORK.

What do you think of that one week's work? I review it not for entertainment, but because I would have you join in David's doxology, "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty;" because I want you to know what a homestead our Father built for his children at the start, though sin has despoiled it, and because I want you to know how the world will look again when Christ shall have restored it, swinging now between two Edens; because I want you to realize something of what a mighty God he is, and the utter folly of trying to war against him; because I want you to make peace with this Chief of the Universe through the Christ who mediates between offended Omnipotence and human rebellion; because I want you to know how fearfully and wonderfully you are made, your body as well as your soul an Omnipotent achievement; because I want you to realize that order reigns throughout the universe, and that God's watches tick to the second, and that his clocks strike regularly, though they strike once in a thousand years.

A learned man once asked an old Christian man who had no advantages of schooling, why he believed there was a God, and the good old man, who probably had never heard an argument on the subject in all his life, made this noble reply: "Sir, I have been here going hard upon fifty years. Every day since I have been in this world I see the sun rise in the east and set in the west. The north star stands where it did the first time I saw it; the seven stars and Job's coffin keep on the same path in the sky and never turn out. It isn't so with man's work. He makes clocks and watches; they may run well for awhile, but they get out of fix and stand stock still. But the sun and moon and stars keep on this same way all the while. The heavens declare the glory of God." Yea, I preach this, because I want you to walk in appreciation of Addison's sublime sentiment when he writes:

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their Great Original proclaim.

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

Firing on a Train.

BANGOR, ME., May 27.—A train which left Bangor for St. John last night at 7:40 was held up just beyond Enfield by four men, who fired at the engineer and cars. The train left Enfield when a man, who was noticed by the fireman crawling over the tender, told them to stop the train. The gong on the engine sounded but the engineer did not stop the train until the gong sounded again. The train then came to a stand, when shooting was heard, and for five minutes the gang kept up an indiscriminate firing, the mail car being the particular object of attack.

The leader of the gang was armed with a rifle, the others with revolvers. They fired several shots into the baggage and mail cars, but the engineer pulled the train out before anyone was injured. The station agent at Enfield was fired at by the men as he was hanging out a signal light. The glass of the lantern was broken and the light extinguished. The men ordered him to leave and he did so. Officers will be sent out to capture the assailants if possible. The affair caused considerable excitement in this section.

Crime or Accident?

TOPEKA, Kansas, May 27.—A small frame residence at the corner of Buchanan avenue and Gordon street was burned this morning. In the ruins were found the charred remains of Mrs. Aupegrew, aged 35, and her three children, all girls, aged from fifteen months to five years. All the surrounding circumstances pointed to a deliberate and carefully planned triple murder and suicide. The scene of the tragedy is in a sparcely settled portion of North Topeka, and the house was supposed to have been uninhabited. It is learned that the family moved in the house about a month ago. The father is a teamster and left home early this morning to look for work.

Darkey vs. Dago.

SUTTON, W. Va., May 27.—Alex. Dunlap, a negro from Wheeling, who was working with a gang of Italians five miles east of here, had a desperate battle with them on Saturday. There was a trifling dispute and a fight. The negro caught up a Winchester rifle, and, backing himself against a stone wall, kept fully 200 Italians at bay from early Saturday morning until the afternoon, when he was arrested. In the course of the fray he shot two of the Italians, inflicting fatal wounds.

THE PEOPLE'S PARTY.

DIFFERENT VIEWS OF THE THIRD PARTY CONVENTION.

Who Can be Glad and Who Sorry—The Alliance and the Democratic Party Should Rejoice—Livingston's Fine Work—Why Cleveland was Made a Target Of.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 26.—Viewed from a strictly political standpoint, the interesting Cincinnati conference stamped upon the minds of various party leaders and individuals impressions quite as distinct as the heterogeneous elements which composed the gathering itself. When the convention finally adjourned, a full day at least sooner than was anticipated, those most deeply concerned had reason to feel about as follows:

1. The Farmers' Alliance—relief.
2. The Democratic party—satisfaction.
3. The Republican party—alarm.
4. Mr. Harrison, Mr. Blaine or whoever may be the Republican candidate—misgiving.
5. Mr. Cleveland—solicitude.

These results are due, not so much to what the convention really did as to the temper of the more conservative men present, indicated by their speeches and acts.

The leaders of the Farmers' Alliance may well have a sign of relief at the passing of the most serious danger which has menaced their organization. While, from their point of view, the conference did little or no good, it certainly resulted in less harm than was anticipated. Instead of forcing the Alliance to indorse or reject certain obnoxious principles the convention practically referred the whole matter to the regular Alliance convention next February with a recommendation in favor of naming its own candidate for president. Colonel Livingston, who represented the officials of the Alliance outside of the convention itself, shrewdly foresaw the inevitable dispute upon this point and secured the adoption of policy which the Alliance leaders have no disposition to antagonize at the proper time. By making a show of resistance, moreover, the Colonel diverted attention from matters which might have seriously embarrassed himself and his colleagues. He must have returned home in a happy frame of mind.

The politicians who have been inclined to consider all Alliance men "impractical" will do well to study Colonel Livingston's successful manipulation of the most intractable body of men ever got together. It would have reflected credit upon a tactician as clever as Manning was or Gorman is.

"The ideas of the old missback leaders in the Democratic party," said Colonel Polk, "if not suppressed by the conservative element, will certainly lead to its destruction sooner or later, and it may come as early as 1892 if they are not careful.

"As for the Republican party, it is corrupt from core to circumference, while its opponent is not controlled by the main body of the people, who vote the ticket, but by the insidious influence of capitalists. The only wonder to me is that the farmers have not long ago risen in their might and swept both parties from the field. Cleveland will be the nominee of the Democrats and his nomination will be dictated by Wall street. Yes, and Wall street will nominate an anti-silver Republican.

"The objects of the Democrats will be to force us to place a third party in the field, with the hope that it will throw the election into the house of representatives, and then Cleveland would be declared elected. But I am not so sure that such would be the case, as the Alliance may sweep the country."

Only a bald statement of fact could be more definite than this. The Alliance intends to name its own candidates, but not until the time is ripe. The premature action, which, in Colonel Polk's opinion, referred to in this column last week, would be fatal, is one of the things that Colonel Livingston went to Cincinnati to prevent. He succeeded so well that the Alliance will have only a "national committee" of about fifty members instead of a horde of cranks to deal with in February. It is not expected or even asked to endorse the Cincinnati platform, and it can yield to the vociferous demand for a third party with perfect complacence. If anything the conference was a benefit to the Alliance. It established a large number of troublesome reformers to let off steam without scalding anybody. The strategists of the house may well keep their eyes on Colonel Livingston when he enters upon his congressional career in December.

The facts so gratifying to the alliance men are no less satisfactory to the Democrats. Nothing could be more [illegible] to the Democratic party than a steady growth in Alliance membership. Consequently, Democratic politicians will rejoice with their friends, the farmers, that the most serious danger has been averted by wise management. Moreover, it is pleasing to note that the very fear of being committed against their old party kept the alliance men in the South at home.

Reasons why the Republican party leaders must feel uneasy are so numerous and so patent that they need hardly be noted. Last fall's election furnished conclusive proof that they can not hope to fight on equal terms, but to achieve success must make great inroads upon the opposition. It was argued speciously by Republican optimists last fall that the election was only "an off-year revolt," and that when the time came to make decisive choice of a Republican or a Democrat for president the farmers of the West and Northwest would be found under their old banner. The Cincinnati conference may open their eyes to the truth. Nine-tenths of the delegates came from the formerly Republican States of Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, Ohio and Illinois, and of that great number it is safe to say that not more than a handful ever voted a Democratic ticket. The sincerity of these men in advocating the ideas put forward by others not so guileless can not be questioned. Whatever they do they will do with all their might. The true significance and danger of the conference, from a Republican standpoint, lies in the fact that there was not the slightest indication of a desire to return to the fold. Instead, there was a unanimous demand for a third party. Talk about "mere off-year revolts," therefore is out of place. And the danger is even greater than it would seem to be at first thought. Take away from the Republican party the sturdy country element, whose allegiance has never wavered for an instant, and what is there left of the bone and sinew, except a few spoils-mongers in the big cities who thrive on "deals" with their political opponents?

If any reader of The World fails to see cause for solicitude on the part of Mr. Cleveland, let him read a second time the excerpt from Colonel Polk's interview printed above and then reflect upon the tenor of the speeches in Cincinnati, of which the following by Weaver is a sample:

"I want to say that the battle for the institutions and liberties of this people will be waged in 1892 between the candidates whom you name and those whom the cohorts of Wall street nominate. Now, the Republican party is practically out of the fight in 1892. They were left in a forlorn condition last November. The only part they can play next year is to act as the miners and sappers of the other party.

"Mind, now, what I say. Mr. Cleveland, when he wrote his anti-silver letter, did it deliberately, as I happen to know. He did it against the protests of many of his friends. It had this effect, to consolidate the money power in his support. The plutocracy in 1892-94 will make the battle under his leadership. They are playing a shrewd game. The great work to be done is that of organization and preparation."

The talk of a played-out politician like Weaver is of no consequence, but the spirit of his remarks permeated all the speeches and the entire convention, and can not be disregarded. Mr. Cleveland is the victim of circumstances and his own action. The engineers of the new movement know very well that they can not retain their hold upon the great mass of Republicans who comprise their forces if there arises in their minds the slightest suspicion that they are being led into the Democratic camp. Consequently some Democrat must serve as a target along with the makers of McKinley bills, and Mr. Cleveland happens to be the most conspicuous mark. He greatly facilitated the execution of the plan by pronouncing against free silver, thus presenting to the leaders a sufficient excuse [illegible] slave of [illegible] all

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very night tha[illegible]
shot she was at [illegible]
and that circu[illegible]
mind of the cle[illegible]
proof that she kn[illegible]
plans prepared by t[illegible]
house. He became [illegible]
in her case, was her co[illegible]
viser after her arrest as wel[illegible]
and did everything in his pow[illegible]
by appeals to President Johnso[illegible]
by bitter denunciations of the unjus[illegible]
measures adopted by the Government in its prosecution, to save her from the gallows.

Although the occurrences which Father Walter describes in his paper occurred so long ago, that he still feels freshly and keenly the injustice which led to Mrs. Surratt's execution. In speaking of the matter to a Sun representative he said: If President Johnson had been a man of courage the execution would not have taken place. He simply acted in accordance with public clamor, and signed the death warrant without even reading the testimony on which the woman had been convicted. I went to him and told him that I had read every line of the testimony, and that there was not enough evidence to hang a cat on; that I did not ask a pardon for Mrs. Surratt, nor a commutation of sentence, but merely a reprieve for ten days, in order that I might prove her innocence, but President Johnson did not have courage enough to comply with my request. He feared if he did so he would be accused of commending the deed that had put him in the Presidential chair. So he consigned an innocent woman to a shameful death in order to escape the adverse criticism of a frenzied populace. The whole trial was an outrage, and there is no doubt that the Government resorted to fraudulent measures in order to obtain a conviction.

"Mr. Bradley, who defended John Surratt, had among his papers a telegraph book showing that John Surratt was in Elmira on the night of April 13, yet when a search was made for the hotel register, that would have shown his presence there on that date, it had disappeared and not until a year ago was I able to ascertain that the Government had taken possession of it and had withheld it in order to deprive the prisoners of the benefit of this bit of evidence.

"John Surratt was allowed to escape a trial because the Government knew it had no case against him, and if he were innocent, his mother was also. It has been charged that I forbade Mrs. Surratt's speaking, but this is not true. She declared her innocence up to the time of her death, and beyond this declaration she had nothing to say."—Baltimore Sun.

This May Interest You.

CAMDEN, S. C., May 27.—The following has been received by a gentleman in Camden:

"GARDINER, MAINE, April 21, 1891.

"To the commanding officer of the 12th regiment S. C. V., Confederate States, in the war of the rebellion of 1861.—Sir: Will you be so kind as to inform me if the second lieutenant, Company I, of that regiment is still living. This officer was wounded in the right knee at the second battle of Bull Run on the 28th of August, 1862. If he is still living please so inform me. He was wounded in the knee. His servant was a prisoner, by the name of Sheed or Snider. This officer may hear of something that will interest him. His residence was at the time of his entering the service Charleston, South Carolina. Please answer. Very respectfully,

"Henry E. Merrill,
"Late 1st lieutenant Hancock's 1st army corps, United States Veteran Volunteers."

This was referred to Capt. J. C. Rollings, of Camden, who was at the time second lieutenant of Company I, 12th regiment, but Capt. Rollings was wounded in the face on that day, and not in the right knee, as stated by Mr. Merrill, so he is not the man sought for. It is thought that there must be some mistake in the initial of the company or the number of the regiment.

Blocked by Caterpillars.

MINNEAPOLIS, May 23.—A special to the Journal from Mankato, Minn., says that all trains on the Milwaukee Road this morning are delayed at a point seven miles out of this city by caterpillars, which had crawled upon the rails to sun themselves. The sand boxes were soon exhausted and two engines were hardly able to move the train. The morning freight was an hour and ten minutes in going two miles. Caterpillars were ground into masses of grease over which the wheels slipped like so much butter. The caterpillars have been a pest in the locality for two weeks.

CAN'T HOLD TWO OFFICES.

The Governor Removes the Supervisor of Registration for Charleston.

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 28.—Messrs. J. M. Eason and G. W. Dingle of the ballot reform committee of Charleston were in the city yesterday, and interviewed the Governor in reference to the matter of the Supervisor of Registration for Charleston County. They represented to him that the present Supervisor, Mr. Cantwell, held two offices, viz.: that of Supervisor of Registration and Clerk of the Board of County Commissioners. The Governor concluded that Mr. Cantwell could not legally hold two offices, and determed to remove him. He first, however, submitted the point involved to the Assistant Attorney General, who gave the following written opinion:

"The inquiry referred by your Excellency to the Attorney General, of this date, embraces, as I understand it, two questions: Is the Clerk of the Board of County Commissioners an officer?" "Is a person holding the office of Supervisor of Registration eligible as Clerk of the Board of County Commissioners?"

Without having time to give my reasons in full, I have the honor to state to your Excellency briefly that in my opinion the Clerk of the Board of County Commissioners is an officer, and second, that a person cannot hold two offices at the same time. I refer your Excellency to Section 30, Article 2 of the Constitution and sections 9[illegible] and 612 of the General Statutes of South Carolina.

[illegible] not on re[illegible] this opin[illegible] follow[illegible] W. P. Cu[illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] while [illegible] ve held the office [illegible] stration. In the [illegible] General [illegible] the offices [illegible] removed [illegible] of R[illegible] County; [illegible] be [illegible] your [illegible]

[illegible] at the [illegible] County, [illegible] been made so[illegible] Solicitor Nelson has had some doubts of his ability to secure the State's witnesses from Edgefield, on account of the fact that there was no provision made for the payment of their per diem and mileage. He accordingly wrote to the Governor suggesting that he pay these expenses out of his contingent fund, and in response to this request the Governor yesterday wrote to him as follows:

MY DEAR SIR: Your letter of yesterday, asking that arrangement be made for paying the expenses of witnesses in the Jones case, came to hand this morning. I am very anxious that no delay shall occur in bringing that matter to an end, and I will pay out of the contingent fund a sufficient per diem to each of the State's witnesses to cover actual expenses, not to exceed the amount named by you—$85. I do this with the express understanding that you will insist on a trial at any and all hazards.

Yours, very truly,
B. R. TILLMAN, Governor.

Ingall's Views.

HUTCHINSON, Kansas, May 27.—At a meeting of Republican editors of the Seventh Congressional District a letter from ex-Senator Ingalls was read and warmly applauded. Among other things the letter said: The Republican party is confronted with great problems which threaten its supremacy. If we are to succeed we must deal with the issues of to-day as we dealt with slavery, secession and State soverignty thirty years ago. The Republicanism of the future must readjust itself to the changed conditions of American life or it will perish. I wish to save it from this fate by recalling the spirit of energy, aggressive and patriotic force of the founders to the campaign of 1892. This will be waged upon economic and practical questions, and not upon memories or motions. Harrison will be renominated and Cleveland will be his antagonist. If we have courage and conscience it will be Austerlitz. If we dicker with popular errors, compromise with unprincipled leaders and sneer at honest differences of judgment and opinion, it will be Waterloo."

That New Party.

MADISON, Wis., May 27.—Railroad Commissioner H. A. Taylor, in a letter to the State Journal, of this city, says of the people's party inaugurated at Cincinnati: "The convention at Cincinnati has no rightful claim to be called a national convention. In it we find men who have been prominent in neither political nor business circles. The men of brain, of integrity and statesmanship, the men who have organized and controlled our great financial enterprises, who have enacted our laws and devoted lives of fidelity to all legitimate public interests, haven't raised their voices in the clamor of discontent which comes from the Cincinnati convention. I cannot believe that any considerable number of leading men of either of the great parties of the country will be found in the ranks of this new party. It will be largely made up of perhaps well meaning, but misinformed men."

Death of a Colored Preacher.

CHARLESTON, S. C., May 26.—Rev. Jacob Mills, probably the oldest colored preacher in the country, died yesterday in Charleston. He was ninety-one years of age. When quite young he was made free, and was an exhorter long before the war. Of late years was pastor of Centennary Church, this city. He had the respect of all white citizens who knew him, and his own people venerated him. The funeral to-day took the shape of a public demonstration. He is said to have married over 2,000 colored couples in Charleston.

The Agony Over.

TALLAHASSEE, Fla., May 27.—Senator Call was re-elected United Senator by the Legislature in joint session today. He received fifty-one votes, only fifty-four members being present. The anti-Call men absented themselves from the joint session.

CLOSE ON ITS HEELS.

THE "CHARLESTON" SIXTY-FIVE MILES BEHIND THE "ITATA."

Both Vessels Going at Full Speed—They Were Met by the "Colima"—Rumors That the Insurgent Leaders Will Give Up the "Itata."

SAN FRANCISCO, May 25.—The first authentic news about the Itata since she left this port, was received here to-day. The steamship Colima, which has just arrived from Panama and way ports, reports that she spoke both the Itata and the Charleston.

The Itata was met at 10.52 o'clock the morning of the 15th inst., going south at full steam, sixty-five miles from Acapulco. At 5.20 p. m. the same day the Colima spoke the Charleston 130 miles from Acapulco.

Capt. Remy, of the Charleston, asked the captain of the Colima if he had seen the Itata. He answered in the affirmative, and then the United States cruiser went straight on her way. Evidently the Charleston missed the pirate steamer by only about one hundred and twenty miles, by putting into Acapulco.

The Esmeralda's run out of Acaduleo and back again, about the time of the Charleston's arrival, was clearly made to warn the Itata, which kept off shore. If she has coal enough to carry her to Iquique, she will be able to carry arms to the insurgents, otherwise she must stop at Panama, where the Charleston will probably catch her.

It is rumored here to day that insurgent leaders have agreed to deliver the Itata to the United States authorities on her arrival at Iquique and that therefore the Charleston will make no further serious efforts at capture.

When the Esmeralda first entered port at Acapulco she saluted the fort with twenty-one guns, which salute was not returned. On the following day her commander made an official visit to the commandant of the military forces.

The Rope Broke.

BROKEN BOW, Neb., May 22.—The respite of thirty days granted by Governor Boyd to Andy E. Hanerstine, the murderer of Hiram Roten and William Ashley, expired today, and at 1:30 o'clock the condemned man was hanged. In spite of the storm, 4,000 people gathered to witness the execution. When the trap was sprung the body shot downward and dropped to the ground, the rope having broken. The half conscious man was seized by the sheriff and carried back on the gallows. The rope was then doubled and the trap again sprung. This time his neck was broken and he fell.

Tonight he made a statement. He said that two weeks prior to the time he was accused of petty thievery he murdered men, with others, and threatened him. At one place somebody poisoned water that he hauled in barrels. On the fatal day Roten and Ashley came to his place without authority, to search for a clock that had been taken from the schoolhouse. Roten carried a Winchester across his arm. Hanerstine gave them the clock and then asked them to dinner. They would not eat with him. An altercation took place, and in the heat of passion he shot Roten to protect himself. Then he shot Ashley, who attempted to draw his pistol from his pocket.

Eleven Miners