

WHAT TROUBLE IS FOR.

REV. DR. PALMAGES SUNDAY SERMON.

The Brooklyn Divine Says He Will Not Again Be Pastor of a Church in Debt.

The Rev. T. De Witt Palmage, D. D., preached to an overflowing congregation at the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

Before preaching he said that a mistaken notion was abroad that the insurance on his life had been destroyed to rebuild. The reputation of disastars left. We have practically built three churches since I came to Brooklyn. First, the original Tabernacle. Soon after that we made an enlargement which cost almost as much as a church. A few years after it all burned. Then we put up the building recently destroyed, and reared it in a time when the whole country was in its worst financial distress. It was then that repeated disasters that he was in debt. My congregation have been miserably, but any church would be in debt after a fire in debt. But we need at least one hundred thousand dollars to build a church large enough, and we call on people of all creeds and all lands to help. Before I help dedicate a new church we must have every penny destroyed. We need again be pastor of it paid. I will never again be pastor of any church, and I shall never again wear the shackles. I have for the last sixteen years preached to about 5000 people sitting and standing twice a Sabbath, but everybody knows that we need a new church. I shall not be surprised if some man of wealth shall say: "Here are a \$100,000, and you will put up a memorial structure, and call it after the name of my departed father or child whose memory I want put before all nations and for all time." And so it will be done.

TEXT: "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—Rev. vii., 17.

Riding across a western prairie, wild flowers up to the hub of the carriage wheel, and while a long distance from any shelter, there came a sudden shower, and while the rain was falling in torrents, the sun was shining as bright as I ever saw it shine; and I thought what a beautiful picture this is! So the tears of the Bible are not midnight storm, but rain on pastured lawns in God's sweet and golden sunlight. You remember that bottle which David labeled as containing tears, and Mary's tears, and the harvest of joy that it brought forth. God rounds them. God shows them where to fall. God exhales them. A census is taken of them, and there is a record in the moment when they are born, and to the place of their being born, and men are not kept. Alexander, in his sorrow, had the hair clipped from his horses and mules, and made a great ado about his grief; but in all the vases of heaven there is not one of Alexander's tears. I speak of the tears of the good. Alexander's tears fell in the time. In summer, you sometimes hear the growling thunder, and you see there is a storm miles away; but you know from the drift of the clouds that it will not come anywhere near you. So, though it may be all bright around you, there is a shower of trouble somewhere all the time. Tears. What is the use of them anyhow? Why not substitute laughter? Why not make this a world where all the people are well and eternal strangers to pain and aches? What is the use of an eastern storm when we might have a perpetual western? Why, when a family is put together, not have them all stay, or if they must be transplanted to make other homes, then have them all live! The family record telling a story of marriages and births, but of no deaths. Why not have the harvests of each other without the fatiguing toil? Why the hard pillow, the hard crust, the hard struggle? It is easy enough to explain a smile, or a success, or a congratulation; but, come now, and bring all your dictionaries and all your philosophies and all your religions, and help me explain a tear. A good enough heaven that it is made up of salt and lime and other component parts; but he misses the chief ingredients—the acid of a soured life, the viperine sting of a bitter memory, the fragments of a broken heart. I will tell you what a tear is. It is agony in solution. Hear me, then, while I discourse to you of the uses of trouble.

First—It is the design of trouble to keep this world from being too attractive. Something must be done to make us willing to quit this existence. If it were not for trouble this world would be a good enough heaven for me. You and I would be willing to take a lease of this life for a hundred million years if there were no trouble. The earth cushioned and upholstered and pillared and chandeliered with such expense, no story of other worlds could enhance it. We would say: "Let well enough alone. If you want to die and have your body disintegrated in the dust, and your soul go out on a celestial adventure, then you can go; but this world is good enough for me." You might as well go to a man who has just entered the Louvre at Paris and tell him to hasten out to the picture galleries of Venice or Florence. "Why," he would say, "what is the use of my going there? There are Rembrandts and Rubens and Raphaels here that I haven't looked at yet."

like to have a great many young people around us, and we laugh when they laugh, and we romp when they romp, and we sing when they sing; but when we have trouble we like pious folk around us. Why? They know how to talk. Take an aged mother, say she came to her last leaf. She is almost omnipotent in comfort. Why? She has been through it all. At 7 o'clock in the morning she goes over to comfort a young mother who has just lost her babe. Grandmother knows all about that trouble. Fifty years ago she felt it. At 12 o'clock of that day she felt it. She is a widow now. She knows all about that. She has been walking in that dark valley twenty years. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon some one knocks at the door wanting bread. She knows all about that. Two or three times she has felt it. At 10 o'clock that night she goes over to sit up with some one severely sick. She knows all about that. She knows all about fevers and pleurisies and broken bones. She has been doctoring all her life, spreading plasters, and pouring out bitter drops, and shaking up hot pillow, and contriving things to tempt a poor appetite. Doctors Abernethy and Rush and Hosack and Harvey were great doctors, but the greatest doctor the world ever saw is an old Christian woman. Dear me! Do we not remember her about the room when we were sick in our boyhood? Was there any one who could ever so touch a sore without hurting it?

And when she lifted her spectacles against her wrinkled forehead, so she could look closer at the wound, it was three-fourths healed. And when the Lord took her home, although you may have been mourning and weeping, she would be able to comfort others in trouble. Where did Paul get the ink with which to write his comforting epistle? Where did David get the ink to write his comforting Psalms? Where did John get the ink to write his comforting Revelation? They got it out of their own tears. When a man has gone through the curriculum, and has taken a course of dungeons and imprisonments and shipwrecks, he is qualified for the work of sympathy.

When I began to preach, my sermons on the subject of trouble were all poor, and in semi-blank verse, but God worked the reverse out of me long ago, and I have found out that I cannot comfort people except as I myself have been troubled. God make me the son of consolation to the people. I would rather be the means of soothing one perturbed spirit to-day, than to put a tune that would send the angels to the choir, or the dance. I am a herb doctor. I put into the children the Root of do-do, good without form or comeliness. Then I put in the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley. Then I put into the children some of the leaves from the Tree of Life, and the Branch that grows in the wilderness. Then I pour in the tears of Bethany and Golgotha; then I stir them up. Then I kindle under the caldron a fire made of the wood of the cross, and one drop of that potion will cure the worst sickness of the child. Then I give them Lazarus, and Martin shall receive their Lazarus from the tomb. The dandelion shall rise. And on the darkness shall break the morning, and God will wipe all tears from their eyes.

You know on a well spread table the food becomes more delicate at the last. I have seen a table set for a hundred guests. Let the table now be cleared, and let us set on the chalice of Heaven. Let the King's cup bearers come in. Good morning, Heaven! "Oh," says some critic in the audience, "the Bible contradicts itself. It intimates again and again that there are to be no tears in heaven, and yet it tells us how it is possible that God will wipe any away?" I answer, have you never seen a child crying one moment and laughing the next; and while she was laughing, you saw the tears still on her face? And perhaps you have seen a man who has shed his tears, and then he has wiped them away, and resumed glee, and wiped off those delayed tears. So, I think, after the heavenly rapture of the trial, the trial, the trial, the mark of some earthly grief, and while those tears are glittering in the light of the jasper sea, God will wipe them away. How well He can do that.

Jesus had enough trial to make Him sympathetic with all trials. He has shown us in the Bible the story: "Jesus wept." The scar on the back of either hand, the scar on the arch of either foot, the row of scars along the line of the hair, will keep all heaven thinking. Oh, that great weeper is just the one to silence all earthly trouble, wipe out every drop of earthly grief, and bring us to His step, not the step of the dew. It will not be a tyrant bidding you to hush up your crying. It will be a Father who will take you on His left arm, His face gleaming into yours, while with the soft tips of the fingers of the right hand, He will wipe away all tears from your eyes. He is not an autocrat seated far up in a palace from which He emerges once a year, preceded by heralds swinging swords to clear the way! No. But a Father willing, at our call, to stand by us in every crisis and predicament of our life.

I tell you what some of you business men make me think of. A young man goes off from home to earn his fortune. He goes with his mother's consent and benediction. She has large wealth; but he wants to make his own fortune. He goes far away, falls sick, gets out of money. He sends for the hotel keeper where he is staying, asking for his mother, and she says: "I am sick and do not pay up Saturday night you'll be removed to the hospital." The young man sends to a comrade in the same building. No help. He writes to a banker who was a friend of his deceased father. No relief. He writes to an old schoolmate, but gets no help. Saturday night comes and he is removed to the hospital.

Getting there, he is frenzied with grief; and he borrows a sheet of paper and a postage stamp, and he sits down, and he writes home, saying: "Dear mother, I am sick and do not get up. It is ten minutes of 10 o'clock when she gets the letter. At 10 o'clock the train starts. She is five minutes from the depot. She gets there in time to have five minutes to spare. She wonders why a train that can go thirty miles an hour cannot go sixty miles an hour to get to the hospital. She says: "My son, what does this mean? Why didn't you send for me? You sent to everybody but me. You knew I could and would help you. Is this the reward I get for my kindness to you always?" She bundles him up, takes him home, and gets him well very soon.

Now, some of you treat God just as that young man treated his mother. When you get into a financial perplexity, you call on the banker, you call on the broker, you call on your creditors, you call on your lawyer for legal advice, you call upon everybody, and when you cannot get any help, then you go to God. You say: "O Lord I come to Thee. Help me now out of my perplexity." And the Lord comes, though it is the eleventh hour. He says: "Why did you not send for me before? As one who is his mother comforted, he will comfort you. It is to throw us back upon an all comforting God that we have this ministry of tears."

Again, it is the use of trouble to capacitate us for the office of sympathy. The priests, under the old dispensation, were set apart by having water sprinkled on their hands, feet, and head; and by the sprinkling of tears. They are now set apart to the office of sympathy. When we are in prosperity we

my sister Sarah. Standing there in the village cemetery, I looked around and said: "There is father, there is mother, there is grandfather, there is grandmother, there are whole circles of kindred;" and I thought to myself: "Together in the grave—together in glory." I am so impressed with the thought that I do not think it is any fanaticism when some one is going from this world to the next if you make them the bearer of dispatches to your friends who are gone, saying: "Give my love to my parents, give my love to my children, give my love to my old comrades who are in glory, and tell me, I am trying to fight the good fight of faith, and I will join them after awhile."

I believe the message will be delivered; and I believe it will increase the gladness of those who are before the throne. Together are they, all our tears gone. No trouble getting ready for them—All Kings, Queens, Princes, and Princesses. In 1751 there was a bill offered in the English parliament proposing to change the almanac so that the 1st of March should come immediately after the 1st of February. But, oh, what a glorious change in the calendar when all the years of your earthly existence are swallowed up in the eternal year of God! My friends, take this good cheer home with you. These tears of bereavement that course your cheek, and of persecution, and of trial, are not always to be there. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all away. What is the use, on the way to such a consummation—what is the use of fretting about anything? Oh, what an exhilaration it ought to be in Christian work! See you the pinnacles against the sky, and we are approaching it. Oh, let us be busy in the few days that shall remain for us. The Saxons and the Britons went out to battle. The Saxons were all armed. The Britons had no weapons at all; and yet history tells us the Britons got the victory. Why? They went into battle shouting three times, "Hallelujah!" and at the third shout of "Hallelujah," their enemies fled panic struck; and so the Britons got the victory. My friends, if we could only appreciate the pinnacles that are to come, we would be so filled with enthusiasm that no power of earth or hell could stand before us; and at our first shout the opposing forces would begin to tremble, and at our second shout they would begin to fall back, and at our third shout they would be routed forever. There is no power on earth or in hell that could now before three such volleys of hallelujah.

I put this balsam on the wounds of your heart. Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends had got rid of, and that you have a prospect of so soon making your way to escape. Rejoice cheerfully the ministry of tears, and exult at the thought that soon it is to be ended. There we shall march up the heavenly street, and around our arms at Jesus's feet.

MEN WEARY OF LIFE.

A Suicidal Wave Sweeps Over the Country.

The List Includes a Prominent Railroad Man, a Diamond Broker, a New England Mill Man and a Former Millionaire.

Oliver Garrison, one of the oldest and most prominent of St. Louis citizens, committed suicide in Forest Park by shooting himself through the head. For some time past he had been suffering from kidney trouble, and during the past four years has not attempted to attend to any business. Despondency at his incurable ailment is undoubtedly the cause of his self-destruction. Deceased was born at Garrison Landing on the Hudson River, New York, in 1810. He came to St. Louis in 1835 and engaged in the steamboat business. He and his brother—D. R. Garrison—built the first steamer to ply between St. Louis and New Orleans. In 1818 he went West with the great crowds, and met his brother—Commodore Garrison—in San Francisco. They entered into the steamship building, and returned in 1854 to St. Louis. He has amassed considerable wealth, and in 1857 was elected president of the Merchants' Bank, in which position he served twenty-two years. While president of the bank and receiver of Missouri Pacific Road, he was made vice-president of the road and took it out of the hands of the receiver. He was still vice-president when the road was sold to Jay Gould.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Charles Clark, better known as "Old Charlie," once a millionaire in New York and a tery a bartender in this city, committed suicide. Clark was born in New York State. He was married to a lady of refinement in Brooklyn, and had one daughter. After the death of his wife he came West and settled in Chicago. Here he lost all his money in speculation and in other ways. NORFOLK, VA.—Joseph Dunn, deputy clerk of the Hastings Court of Portsmouth, committed suicide by shooting himself through the head with a pistol. He was about thirty years of age. Liquor is assigned as the cause.

CLAREMONT, N. H.—Caleb Dinmore, aged seventy-five, committed suicide by placing the muzzle of the gun to one of his eyes and firing the gun with a cause. He left a note, saying that he must soon die from cancer, and preferred not to suffer. He had made arrangements for his funeral, even to laying out a suit of clothes in which he wanted to be buried. LAWRENCE, MASS.—Jas. West, aged sixty-six, one of Lawrence's best known citizens, superintendent of mulespinning at the Atlantic Mills for many years, attempted suicide by shooting himself three times in the head with a .22 caliber revolver. He was probably dying. He had just returned from a European trip, taken for his health, which, however, had not been much improved, and he has been despondent.

NEW YORK.—Henry Horwitz, a diamond broker, forty-one years old, committed suicide by shooting himself in the right temple with a pistol small of caliber while in his office.

BATTLE AT A BARN-RAISING.

Two Men Killed and Several Wounded in a Fight in Iowa. A feud of 20 years standing was settled near New Hampton, the county-seat of Chickasaw county, Iowa, by a general battle, in which two men were killed and several others wounded. Thomas Doud, his two sons, Peter McKenna and a number of others farmers had assembled at the farm of Albert Smith to assist him in a barn-raising. A feud has existed between the Doud and McKenna families, who occupy adjoining farms, for 20 years. All the neighbors have taken sides one way or the other, and the men who met were armed to the teeth and prepared for any emergency which might arise. They worked together quietly until 3 o'clock in the afternoon when a dispute arose. The words passed, and without a moment's warning, Thomas Doud drew his revolver and fired at McKenna, who was standing 100 feet away. McKenna was hit in the forehead and the top of his head blown off. As he fell a man named Mulvihill, a friend of McKenna, shot Doud through the lungs, and he escaped. The neighbors gathered, and other shots were fired, but no one was killed. A posse of officers were sent out from New Hampton, and Doud's two sons and Mulvihill were brought into the town and locked up. The feud was the result of a dispute over the ownership of a 40-acre tract of land lying between the farms of Doud and McKenna. Doud aimed the land belonged to him and suits were brought to evict him. After a long resistance the suit was successful.

FATAL ERROR OF TRAIN MEN.

A Collision on the Norfolk and Western—The Killed and Injured. On the Norfolk and Western Railroad passenger train No. 2, going east, collided with a freight train one mile east of Bedfordville, Va., completely wrecking the engine and five cars of the freight train and badly breaking up the passenger engine, mail and express cars. The killed are Leo Jones, fireman freight train. Joseph Gwinn, brakeman on freight. Sonny McDaniels, a tramp of Lynchburg, who was beating his way home. The wounded are L. Beckwith, conductor on freight, leg crushed, and amputated by company's surgeon. Jacob R. Bower, fireman, leg broken. William Steffey, engineer, severely injured and cut. A. S. Francis, postal clerk, badly bruised and cut. A colored man discovered the trains approaching each other, and signaled them to stop. The passenger had nearly stopped when the crash came, but the freight was making thirty miles an hour. Thousands of dollars' worth of goods were scattered around. The wreck was caused by the freight man reading their orders wrong. No passengers were hurt on account of the train having nearly stopped before the crash.

TERRIFIED BY ELECTRICITY.

A Burning Wire Causes a Panic on a Street in Cincinnati. A frightful exhibition of the power of the electric current of the street railway circuit was given at Cincinnati, Ohio, along the line of the Mount Auburn street railroad. The guard wire, which hangs above the conducting wire to protect other wires from coming in contact with the electric current, broke, and as it formed a circuit when resting on the charged wire, with one end on the street, the current passed through it. The result was terrifying. The wire became white with the dreadful light, Wagner and street cars collapsed, but fortunately, the falling wire nowhere touched any human being, and no casualties followed.

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SHOT AT HIMSELF IN A GLASS.

A Chicago Burglar Who was Badly Scared by His Own Reflection. A burglar secured an entrance to the residence of Geo. M. High, at Chicago, and seeing his image in a large plate-glass mirror became so badly rattled that he drew his revolver. The man in the mirror did likewise and in a moment the pair were blazing away at each other with a precision that was hard on the mirror. Mr. High and his family were at dinner on the floor below, and when the shooting was heard together with the noise of breaking glass there was a sudden loss of appetite on the part of everyone at the table. Mr. High grabbed a poker and headed a possession up the stairway, and when the large rear bed-room on the second floor was reached nothing was found but the broken mirror and an open window. By this time the whole fashionable neighborhood was in an uproar. Private telephones were set at work, and the patrol-wagon with a load of officers was summoned.

The arrival of the police added to the excitement, and there were rumors that a double murder had been committed. An investigation showed that some one had placed a ladder against the rear wall of Mr. High's house and had forced the window and entered. The room door was open and the light from the hall fell upon the mirror in such a way as to give the impression that some one was approaching through the door. The long strike of Scott's coal miners, at Spring Valley, Ill., is still unsettled, and it looks as though the strikers, who have rejected the offer of a eight advance, would be out all winter. They are yet receiving aid from labor organizations. The strike of the coal miners at Brazil, Ind., is now in its sixth month. San Francisco molders have struck one shop against a non-union foreman. The foreman's son is one of the strikers. All the other shops have union bosses. There are apprehensions of a strike of the operative bakers of London, that the London postmen have formed a secret union to secure an advance in wages, that the millitaid of women workers in the East York Lintars are gaining to improve their condition, that a victory has been scored by the striking gas stokers of Bristol, and that the London tramway companies are reducing the daily working hours of their employes to twelve. New York drickermen have losses \$100 for hiring non-union men. New York strikers won a strike to have a boss discharged. Brookside (Ala.) miners struck for 50 cents per ton. Brooklyn framers were fined \$25 for taking strikers' jobs. Flint (Mich.) cigar-makers struck against doing \$15 worth for \$12. Baltimore workers lost a strike against a reduction of wages in the Edison Electric Lamps Works, near Newark, N. J., lasted only a few hours, and the strikers won.

WRECKED AT RAHWAY.

A Pennsylvania Freight Train Crashes Through a Residence. A fast freight on the Pennsylvania Railroad jumped the track at Main street, Rahway, N. J. Several persons who were waiting for the train to pass were injured by flying debris, three of them fatally. One car ran down Main street into the residence of John Weldon, tearing it way and stopping when it reached the parlor. Mr. Weldon's family narrowly escaped. Fifteen loaded cars were wrecked. The tracks and roadbed were torn up, and the accident delayed travel twelve hours. The accident occurred about 100 feet from the scene of the derailling of the passenger train two weeks ago.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE—Flour—City Mills, extra, \$4.90; \$4.75. Wheat—Southern Fultz, \$4.84; Corn—Southern White, 40c; Yellow 40c; Oats—Southern and Pennsylvania 20c; Rye—Maryland and Pennsylvania 35c; Hay—Maryland and Pennsylvania 13; Straw—Wheat, 60c; Butter, Eastern Creamery, 19c; Cheese—Eastern Factory Cream, 11c; Western, 10c; Eggs—21c; Tobacco Leaf—Inferior, 12c; Good Common, 30c; Middling, 35c; Flour—New York—Flour—Southern Common to fair extra, \$3.10; Wheat—No. 1 White, 84c; No. 2, 82c; Rye—State, 15c; Corn—Southern Yellow, 38c; Oats—White, State, 25c; Butter, State, 19c; Cheese—State, 11c; Eggs—21c. PHILADELPHIA—Flour—Pennsylvania 4.25; Wheat—Pennsylvania and Southern Red, 83c; Rye—Pennsylvania 22c; Corn—Southern Yellow, 40c; Oats—20c; Butter—State, 19c; Cheese—N. Y. Factory, 10c; Eggs—21c. BALTIMORE—Beef, 4 00; Sheep—\$3.00; Hogs—\$4.25. NEW YORK—Beef—\$4.50; Sheep—\$4.00; Hogs—\$4.25. EAST LEBERTY—Beef—\$4.00; Sheep—\$4.00; Hogs—\$4.25.

CABLE SPARK.

A company has been organized in London to build a tower 1,250 feet high.

Falcaragh, county Donegal, Ireland, eighty tenants are threatened with eviction. Meisnioner, the artist, has received the grand cross of the Legion of Honor of France. The Brussels board of trade has resolved to hold a Belgian exhibition in London in 1891.

Troutwell, a Swiss engineer, proposes to construct a tubular road to the summit of the Jungfrau mountain. The miners of Bormage, Mons and Pels, in Belgium, will strike if a twenty per cent. increase of wages is not given them.

Zola, the author, is a candidate for the seat in the French Academy, made vacant by the death of Augier, the dramatist. The Russian government having conceded most of the demands of the Vatican seven bishops will soon be appointed for that country.

The Latin Monetary Convention has been renewed for six years, subject to the approval of the parliaments of the countries concerned. The German Reichstag was opened by the reading of Emperor William's speech by Herr Boettcher, v.c.-president of the Prussian ministry.

Jesuit missionaries have been expelled from Oujang-mbo, so the Zanzibar agent of the London Mission reports, and their houses destroyed. —Captain Wisniaman telegraphs that he has reliable news that Emin Pasha and Henry M. Stanley expected to arrive at Mpwawa about the end of November.

Princess Sophia of Prussia and the Duke of Sparta, Crown Prince of Greece, were married in the cathedral in Athens in accordance with the Lutheran rite. A report is current in St. Petersburg that Prince Bismarck has inspired Kalozoy, the Austrian premier, to dissuade Prince Ferdinand from returning to Bulgaria.

The funeral of King Luis of Portugal took place in Lisbon, and was attended by representatives of foreign governments. The body was placed in a tomb in the Pantheon. Three of the men who were injured aboard the Cunard steamer Cephelonia by the explosion of a boiler, after the vessel's departure from Liverpool for Boston, died, and another man who was hurt is not expected to recover.

Klaiber, the man who attempted to kill Prince William of Wurttemberg while the latter was on his way to church, is a member of an anarchist society, in which lots were drawn to determine who should kill the Prince. The choice fell on Klaiber.

Captain Wisniaman, German imperial commissioner for East Africa, has had an agreement with a force of natives under command of Chief Basturi and defeated them. Three hundred of Basturi's men were killed or wounded. The German force lost only seven men.

Prince Bismarck is credited with a desire to construct a second defensive line behind the triple alliance, consisting of England and Austria, not committed by treaty to the special purpose of the Central European alliance, but linked by kindred interests. He is maneuvering to commit Lord Salisbury to a new treaty with Turkey relating to the permanent occupation of Egypt.

Mr. Gladstone, in an address at Chester, England, on the condition of the working class, urged English workmen to study the history of the American revolution. He said the system of government in America combined that love of freedom, respect for law and desire for order which formed the surest elements of national excellence and greatness.

WORK AND WORKERS.

The request of the destitute people of Norfolk county, Kan., for free coal (owned by the State and leased to the coal companies) was granted. English workmen to study the history of the American revolution. He said the system of government in America combined that love of freedom, respect for law and desire for order which formed the surest elements of national excellence and greatness.

The trade of Canada with the United States is greater in amount than her commerce with Great Britain. During 1888 she sold to us merchandise to the amount of \$43,572,065 and to Great Britain to the amount of \$42,294,954. Her imports from this country were to the amount of \$48,481,848, or \$9,000,000 greater than from Great Britain.

The long strike of Scott's coal miners, at Spring Valley, Ill., is still unsettled, and it looks as though the strikers, who have rejected the offer of a eight advance, would be out all winter. They are yet receiving aid from labor organizations. The strike of the coal miners at Brazil, Ind., is now in its sixth month. San Francisco molders have struck one shop against a non-union foreman. The foreman's son is one of the strikers. All the other shops have union bosses. There are apprehensions of a strike of the operative bakers of London, that the London postmen have formed a secret union to secure an advance in wages, that the millitaid of women workers in the East York Lintars are gaining to improve their condition, that a victory has been scored by the striking gas stokers of Bristol, and that the London tramway companies are reducing the daily working hours of their employes to twelve. New York drickermen have losses \$100 for hiring non-union men. New York strikers won a strike to have a boss discharged. Brookside (Ala.) miners struck for 50 cents per ton. Brooklyn framers were fined \$25 for taking strikers' jobs. Flint (Mich.) cigar-makers struck against doing \$15 worth for \$12. Baltimore workers lost a strike against a reduction of wages in the Edison Electric Lamps Works, near Newark, N. J., lasted only a few hours, and the strikers won.

TOO COLOSSAL IN COST.

The Wonderful Tower a Minnesota Man Has Designed. George W. Cooley, formerly city engineer of Minneapolis, Minn., has designed a structure which he proposes shall be erected on the ground of the World's Fair. The colossal proportions of the structure would make the Eiffel tower turn green with envy. The design contemplates a pyramid of granite, each side of whose base is to be 1,250 feet long, and whose summit will be 100 feet square and 100 feet above the ground. At the extreme top will be placed a goddess of liberty 300 feet high, making the total height 1,200 feet. At each corner is to be a tower 100 feet high, surmounted by statues of Columbus, Washington, the President, and some other prominent man in the nation's history.

Mr. Cooley believes the scheme can be carried through in two years, and will lay his plans before the coming meeting of the National Association of Engineers to ascertain its feasibility. He estimates the cost of such a structure to amount to \$170,000,000.