Dr. TALMAGE SERMON

THE GREAT DIVINE'S ELOQUENT MESSAGE.

Subject: Practical Charity—The Benevolence of Dorcas Extolled — Her Work Contrasted With Present Day Methods —Woman God's Handmaiden.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—Dr. Talmage, who is still traveling in Northern Europe, has forwarded the following report of a sermon in which he utters helpful words to all who are engaged in alleviating human distresses and shows how such work will be crowned at the last; text, Acts ix, 39, "And all the widows stood by him weeping and showing him the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them."

Joppa is a most absorbing city of the Orient. Into her harbor once floated the rafts of Lebanon cedar from which the temples of Jerusalem were builded, Solomon's oxen drawing the logs through the town. Here Napoleon had 500 prisoners massacred. One of the most magnificent charities of the centuries was started in this seaport by Dorcas, a woman with her needle embroidering her name ineffaceably into the beneficence of the world. I see her sitting in yonder home. In the doorway and around about the building and in the room where she sits are the pale faces of the poor. She listens to their pliant, she pities their woe, she makes garments for them, she adjusts the manufactured articles to suit the bent form of this invalid woman and to the cripple that comes crawling on his hands and knees. She gives a coat to this one; she gives sandals to that one. With the gifts she mingles prayers and tears and Christian encouragement. Then she goes out to be greeted on the street corners by those whom she has blessed, and all through the street the cry is heard, "Dorcas is coming!" The sick look up gratefully in her face as she puts her hand on the burning brow, and the lost and the abandoned start up with hope as they hear her gentle voice, as though an angel had addressed them, and as she goes out the lane eyes half put out with sin think they see a halo of light about her brow and a trail of glory in her pathway. That night a half paid shipwright climbs the hill and reaches home and sees his little boy well clad and says, "Where did these clothes come from?" And they tell him, "Dorcas has been here." In another place a woman is trimming a lamp; Dorcas bought the oil. In another place a family that had not been at table for many a week are gathered now, for Dorcas has brought bread.

But there is a sudden pause in that woman's ministry. They say: "Where is Dorcas? Why, we haven't seen her for many a day. Where is Dorcas?" And one of these poor people goes up and knocks at the door and finds the mystery solved. All through the haunts of wretchedness the news comes, "Dorcas is sick!" No bulletin flashing from the palace gate telling the stages of a king's disease is more anxiously waited for than the news from this benefactress. Alas, for Joppa there is wailing, wailing! That voice which has uttered so many cheerful words is hushed; that hand which has made so many garments for the poor is cold and still; the star which had poured light into the midnight of wretchedness is dimmed by the blinding mists that go up from the river of death. In every forsaken place in that town, wherever there is a sick child and no balm, wherever there is hunger and no bread, wherever there is guilt and no commiseration, wherever there is a broken heart and no comfort, there are despairing looks and streaming eyes and frantic gesticulations as they cry, "Dorcas is dead!"

They send for the apostle Peter, who happens to be in the suburbs of the place, stopping with a tanner of the name of Simon. Peter urges his way through the crowd around the door and stands in the presence of the dead. What demonstration of grief all about him! Here stand some of the poor people, who show the garments which this poor woman had made for them. Their grief cannot be appeased. The apostle Peter wants to perform a miracle. He will not do it amid the excited crowd, so he orders that the whole room be cleared. The apostle stands now with the dead. Oh, it is a serious moment, you know, when you are alone with a lifeless body! The apostle gets down on his knees and prays, and then he comes to the lifeless form of this one all ready for the sepulcher, and in the strength of Him who is the resurrection he cries: "Tabitha, arise!" There is a stir in the fountains of life, the heart flutters, the nerves thrill, the cheek flushes, the eye opens, she sits up.

We see in this subject Dorcas, the disciple, Dorcas the benefactress, Dorcas the lamented, Dorcas the resurrected.

If I had not seen that word disciple in my text, I would have known this woman was a Christian. Such music as that never came from a heart which is not chorded and strung by divine grace. Before I show you the needlework of this woman I want to show you her regenerated heart, the source of a pure life and of all Christian charities. I wish that the wives and mothers and daughters and sisters of all the earth would imitate Dorcas in her discipleship. Before you cross the threshold of the hospital, before you enter upon the temptations and trials of to-morrow, I charge you in the name of God and by the turmoil and tumult of the judgment day, O woman, that you attend to the first, last and greatest duty of your life—the seeking for God and being at peace with Him! When the trumpet shall sound there will be an uproar and a wreck of mountain and continent, and no human arm can help you. Amid the rising of the dead and amid the boiling of yonder sea and amid the live, leaping thunders of the flying heavens calm and placid will be every woman's heart who hath put her trust in Christ—calm notwithstanding all the tumult, as though the fire in the heavens were only the gildings of an autumnal sunset, as though the awful voices of the sky were but a group of friends bursting through a gateway at even time with laughter and shouting, "Dorcas the disciple!" Would God that every Mary and every Martha would this day sit down at the feet of Jesus!

Further, we see Dorcas, the benefactress. History has told the story of the crown; epic poet has sung of the sword; the pastoral poet, with his verses full of the redolence of clover tops and a-rustle with the silk of the corn, has sung the praises of the plow. I tell you the praises of the needle. From the fig leaf robe prepared in the garden of Eden to the last stitch taken on the garment for the poor the needle has wrought wonders of kindness, generosity and benefaction. It adorned the girdle of the high priest, it fashioned the curtains in the ancient tabernacle, it cushioned the chariots of King Solomon, it provided the robes of Queen Elizabeth, and in high places and in low places, by the fire of the pioneer's back log and under the flash of the chandelier—everywhere—it has clothed nakedness, it has preached the gospel, it has overcome hosts of penury and want with the war cry of "Stitch, stitch, stitch!" The operatives have found a livelihood by it, and through it the mansions of the employer are constructed.

Amid the greatest triumphs in all ages and lands I set down the conquests of the needle. I admit its crimes; I admit its cruelties. It has had more martyrs than the fire; it has punctured the eye; it has pierced the side; it has struck weakness into the lungs; it has sent madness into the brain; it has filled the potter's field; it has pitched whole armies of the suffering into crime and wretchedness and woe. But now that I am talking of Dorcas and her ministries to the poor I shall speak only of the charities of the needle. This woman was a representative of all those who make garments for the destitute, who knit socks for the barefooted, who prepare bandages for the lacerated, who fix up boxes of clothing for missionaries, who go into the asylums of the suffering and destitute bearing that gospel which is sight for the blind and hearing for the deaf, and which makes the lame man leap like a hart and brings the dead to life, immortal health bounding in their pulses.

What a contrast between the practical benevolence of this woman and a great deal of the charity of this day! This woman did not spend her time idly planning how the poor of the city of Joppa were to be relieved. She took her needle and relieved them. She was not like those persons who sympathize with imaginary sorrows and go out in the street and laugh at the boy who has upset his basket of cold victuals, or like that charity which makes a rousing speech on the benevolent platform and goes out to kick the beggar from the step, crying, "Hush your miserable howling!" Sufferers of the world want not so much theory are practice; not so much tears as dollars; not so much kind wishes as loaves of bread; not so much smiles as shoes; not so much "God bless you," as jackets and frocks. I will put one earnest Christian man, hard-working, against 5000 mere theorists on the subject of charity. There are a great many who have fine ideas about church architecture who never in their lives helped to build a church. There are men who can give you the history of Buddhism and Mohammedanism who never sent a farthing for evangelization. There are women who talk beautifully about the suffering of the world who never had the courage, like Dorcas, to take the needle and assault it.

I am glad that there is not a page of the world's history which is not a record of female benevolence. God says to all lands and people, "Come, now, and hear the widow's mite rattle down into the poor box." The Princess of Conti sold all her jewels that she might help the famine stricken. Queen Blanche, the wife of Louis VIII. of France, hearing that there were some persons unjustly incarcerated in the prisons, went out amid the rabble and took a stick and struck the door as a signal that they might all strike it, and down went the prison door, and out came the prisoners. Queen Maud, the wife of Henry I., went down amid the poor and washed their sores and administered to them cordials. Mrs. Retson, at Matagorda, appeared on the battlefield while the missiles of death were flying around and cared for the wounded. Is there a man or woman who has ever heard of the civil war in America who has not heard of the women of the sanitary and Christian commissions or the fact that before the smoke had gone up from Gettysburg and South Mountain the women of the north met the women of the south on the battlefield, forgetting all their animosities, while they bound up the wounded and closed the eyes of the slain? Dorcas the benefactress.

Has that Christian woman who went away fifteen years ago nothing to do with these things? I see the flowering out of her noble heart. I hear the echo of her footsteps in all the songs over sins forgiven, in all the prosperity of the church. The good that seemed to be buried has come up again. Dorcas is resurrected!

After awhile all these womanly friends of Christ will put down their needle forever. After making garments for others some one will make a garment for them; the last robe we ever wear—the robe for the grave. You will have heard the last cry of pain. You will have witnessed the last orphanage. You will have come in worn out from your last round of mercy.

I do not know where you will sleep nor what your epitaph will be, but there will be a lamp burning at that tomb and an angel of God guarding it, and through all the long night no rude foot will disturb the dust. Sleep on, sleep on! Soft bed, pleasant shadows, undisturbed repose! Sleep on!

Asleep in Jesus! Blessed sleep
From which none ever wake to weep!

Then one day there will be a sky rending and a whirl of wheels and the flash of a pageant, armies marching, chains clanking, banners waving, thunders booming, and that Christian woman will arise from the dust, and she will be suddenly surrounded—surrounded by the wanderers of the street whom she reclaimed, surrounded by the wounded souls to whom she had administered!

Daughter of God, so strangely surrounded, what means this? It means that reward has come; that the victory is won; that the crown is ready; that the banquet is spread. Shout it through all the crumbling earth! Sing it through all the flying heavens! Dorcas is resurrected!

In 1855, when some of the soldiers came back from the Crimean war to London, the Queen of England distributed among them beautiful medals, called Crimean medals. Galleries were erected for the two houses of Parliament and the royal family to sit in. There was a great audience to witness the distribution of the medals. A colonel who had lost both feet in the battle of Inkermann was pulled in on a wheel chair; others came in limping on their crutches. Then the Queen of England arose before them in the name of her Government and uttered words of commendation to the officers and men and distributed those medals, inscribed with the four great battlefields—Alma, Balaklava, Inkermann and Sevastopol. As the Queen gave these to the wounded men and the wounded officers the bands of music struck up the national air, and the people, with streaming eyes, joined in the song:

God save our gracious queen!
Long live our noble queen!
God save the queen!

And then they shouted "Hurza! Huzza!" Oh, it was a proud day for those returned warriors! But a brighter, better and gladder day will come when Christ shall gather those who have toiled in His service—good soldiers of Jesus Christ. He shall rise before them, and in the presence of all the glorified of heaven He will say, "Well done, good and faithful servant!" And then He will distribute the medals of eternal victory, not inscribed with works of righteousness which we have done, but with those four great battlefields, dear to earth and dear to heaven—Bethlehem, Nazareth, Gethsemane and Calvary!

A Danish army officer is at the head of the Siamese navy.

THE GREAT DESTROYER.

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

The Poor Man's Temptation—Some Falsehoods Told by the Saloonkeeper—Why His Lunch is "Free" — Reasons Why You Should Avoid the Liar.

"Easy for those fenced safely round from birth
With the best blessings of this fallen earth,
A happy home, religious parents' care,
Firm, watchful training, sacraments and prayer,
Pure pleasure that from filthy pleasure weans,
Good education, tastes refined, fair means,
Congenial work (well paid) to fill the day,
And books to while a leisure hour away:
So circumstanced a man through life might pass
Without the solace of the glittering glass.
He whom a well-cooked dinner waits at home
May safe through streets of public houses roam;
But the poor man, whose lot is full of gloom,
His home at best one shabby, stuffy room,
Not overstocked with furniture or food—
"Come in here, Jack, a drop will do you good—"
How can poor Jack refuse such respite pleasant
From hopeless future and from sordid present?

The Rumseller's Lies.

"I do not invite any person into my place to drink," is a remark you frequently hear from the saloon-keeper when he is spoken to about selling liquors. That is a lie.

When the groceryman makes a fine display in front of his store, whether he has the price marked thereon or not, he is honest enough to tell you he does it to induce people to buy. That is the truth.

The dry goods merchant puts in his window all sorts and kinds of wearing apparel, for the sole purpose of attracting the ladies and selling his goods. He tells the truth.

And so it is with all classes of trade, but the "rumseller." He says he does not invite any one in—in to drink. Let's see. First, in the sign, "Free lunch from 10 to 12 a. m." Is it free? Go in and try to partake of it without buying some of his rum and see how quick he or his dressed-up bartender will tell you to get out. That is a lie!

Does he want you to eat his free (?) lunch, or is it free?

Again. He hires the finest cabinet maker to erect in his place what he calls fixtures, consisting of elegantly carved hard wood, often trimmed with marble and backed with as large mirrors as his room will permit of. In front of this he places highly polished glasses—all for what purpose? To ask you in! And in inviting you in, does he invite you just to see the fine fixeures? No. No! But to drink his miserable, health-destroying, soul-damning stuff. Again he lies!

In front of the place you will see elegant gold and sometimes glass signs, furnished by the wholesale whisky man, or the brewer, gratis to the rumseller for his trade. Do they have them made just to adorn his place? No, but to invite you in. Therefore, it is another lie!

The retail rum-dealer lies, and says he does not invite you in. The wholesaler and brewer help him to lie, and take mortgages on his place to help him lie to the poor fools who are enticed into his place by all this display of elegance.

Another final lie: You drink with him. He says, "Here's to your good health." What a lie! You can't have good health if you partake of the vile stuff. Does burning the lining out of your stomach bring "good health?" Does muddling your brain cause "good health?"

One more big lie: The rum-seller knows he cannot stand up and drink with every one, so he (some of them) have a bottle of tea to take for whisky, or clear water to take for gin, and he makes you believe he is drinking the same vile stuff that you are pouring down your throat, only he takes his from another bottle. A big lie!

Young men, resolve now not to help him to lie any more. Every time you are tempted to go into one of these lying shops say, "No, I will not help anyone to lie and ruin mankind."

Avoid the liar!—Presbyterian Banner.

Baby Saved Him.

A poor, disconsolate mother, the wife of a drunkard, had a home barren of everything but a little blue-eyed two-year-old girl in rags. The father abused the little one and its mother, and in his quest for liquor had pawned every article of furniture in the house.

A few weeks ago the worried mother went into a public house, where she found the recreant husband. The little girl in her mother's arms recognized her father, and gave him one of those little child smiles of recognition which every father covets.

The mother walked over to the bar, where her drunken husband stood, and, as the tears coursed down her cheeks, said:

"Papa, kiss Ella and bid her good-bye; I am going to give her to the innkeeper. Drink up her value, and when she is gone everything we ever possessed is gone. There is nothing in the house to eat, and I am going out to work."

The little one understood the meaning of the words, "Kiss papa," as they fell from the quivering lips of the mother, and she leaned forward to do as she had been told. "Give me Ella!" the father exclaimed, as he became sensible of what his wife said, "I have taken my last drink."

A new promise, strong and binding as their wedding vow, was made in the grim corner of the inn, and the two went home to lead a brighter and happier life.

What Made Him Poor.

An old man rapped at a door, and when it was opened by the gentleman of the house he said he was hungry, and begged something for his breakfast. He said he would willingly do some work to pay for it. A good meal was given him, which he ate as if he was really very hungry. When he was about to go he stood with his old hat in his hand, his thin, gray hair blown by the wind. His face was thin, and wore rather a piteous expression. Said he:

"I thank you sincerely for this food. I was hungry. And, while I thank you, I want to warn you against coming into the condition I am in. When I was young I worked hard and made money. I spent it in the saloons. I put hundreds of dollars there. Now I am too old to work. I must wear rags for clothes, and beg for a living. The saloons drive me out and give me nothing. Last night I was given from one, and would have been in that terrible storm but for the kindness of a man who let me sleep in his shop."

He is only one of many made poor by the use of strong drink. It is, indeed, a deceiver, and no respecter of persons.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR JULY 29.

Subject: The Transfiguration, Luke ix., 28-36 — Golden Text: Luke ix., 35 — Memory Verses, 33-35 — Commentary on the Day's Lesson.

28. "About an eight days after." Matthew and Mark say six days. There were six full days and the fractional days at the beginning and the end making "about" eight. "These sayings." The sayings of the last lesson. Edersheim supposes the great confession occurred on the Sabbath, and the transfiguration on the night after the Sabbath one week later. There is no intimation as to how the intervening week was spent. "Peter and John and James." These same apostles witnessed His agony in the garden. He took these three (1) because He needed witnesses to prove the fact when the time came to reveal His glory to the world, and (2) for the purpose of encouraging and establishing them in the truths of His kingdom. "Into a mountain." The place of the transnguration scene is unknown, but it was probably Mount Hermon, not far from Caesarea Philippi. This is the opinion of nearly all modern authorities. "To prav." It was the habit of Jesus to go alone in the night to pray. Before He chose the Twelve, and after feeding the five thousand, we see Him praying in the night. This time it was a "prayer meeting."

29. "As He prayed." He was doubtless praying for strength to carry on His work and for the enlightenment of His disciples; the transfiguration was the answer. "His countenance was altered." Matthew says, "His face did shine as the sun." It would appear that the light shone not upon Him from without, but that it shone out of Him from within; it was one blaze of dazzling, celestial glory; it was Himself glorified. "Raiment became white and dazzling" (R. V.) Mark says: "Exceeding white as snow." His face shone with divine majesty, and all His body was so irradiated by it that His clothes could not conceal His glory, and became white and glistening as the very light with which He covered Himself as with a garment.

30. "Moses and Elijah." (R. V.)—Moses was a representative of the law; he was the founder of the Jewish dispensation, which for centuries had been preparing the way for Christ; he was a type of Christ, and had foretold His coming (Deut. 18:15-18); and through Him had been instituted the sacrifices which Christ fulfilled and which explained His coming death which so troubled the disciples. Elijah was the representative of the prophets. They had foretold the coming and the suffering of Christ, and Elijah was the one who was to prepare the way of the Lord by his character and spirit reappearing in John the Baptist, the forerunner of Jesus.

31. "Who appeared in glory." In like glory with Jesus; with glorified bodies. "And spake of His decease." Or departure, or exodus from the world; including, no doubt, His death, resurrection and ascension. "Which He was about to accomplish (R. V.) This conversation would enable the disciples to see the importance and necessity of that which was to them the greatest mystery—the suffering and death of their blessed Master.

32. "Were heavy with sleep." It was in the night, and the time when they usually slept. Our English version implies that they fell asleep and were awakened to see His glory, while the original implies that, though heavy with sleep, they kept fully awake. "Were fully awake." (R. V.) Even though they may have been asleep at first when He was "transfigured before them" they were fully awake. "Saw His glory, and the two men." The brilliancy of their countenances and the dazzling brightness of the garments. It was a reality. It was not a dream, they were fully awake.

33. "As they departed." Peter must have seen that they were about ready to leave. "Peter said." Peter is always ready to speak. "It is good for us to be here." Peter spoke the truth. The apostles would be stronger, and more useful because of the divine manifestations. It is always good for us when the Lord especially manifests Himself to us; when we see His glory. "Let us make three tabernacles." Or booths, from the bushes of the mountains; such as were made at the feast of the tabernacles. He greatly desired to have the heavenly visitants remain with them. "Not knowing what he said." Peter's plans were frequently in opposition to those of the Lord. He was so amazed and bewildered by the glory of the heavenly manifestations that he know not what he said. How many times do we speak unwisely because we do not stop to consider our words.

34. "While he thus spake." Here was the response to Peter's suggestion, a wise answer to a foolish prayer; denying the petition in order to grant something better. "There came a cloud, and overshadowed them." Matthew says a "bright" cloud. A cloud had frequently been the symbol of the divine presence. "They feared." This glorious manifestation of God's presence caused them to tremble. It is very likely that the transfiguration took place in the night, in which case the light of Christ's countenance, the dazzling brightness of his garments, and the glory of the cloud, would have a marked effect, because of the absence of the solar light. "Entered into." It was first above them and then seemed to descend over them and envelop them.

35. "A voice." The voice of God the Father. It revealed nothing new, but confirms the old, for it was the same voice which had been heard at his baptism. This would show to Peter and the apostles present that they did not need to detain Moses and Elijah in order to add to their happiness. "This is my beloved Son." Matthew adds, "In whom I am well pleased." They had Jesus with them, and He was more than all the hosts of heaven would be without Him. "Hear Him." He is superior even to Moses, the great lawgiver. Moses himself had made such a statement. Deut. 18:15. He is superior to Elijah and the prophets, and is the One to whom they pointed. Hear Him; attend to His instructions and obey His words.

36. "When the voice was past." The disciples fell on their faces, and were sore afraid.—Matthew. They feared as they entered into the cloud, but now when they heard the voice of God, probably as loud as thunder (see John 12:29), and full of divine majesty such as mortal ears were unaccustomed to hear, they fell flat to the ground on their faces, being sore afraid; an effect which manifestations of this kind commonly had on the prophets and other holy men to whom they were given. It was so with Abram (Gen. 15: 12); and Ezekiel (Ezek. 1:28); and Daniel (Dan. 8: 17; 10: 8, 9); and John (Rev. 1:17); and I have known people nowadays, when under the direct illumination of the Spirit, to lose their strength and fall to the ground. In this condition the three disciples lay until Jesus came and touched them and raised them up, dispelling their fears.

RACE GLEANINGS.

A Closer Sunday.

The movement inaugurated by the Good Government League to bring about a stricter observance of the Sunday laws is one in the proper direction.

In late years the dealers in cigars, tobacco, the small grocers, keepers of ice cream saloons, fruit dealers, confectioners, and even the barrooms do a thriving Sunday business. In all these years, truly the police authorities have not been ignorant of these open violations of the law, but with a laxity they have allowed it to go unreported, but that the league has taken it in hand it is to be hoped that the evil wil be abated.

The Sunday barroom is doing more to counteract the influence of the church and to corrupt the community than nay other source and if dealers in liquors can not be forced into complying with the law then they should be heavily fined and their license revoked.

In this matter we have certainly gone from better to worse until today Richmond has what is almost an open Sunday. In many cities where the violation of the law is not so open as it is here, it is charged that the dealers pay for protection. God forbid that it may be ever said that Richmond police authorities are being paid to protect certain businesses. We do not believe it but if the open violations of the law are noe checked, we believe there are some who will think so.

Race Review.

The law passed by the Chickasaw Indian Nation, providing that white men must pay $1,000 license fee to marry Chickasaw Indian girls, is now in effect and will be rigidly enforced. The law also provides that white men wishing to marry must also prove that they are of good moral character. There is a provision in the act which gives a non-citizen the right to marry Chickasaw Indians in Kansas or any other State. He can only select an allotment of approximately 500 acres of land, one-half the amount he might have shared had he married under the Chickasaw laws. The measure was passed to lessen the abuses of intermarriages. Since the bill was pased by the Chickasaw council last December, it is estimated that 1,700 white men took out license to marry Indian girls in order to escape the new tax of $1,000.

Mrs. Fannie Barrier Williams, in the Chicago Times-Herald, says: "The colored people of the South are not looking so confidently toward the Northern States as they once did for their complete emancipation. They have learned from the experiences of those who have already come north, that there is a distressing scarcity of milk and honey which they dreamed of. Intelligence and self-reliance are the two things that the negro needs more than a change of habitation. A large part of the South is his, and it is gratifying and reassuring to see that he is awakening to his power and opportunity.

The position of superintendent of colored schools for the District of Columbia has been abolished by Congress. However Congress has created a new office to be known as Assistant Superintendent at a salary of $2,500. The new system will continue to employ colored teachers for colored schools.

Mr. Daniel Brown, a graduate of the Indiana Medical College, has been appointed in the Indianapolis City Dispensary, after a competitve examination. Dr. Brown is a Negro, and this honor has been on merit alone.

The $10,000 damage suit of Parker McComb, a colored deaf mute, against the L. and N. Railroad Company for the loss of both legs, has been compromised for $3,000. McComb was awarded $7,000 by a jury at Hopkinsville, Ky., but the case was reversed by the Court of Appeals on a technicality.

The Canadian-Australian steamship company discriminated against the Hogan Colored minstrel company by refusing to sell them passage on a vessel to Victoria. Twenty-eight suits were brought against the steamship company, the first of which has been decided in favor of the plaintiff, Mr. Ernest Hogan, and judgment of $2,250 rendered.

An exchange says that Neeley, a white man, has stolen more money in Cuba in one year than all the Negroes in America have stolen in a 100 years.

Major Taylor, the celebrated Negro cyclist, recently purchased a $3,000 residence by proxy in a high-toned residential district in Worcester. On finding it out the white neighbors offered him $5,000 for his bargain, which Taylor refused to accept. He has moved in and declares that he will stay there.

Rev. J. Slattery a Catholic priest, of Baltimore, Md., has purchased 210 acres of land near Montgomery, Ala., for the purpose of establishing a Catholic school for Negroes in that section.

The National Negro Business League which will meet in Boston next month, will tend to solidify the business interests of the race and bring about a helpful, sympathetic relation between our business men and women, which has no existence at the present time.

The negroes of Rome, Ga., have declared an absolute boycott on the Rome street railway, [illegible] Sunday not half a dozen ne[illegible] been seen on the cars. T[illegible] the result of a rule rest[illegible] three rear seats, [illegible] resented.