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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Everlasting Life."

TEXT: "Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest."—Micah ii., 10.

This was the drum beat of a prophet who wanted to arouse his people from their oppressed and sinful condition, but it may just as properly be uttered now as then. Bells by long exposure and much ringing lose their clearness of tone, but this rousing bell of the gospel strikes in as clear a tone as when it first rang on the air.

As far as I can see your great want and mine is rest. From the time we enter life a great many vexations and annoyances take after us. We may have our holidays and our seasons of recreation and quiet, but where is the man come to midlife who has found entire rest? The fact is that God did not make this world to rest in. A ship might as well go down off Cape Hatteras to find smooth water as a man in this world to find quiet. From the way that God has strewn the thorns and hung the clouds and sharpened the tusks, from the colds that distress us, and the heats that smite us, and the pleurisies that stab us, and the fevers that consume us, I know that He did not make this world as a place to loiter in. God does everything successfully, and this world would be a very different world if it were intended for us to lounge in. It does right well for a few hours. Indeed it is magnificent! Nothing but infinite wisdom and goodness could have mixed this beverage of water, or hung up these brackets of stars, or trained these voices of rill and bird and ocean, so that God has but to lift His hand, and the whole world breaks forth into orchestra. But, after all, it is only the splendors of a king's highway, over which we are to march on to eternal conquests.

You and I have seen men who tried to rest here. They builded themselves great stores. They gathered around them the patronage of merchant princes. The voice of their bid shook the money markets. They built stock in the most successful railroads and in "safety deposits" great rolls of Government securities. They had emblazoned carriages, high mettled steeds, footmen, plate that confounded lords and senators who sat at their tables, tapestry on which floated the richest designs of foreign looms, splendor of canvas on the walls, exquisiteness of music rising among pedestals of bronze and dropping, soft as light, on snow of sculpture. Here let them rest. Put back the embroidered curtain and shake up the pillow of down. Turn out the lights. It is 11 o'clock at night. Let slumber drop upon the eyelids and the air float through the half opened lattice drowsy with midsummer perfume. Stand back, all care, anxiety and trouble. But, no, they will not stand back. They rattle the lattice. They look under the canopy. With rough touch they startle his pulses. They cry out at 12 o'clock at night: "Awake, man! How can you sleep when things are so uncertain? What about those stocks? Hark to the tap of that firebell! It is your district! How if you should die soon? Awake, man! Think of it! Who will get your property when you are gone? What will they do with it? Wake up! Riches sometimes take wings! How if you should get poor? Wake up!" Rising on one elbow, the man of fortune looks out into the darkness of the room and wipes the dampness from his forehead and says, "Alas, for all this scene of wealth and magnificence—no rest!"

I passed down a street of a city with a merchant. He knew all the finest houses on the street. He said: "There is something the matter in all these houses. In that one it is conjugal infelicity; in that one, a dissipated son; in that, a dissolute father; in that, an idiot child; in that, the respect of bankruptcy." This world's wealth can give no permanent satisfaction This is not your rest.

You and I have seen men try in another direction. A man says: "If I could only rise to such and such a place of renown; if I could gain that office; if I could only get the stand and have my sentiments met with one good round of hand clapping applause; if I could only write a book that would live, or make a speech that would thrill, or do an action that would resound!" The tide turns in his favor. His name is on 10,000 lips. He is bowed to and sought after and advanced. Men drink his health at great dinners. At his fiery words the multitudes huzza. From galleries of beauty they throw garlands. From housetops, as he passes in long procession, they shake out the national standards. He let him rest. It is 11 o'clock at night. On pillow stuffed with a nation's praise let him lie down. Hush all disturbant voices! In his dream let there be hoisted a throne, and across it a coronation. Hush, hush! "Wake up," says a rough voice. "Political sentiment is changing. How if you should lose this place of honor? Wake up. The morning papers are to be full of denunciation. Hearken to the execrations of those who once caressed you. By tomorrow night there will be multitudes sneering at the words which last night you expected would be universally admired. How can you sleep when everything depends upon the next turn of the great tragedy! Up, man. Off this pillow." The man, with head yet hot from his last oration, starts up suddenly, looks out upon the night, but sees nothing except the flowers that lie on his stand, or the scroll from which he read his speech, or the books from which he quoted his authorities, and goes to his desk to finish his neglected correspondence, or to pen an indignant line to some reporter, or sketch the plan for a public defense against the assaults of the people. Happy when he got his first lawyer's brief, exultant when he triumphed over his first political rival, yet, sitting on the very top of all that this world offers of praise, he exclaims, "No rest, no rest."

The very world that now applauds will soon hiss. That world said of the great Webster: "What a statesman! What wonderful exposition of the constitution! A man for any position." That same world said after awhile: "Down with him! He is an office seeker. He is a sot! He is a libertine. Away with him!" And there is no peace for the man until he lays down his broken heart in the grave at Marshfield. Jeffrey thought that if he could only be judge that would be the making of him; got to be judge and cursed the day in which he was born. Alexander wanted to submerge the world with his greatness; submerged it and then drank himself to death because he could not stand the trouble. Burns thought he would give everything if he could win the favor of courts and princes; won it, and amid the shouts of a great entertainment when poets and orators and duchesses were adoring his genius wished that he could creep back into the obscurity in which he dwelt when he wrote of the

Daisy, wee, modest, crimson tipped flower.

Napoleon wanted to make all Europe tremble at his power; made it tremble, then died, his entire military achievements dwindling down to a pair of military boots which he insisted on having on his feet when dying. At Versailles I saw a picture of Napoleon in his triumphs. I went into another room and saw a bust of Napoleon as he appeared at St. Helena; but, oh, what grief and anguish in the face of the latter! The first was Napoleon in triumph; the last was Napoleon with his heart broken. How they laughed and cried when silver tongued Sheridan in the midday of prosperity harangued the people of Britain, and how they howled at and executed him when, outside of the room where his corpse lay, his creditors tried to get his miserable bones and sell them.

This world for rest? "Aha!" cry the waters, "no rest here! We plunge to the sea." "Aha!" cry the mountains, "no rest here! We crumble to the plain." "Aha!" cry the towers, "no rest here. We follow Babylon and Thebes and Nineveh into the dust." No rest for the flowers; they fade. No rest for the stars; they die. No rest for man; he must work, toil, suffer and slave.

Now, for what have I said all this? Just to prepare you for the text, "Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest." I am going to make you a grand offer. Some of you remember that when gold was discovered in California large companies were made up and started off to get their fortune. To-day I want to make up a party for the land of gold. I hold in my hand a deed from the proprietor of the estate, in which he offers to all who will join the company 10,000 shares of infinite value in a city whose streets are gold, whose harps are gold, whose crowns are gold. You have read of the crusaders—how that many thousands of them went off to conquer the holy sepulcher. I ask you to join a grander crusade, not for the purpose of conquering the sepulcher of a dead Christ, but for the purpose of reaching the throne of a living Jesus. When an army is to be made up, the recruiting officer examines the volunteers. He tests their eyesight, he sounds their lungs, he measures their stature. They must be just right or they are rejected. But there shall be no partiality in making up this army of Christ. Whatever your moral or physical stature, whatever your dissipations, whatever your weakness, I have a commission from the Lord Almighty to make up this regiment of redeemed souls, and I cry, "Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest."

Many of you have lately joined this company, and my desire is that you may all join it. Why not? You know in your own hearts' experience that what I have said about this world is true—that it is no place to rest in. There are hundreds here weary—oh, how weary!—weary with sin, weary with trouble, weary with bereavement. Some of you have been pierced through and through. You carry the scars of a thousand conflicts, in which you have bled at every pore, and you sigh, "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest! You have taken the cup of this world's pleasures and drunk it to the dregs, and still the thirst claws at your tongue, and the fever strikes to your brain. You have chased pleasure through every valley, by every stream, amid every brightness and under every shadow, but just at the moment when you were ready to put your hand upon the rosy, laughing sylph of the wood she turned upon you with the glare of a fiend and the eye of a satyr, her locks adders and her breath the chill damp of a grave. Out of Jesus Christ no rest. No voice to silence the storm. No light to kindle the darkness. No dry dock to repair the split bulwark.

Thank God, I can tell you something better. If there is no rest on earth, there is rest in heaven. Oh, ye who are worn out with work, your hands calloused, your backs bent, your eyes half put out, your fingers worn with the needle that in this world you may never lay down, ye discouraged ones who have been waging a hand fight for bread, ye to whom the night brings little rest and the morning more drudgery—oh, ye of the weary hand, and of the weary side, and the weary foot, hear me talk about rest!

Look at that company of enthroned ones. Look at their hands; look at their feet, look at their eyes. It cannot be that those bright ones ever toiled? Yes, yes! These packed the Chinese teaboxes, and through missionary instruction escaped into glory. These sweltered on Southern plantations, and one night after the cotton picking went up as white as if they had never been black. Those died of overtoil in the Lowell carpet factories, and these in Manchester mills. Those helped build the pyramids, and these broke away from work on the day Christ was hounded out of Jerusalem. No more towers to build; heaven is done. No more garments to weave; the robes are finished. No more harvests to raise; the garners are full. Oh, sons and daughters of toil, arise ye and depart, for that is your rest!

Scovill McCallum, a boy of my Sunday-school, while dying said to his mother, "Don't cry, but sing, sing

"There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary."

Then, putting his wasted hand over his heart, said, "There is rest for me."

Oh, ye whose locks are wet with the dews of the night of grief; ye whose hearts are heavy because those well known footsteps sound no more at the doorway, yonder is your rest! There is David triumphant, who once he bemoaned Absalom. There is Abraham enthroned, but once he wept for Sarah. There is Paul exultant, but he once sat with his feet in the stocks. There is Payson radiant with immortal health, but on earth he was always sick. No toil, no tears, no partings, no strife, no aconiting count, but night. No storm to ruffle the crystal sea. No alarm to strike from the cathedral towers. No dirge throbbing from seraphic harps. No tremor in the everlasting song, but rest—perfect rest—unending rest.

Into that rest how many of our loved ones have gone! The little children had been gathered up into the bosom of Christ. One of them went out of the arms of a widowed mother, following its father, who died a few weeks before. In its last moment it seemed to see the departed father, for it said, looking upward with brightened countenance, "Papa, take me up!"

Others put down the work of mid life, feeling they could hardly be spared from the office or store or shop for a day, but are to be spared from it forever. Your mother went. Having lived a life of Christian consistency here, ever busy with kindness for her children, her heart full of that meek and quiet spirit that is in the sight of God great price, suddenly her countenance was transfigured, and the gate was opened, and she took her place amid that great cloud of witnesses that hover about the throne.

Glorious consolation! They are not dead. You cannot make me believe they are dead. They have only moved on. With more love than that with which they greet us on earth, they watch us from their high place, and their voices cheer us in our struggles for the sky. Hail, spirits blessed, now that ye have passed the flood and won the crown! With weary feet we press up the shining way, until in everlasting reunion we shall meet again. Oh, won't it be grand when, our conflicts done and our partings over, we shall clasp hands and cry out, "This is heaven!"

Extirpating Peach Yellows.

The "peach yellows" commission, appointed by the last Legislature to visit every orchard in Connecticut and destroy, root and branch, with axe or fire, every tree infected with the yellows, has completed just about half its work. The Commissioners are six in number, and their pay is $5 a day. They began their task about the middle of July, and must end it on September 1. The Commissioners have done the work in the most painstaking way. In searching for diseased trees they penetrate even into city dooryards and examine all fruit for sale at stores or street stands. The main tokens of the yellows in a tree are a short, yellow, sprouty growth, and a premature ripening on the part of its fruit. The malady is contagious, and it has almost completely wiped out the peach-growing industry in Connecticut. Owing, perhaps, to considerable unofficial work of the kind done last year, the Commissioners thought that the number of trees that it is necessary to extirpate is considerably smaller than was anticipated. The percentage of diseased trees, Chief Commissioner Hubbard said is five per cent., as against ten per cent. last season. The disease is far more prevalent in old than in new orchards, sometimes amounting to twenty-five per cent. of all the trees there. The Commissioners have arbitrary powers. The penalty of opposing them about their work ranges from $30 to $100 in fines, with or without imprisonment.

Haying in the Water.

Haymakers are at work in, not on, the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, between Hancock and Williamsport. They are cutting the grass from the bottom and sides of the canal, where, under water the growth is so heavy that it not only impedes the boats, but keeps the water back from the levels. An ordinary mowing machine, with its gearing inclosed to prevent its getting clogged by the floating grass, is rigged to the rear of a scow, drawn by a strong team, and managed by two men, who ride on the scow. It is raised and lowered by means of a block and tackle. The cleats on the wheels are made long and sharp, to give them a good grip on the muddy bottom, and the machine cuts a wide swathe, sending great quantities of the long grass floating to the surface, where it is gathered out on the bank by rakes.

Revival in a Mine.

The evangelists who are at present working in the coal regions near Scranton, Penn.,—B. F. Armstrong, Thomas Thornburn and J. C. Tenant—recently held a revival meeting for the miners of the Ontario mine under uncommon circumstances. It was at the bottom of the shaft. Slips of paper with the words of hymns printed upon them were handed around, and the miners, gathered in the gloom of the mine, jointed heartily in the service of song.

A CYCLONE OF DEATH.

IT SWEEPS ACROSS THE SEA OF AZOV.

The First Estimate Was That Nearly 1000 People Had Perished—Americans in Peril—Whole Villages Destroyed—Russian Fishermen Drowned.

A hurricane in the Sea of Azov wrecked many steamers and caused much destruction and loss of life.

A special cable from St. Petersburg, Russia, says: A wind of death. No other name can describe the cyclone that swept across the Sea of Azov.

It is almost certain that at least 1000 people have perished, some by drowning, others by being crushed under falling houses and trees.

The excitement is very great among the American colony for it is feared that at least two parties of American tourists were on the Sea of Azov at the time the wind did its deadly work.

The wind was first felt at Nogaisk. Nogaisk is peopled mostly by fishermen, who were out on the water. When the hurricane had swept out to the north a terrible scene was presented. The village was razed, overturned as if an immense plow had been pushed through it. Lying everywhere were women and children, dead or in the last agonies of death. The shallow waters of the Sea of Azov were lashed to such a height that it was plain that every fishing boat must have been sunk.

The cyclone swept on to the northeast after wrecking Nogaisk. Its path seems to have been unusually wide, for at Marinopal it devastated the country to a point eleven miles inland, and had its outer edge far upon the sea. Marinopal was practically blotted out of existence. Not three houses in a hundred are left standing. It is estimated that over two hundred perished in this town alone.

North of Marinopal the storm seems to have made a sudden turn to the eastward over Dolgapoint, its left edge inflicting slight damage to the town of Berdinsk. Houses there were unroofed and a dozen persons were killed by falling timbers. Once at sea the storm made its full fury felt.

Of the steamers that touch at the port of Berdimsk, not one had come in at the hour of the latest report. Grave fears are expressed that every craft on the sea has gone to the bottom and that every passenger is drowned.

In turn Eisk and Achuev were ravaged, each town being almost totally destroyed. Telegraphic communication with this district is suspended and it is impossible to learn the extent of the destruction, but at least 1000 persons must have died on the two shores.

The Sea of Azov is in the extreme southern part of Russia. It is separated from the Black Sea by the island of Crimea. It is not more than about one-twelfth the size of the Black Sea, of which it forms a northern subdivision. It is connected with it by the Strait of Yewikale. Its length is about 200 miles, its average breadth about eighty miles; its entire area 14,000 miles.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

THE Bostons lead the League in batting.

BOSTON has tried eight pitchers this season.

BREITENSTEIN, of St. Louis, is a great pitcher.

THE Bostons and Baltimores are playing great ball.

BOSTON is now very strong in the pitching department.

THE Brooklyn Club has recalled Pitcher Daub's release.

BROWN, of Louisville, has struck out fifty times this season.

THE Bostons humbled the Pittsburgs by winning the entire series.

JENNINGS, of Baltimore, has been playing a phenomenal short field.

THE rule designed to prevent the discoloration of new balls is universally disregarded.

As now constituted the Cleveland team is probably the weakest set of batsmen in the League.

STEIN is Brooklyn's winning pitcher. He is doing as effective work as any whirler in the League.

THE New Yorks were the first team to win ten games from an opponent. Washington was the victim.

ELY is putting up the game of his life for St. Louis this year. Few shortstops are doing any better than he.

THE Washington Post thinks it would be a good thing to expel about fifteen rowdy ball players now in the National League.

MEEKIN, of New York, has a record of twenty-three games without an error. He has become one of the best fielding pitchers in the business.

THE scarcity of pitchers' games is attested by the remarkable scarcity of shutouts. Never before have whitewashes been so few and so far between.

EHRET, of Pittsburg, has been wonderfully successful against the Clevelands this year, having won all the games he has pitched against them—seven.

THE Bostons' endurance and their remarkable immunity from sickness and injury are attributed to the fact that they are all short and stockily built men.

THE games are getting entirely too long. They are averaging close on two and a half hours. Something will have to be done to shorten them. Deaden the ball slightly, is a suggestion.

STIVETTS, of Boston, has a flannel sleeve that he pulls over his pitching arm when the champions are at the bat. He says it keeps up the perspiration and prevents cold or rheumatism.

"NEW FACES" is the cry in Pittsbug and the Smoky City magnates are hearkening to the wail of the fans. They are offering to trade several of their players to any town that will make the highest bid.

THE Bostons are being given a harder run for the championship than they have been accustomed to in recent years. At least two teams are making a driving race, with every indication of a punishing finish.

MULLANE announces that he will not attempt to play again this season. The index finger of his left hand is in bad shape. Blood poisoning set in from an ingrowing nail, and it is possible that he may lose the affected finger.

NOT since Davis's discovery has a more promising player than young Blake been yanked out of obscurity. He is doing splendid work for Cleveland, and no youngster in the League gives greater promise of a more brilliant career.

THE Baltimore club got Koeler for Shindle. It also got Kelley for Van Haltren. Jennings and Taylor for O'Rourke, who has just signed with Sioux City; Brouthers for Tredway and a claim upon John Clarkson for Mullane. Manager Hanlon hasn't got left in many of his deals.

BROUTHERS, of Baltimore, flatters himself that he knows about as much about baseball bats as the next man, and he is seriously considering going into the business of manufacturing them when he quits the diamond. He has plenty of fine ash on his farm at Wappinger Falls, N. Y.

THE League pitchers almost to a man advocate the return of the old pitching rule, as they claim that the hitting is altogether too heavy. The development of batting has been so marked that the players will hit the ball almost as hard under the old rule. But the magnates and the public don't seem to think so.

RECORD OF THE LEAGUE CLUBS.

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Per ct.	Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Per ct.
Boston	68	36	.654	Pittsburg	51	52	.495
Baltimore	66	36	.647	Chicago	47	58	.448
New York	67	38	.638	Cincinnati	46	58	.442
Philadel	57	44	.564	St. Louis	43	62	.410
Cleveland	54	47	.535	Wash'ng'n	35	69	.337
Brooklyn	54	48	.529	Louisville	32	72	.308

AN unprecedented demand is likely to occur this fall and winter for American fruit from English and other European buyers.

THE LABOR WORLD.

IOWA runs a free labor bureau.

THE best slate workers come from Wales.

LONDON printing trades will amalgamate.

CANADA is to have a Dominion Federation of Shoe Workers.

NEBRASKA K. of L. will push a proposed law to prohibit child labor.

THE eight-hour day has reduced the arrests for intoxication in Germany.

THE American laborer is more prosperous than that of any other country.

THE cabman of Paris are forbidden to smoke pipes while driving a fare.

THERE is a society in England which supplies non-union men during strikes.

KANSAS CITY (Mo.) packing men have organized, and 700 are already on the roll.

FEMALE bootblacks are reported to be multiplying in Paris and other French cities.

THE Secretary of Detroit (Mich.) Longshoremen's Union has decamped with $200.

SIX locomotive firemen on a Long Island railroad were arrested recently for shoveling soft soal into their engines.

THE Detroit Board of Education ordered a contractor to pay union wages to plasterers on a school and observe the eight-hour day.

KEIR HARDIE, Labor's representative in the British Parliament, classes Ruskin and Carlyle as pioneers of the Independent Labor party.

THE Knights of Labor are collecting the mileage assessment of five cents per member of the railroad expenses of the delegates to the General Assembly, which begins early in November in New Orleans.

THE dining room girls in the Union Pacific Hotel, at Laramie, Wyoming, have struck on account of Manager Markel's order requiring them to wear uniforms. Girls were brought from Kansas City to fill their places.

A DETROIT laborer won a suit against a boss who refused to pay a man $1.75 a day. He says he signed the Union scale with the understanding that he might pay twenty-five cents less than the agreement stipulated. This did not go with the Judge.

THE displacement of labor by labor-saving appliances is markedly illustrated by the fact that eleven electric power traveling cranes recently put into use in the yards of the Carnegie Steel Company at Homestead, Penn., has dispensed with the services of fifty men.

A CRY from Montreal is of the scarcity of domestic servants in that Canadian city. In such straits are housekeepers there that they are said to visit the city prisons looking out for a possible maid among the inmates, and willing to engage such questionable persons at the end of their terms of imprisonment.

CHILD labor has rapidly grown to monstrous proportions within the last twenty years, but the more enlightened portion of the nation is waking to the folly and wrong of it. This is shown by the fact that legislation on this subject exists in many States, though often evaded, and that factory inspectors have been appointed, though their number is inadequate.

ARMOR-PLATE SCANDAL.

The Report of the House Investigating Committee.

Representative Amos J. Cummings, Chairman of the House Committee on Naval Affairs, presented to the House at Washington, the preliminary report upon the investigation of the armor-plate and bolts furnished to the Government by the Carnegie Steel Company, Homestead, Penn. The investigation has been in progress for several weeks, and during its course testimony has been given by the principal officers of the Carnegie Company, by workmen, and by Government officers. The report is a complete review of the case.

The committee finds that the charges of fraud have been sustained, condemns the company severely, and recommends that fifty-nine suspected plates in use should be tested, as the only method of proving their fitness or unfitness. It also finds that the Government inspection was negligent and defective, but no charge of dishonesty rests upon the inspectors.

The charge, that false reports of treatment of plates were systematically made, the committee holds, is proved by the rough records of the company itself of over seven hundred plates and lots of bolts which came into the hands of the Navy Department. The records examined show that the figures in the reports were almost invariably changed, and in some cases entirely new reports were returned. There were "fake" reports of treatment of plates that received no treatment whatever, says the report, and over ninety-five per cent. of the records show similar changes which were evidently made for the purpose of deceiving Government inspectors. The reports were made to make it appear that the plates had received the uniform and efficient treatment required by the contract.

The report shows that the contract with the company covered a period of two years and three months, from November, 1890, to February, 1893. The amount of armor plate contracted for was 8978 tons, costing $5,441,920.

REVIEWED BY CLEVELAND.

Knights of Pythias March Down Pennsylvania Avenue.

With just enough cloudiness to lessen the effect of the sun's brightness, the Knights of Pythias had an ideal day for their great parade in Washington. The parade assembled at Camp Washington on the monument grounds at 4 o'clock and marched up Seventeenth street to Pennsylvania avenue, where the procession turned and marched in review past President Cleveland. A small stand, decorated appropriately, had been erected in front of the White House, and on this the President stood during the entire time occupied by the procession in passing. Mr. Cleveland, accompanied by Colonel C. A. Kahlo, Major-General Carnahan's Chief of Staff in full uniform, and Colonel John M. Wilson, United States Army, the Commissioner of Public Buildings and Grounds, walked through the White House grounds to the stand amid continuous applause, and as he came in view of the thousands assembled at that point a great cheer went up, to which he responded by doffing his hat. Following his custom, the President reserved his salutes for the National flag and for the heads of divisions. About 8000 men were in line and they made an excellent showing.

ROASTED TO DEATH.

Miners Imprisoned in a Red-Hot Iron Cage.

Four miners in the Amethyst mine, Creede, Col., were literally, roasted to death. They were "Tom" Eversole and Hugh Fay, of Colorado; "Archie" McDowell, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and Charles Proctor, of Potawattomie, Kan., the latter three single men. The shafthouse caught fire from a candle at 5 o'clock a. m., and so great was the heat that the wire cable holding the skip was melted and the huge iron cage, heated to a red heat, fell to the bottom of the shaft, carrying with it the four men above named, who were on the ladders. The loss on the mills and machines will be about $20,000.

A FRENCH REVERSE.

Report That the Tuaregs Have Defeated Them.

A despatch from St. Louis, capital of the French possessions in Senegambia, Africa, says that the Tuaregs recently surprised the French and, after three days' fighting, pursued them to Timbuctoo, where another fight took place, resulting, as before, in favor of the Tuaregs. The French sallied out of Timbuctoo, but were overwhelmed with numbers and forced to retire. In the later fight three companies of the French soldiers were completely cut to pieces.

THE TARIFF BILL A LAW.

THE PRESIDENT NEITHER SIGNED NOR VETOED IT.

In a Private Letter to Representative Catchings, of Mississippi, He Explained Why He Did Not Approve the Gorman Compromise Measure, Substituted for the Wilson Bill.

At 12 o'clock, midnight, the Gorman Tariff bill, passed by the House of Representatives on February 1 and by the Senate on July 3, became a law without the signature of President Cleveland and with only his qualified approval, expressed in a private letter to Representative Catchings, of Mississippi. As intimated in that letter, the President was disposed to let the bill become the law without any comment whatever from him. The Speaker, Mr. Catchings, Mr. Clarke, of Alabama, and other tariff reformers of the House urged the President to sign, in the belief that his approval, even if it were qualified by a memorandum setting forth his views of the bill's imperfections, would have a salutary effect in modifying prejudice against it, and in stimulating the Democrats of the country to renewed efforts to advance the work begun by the present session of Congress. The letter to Mr. Catchings was the outcome of the conversations the President had with the men of the House who had advocated the Wilson bill.

The President's letter follows:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, August 27, 1894.

Hon. T. C. Catchings:

MY DEAR SIR—Since the conversation I had with you and Mr. Clarke, of Alabama, a few days ago, in regard to my action upon the Tariff bill now before me, I have given the subject further and more serious consideration. The result is I am more settled than ever in the determination to allow the bill to become a law without my signature.

When the formation of legislation which it was hoped would embody Democratic ideas of tariff reform was finally entered upon by the Congress, nothing was further from my anticipation than a result which I could not promptly and enthusiastically endorse. It is therefore with a feeling of the utmost disappointment that I submit to a denial of this privilege.

I do not claim to be better than the masses of my party, nor do I wish to avoid any responsibility which, on account of the passage of this law, I ought to bear as a member of the Democratic organization. Neither will I permit myself to be separated from my party to such an extent as might be implied by my veto of tariff legislation, which, though disappointing, is still chargeable of it. This is shown by the fact that legislation on this subject exists in many States, though often evaded, and that factory inspectors have been appointed, though their number is inadequate.

In the present condition of our business affairs, I am more than ever convinced of the necessity of free raw materials as the foundation of logical and sensible tariff reform. The extent to which this is recognized in the legislation already secured is one of its encouraging and redeeming features; but it is vexatious to recall that, while free coal and iron have been denied us, a recent letter of the Secretary of the Treasury discloses the fact that both might have been made free by the annual surrender of only about $700,000 of unnecessary revenue.

I am sure that there is a common habit of underestimating the importance of free raw materials in tariff legislation, and of regarding them as only related to concessions to be made to our manufacturers. The truth is, their influence is so far-reaching that, if disregarded, a complete and beneficent scheme of tariff cannot be successfully inaugurated.

When we give to our manufacturers free raw materials, we unshackle American enterprise and ingenuity, and these will open the doors of foreign markets to the reception of our wares and give opportunity for the continuous and remunerative employment of American labor.

With materials cheapened by their freedom from tariff charges, the cost of their product must be correspondingly cheapened. Thereupon justice and fairness to the consumer would demand that the manufacturers be obliged to submit to such a readjustment and modification of the tariff upon their finished goods as would secure to the people the benefit of the reduced cost of their manufacture, and shield the consumer against the exaction of inordinate profits.

It will thus be seen that free raw materials and a just and fearless regulation and reduction of the tariff to meet the changed conditions would carry to every humble home in the land the blessings of increased comfort and cheaper living.

The millions of our countrymen who have fought bravely and well for tariff reform, should be exhorted to continue the struggle, boldly challenging to open warfare and constantly guarding against the treachery and half-heartedness in their camp.

Tariff reform will not be settled until it is honestly and fairly settled in the interest and to the benefit of a patient and long-suffering people. Yours very truly,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

CELIA THAXTER DEAD.

The Poetess Expires Suddenly at Her Home in New Hampshire.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter, the poetess, died suddenly at her home, Isle of Shoals, N. H. She was born in Portsmouth, N. H., on June 29, 1835, and was recognized as a writer of more than usual merit, her "Isle of Shoals Poems," "Driftwood," "Poems for Children," and "The Cruise of the Mystery" being very popular.

After her first poem had been published John G. Whittier wrote to her: "Write, thee must; it is thy kismet." Mrs. Thaxter was married at the age of sixteen and spent most of her life by the sea. She was a tall, dark, handsome woman, with beautiful snow-white hair.

JAPAN'S PRIME MINISTER.

He is a Civilian and Not a Warrior Like Li Hung Chang.

COUNT HIROBUMI ITO.

Count Hirobumi Ito is the Premier of the Japanese Cabinet, which consists of eight Ministers of State. From his youth Ito has had the reputation of being clever and bright. After General T. Saigo disappeared from the arena of politics at the close of the rebellion of 1877, and after the sudden death of Okubo in the following year, Count Ito and other younger men came to the front. Ito's most important work before this was the building of the first railroad in Japan, in 1874, when he was Under Secretary of the Department of Public Works.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

MR. FROUDE, the English historian, is a most enthusiastic yachtsman.

REV. JAMES SPURRELL, of England, gave $1,130,000 to charity last year.

MME. PATTI'S annual income for some years past has been not less than $200,000.

THE Baroness Burdett-Coutts possesses, among other honors, the freedom of the city of London.

EDITOR CHARLES A. DANA, of the New York Sun, has just celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of his birth.

THE young Chinese Emperor's knowledge of English leads him to encourage long talks with foreign diplomats.

PROFESSOR ELY, of the State University of Wisconsin, has been put on trial for teaching students socialistic doctrines.

IT was an electric car that startled the horse of the Archduke of Austria the other day, causing the Duke's death.

AMONG Father Kneipp's patients, at Woerishofen, Bavaria, at present, is Dr. Koch, who is trying the priest's water cure.

AN American, John Hays Hammond, is the engineer of the British South African Company, and receives a salary of $60,000 a year.

THE oldest of the Forty French Immortals is M. Begouve, who is nearly eighty-eight. Paul Bourget is the youngest, and he is forty-one.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, who is now seventy-four years of age, is in very poor health. She lives in a very quiet spot in the west of London.

BICYCLIST ZIMMERMAN has a great heart. The doctors say that it is two inches longer than the average man's, and that his endurance is due to this fact.

BURTON C. COOK, the nominator of Abraham Lincoln for the presidency in 1864, died a few days ago at Evanston, Ill. He was born in Pittsford, N. Y., in 1819.

THE most expensive shooting box on earth belongs to George Gould, and is in the Catskills of New York. There are foxes and buffaloes and pigeons and pheasants galore.

THE Mikado of Japan has never been willingly photographed or even sketched. It is a capital offense for a native to make any kind of a pictorial representation of him, as it is regarded as a grave indignity.

WILLIAM C. VAN HORN, the President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who has been made a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, is a native of Illinois, and began life as a telegraph operator at the age of thirteen.

AFTER the close of his term of office Governor Northern, of Georgia, will devote his time to the business of attracting immigration to Georgia. He was the principal of a school before his election, and recently declined an offer to take charge of a Southern college.

JUDGE ELI AYLESWORTH, President of the Westminster Bank, of Providence, R. I., who lately died at the age of ninety-two, had been a banker fifty years. In a little box in the bank he kept all his life the first four silver dollars he ever earned. He got them by pitching hay and hoeing potatoes.

FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD is a thrifty literary man. He has been spending a good deal of time in Washington lately educating Congressmen about a $100,000 claim in which he is interested. Now he has helped pay his board bill there by writing his impressions of the city for one of the big magazines.

HERR KRUPP, the great gun founder, has commissioned a Munich sculptor to model a statue of the Chinese Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, which he means to present when completed to the Asiatic diplomatist as a token of respect for the pains taken by him to introduce European ordnance into the Chinese army and navy.

ANDREW FRANKLIN, of Burlington, Kan., is one of the oldest pensioners on the rolls of the War Department, having been born on Christmas Day, in 1791. He fought in the war of 1812, in two Indian wars, and served as a teamster in the Civil War. In spite of his 103 years, Franklin, it is said, "can do more chores than most men at sixty."

THE WORLD'S CROPS.

Opening of the Annual International Grain Fair.

The annual international grain fair at Vienna, Austria, has opened. The official crop estimates for 1894, as compared with 1893, are given by percentages, and are not so complete as last year, none being received from Bulgaria and several divisions of Russia. In some instances merely the combined percentages are given, instead of separate estimates of summer and winter grain.

The figures for the countries outside Europe are: India