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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Gardens of Solomon."

Text: "I made me great works. I builded me houses, I planted me vineyards. I made me gardens and orchards, and planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits; I made me pools of water to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees."—Ecclesiastes ii, 4-6.

A spring morning and breakfast at Jerusalem. A king with robes snowy white in chariot decised with gold, drawn by eight horses, high mettled, and housings as brilliant as i. scolloped out of that very suurise, and like the winds for speed, followed by a regiment of archers on horseback, with hand on glided bow and arrows with steel points flashing in the sun, clad from head to foot in Tyrian purple, and black hair sprinkled with gold dust, all dashing down the foad, the horses at full run, the rains locseon their necks, and the crack of rains locseon their necks, and the crack of whips and the balloo of the reckless cavalcade putting the miles at defiance. Who is it, and what is it? King Solomon taking an outing before breakfast from Jerusalem to his gardens and parks and orchards and reservoirs, six miles down the road toward Mebron. What a contrast between that and myself on that very road one morning last myself on that very road one morning last December going afoot, for our plain vehicle turned back for photographic apparatus forgotten; we on the way to find what is called Solomon's pool, the ancient water works of Jerusalem, and the gardens of a king nearly three thousand years ago. We cross the aqueduct again and again, and here we are at the three great reservoirs, not ruins of reservoirs, but the reservoirs themselves, that Solomon built three millenniums ago for the purpose of catching the mountain streams and passing them to Jerusalem to slake the thirst of the city, and also to irrigate the most glorious range of gardens that ever bloomed with all redolence, for Solomon was the greatest horticulturist, the greatest botanist, the greatest tornithologist, the greatest capitalir, and the greatest scientist of his century. myself on that very road one morning last

come over the piles of gray rock, and here we are at the first of the three reservoirs, which are on three great levels, the base of the top reservoir higher than the top of the second, the base of the second reservoir higher than the top of the second, the base of the second reservoir higher than the top of the third, so arranged that the waters gutbered from the several sources above stall descend from basin to basin, the sediment of water deposited in each of the three, so that by the time it gets down to the aqueduct which is to take it to Jerusalem it has had three filterings, and is as pure as when the clouds rained it. Wonderful specimens of masonry are these three reservoirs. The white cement fastening the derful specimens of masonry are these three reservoirs. The white cement fastening the blocks of stone together is now just as when the trowels three thousand years ago smoothed the layers. The highest reservoir 380 feet by 522, the second, 423 feet by 160, and the lowest reservoir, 585 feet by 169, and deep enough and wide enough and mighty enough to ficat an ocean steamer.

On that December morning we saw the waters rolling down from reservoir to reservoir, and can well understand how in this neighborhood the imperial gardens were one great blossom, and the orchard one great basket of fruit, and that Solomog in his palace, writing the Song of Songs and Ecclesiastes, may have been drawing illustrations from what he had

drawing illustrations from what he had seen that very morning in the reyal gar-dens when he alluded to melons, and mandrakes, and apricots, and grapes, and pomegranates, and figs, and spiken, and cinvarion, and calamus, and camphire, and "apple trees among the trees of the wood," and the almond tree as flourishing. and to myrrh and frankincense, and represented Christ as "gone down into his gardens, and the beds of spices to feed in the gerdens, and to gather blies," and to "eyes like fish pools," and to the voice of the turtle dove as heard in the land. I think it was when Solomon was showing the Queen of Sheba through these gardens that the Bible says of her: "There remained no

the Bible says of her: "There remained no more spirit in her." She cave it un.

But all this splendor du not make Solomon happy. One day, after getting back from his morning ride and before the horses had yet been cooled off and rubbed down by the yet been cooled off and rubbed down by the royal equerry, Solomon wrote the memorable wards following my text, like a dirge played after a grand march, "Behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun." In other words, "It don't pay!" Would God that we might all learn the lesson that this world cannot produce happiness! At Marseilles there is a castellated house on high ground, crowned with all that grove and garden can do, and the whole place looks out upon as enchanting a landscape as the world holds, water and hill clasping hands in a perfect bewitchment of scenery, but the owner of that place is of scenery, but the owner of that place is totally blind, and to him all this goes for nothing, illustrating the truth that whether one be physically or merally blind, brilliancy of surrounding cannot give satisfaction; but tradition says that when? the "wise men of the east" were being guided by the star on the way to Bethlehen they for a little while lost sight of that star, and in despair and exhaustion came to a well to drink, when looking down into the well they saw the star reflected in the water and that cheered them, and they resumed their journey; and I have the notion that though grandeur and pomp ing down into the wait has an elected in the wait has a least the place of them, and they resumed their journey; and I have the action that though grandeur and pemp of survounding may not afford peace at the wall of field's consolation, close by, you may find, happings, and, the plainest cup of the well of salvation may hold the brightest star that ever shone from the heavens.

Although these Solomonic gardens are in tuins, fivere are now growing there flowers that are to be found nowhers else in the Holy La. d., How do I account for that? Solomonic sentent his ships, and robbed the cardina of the whole earth for flowers, and

gerding of the Whole earth for flowers, and se exotics here, and these particular flowers are direct descendants of the foreign plants he imported. Mr. Meshullam. A Phristian Israelite, on the very sight of these royal gardens, has in our day, by put-ting in his own space, demonstrated that the ground is only waiting for the right call to yield jost as much luxuriance, and splendor righteen hundred years after Christ as is yie'ded Solomon one thousand years before Christ. So all Palestine is waiting to become the righest scene of horticulture, arboricul-ture and agriculture.

ture and agriculture.

Recent travelers in the Holy Land speak of the rocky and stony surface of nearly all Palestine as an impessable barrier to the foigure cultivation of the soil. But if they had examined minutely the rocks and stones of the Holy Land they would find that they are being skeletonized and are being metted into the soil and, being for the most part limestone, they are doing for that land what the American and English farmer does when at great expense and fatigue, be when, at great expense and fatigue, he draws his wagon load of lime and scatters it on the fields for their enrichment. The on the fields for their enrichment. The storius, the winters, the great midsummer heats of Palestine, by orimbling up and dissolving the rocks are gradually preparing Pacetime and Syria to yield a product like unto the luxuriant Westchester farms of New York, and Lancaster County farms of Pennsylvania, and Somerset County farms ow Jersey and the other magnificent

farm fields of Minnesota and Wisconsin, and the opulent orchards of Maryland and Cal-ifornia. Let the Turk be driven out and the American or Englishman or Scotchman go in and Mohammedanism withdraw its idolatry and pure Christianity build its altars, and the irrigation of which Solomon's pools was only a suggestion will make all that land from Dan to Beersheba as fertile, and aromaticand resplendent as on the morning when the king rode out to his pleasure grounds in chariot so swift and followed by mounted riders so brilliant that it was for

speed like a hurricane followed by a cyclone.

As I look upon this great aqueduct of
Palestine, a wondrous specimen of ancient
masonry, about seven feet high, two feet
wide, sometimes tunneling the solid rock
and then rolling its waters through stoneware pipes, an aqueduct doing its work ten miles before it gets to those three reservoirs, and then gathering their wealth of refreshment and pouring it on to the mighty city of Jerusalem and filling the brazen sea of her temple, and the bathrooms of her palaces, and the great pools of Silcam, and Hezekiah, and Bethesda, I find that our century has no monopoly of the world's wonders, and that the conceited age in which we live had better take in some of the sails of its pride when it take in some of the sails of its pride when it remembers that it is hard work in later ages to get masonry that will last fifty years, to say uothing of the three thousand, and no modern machinery could lift blocks of stone like some of those standing high up in the walls of Baalbec, and the art of printing claimed for recent ages was practiced by the Chinese fourteen hundred years ago, and that our midnight lightning express rail train was foreseen by the prophet Nehum when it is foreseen by the prophet Nahum, when in the Bible he wrote, "The charlots shall rage in Bible he wrote, "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against anthe streets, they shall jostie one against another in the broad ways, they shall seem like torches, they shall run like lightning," and our electric telegraph was foreseen by Job, when in the Bible he wrote, "Canst thou send lightnings that they may go and say unto thee, 'Here we are?" What is that talking by the lightnings but the electric telegraph? I do not know but that the electric forces being year by year more thoroughly har-nessed may have been employed in ages ex-tinct, and that the lightnings all up and down

the sky have been running around like lost hounds to find their former master. Embalment was a more thorough art three thousand years ago than to-day. Dentistry, that we suppose one of the important arts discovered in recent centuries, is proven to be four thousand years old by the filled teeth of the mummies in the museums at Cairo, Egypt, and artificial teeth on gold plates found by Belzoni in the tombs of de-parted nations. We have been taught that Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood so late as the seventeenth century. Oh, no! Solomon announces it in Eccles tes, where first having shown that he un-derstood the spinal cord, silver colored as it is, and that it relaxes in old age—"the silver cord be loosed," goes on to compare the heart to a pitcher at a well, for the three canals of the heart do receive the blood like a pitcher, 'or the pitcher be broken at the fountain." What is that but the circulation of the blood, found out twenty-six hundred years before Harvey was born? After many centuries of exploration and calculation as-tronomy finds out that the world was round. Why, Isaiah knew it was round thousands of years before when in the Bible he said: "The Lord sitteth upon the circle of the earth." Scientists toiled on for centuries and found out refraction or that the rays of light when louching the earth were not straight, but lent or curved. Why, Job knew that when ages before in the Bible he wrote of the light: "It is turned as clay to the seal."

In the old entering the seal."

In the old cathedrals of England modern painters in the repair of windows are trying to make something as good as the window painting of four hundred years ago, and dways failing by the unanimous verdict of xll who examine and compare. The color of modern painting fades in fifty years, while the color of the old masters is as well preserved after five hundred years as after year. I saw last winter on the walls or ex-numed Pompeii paintings with color as fresh I saw last winter on the walls of exas though made the day before, though they were buried eighteen hundred years ago. The making of Tyrian purple is an impossi-bility now. In our modern potteries we are crying hard to make cups and pitchers and lowels as exquisitely as those exhumed from Herculaneum, and our artificers are attempting to make jewelry for ear and neck and finger equal to that brought up from the mausoleums of two housand years before Christ. We have in ur time glass in all shapes and all colors, but Pliny, more than eighteen hundred years ago, described a malleable glass which, if thrown upon the ground and dented, could be pounded straight again by the hammer or could be twisted around the wrists, and that confounds all the glass manufacturers of our own time. I tried in Damascus, Syria, to buy a Damascus blade, one of those swords that could be bent double or tied in a knot without breaking. I could not get one. Why? The Nineteenth century cannot make a Damascus blade. If we go on enlarging our cities we may after a while get a city as large as Babylon, which was five times the

tize of London. These aqueducts of Solomon that I visit today, finding them in good condition three thousand years after construction, make me think that the world may have forgotten more than it now knows. The great honor of our age is not machinery, for the ancients had some styles of it more wonderful; nor art, for the ancients had art more exquisite and durable; nor architecture, for Roman Coliseum and Grecian Acropolis surpass all modern architecture: nor cities, for some of the ancient cities were larger than ours in the sweep of their pom p. But our attempts must be in moral achievement and gospel victory. In that we have already surpassed them, and in that direction let the ages push on. Let us brag less of worldly achievement and thank God for maral opportunity. More good men and good women is what the world wants. Toward moral elevation and spiritual attainment let the chief struggle be. The source of all that I will show you before sundown of this day on which we have visited the pools of Solomon and the gardens of the king. and in that direction let the ages push

of the king.

We are on this December afternoon on the way to the cradle of Him who called Himself greater than Solomou. We are coming upo the chief cradle of all the world, not line with satin, but strewn with straw; not sheltsred by a palace, but covered by a barn; not presided over by a princess, but hovered over by a peasant girl; yet a cradle the canopy of which is angelic wings, and the milaby of which is the first Christmas carol ever sung, and from which all the events of the past and all the events of the future have and must take date as being B. C. or A. D.— before Christ or after Christ. All eternity past occupied in getting ready for this cradle, and all eternity to come to be employed in

celebrating its consequences.

I said to the tourist companies planning our oriental journey, "Put us in Bethle-bem in December, the place and the month of our Lord's birth," and we had our wish.
I am the only man who has ever attempted to tell how Bethlehem looked at the season Jesus was born. Tourists and writers are there in February, or March, or April, when the valleys are an embroidered sheet of wild flowers, and anemones and rann-culus are flus od as though from attempting to climb the steeps, and lark and bul-finch are flooding the air with bird grokes-But I was there in December, a winter outh, the barren beach between the two

oceans of redolence. I was told I must not go there at that season, told so before I started, told so in Egypt; the books told me so; all travelers that I consulted about it told me so. But I was determined to see Bethlehem the same month in which Jesus arrived, and nothing could dissuade me. Was I not right in wanting to know how the Holy Land looked when Jesus came how the Holy Land looked when Jesus came to it? He did not land amid flowers and song. When the angels chanted on the famous birthnight all the fields of Palestine were silent. The glowing skies were answered by gray rocks. As Bethlehem stood against a bleak wintry sky I climbed up to it, as through a bleak wintry sky Jesus descended upon it. His way down was from warmth to chill, from bloom to barrenness, from everlasting June to sterile December. If I were going to Palestine as a botanist and If I were going to Palestine as a botanist and to study the flora of the land I would go in March; but I went as a minister of Christ to study Jesus and so I went in December. I wanted to see how the world's front door looked when the heavenly Stranger entered

The town of Bethlehem, to my surprise, is in the shape of a horseshoe, the houses extending clear onto the prongs of the horseshoe, the whole scene more rough and rude than can be imagined. Verily, Christ did not choose a soft, genial place in which to be born. The gate through which our Lordentered this world was a gate of rock a hard tered this world was a gate of rock, a hard, cold gate, and the gate through which He de-parted was a swing gate of sharpened spears. We enter a gloomy church built by Constan-tine over the place in which Jesus was born. Fifteen lamps burning day and night and from century to century light our way to the spot which all authorities, Christian and Jew and Mohammedan, agree upon as being the place of our Saviour's birth, and covered by

place of our Saviour's birth, and covered by a marble slub, marked by a silver star sent from Vienna, and the words: "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." But standing there I thought, though this is the place of the nativity, how different the surroundings of the wintry night in which Jesus came! At that time it was a khan, or a cattle pen. I visited one of these khans, now standing and looking just as in Christ's time. We rode in under the arched entrance and dismounted. We found the building of stone, and around an open square, without roof. The building is more than two thou-sand years old. It is two stories high; in the center are camels, horses and mules. Caravans halt here for the night or during a long storm. The open square is large enough to accommodate a whole herd of cattie, a flock of sheep or caravan of camels. The neighboring Bedou ins here find market for their hay; straw and meats. Off from this center there are twelve rooms for human habitation. The only light is from the door. I went into one of these rooms and found a woman cooking the evening meal. There were six cows in the same room. Oh

a little elevation there was some straw where the people sat and slept when they wished to rest. It was in a room similar to that our Lord was born This was the cradle of a King, and yet what cradle ever held so much? Civilization! Liberty! Redemption! Your pardon and mine! Your peace and mine! Your heaven and mine! Cradle of a universe! Cradle of a God! The gardens of Solomon we visited this morning were only a type of what all the world will be when this illustrious personage now born shall have com-pleted His mission. The horses of finest limb,

and gayest champ of bit, and sublimest arch of neck, that ever brought Solomon down to these adjoining gardens was but a poor type of the horse upon which this conqueror, born in the barn, shall ride, when according to apocalyptic vision all the "armies of heaven shall follow Him on white horses." waters that rush down these hills into youder three great reservoirs of rock, and then pour in marvelous aqueduct into Jerusa lem till the brazen sea is full, and the baths are full, and Siloam is full, are only an im perfect type of the rivers of delight, which as the result of this great one's coming, shall roll on for the slaking of the thirst of all na-tions. The palace of Lebanon cedar, from which the imperial cavalcade passed out in

the early morning, and to which it returned with glowing cheek and gingling harness and lathered sides, is feeble of architecture compared with the house of many mansions into which this one born this winter month on these bleak heights shall conduct us when our sins are all pardoned, our battles all fought, our tears all wept, our work all

Standing here at Bethlehem do you not see that the most honored thing in all the earth is the cradle? To what else did loosened star ever point? To what else did heaven lower balconies of light filled with chanting immortals? The way the cradle rocks the world rocks. God bless the mothers all the world over! The cradles decide the destinies of nations. In ten thousand of them are this moment the hands that will yet give benediction of mercy or hurl bolts of doom, the feet that will mount the steeps toward God or descend the blasted way, the lips that will pray or blaspheme. Oh, the cradle! It is more tremendous than the grave. Where are most of the leaders of the twentieth century soon to dawn upon us? Are they on thrones? No. In chariots? No. In pulpits? No. In forums? No. In senatorial halls? No. In counting houses? No. They are in the cradle. The most treme thing in the universe and next to God is to be a mother. Lord Shaftesbury said, "Give me a generation of Christian mothers, and I will change the whole phase of society in twelve months." Oh, the cradle! Forget not the one in which you were rocked. Though old and worn out that cradle may be standing in attic or barn, forget not the foot that swayed it, the lips that sang over it, the tears that dropped upon it, the faith in God that made way for it. The boy Walter Scott did well when he spent the first five

guinea piece he ever earned as a present to his mother. Dishonor not the cradle, though it may, like the one my sermon celebrates, have been a cradle in a barn, for I think it was a Christian cradle. That was a great cradle in which Martin Luther lay, for from it came forth the reformation of the Sixteenth century. That was a great cradle in which Daniel O'Connell lay, for from it came forth an eloquence that will be inspiring while men have eyes to read or ears to hear. That was a great cradle in which Washington lay, for from it came forth the happy deliverance of a nation. That was a great cradle in which John Howard lay, for from it came forth a mercy that will not cease until the last dungeon gets the Bible and light and fresh air. Great cradles in which the John Wes-leys and the John Knoxes and the John Masons lay, for from them came forth an all conquering evangelization. But the greatest cradle in which child ever slept, or laughed or cried was the cradle over which Mary bent and to which the wise men brought frankincense and upon which the heavens dropped song. Had there been no manger, there had been no cross. Had there been no Bothlehem, there had been no Golgotha. Had there been no incarnation, there had been no ascension. Had there been no start, there had been no close.

Standing in the chill khan of a Saviour's humiliation, and seeing what He did for us, I ask, What have we done for Him? "There is nothing I can do," says one. As Christmas was approaching in the village church a good woman said to a group of girls in lowly and straitened circumstances, "Let all now

do something for Christ." After the day was over she asked the group to tell her what they had done. One said: "I could not do much, for we are very poor, but I had a beautiful flower I had carefully trained in our home, and I thought much of it, and I put that flower on the church altar." And another said, "I could not do much, for we are very poor, but I can sing a little, and so I went down to a poor sick woman in the lane, and sang as well as I could, to cheer her up, a Christmas song." "Well, Helen, what did you do?" She replied, "I could not do much, but I wanted to do something for Christ, and I could think of nothing else to do, and so I went into the church after the people who had been adorning the altar had left, and I scrubbed down the altar back stairs." Beautiful! I warrant that the Christ of that scrubbed down the altar back stairs." Beau tiful! I warrant that the Christ of the Christmas Day gave her as much credit for that earnest act as He may have given to the robed official who on that day read for the people the prayers of a resounding service. Son sthing for Christ! Something for

A plain man passing a fortress saw a Russian soldier on guard in a terribly cold night, and took off his coat and gave it to the soldier, saying, "I will soon behome and warm, and you will be out here all night." So the soldier wrapped himself in the borrowed coat. The plain man who loaned the coat to coat. The plain man who loaned the coat to the soldier soon after was dying, and in his dream saw Christ and said to Him, "You have got my coat on." "Yes," said Christ; "this is the one you lent Me on that cold night by the fortress. I was naked, and ye clothed Me." Something for Christ! By the memories of Bethlehem I adjure you!

In the light of that star Lie the ages empearled. That song from afar Has swept over the world.

FOOLED BY A DUMMY.

A Missouri Desperado Outwits His Confiding Jailer.

John C. Turlington, the noted desperado, who has been confined in jail at Boonville, Mo., for the last six months, effected his escape in a clever manner. After the guards gave him his supper it had been their custom to allow him the freedom of the jail for the purpose of exercising until eight-o'clock. Deputy Sheriff Nicholson took him his supper at six o'clock and left Turlington's cell open so that he might have his usual exercise. As soon as he was left alone the desperado rigged out a dummy with the pillow and blanket from his bed and an old shirt. He placed the dummy in the bed so that it would appear to be lying with its back to the door. He placed his supper dishes outside the door and arranged the cell for the night in its usual way and proceeded to the room in the lower part of the building occupied by Deputy Sheriffs Nichol-son and Garrettson, where he hid himself under the bed and awaited a favorable oppor-tunity to make his escape, which presented itself when the two deputies went into the room prepared for their supper. Then Turlington emerged from his place of conceal-ment and escaped by the window, which was only a few feet from the ground. When Nicholson went to Turlington's cell to secure the prisoners for the night he found the supper dishes outside the door, and mistaking the dummy for his sleeping charge, locked and helited the door.

bolted the door. Turlington's clever ruse was not discovered until nine o'clock the next morning, when the guard attempted to rouse the dummy for breakfast. The alarm was given, and the search for the fugitive was begun. One of the searching party returned and reported that no trace of Turlington had been found, except, perhaps, three horses which had been stolen during the night at different points on Jefferson City. He murderer of ex-Sheriff Cranmer, of this county,

The former crime was committed after he had been arrested at Sedalia for shooting at a railroad brakeman. A confederate supplied him with a revolver, and he attacked Sheriff Cranmer one night when the latter had taken his supper to him. He shot the sheriff in the breast, but the officer succeeded in bolting the prisoner's cell door before Turlington could make his escape. While awaiting trial for the latter crime, he confessed to being the confederate of Bill Temple in the Vinito, I. T., train robery. Temple was convicted of the latter crime at Fort Worth, Tex., and is now serving time for it. Turlington was convicted of Sheriff Cranmer's murder, and was sentenced to be hanged. He was granted a new hearing, and was awaiting trial when he escaped.

TWO BIG HOTELS BURNED.

The Grand and the Burlington in San Francisco Destroyed.

Fire was discovered at three o'clock A. M., in Heuter Bros. & Co.'s paint shop under the Grand Hotel. The fire spread rapidly, and the hotel was soon in flames. There was great excitement among the guests, but they all escaped safely.

The flames spread rapidly throughout the basement of the block bounded by Market, New Montgomery, Stevenson and Second streets, and then spread to the first floor, occupied by the Hall Safe and Lock Company; Hill & Goldman, druggists' supplies, the Board of Trade rooms; the Pullman Pairce Car Company's office; the Great Northern Railroad ticket office, and the rooms of the Syndicate Investment Company. The smoke the meantime had aroused the inmates of the Grand and the Burlington hotels, and the frightened guests rushed to the sidewalk with what valuables they could carry. The fire soon shot up through the freight elevator in the rear of the Grand Hotel, and a disastrons conflagration was looked for. The general alarm brought the remainder of the fire de-partment to the scene. The front of Hueter Bros. & Co.'s store blew out with a lond explosion, and large volumes of smoke poured out, almost overcoming the firemen. There were several narrow escapes. By five o'clock the flames had spread along the eastern end of the block, bursting from the roof and windows. The wind was slight, and the efforts of the firemen to confine the fire within the block, occupied by the Burlington and Grand hotels, were successful. About six o'clock the most of the Burlington fell in, carrying part of that of the Grand. In a short time the interior of the Burlington was a complete wreck, and the front of the Grand on Market street, together with the eastern end, adjoining the Burlington, was also a ruin. The western end

The Grand Hotel was opened in 1870, by Mesers. Johnson & Co., and at the time was considered one of the finest hotels in the world. It was four stories high, and had a frontage of 300 feet on Market street. Two years ago about half of the block was leased to other parties, and was called the Burlington Hotel. The total loss, including buildings, urniture and stock, is estimated at \$1,500,000. The fire is believed to be due to spontaneous combustion of inflammable materials in the Hueter Bros. & Co.'s place of business

FRANK STOCKTON, the navelist, lives in a roomy house at Madison, N. J. He is a methodical man in his literary work, devoting the early part of each day to his writing. At times he suffers from weak eyes, and on such occasions he diotates his stories to his

William Summers shot and killed C. A. Johnson, a constable, at the polls at Liberty, Ks. There was some excitement at the Philadelphia Stock Exchange on account of a decline in Pennsylvania Railroad stock .---Three thousand coke-workers struck in the Connellsville coke region .- An engineer named Kyle was killed in a collision on the Canadian Pacafic Railway near Owen Sound, Ontario. Gen. O. O. Howard recommends that certain important changes be made in the organization of the army.- The French government has bought "The Angelus."-The customs committee of the French Chamber of Deputies has adopted the principle of a double tariff.--The Socialists at Kiel elected two members for the Reichstag .-Professor Koch, of the University of Berlin, wants more time to experiment in reference to his cure of consumption by inocculation. -Captain McKenzie, the American chess

player, has sailed from Liverpool for America. -The Quebec Legislature was opened by the Lieutenant Governor .- Michael Davitt appeals to the home secretary for the relief of McDermott's victims .- Thos. Power O'Connor and wife arrived at New York .-Charges of obtaining money fraudulently from the State of West Virginia have been made against E. Ward Clouston and William Clemens .- Robert T. Lincoln, minister to England, arrived at New York from England--A mortgage for seventy-five million dol. lars was recorded at Pittsburg.—Dr. Frank-

lin G. Hill, of Princeton College, is dead.

W. J. Barfield, a storekeeper of Palmetto, Ga., who was financially embarrassed, committed suicide in Atlanta by taking 'audanum .- John R. McCullough, agent for an Atlanta guano house, while asleep in a hotel at Riverdale, Ga., was robbed of \$4,000 .--John Cook, aged twenty-nine years, of Pleasant Valley, near Wheeling, W. Va., committed suicide by cutting his throat with a shoe knife. A telegraph operator's blunder at a station on the Delaware, Luckawanna and Western Railroad caused an express train to erash into a coal train, and four persons were killed and severs: injured. - The Grand and Burlington Hotels, in San Francisco, were destroyed by fire. Seventy girls employed in the Lalland undergarment factory, at Ashland, Pa., went on strike .- At Kingston, Tenn., John M. Webster, Jr., the town marshal, was shot by James Edwards, whom the marshal was trying to arrest, and Webster in turn shot Edwards. Both men died in an hour from their wounds .- The stables of the New Jersey Agricultural Experiment Station in New Brunswick, N. J., were destroyed by fire, together with the valuable cattle house there .- In San Francisco Wiliam Stanton and James Sullivan settled a quarrel in the prize ring. Sullivan was the victor. --- Conrad Schulm, of Peoria, Ill., was sandbagged in Peoria, Ill .- The baby of Mrs. Carico, of Peoria, Ill., was burned to death. W. V. Hobbs, a gambler, stabbed William Snyder, a butcher, with a stiletto in Chicago. - Judge J. Eugene Tenney died in Lausing, Mich .- Two labor-leaders of Boston are charged with accepting bribes .--

A fireman named Welch was killed in a wreck on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad near Beloit, Wis. Engineer Eagan was badly hurt .- Mrs. Orsene Julian and her babe were burned to death at Bethlehem, Pa., in a fire caused by the explosion of a kerosene, lamp .--- The People's coal yard at Amsterdam, N. Y., was burned. Loss \$25,-000; partial insurance. - Chicago voted overwhelmingly in favor of adding to the guarantee fund for the World's Fair .--- S. S. Schwerreiner, of Reading, Pa., has failed .- Benj. Huber, a storkeeper in Lancaster county, Pa., shot himself with a spring gun set to kill burglars.--The steamer Reynolds went ashore near Toledo and then caught fire. She is a total loss. - An epidemic of diptheria is puzzling the physicans of Martinsville, Ind. -At a wedding feast in Glasgow, Nev., an uninvited guest killed the bridgeroom. David T. Billings, an Elmira, N. Y. merchant, killed himself .- Full returns of the municipal elections in England show heavy Liberal gains .- Gen. Bernois, one of the leaders of the Swiss revolution in 1848, is dead .- The Prince of Wales opened the first electric railway in England, running under the Thames to South London .- The Irish parliamentarians will speak in Philadelphia, Newark, New Jersey, Baltimore and Chicageo. - Supervisor Kenny has refused to deliver to Secretary Noble, the police census of New York city.

The wholesale dry goods house of Brown,

Holt & Co., of Chicago, has failed.

AN ANARCHIST'S CRIME.

He Murders a Wealthy Live Stock Man

and Sulcides. At South St. Paul, Minn., Benjamin F. Rogers, of the big live stock commission firm of Rogers & Rogers, and one of the best-known stock dealers in the Northwest, was killed by George Robarge, near the latter's house, a mile and a quarter from the stock yards. Some cattle belonging to Rogers, in charge of a young herder named Loran Mickle, were being driven across Robarge's premises to grazing ground, when Robarge assaulted Mickle. Mr. Rogers, whose house is but, a short distance off, heard of the trouble, and went to the spot. He tried to get Robarge to mark the line of his property, so as to prevent further trouble, but the latter was too angry to pay any attention. Robarge first use shovel and then an axe, but was kept off by Mr. Rogers. Me then procured his shotgun and shot William Rogers, who had come upon the scence, in the shoulder.

The wounded man ran for his life, and Ro-barge opened fire on Benjamin Rogers, empty-ing a load of shot in his head, making a frightful and fatal wound, death resulting almost instantly. As soon as the news of the murder reached the stockyards an excited crowd of men started out with guns in their hands and vengeauce in their hearts, but they were too late. After an excited search of the woods, they found Robarge in his barn dead. He had placed the muzzle of the gun to his head and pulled the trigger with his toe, blowing off the upper part of his head. The murderer and suicide was an anarchist.

SIXTY LIVES LOST.

Two Vessels Sunk off the Coast of Barnegat.

An Inbound Schooner Crashes Into the Steamer Vizonya-Both Go Down Immediately After.

The steamship Vizcaya, of the Companie Trans-Atlantic Espanola, the Spanish-American Line, bound from New York for Cuba, collided with a four-masted schooner while six miles off Barnegat, and both yessels sunk almost immediately. It is supposed that over zixty people have been lost. The steamer Humboldt, which arrived in Brooklyn from Brazil, rescued eight of the crew-the first and second officers, the engineer and surgeon of the Vizcaya. So far as is known, these are the only persons out of a total crew and passenger list of eighty-six of the Vizcaya and the crew of the big schooner that are suppose to have been saved. It is feared that all the others have been lost. The Vizcaya left New York at 1 P. M. for Havana and other Cuban ports. She had a large cargo of freight a crew of seventy-seven and nine regular passengers. There were others, however, who are not entered on the passenger list. At half-past eight o'clock a large four-masted coal schooner hove in sight. She was a much larger vessel than the Vizcaya, and immediately bore down upon her. Her bowsprit struck the steamship on the starboard bunters, carrying away the bridge and the cabin.

The captain of the Vizcaya, who was standing on the bridge, was instantly killed. Seven minutes later both vessels had sunk, and the passengers and crews were struggling in the water. There were heart-rending shricks and cries, which were heard by those on board the Humboldt. The captain of that vessel headed for the spot where the cries of distress were heard as quickly as possible, and saw the spars and masts of the sinking vessel disappearing. Several people were struggling in the water. Boats were lowered and twelve persons were picked up, and not another soul could be seen. Then the Humboldt steamed away, taking care to provide for the rescued people on board. A negro was picked up by a small boat afterwards. He belonged to the Vizcaya. The captain and crew of the schooner are sup-

posed to have been drowned. The Vizcaya was a Spanish screw built in London in 1872 by J. & W. Dudge one was one of the latest additions to the Spanish-American fleet, and her captain, who had been twenty years in the company's service, was implicitly trusted in. The head offices of the company are in Barcelona,

SEVENTEEN MEN PICKED UP.

Lewis, Del.—The tug Hercules arrived here, and reports that it was the schooner Cornelius Hargrave that collided with the Spanish steamer Vizcaya. Both vessels sank in fifteen fathoms of water. Ten men from the Hargrave and seven from the Vizcaya were picked up by the schooner Sarah L. Davis, and were transferred to the Hercules. The latter proceeded for the wreek to render assistance, but at midnight met the tug Hattler. assistance, but at midnight met the tug I which had been to the scene, and foun vessels sunk and all hands gone. Picked up the body of a woman. The survivors report nearly a hundred people were clinging to the wreck at one time. The survivors have been landed at the Lewis Life Station; also the corpse of the woman picked up. She i

BEACH HAVEN, N. J.—The crew of the life-saving station have patroled the beach since the accident, but neither wreckage nor bodies have come ashore from the wreck. The wrecks lie off shore, in about forty water, and are directly in the track of ocean steamers and coasters, and it is possible that some of the crew and passengers may have been picked up.

GAGGED AND ROBBED.

An Express Agent's Lively Experience With Thieves.

One of the boldest robberies perpetrated in Meadville, Pa., for many years occurred at the office of the Wells, Pargo Express Company. C. P. Moore, who was alone in the office, which is situated in a locality where people are continually passing, was counting the contents of his cash drawer, preparatory to balancing his cash account, when a rap on the door drew his attention. He placed the money in the drawer, stepped outside of the office railing and opened the door, admitting two strangers. Upon entering they hade him good evening, then leveled a revolver at his head and cautioned him not to move or make an outcry on pain of instant death. He was then bound and gagged and laid upon the

floor.
The robbers then proceeded to open the large safe, which was unlocked, and tore open large safe, which was unlocked, and tore open large safe, which was packages valued. large safe, which was unlocked, and tore open and appropriated the money packages, valued at from \$5,000 to \$15,000, after which they made their escape. Mr. Moore was so securely tied that it was fully half an hour after they left before he was liberated and made an outry for assistance. He describes the assailants as follows: One large, middle-aged man wearing a flowing beard, evidently false, and the other a young, sandy-complexioned man about twenty years old. The money the agent was counting when he was interrupted in his work, amounting to several hundred dollars, was untouched by the robbers.

AN OLD FEUD REVIVED.

One of the McCoys Shot Down by the Hatfield Gang.

A despatch from Huntingdon, W. Vn., says, Anse Hatfield was in town last Friday, and reported everything quiet in Logan countre A few hours later on that day, and while Auss was still in this city, the war which has been slumbering on the Big Sandy a few months was reopened. McCoy, of Peter's Creek, on the Kentucky side of the river, met his death at the hands of seven of the Hatfield crowd. led by Jerry Dempsey.

led by Jerry Dempsey.

The murder took place at Tennis Camp at railroad men, on the Norfolk & Western Hallroad, in Logan county, about eleven o'clock. McCoy had been out all day, and had collected a considerable amount of money for Contractor Lewis, who is engaged on the railroad work. He was returning to the camp, and was within probably a quarter of a mile of it, when he was ambushed by the Hatfields, and greeted by a vally from Winchesters, the fire being three times repeated. Sixteen or seventeen ballets took effect, and McCoy died instantly.

His body was robbod of the money, although robbery was not the purpose of the cowardly murder. The crime at ones stirced up a tremendous excitement, especially on the Ken-tucky side, where McCoy resided, and pro-bably ere this his death bas been a renged. At any event, it is certain to lead to a renewal of the fend, which all good citizens hoped had been theroughly healed.