

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Lessons of Winter."

Text: "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?"—Job xxxviii., 22.

Grossly maligned is the season of winter. The spring and summer and autumn have had many admirers, but winter, hoary headed and white bearded winter, hath had more enemies than friends. Yet without winter the human race would be insane and effortless. You might speak of the winter as the mother of temperance. I take it as the father of a whole family of physical, mental and spiritual energies. The most people that I know are strong in proportion to the number of winter days they had to climb over or push through in childhood. When you think fathers drove the sled loaded with logs through the crunching drifts high as the fences.

At this season of the year, when we are so familiar with the snow, those frozen vapors, those fall of the sky, those white angels of the atmosphere, those poems of the storm, those Iliads and Odysseys of the wintery tempest. I turn over the leaves of my Bible and—through most of it was written in a climate where snow seldom or never fell—I find many of these beautiful conceptions. Though the writers may seldom or never have felt the cold touch of the snowflake on their cheek, they had in sight two mountains, the tops of which were suggestive. Other kings sometimes take off their crowns, but Lebanon and Mount Hermon all the year around through the ages never lift the coronets of crystal from their foreheads.

The first time we find a deep fall of snow in the Bible is where Samuel describes a fight between Beniamin and a lion in a pit, and through the snow they have crimsoned under the wounds of both man and brute, and the shaggy monster rolled over dead, and the giant was victor. But the snow is not fully recognized in the Bible until God interrogates Job, the scientist, concerning his wonders, saying, "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?"

I rather think that Job may have examined the snowflake with a microscope; for, although it is supposed that the microscope was invented long after Job's time, there had been wonders of glass long before the microscope and telescope of later day were thought of. So long ago as when the Coliseum was in its full splendor, Nero sat in the emperor's box of that great theatre, which held a hundred thousand people, and looked at the combatants through a gem in his finger ring which brought everything close up to him.

Four hundred years before Christ, in the stores at Athens, were sold powerful glasses called "burning spheres," and Lysand, the explorer, found a magnifying glass amid the ruins of Nineveh and in the palace of Nimrod. Whether through magnifying instrument or with unaided eye, I cannot say, but I am sure that Job somehow went through the galleries of the snowflake and counted its pillars and found wonders, raptures, mysteries, theologies, majesties, infinities walking up and down its corridors, as a result of the question which he asked of God, "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?"

Oh, it is a wonderful meteor! Memholdt studied it in the Andes, twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea. De Saussure studied among these meteors in the Alps, and Dr. Scoresby counted six varieties of snowflakes amid the arctic. They are in shape of stars, in shape of coronets, in shape of cylinders; are globular, are hexagonal, are pyramidal, are castelated. After a fresh fall of snow, in one walk you crush under your feet, Tuller's, the French castles, St. Paul's, St. Peter's, St. Mark's, cathedrals, Alhambras and Sydenham palaces innumerable. I know it depends much on our own condition what impression these flying meteors of the snow make.

I shall not forget two rough and unpretending wood cutters in a neighborhood side by side, one a picture of a prosperous farmhouse, with all signs of comfort, and a lad warmly clothed looking out of the door upon the first flurry of snow, and his mind no doubt filled with the sound of jingling sleigh bells and the frolic with playfellow in the deep banks, and he, clapping his hands and shouting, "It snows! it snows!" The other sketch was of a boy, haggard and hollow eyed with hunger, looking from the broken door of a wretched home, and seeing in the falling snow a prophecy of a more cold and long and privation, wringing his hands and with tears rolling down his cheeks weeping, "Oh, my God! it snows! it snows!" Out of the abundance that characterizes most of our homes may there be speedy relief to all whom this winter finds in want and need.

And now I propose, for your spiritual and everlasting profit, if you will accept my guidance, to take you through some of these wonders of crystallization. And notice first God in the lilies. You may take a lens and look at the Mer de Glace, the ice of the Alps, and second Mer de Glace, which rises into the clouds like a pillar of the great white throne, or with arctic explorer ascend the mountains around the north pole, and see glaciers a thousand feet high grinding against glaciers three thousand feet high. But will take you on a less romantic journey and show you God in the snowflake. There is room enough between its pillars for the great Jehovah to stand. In that one frozen drop on the tip of your finger you find the throne room of the Almighty. I take up the snow in my hand and the universe is under my dominion paving these crystal pavements.

The telescope is grand, but I must confess that I am quite as much interested in the microscope. The one reveals the universe above us; the other just as great a universe beneath us. But the telescope overwhelms me with the immensity of the cosmos. What you want and I want especially is a God in lilies. If we were scrupulous archangelic in our natures we would want to study God in the great; but such small, weak, short-lived beings as you and I are want to find God in the little. He is the Maker of the universe giving Himself to the architecture of a snowflake, and making its shafts, its domes, its curves, its walls, its irradiations so perfect, so conclusive He will look after our insignificant affairs. And if we are of more value than a sparrow, most certainly we are of more value than an inanimate snowflake. So the Bible would chiefly impress us with God in the lilies. It does not say, "Consider the clouds," but it says, "Consider the lilies." It does not say, "Behold the amethysts and the sapphires," but it says, "Behold the dew." It is a cup of cold water, and the widow's two alms, and says the hairs of your head are all numbered. Do not fear, therefore, that you are going to be lost in the crowd. Do not think that because you estimate yourself as only one snowflake among a three days' January snow storm that you will be forgotten. The birth and death of a drop of chilled vapor is as certainly regarded by the Lord as the creation and demolition of a planet. Nothing is big to God and nothing is small. Nothing is big to man and nothing is small to God. We must make the honey industries of South Carolina such a source of livelihood and wealth. It is because God teaches the lady-bird to make an opening in the rind of the apricot for the bee, who cannot otherwise get at the juices of the fruit. So God sends the snow, already prepared to prepare the

the honey bee. He teaches the ant to bite with its teeth on the wood that she puts in the ground for winter food in order that it may not take root and so ruin the little granary. He teaches the raven in dry weather to throw pebbles into a hollow tree, that the water far down and out of reach may come up within the reach of the bird's beak. What a comfort that He is a God in lilies! The emperor of all the Russias in olden time was looking at a map that spread before him his vast dominions, and he could not find Great Britain on the map, and he called in his secretary and said: "Where is Great Britain, that I might know about it?" "It is under your thumb," said the secretary; and the emperor raised his hand from the map and saw the country he was looking for.

And it is high time that we find this mighty ruler of God close by and under our own little finger. To drop you out of His memory would be to resign His omniscience. Therefore you His protection would be to abdicate His omnipotence. When you think that He is the God of Jupiter, and the God of Mercury, and the God of Saturn, you tell me something so vast that I cannot comprehend it. But if you tell me He is the God of the snowflake, you tell me something I can name and measure and realize. Thus the smallest snowflake contains a jewel case of comfort. Here is an opal, an amethyst, a diamond. Here is one of the treasures of snow which I take it for your present and everlasting comfort.

Behold, also, in the snow the treasure of accumulated power. During a snow storm delicate quantities, hold his weighing scales out of the window and let one flake fall on the surface of the scales and it will not even make it tremble. When you want to express extreme triviality of weight you say, "Light as a feather," but a snowflake is much lighter. It is just twenty-four times lighter than water. And yet the accumulation of these flakes broke down a few days ago, in sight of my house, six telegraph poles, made helpless poles and five departments and halted rail trains with two thundering locomotives.

We have already learned so much of the power of electricity that we have become careful how we touch the electric wire, and in many a case a touch has been death. But a few days ago the snow put its hand on most of these wires, and tore them down as though they were paper. The snow said, "I am not afraid of the thunderbolt; I will catch it and hurl it to the ground. Your boasted electric lights adorning your cities with bubbles of fire, I will put out as easily as your ancestors snuffed out a tallow candle." The snow patted finger on the lip of our cities that were talking with each other and they went in silence uttering not a word. The snow mightier than the lightning.

In March, 1888, the snow stopped America. It said to Brooklyn, "Stay home!" to New York, "Stay home!" to Philadelphia, "Stay home!" to Washington, "Stay home!" to Richmond, "Stay home!" It put into a white sepulcher most of this nation. Commerce, whose wheels never stopped before, stopped then. What was the matter? Power of accumulated snowflakes. On the top of the Apennines one flake falls, and others fall, and they pile up, and they make a mountain of ice on the top of a mountain of rock, until one day a gust of wind, or even the voice of a mountaineer, sets the frozen vapors into action, and by awful descent they sweep everything in their course—trees, rocks, villages—as when in 1827 the town of Briel, in Valais, was buried, and in 1834, in Switzerland, three hundred villages that had a population of 100,000 were made up of single snowflakes.

What tragedies of the snow have been witnessed by the monks of St. Bernard, who for ages have with dogs been busy in extending the pile and the frolic with playfellow in the Alps, storms, the dogs with blankets fastened to their backs and flasks of spirits fastened to their necks to resuscitate helpless travelers, one of these dogs decorated with a medal for having saved the lives of twenty-two persons, the brave beast himself died of the snow that day when accompanying a Piedmontese courier on the way to his anxious household down the mountain, the wife and children of the Piedmontese courier coming up the mountain in search of him, an avalanche covered all under pyramids higher than those under which the Egyptian monarchs sleep their sleep of the ages.

What an illustration of the tragedies of the snow is found in that scene between Gloucester and Glencoran one February in Scotland, where Ronald Cameron comes forth to bring to his father's house his cousin Flora McDonald for the celebration of a birthday, and the calm day turns into a hurricane of white fury that leaves Ronald and Flora as dead, to be resuscitated by the shepherds! What an exciting struggle had Bayard Taylor among the wintry Apennines!

In the winter of 1812, by a similar force, the destiny of Europe was decided. The French army marched up toward Moscow five hundred thousand men. What can resist them? Not bayonets, but the dumb elements of nature that had Napoleon retreats from Moscow with about two hundred thousand men, a mighty nucleus for another campaign after he gets back to Paris. The morning of October 19, when they start for home, is bright and beautiful. The air is calm and although the Russian camp, any been a failure, Napoleon will try again in some other direction with his host of brave surviving Frenchmen.

But a cloud comes on the sky and the air gets chill, and one of the soldiers feels on his cheek a snowflake, and then there is a multiplication of these wintry messages, and soon the plumes of the officers are decked with other styles of plumes, and then all the soldiers look upon the warriors a hurricane of snow, and the march becomes difficult, and the horses find it hard to pull the supply train, and the men begin to fall under the fatigue, and many not able to take another step lie down in the snow. The cavalry horses stumble and fall, and one thousand of the army fall, and ten thousand perish, and twenty thousand go down, and fifty thousand, and a hundred thousand, and a hundred and twenty thousand and a hundred and thirty thousand die, and the snow under the bridge of Lodi and Eylau and Austerlitz, where three great armies, commanded by three emperors, surrendered to him; now himself surrenders to the snowflakes.

Historians do not seem to recognize that the tide of that man's life turned from Dec. 16, 1809, when he banished by hideous divorce his wife Josephine from the palace, and so challenged the Almighty, and the Lord charged upon him from the fortress of the sky with the ammunition of crystal. Snowed under! Billions, trillions, quadrillions, quintillions of flakes did the work. And what a suggestion of accumulative power, and what a rebuke to all of us who get discouraged because we cannot do much, and therefore do nothing!

"Oh," says some one, "I would like to step the forces of sin and crime that are marching for the conquest of the nations, but I am nobody. I have neither wealth nor eloquence nor social power. What can I do?" My brother, how much do you weigh? As much as a snowflake. Oh, yes? Then do your share. It is an aggregation of small influences that will yet put this lost world back into the bosom of a pardoning God. Alas, there are so many men and women who will not use the only talent that they have, and will not give a penny because they

cannot give a dollar, and will not speak as well as they can because they are not eloquent, and will not be a snowflake because they cannot be an avalanche! In earthly wars the generals get about all the credit, but in the war for God and righteousness and heaven all the private soldiers will get crowns of victory and life.

When I reach heaven—by the grace of God may we all arrive there—I do not think we will be able to begin the new song right away because of the surprise we shall feel at the comparative rewards given. As we are being conducted along the streets of glory, we will begin to ask where live some of those who were mighty on earth. We must ask, "Is So-and-so here?" And the answer will be: "Yes, I think he is in the city, but we don't hear much of him; he was good and a good man, but he took most of his pay in earthly applause; he had enough grace to get through the gate, but just where he lives I know not. He squeezed through somehow, although I think the gates took the skirts of his garments. I think he lives in one of those back streets in one of the plainer residences."

Then we shall see a palace, the doorsteps of gold, and the windows of agate, and the tower like the sun for brilliance, and characters before the door, and people who look like princes and princesses going up and down the steps, and we shall say, "What one of the hierarches lives here?" That must be the residence of a Paul or a Milton, or some one whose name resounds through all the planets from which we have just ascended. "No, no," says our celestial dragoman; "that is the residence of a soul whom you never heard of."

When she gave her charity her left hand knew not what her right hand did. She was mighty in secret prayer, and no one but God and her own soul knew it. She had more trouble than anybody in all the land who had a great name, and she was more than ever great, what she had was all consecrated to God and helping others, and the Lord is making up for her earthly privation by special raptures here, and the King of glory is making up for her earthly sorrows for her. The walls began to go up when her troubles and privations and consecrations began on earth, and it so happened—that a heavenly coincidence!—that the last stroke of the trowel of amethyst on those walls was given the hour she entered heaven.

You know nothing of her. On earth her name was only once in the newspapers, and that was when she was a child, and she was not so mighty up here. There she comes now out of her palace grounds in her chariot behind two white horses for a ride on the banks of the river that flows from under the throne of God. Let me see. Did you not have in your world below an old classic which says something about these are they the gods of Greece and of Rome, and they shall reign for ever and ever?

As we pass up the street I find a good many on foot, and I say to the dragoman: "Who are these?" And when their name is announced I recognize that some of them were our great poets, and great orators, and great warriors, and great statesmen, and when I express my surprise about their going about the dragoman says: "In this country people are rewarded not according to the number of their earthly talents, but according to the use they made of what they had."

And then I thought to myself: "Why, that theory is just what a reward that falls cheerfully and in the right place, and does all the work assigned it, as honorable as a whole Mont Blanc of snowflakes." "Yes, yes," says the celestial dragoman, "many of these pearls that you find on the forehead of the righteous, and many of the gems in their crowns, were bestowed on them only the petrified snowflakes of earthly tempter, for God does not forget the promise made in regard to them. They shall be Mine, said the Lord of hosts, in the day when I make up my jewels." Accumulated power! All the good that we do on earth, and the talents of all the good concentrated and compacted will be the world's evangelization. This thought of the aggregation of the many smalls into that one mighty is another treasure of the snow.

Another treasure of the snow is the suggestion of the usefulness of sorrow. Absence of snow in winter made all nations sick, and the snow of the winter made all nations healthy. Within a few weeks it put tens of thousands into the grave, and left others in homes and hospitals gradually to go down. Called by a trivial name, the Russian 'grip,' it was an intercontinental plague. Plenty of snow is a good thing. There is no medicine that so soon cures the world's malaria as these white pellets that the clouds administer—pellets small enough to be allopathic, but in such large doses as to be hydropathic. Like a sponge, every flake absorbs the miasma of the world's malaria, and its mortality in New York and Brooklyn immediately lessened when the snows of last December began to fall. The snow is one of the grandest and best of the world's doctors.

Yes, it is necessary for the land's productivity. Great snows in winter are generally followed by great harvests next summer. Scientific analysis has shown that snow contains a larger percentage of ammonia than the rain, and hence its greater power of enrichment. And besides that, it is a white blanket to keep the earth warm. An examination of snow in Siberia showed that it was a hundred degrees warmer under the snow than above the snow. Alpine plants perished in the mild winter of England for lack of enough snow to keep them warm. Snow strikes back the rich gases which other warm winds would carry off. Next summer, thank God for the snows, and may those of February be as plentiful as those of December and January have been, high and deep and wide and enriching; then the harvests and the July will embrace with gold this entire American continent.

What mellowed and glorified Wilberforce's Christian character? A financial misfortune that led him to write, "I know not why my life is spared so long, except it be to show that a man can be as happy without a fortune as with one." What gave John Milton such keen spiritual eyesight that he could see the battle of the angels? Extinguishment of physical eyesight. What is the highest observatory for studying the stars of hope and faith and spiritual promise? The bell-tower of St. Peter's in Rome, and the bell-tower of St. Mark's in Venice, and the golden harvests that wave on all the hills of heavenly rapture? The snows, the deep snows, the awful snows of earthly calamity. And that comforting thought is one of the treasures of the snow.

Another treasure of the snow is the suggestion that this mantle covering the earth is like the soul after it is forgiven. "Wash me," said the Psalmist, "and I shall be whiter than snow." My dear friend Ganserle De Witt went over to Geneva, Switzerland, for the recovery of his health, but the Lord had something better for him than earthly recovery. Little did I think when I busied him goodly and with my attention on the other side of the sea to return to America, that we would not meet again till we meet in heaven. As he lay one Sabbath morning on his dying pillow in Switzerland, the window open, he was looking out upon Mont Blanc. The air was clear, and the great mountain stood in its robe of snow, glittering in the morning light, and my friend said to his wife: "Vennie, do you know what that snow on Mount Blanc makes me think of? It makes me think that the righteousness of Christ is like the snow that covers the earth, and imperfections of my life are as that

snow covers up that mountain, for the promise is that though our sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." Was not that glorious?

I do not care who you are, or where you are, you need as much as I do that cleansing which made Ganserle De Witt good while he lived and glorious when he died. Do not take it as the tenet of an obsolete theology that our nature is corrupt. We must be changed. We must be made over again. The ancients thought that snow water had special power to wash out deep stains. If other water might fail, but melted snow would make them clean. Well, Job had great admiration for snow, but he declares in substance that if he should wash his soul in melted snow he would still be covered with mud, like a man down in a ditch (Ex. 22). If I wash myself in snow water, and make my hands ever so clean, yet shall thou plunge me in the ditch and mine own clothes shall abhor me." We must be washed in the fountain of God's mercy before we can be whiter than snow. "Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord." Oh, for the cleansing power!

If there be in all this audience one man or woman whose thoughts have always been right, and whose actions are always right, let such a one rise, or if already standing, lift the right hand. Not one! All we like sheep, are gone astray. Unclean! unclean! And that we may be made whiter than snow whiter than that which, on a cold winter's morning, after a night of storm, clothes the trees from bottom of trunk to top of highest branch, whiter than that which this hour covers the hills and mountains and the Sierras Nevada and Mount Washington heights of pomp and splendor fit to enthrone an archangel.

In the time of Graham, the essayist, in one mountain district of Scotland an average of ten shepherds perished every winter in the snow. He had a proposal that at the distance of every mile a pole fifteen feet high and with two cross pieces be erected, showing the points of the compass, and a bell hung at the top, so that every breeze would ring it, and so the lost one on the mountains could hear the sound and take the direction given by his pole with the cross pieces and get safely home. Whether that proposed plan was adopted or not I do not know, but I declare to all you who are in the heavy and blinding drifts of sin and sorrow that there is a cross near by that can direct you to hope and peace and God; and hear you not the ringing of the gospel bell hanging to that cross, saying, "This is the way; walk ye in it!"

THE COTTON CROP REPORT.

The Plant Opened Too Rapidly—Waiting for Better Prices.

The cotton returns of the Department of Agriculture for February report the estimated product, compared with last year, the proportion sent from plantations and yield of lint to seed. The plants were prolific in bolting, opening so rapidly in the early autumn as to tax the capacity of the pickers and leave the cotton exposed to the weather, which was unusually moist. There is consequently a general complaint of discoloration, and to some extent injury of the fibre. From the same cause an unusual amount of trash was gathered with the cotton that was thus exposed. A consolidation of the country estimates, as returned by reporters, makes 106 per cent. of the product of last year. The state averages are as follows: North Carolina, 85 per cent.; Georgia, 105; Florida, 85; Alabama, 104; Mississippi, 108; Louisiana, 98; Texas, 108; Arkansas, 102; Tennessee, 110.

Some correspondents claim that there has been an organized effort to hold back the delivery of the crop in the hope of better prices; others report its rapid marketing to get the benefit of the higher rates of the opening season. It is possible that these causes were both operative, the one early in the season, the other later, counteracting the early movement. The proportions sent from plantations are thus reported: North Carolina, 85 per cent.; South Carolina, 85; Georgia, 85; Florida, 90; Alabama, 86; Mississippi, 86; Louisiana, 90; Texas, 89; Arkansas, 89; Tennessee, 85; general average, 87.

The proportions of lint to seed is reported at 32 to 33 per cent, the better results being in the Atlantic Coast States, in Louisiana and Texas.

JAMES REDPATH DEAD.

The Famous Irish Journalist and Lecturer Dies From His Injuries.

A despatch from New York says: James Redpath, the famous Irish Nationalist, journalist and lecturer and the vice-president of the Anti-Poverty Society, who was run down by a Fourth-avenue horse car some days ago, died in St. Luke's Hospital from the effect of his injuries.

Mr. Redpath was born in Berwick-on-the-Tweed, Scotland, in 1833, and came to this country with his parents in 1848.

TWO MEN BLOWN TO ATOMS.

Thirty Sticks of Giant Powder Explode at White Quail Mine, Colorado.

A terrible explosion of giant powder occurred in the Wierly tunnel of the White Quail Mine, of Kokomo, Colorado.

William Young and John Anderson were blown to atoms, and John Johnson, John McLeod and Will Crane terribly injured. Many of their bones were broken by flying rock. The accident was caused by the accidental explosion of 30 sticks of giant powder, and it is a wonder that all the men in the mine were not killed.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE—Flour—City Mills, extra, \$5.00 @ \$5.40. Wheat—Southern Fultz, 1.00 @ 1.02. Corn—Southern White, 58 @ 60c. Yellow, 58 @ 60c. Oats—Southern and Pennsylvania, 48 @ 51c. Rye—Maryland and Pennsylvania, 81 @ 82c. Hay—Maryland and Pennsylvania, 10.25 @ 10.75. Straw—Wheat, 7.00 @ 8.00. Butter—Eastern Creamery, 28 @ 29c. Near-by receipts 19 @ 20c. Cheese—Eastern Fancy Cream, 19 @ 21c. Western, 8 @ 9c. Eggs—25 @ 26c. Tobacco—Leaf—Interior, 16 @ 15.50. Good Common, 4 @ 35.00. Middling, 6 @ 58.00. Good to fine red, 10 @ 11.00. Fancy 12 @ 13.00. NEW YORK—Flour—Southern Good to choice extra, 4.25 @ 5.85. Wheat—No. 1 White 104 @ 105. Rye—State 58 @ 60c. Corn—Southern extra, 50 @ 52c. Oats—State, 25 @ 26c. Cheese—State, 7 @ 9c. Eggs—28 @ 29c. PHILADELPHIA—Flour—Pennsylvania fancy, 4.25 @ 4.50. Wheat, Pennsylvania and Southern Red, 1.01 @ 1.02. Rye—Pennsylvania, 56 @ 57c. Corn—Southern Yellow, 60 @ 61c. Oats—5 @ 50c. Butter—State, 27 @ 28c. Cheese—New York Factory, 10 @ 10c. Eggs—State, 27 @ 28c. CATTLE. BALTIMORE—Beef—4.50 @ 4.75. Sheep—5.00 @ 5.75. Hogs—3.50 @ 3.75. NEW YORK—Beef—6.00 @ 7.00. Sheep—4.00 @ 4.05. Hogs—3.40 @ 3.60. PHILADELPHIA—Beef—4.70 @ 5.00. Sheep—4.00 @ 4.50. Hogs—3.70 @ 3.90.

THE NEWS.

In a collision on the Lackawanna Railroad, near Mount Morris, N. Y., Jas. Powers, of Buffalo, an engineer, and Albert Engelhart a fireman, were killed.—Eljah Pound, father of ex-Governor Thaddeus C. Pound, of Wisconsin, died near Chippewa Falls, aged ninety.—Ethelinda Belding fatally shot Mrs. Sarah Rigley near Sumner, Ill.—It is reported that the Great Northern Railway Company has secured control of the Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City Railway.—Police Officer James B. Cavanaugh shot and killed James May in San Francisco.—Adolph A. Hognan and Alfred E. Funmett, silk manufacturers, at Paterson, N. J., assigned.—George Favis, a Hungarian, was acquitted at Carlisle, Pa., of causing the death of a boy by giving him liquor.—John H. Luman, of the Richmond Terminal Company, says his line will be able to reach New York and Chicago, and possibly go to Norfolk.—It is reported that Calvin S. Brice has control of the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago Road, which will be a part of the Terminal's connection.—The First National and North Middlesex Savings Banks, at Ayer, Mass., are closed, and Spaulding, cashier of both, is missing. The banks are solvent.—The Virginia Nail and Iron Works Company, near Lynchburg, Va., assigned; liabilities \$125,000.—Work was begun at Jackson Park on the World's Fair.—Henry M. Hedden, a wealthy butcher, was found murdered near Dover, N. J. His skull had been fractured with some blunt instrument.—Mrs. John Larkin, wife of a river man, and Mrs. Elizabeth Marquis, wife of a city fireman, of St. Louis, claim to be heirs to a fortune of \$4,000,000 left by Lord Ratcliffe, of England.

The steamer Chiswick struck a sand bank off the Seilly Islands and sank, the captain and ten seamen were drowned.—An alliance has been formed between Guatemala and Honduras against San Salvador.—A pastoral letter was read in the Catholic churches of Ireland condemning Parnell's conduct.—Hon. James Phelan, member of Congress, from Memphis, Tenn., died at Nassau of consumption.—Thomas Sharp, of Springfield, Ohio, who left a large fortune to adopted children—a son and a daughter—stipulated that they should marry.—Major W. A. Williams, a prominent citizen of Greenville, S. C., was shot through the heart by J. B. Williams, a saloon keeper, over a game of cards.—At a meeting of the Virginia and North Carolina Construction Company, at Winston N. C., the contract was awarded for building the last division of the road from Winston to Roanoke.—The steamer Simon Dumois is reported to have gone down while on a voyage from New York to Cuba.—Eleven prisoners were lashed and two required to stand in the pillory, at New Castle, Del.—During the past year damages to the amount of \$35,000 has been done to buildings in Ashland, Pa., by settling of the surface caused by the removal of pillars of coal in the tunnel colliery underneath.—By an explosion of gas in the new shaft, at the Simpson and Watkins mine, at Wyoming, Pa., two men were instantly killed and two fatally hurt.—George D. Fisher, the oldest resident born citizen of Richmond, Va., died, aged eighty-seven years.—Lloyd McKee, a farmer of Clark county, Mo., was fatally stabbed by a discharged employee.—Col. J. C. Nixon, who was editor and proprietor for many years of the New Orleans Crescent, died at the age of sixty-nine years.—The saloons in North Dakota are closed by a recent decision of the State Supreme Court.—The Mesquite, Rock Island and Peoria (Ill.) Railroad Company, was incorporated with a capital stock of \$2,000,000.—Robbers attempted to rob a train near Delano, Cal., but were beaten off.

The International Monetary Conference has adjourned until March 23.—The name of Congressman Hitt, of Illinois, is mentioned in connection with the Treasury portfolio.—Miss Susan Carberry Lay and Hon. Wm. F. Wharton, Assistant Secretary of State, were married.—By the breaking of a rail on the Burlington and Northern Railroad, near Maynard, Ia., a train was thrown down an embankment, and three persons fatally and a dozen seriously injured.—Bishop Hare has resigned his charge in South Dakota and accepted charge of the Japanese missions.—Abram Wright died at Stockbridge, Mass., aged one hundred and seven years.—The wife of William Dutcher committed suicide at her home in Dubuque, Ia., because at a ball the husband's attention to other women caused her to complain, when he sent her home.—Miss Demmie Mennett, of Findlay, Ohio, eloped with J. L. McClintock, and then committed suicide because her parents would not forgive her.—James McCord, a farmer of Mauston, Ind., committed suicide.—A picture valued at \$15,000 was stolen from the Art Museum in Detroit.—Waco, Tex., is infested with incendiaries, who are endeavoring to rob and burn the city.

MURDER OVER CARDS.

A Cowardly Shooting Affair in a South Carolina Town.

Major W. A. Williams, a prominent and popular citizen of Greenville, was shot through the heart and instantly killed soon after midnight by J. B. Williams. The two men were playing cards in a private room, only a colored attendant being present. A dispute arose and Major Williams drew a knife; J. B. Williams said he was unarmed, whereupon Major Williams shut his knife, threw it on the table and pulled off his coat, apparently intending to fight. Both men are well known as being unusually powerful and athletic, J. B. Williams suddenly drew a revolver and fired. Major Williams fell on his face, dead. The murderer rushed out into the darkness and has disappeared, but several persons are in pursuit. He is thought to have gone over the mountains in North Carolina. Major Williams was a lawyer, prominent in military, political and social circles, widely known and popular. J. B. Williams is a saloon keeper. The affair causes the deepest sorrow and the strongest indignation in the community, and the general feeling is that the killing is a brutal and cowardly murder.

ESCAPED A LIVING TOMB.

Wonderful Rescue of the Three Buried Miners.

For Nearly Five Days They Clung to a Cross-beam in the Submerged Mine—Their Thrilling Experience.

Intense joy and excitement prevailed in the little hamlet of Grand Tunnel, Pa., over the rescue of the three entombed miners who were imprisoned by water rushing into the gangways and breasts of the Susquehanna Coal Company's colliery at that place, after the firing of a blast. Since the men were lost experienced miners declared their rescue also an impossibility, and they were practically given up. The whole community was in mourning over their sad fate. The names of the men are Michael Shielan, Wm. Cragel and John Rineer, all well-known miners. They were found alive in the upper workings, near the outcrop, the water being unable to reach them after they managed to get out of its swirl when it was rushing through the mine. The company's employes have exerted every effort to get the water out, and by prying into service the mammoth pumps, were able to lower the water sufficiently to let a rescuing party in. The men were found in an almost exhausted condition from their 116 hours' imprisonment and will require care to bring them through. Their sufferings have been intense, but they were buoyed by the hope of being rescued, and the outcrop workings being fairly well-ventilated, they were able to secure enough pure air to keep them alive.

The work of reaching the imprisoned miners was daringly accomplished by George Bender, who, when he found his progress stopped by low timbers, dipped his salt water hat, following by diving. He lost his hat and miners' lamp, but Wm. Bowen, who was swimming the gangway, passed his lamp through a break over the timbers, and Bender went on with his search.

As he went along the brattice, he heard Rineer's voice: "For God's sake, hurry up and get us out here. We are yet alive." This was the message that Bender sent back over the murky waters to the other rescuers. He could not reach them without going over a hundred feet and wading in water two and three feet deep.

When he found Rineer, Cragel and Shilling they were up in the cross-heading, perched on a "legging," and at the highest point they could get in the mine. This was a trifle more than six feet above the elevation reached by the flood, and here they were without food for nearly five days, hearing the throbbing of the pulse, and knowing that efforts were being made to rescue them.

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At half-past five the water was down enough to let the men be taken out. This was done by floating them one at a time on the raft across the flooded gangway, their imprisonment making them too weak to risk the danger of the water.

They reached the pumps safely and were wrapped up in blankets, having first been given some milk in light quantities as nourishment.

They were then taken to their homes, where they received the congratulations of their friends and acquaintances. The scene was most thrilling and inspiring, the stoutest hearts being overcome. This change wrought by the rescue, possibly Rineer, was remarkable.