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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Gambling Evil."

TEXT: "Let My people go that they may serve Me; for I will at this time send all My plagues."—Ex. ix., 13, 14.

Last winter, in the museum at Cairo, Egypt, I saw the mummy or embalmed body of Fharaoh, the oppressor of the ancient Israelites. Visible are the very teeth that he gnashed against the Israelitish brickmakers, the sockets of the merciless eyes with which he looked upon the overburdened people of God, the hair that floated in the breeze off the Red Sea, the very lips with which he commanded them to make bricks without straw. Thousands of years after, when the wrappings of the mummy were unrolled, old Pharaoh lifted up his arm as if in imploration, but his skinny bones cannot again clutch his shatskinny bones cannot again clutch his shat-tered scepter. It was to compel that tyrant to let the oppressed go free that the memora-ble ten plagues were sent. Sailing the Nile and walking amid the ruins of Egyptian cities, I saw no remains of those plagues that smote the water or the air. None of the frogs croaked in the one, none of the lo-custs sounded their rattle in the other and custs sounded their rattle in the other, and the cattle bore no sign of the murrain, and through the starry nights hovering about the pyramids no destroying angel swept his wing. But there are ten plagues still sting-ing and befouling and cursing our cities, and

ing and befouling and cursing our cities, and like angels of wrath smiting not only the first born but the last born.

Brooklyn, New York and Jersey City, though called three, are practically one. The bridge already fastening two of them together will be followed by other bridges and by tunnels from both New Jersey and Long Jelond shows until what is tracer. and by tunnels from both New Jersey and Long Island shores, until what is true now will, as the years go by, become more emphatically true. The average condition of public morals in this cluster of cities is as good if not better than in any other part of the world. Pride of city is natural to men in all times, if they live or have lived in a metropolis noted for dignity or prowess. Cæsar boasted of his native Rome, Lycurgus of Sparta, Virgil of Andes, Demosthenes of Athens, Archimedes of Syracuse, and Paul of Tarsus. I should suspect a man of base heartedness who carried about with him no feeling of complacency in regard to the feeling of complacency in regard to the place of his residence; who gloried not in its arts or arms or behavior; who looked with no exultation upon its evidences of pros-perity, its artistic embellishments and scien-

I have noticed that men never like a place where they have not behaved well. Men

who have free rides in prison vans never likes the city that furnishes the vehicle. When I see in history Argos, Rhodes, Smyrna, Chios, Colophon and several other cities claiming Homer, I conclude that Homer behaved well. Let us not war against this pride of city, nor expect to build un ourselves by pulling others down. Let Boston have its commons, its Fancuil Hall and its magnificent scientific and educational institutions. Let Philadelphia talk about its mint, and Independence Hall, and Girard College, and its old families, as virtuous as venerable. When I find a man living in one of those places who has nothing to say in favor of them. I feel like asking him, "What mean thing did you do that you do not like your native city?" New York is a goodly city, and when I say that I mean the region between Spuyten Duyvil Creek and Jamaica in one direction and Newark flats in the other direction. That which tends to elevate a part elevates all. That which blasts part blasts all. Sin is a giant, and he comes to the Hudson or Connecticut River and passes it as easily as we step across a figure in the carpet. The blessing of God is an angel, and when it stretches out its two wings one of them hovers over that and the other over this.

In infancy the great metropolis was laid down by the banks of the Hudson. Its inwas as feeble as that of Moses sleeping in the bulrushes by the Nile; and, like Miriam, there our fathers stood and watched it. The royal spirit of American commerce came down to the water to bathe, and there she found it. She took it in her arms, and the child grew and waxed strong, and the ships of 'oreign lands' brought gold and spices to its feet, and stretching itself upinto the proportions of a metropolis, it has looked up to the mountains and off upon the mightiest of the energies of American civilization. The character of the founder of a city will be seen for many years in its inhabitants. Roundles impressed his life upon Rome. The Pilgrims relaxed not their hold upon the cities of New England. William Penn has left Philadelphia an inheritance of integrity and fair dealing, and on any day in that city you may see in the manners customs and principles of its people his tastes, his coat, his hat, his wife's bonnet and his plain meeting house. The Hollanders still wield an influence over New York.

Grand old New York! What southern thoroughfare was ever smitten by pestilence, when our physicians did not throw them selves upon the sacrifice! What distant land has cried out in the agony of famine, and our ships have not put out with breadstuffs What street of Daniascus or Beyrout or Madras that has not heard the step of our missionaries! What struggle for national life in which our citizens have not poured their blood into the trenches! What gallery of exquisite art in which our painters have not hung their pictures! What department of literature or science to which our scholars have not contributed! I need not speak of pur public schools, where the children of the cordwainer and milkman and glassblower stand by the side of the flattered sons of

merchant princes; or of the insane asylums on all these islands where they who went cutting themselves, among the tombs, now sit, clothed and in their right minds; or of the Magdalen asylums, where the lost one of the street comes to bathe the Saviour's feet with her tears, and wipe them with the hairs of her head—confiding in the pardon of Him who said: "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone at her." I need not speak of the institutions for the blind, the lame the deaf and the dumb, for the incurables, the widow, the orphan, and the outcast; or of the thousand armed machinery that sends streaming down from the reservoirs the clear, bright, sparkling, God given water that rushes through our aqueducts. and dashes out of the hydrants, and tosses up in our fountains, and hisses in our steam engines, and showers out the confingration, and sprinkles from the baptismal font of our churches; and with silver note, and golden sparile, and crystalline chime, says to hundreds of thousands of our population, in the authentic words of Him who said: "I will;

be thou clean."

All this I promise in opening this course of sermons on the ten plagues of these three cities, lest some stupid man might say I am deprecating the plague of my residence. I speak to you to lay concerning the plague of gambling. Every man and woman in this house ought to be interested in this thems.

Some years ago, when an association for the suppression of gambling was organized, an agent of the association came to a prom-ipent citizen and asked him to patronize the

est in such an organization. I am in no wise affected by that evil." At that very time his son, who was his partner in business, was one of the heaviest players in Hearne's famous gambling establishment. Another refused his patronage on the same ground, not knowing that his first bookkeeper, though receiving a salary of only a thousand dollars, was losing from fifty to one hundred dollars, per night. The president of a railroad company refused to patronize the institution, saying, "That society is good for the defense of merchants, but the railroad people are not injured by this evil;" not knowing that, at that very time, two of his conductors were spending three nights of each week at faro tables in New York. Directly or indirectly, this evil strikes at the whole world.

Gambling is the risking of something more est in such an organization. I am in no wise

Gambling is the risking of something more or less valuable in the hope of winning more than you hazard. The instrument of gaming than you hazard. The instrument of geming may differ but the principle is the same. The shuffling and dealing cards, however full of temptation, is not gambling, unless stakes are putup; while, on the other hand, gambling may be carried on without cards or dice, or billiards or a ten pin alley. The man who bets on norses, on elections, on battles—the man who deals in "fancy" stocks, or conducts a business which hazards extra capital, or goes into transactions without foundation, but dependent upon what men coll "lanck" is a gambler. Whetever you excall "luck," is a gambler. Whatever you expect to get from your neighbor without of-fering an equivalent in money or time or skill is either the product of theft or gaming. Lottery tickets and lottery policies come into the same category. Fairs for the founding of hospitals, schools and churches, conducted on the raffling system, come under the same denomination. Do not, therefore, associate gambling necessarily with any instrument, or game, or time, or place, or think the prin-ciple depends upon whether you play for a glass of wine or one hundred shares of railroad stock. Whether you natronize "auction pools," "French mutuals" or "book-making," whether you employ fare or billiards, rende and keno, cards or bagatelle, the very idea of the thing is dishonest, for it professes to bestow upon you a good for which you give no equivalent.

It is estimated that every day in Chris-It is estimated that every day in Christendon eighty million dollars pass from hand to hand through gambling practices, and every year in Christendom one hundred and twenty-three billion one hundred million dollars, change hands in that way. There are in this cluster of cities about eight hundred confessed gambling establishments. There are about three thousand five hundred professional gamblers. Out of the eight hundred gambling establishments, how many of them do you suppose profess to be honest. Ten. These ten profess to be honest because they are merely the ante-chamber to the seven hundred and ninety that are acknowledged fraudulent. There are first class gambling establishments. You go up the marble stairs. You ring the bell. The liveried servant interduces you. The years are layeder tinted. troduces you. The walls are lavender tinted.
The mantels are of Vermont marble. The pictures are "Jeohtbah's Daughter" and Dore's "Dante's and Virgil's Frozen Region of Hell"—a most appropriate selection, this last, for the place. There is the roulette table, the finest, the costliest, most exquisita piece of furniture in the United States. There

is the banqueting room, where, free of charge to the guests, you may find the plate and

viands and wines and cigars suptuous beewond parallel. yond parallel.

Then you come to the second class gambling establishment. To it you are introduced by a card through some "roper-in."

Having entered, you must either gamble or fight. Sanded cards, dice loaded with quicksilver, poor drinks, will soon help you to get rid of all your money to a tune in short meter with staccato passages. You wanted You saw. The low villains of that place watch you as you come in. Does not the panther, squat in the grass, know a calf when he sees it? Wrangle not for your rights in that place, or your body will, he thrown bloody into the street, or dead into the East River. You go along a little further and find the policy establishment. In that place you bet on numbers. Betting on two numbers is called a "saddle," betting on three numbers is called a "gig," betting on four numbers is called a "horse," and there are thousands of our young men leaping into that "saddle" and mounting the "gig," and behind that "horse" riding to perdition. There is always one kind of sign on the door—"Exchange," a most appropriate title for the door, for there, in that room, a man exchanges health, peace and heaven for loss of health, loss of nome, loss of family, loss of immortal soul. Exchange sure enough and infinite enough,

Men wishing to gamble will find places just suited to their capacity, not only in the underground oyster cellar, or at the table back of the curtain, covered with greasy cards, or in the steamboat smoking cabin, where the bloated wretch with rings in his ears instead of his nose, deals the pack, and winks in the unsuspecting traveler-providing free drinks all around-but in gilded parlors and amid gorgeous surround-

Again, this sin works ruin by killing industry. A man used to reaping scores or hun-dreds or thousands of dollars from the gaming table will not be content with slow work. He will say: "What is the use of trying to make these fifty dollars in my store when I cau get five times that in haif an hour down at 'Billy's' You never knew a confirmed was industrious. The men eiven to this vice spand their time, not aclively engaged in the game, in idleness or intoxication or sleep, or in corrupting new victims. This sin has dulled the carpenter's aw and cut the band of the factory sunk the cargo, broken the teeth of the farmer's harrow and sent a strang; lightning to shatter the battery of the philosopher. The very first idea in gaming is at war with all the industries of society. This crime is getting its lever under many

a mercantile house in our great cities, and before long down will come the great estab-lishment, crushing reputation, home, com-fort and immortal souls. How it diverts and sinks capital may be inferred from some authentic statement before us. The ten gaming houses that once were authorized in Paris passed through banks, yearly, three hundred and twenty-five millions of francs. Where does all the money come from? The whole world is robbe! What is most sad, there are no consolations for the loss and suffering entailed by gaming. If men fail in lawful business, God pities and society commiserates; but where in the Bible or in society there any consolation for the gambler? From what tree of the forest ooges there a baim that can soothe the gamester's heart? In that bottle where God keeps the tears of His children are there any tears of the gambler? Do the winds that come to kiss the faded cheek of sickness, and to cool the heated brow of the laborer, whisper hope and cheer to the emaciated victim of the game of hazard? When an honest man is in trouble he has sympathy. "Poor fellow!" they say. But do gamblers come to weep at the agonies of

In Northumberland was one of the finest estates in England. Mr. Porter owned it, and in a year gambled it all away. Having lost the last acre of the estate, he came lown from the saloon and got into his cardown from the saloon and got into his carriage; went back, put up his horses and carriage and town house and played. He threw and lost. He started home, and in a side alley met a friend from whom he borrowed ten guineas; went back to the saloon and before a great while had went twenty thou and counts. He died at less a toward in St.

Mr. Porter? Who consoled him on the loss of his estate? What gambler subscribed to put a stone over the poor man's grave? Not one!

Futhermore, this sin is the source of uncounted dishonesties. The game of hazard itself is often a game of cheat. How many tricks and deceptions in the dealing of the cards! The opponent's hand is ofttimes found out by fraud. Cards are marked so that they may be designated from the back. Expert gamesters have their accomplices, and one wink may decide the game. The dice have been found loaded with platina, so that "doublets" come up every time. These dice "doublets" come up every time. These dice are introduced by the gamblers, unobserved by honest men who have come into play; and this accounts for the fact that ninety-nine out of a hundred who gamble, however wealthy they began, at the end are found to be poor, miserable, ragged wretches, that would not now be allowed to sit on the doorstep of the house that they once owned. In a gambling house in San Francisco a young man having just come from the mines de-posited a large sum upon the ace, and won twenty-two thousand dollars. But the tide turns. Intense excitement comes upon the countenances of all. Slowly the cards went forth. Every eye is fixed. Not a sound is heard until the ace is revealed favorable to the bank. There are shouts of "Foul!" "Foul!" but the keepers of the table produce their pistols, and the uproar is stlenced and the bank has won ninety-five thousand dollars. Do you call this a game of chance? There is no chance about it. But these dishonesties in carrying on of the game are nothing when compared with

the frauds which are committed in order to get money to go on with the nefarious work. Gambling with its greedy hand has snatched away the widow's mite and the portion of the orphans; has sold the daughter's virtue to get the means to continue the game; has written the counterfeit signature, emptied the banker's money vault and wielded the sassasin's dagger. There is no depth of meanness to which it will not stoop. There is no cruelty at which it is appalled. There is no warning of God that it will not dare, Merciless, upon meaning of God and it will not dare. warning of God that it will not dare. Merciless, uneppeasable, fiercer and wilder it
binds, it hardens, it rends, it blasts, it
crushes, it damns. It has peopled our prisons and lunatic asylums. How many railroad agents and cashiers and trustees
of funds it has driven to disgrace, in carceration and suicide! Wifness years ago a cashier of a railroad who stole one hundred and three thousand dollars to carry on his gaming practices. Wis-ness forty thousand dollars stolen from a Brookiyn bank within the memory of many of you, and the one hundred and eighty thousand dollars taken from a Wall street insurance company for the same purpose! These are only illustrations on a large scale of the robberies every day committed for the purpose of carrying out the designs of gamblers. Hundreds of thousands of dol-lars every year leak out without observa-

tion from the merchant's till into the gambling hell. A man in London keeping one of these gambling houses boasted that he had ruined a nobleman a day; but if all the saloons of this land were to speak out they might utter a more infamous boast, they have destroyed a thousand noblo men a year. Notice also the effect of the crime upon domestic happiness. It has sent its ruthless plowshare through hundreds of families, until the wife sat in rags, and the daughters were disgraced, and the sons grew up to the same infamous practices or took a short cutto destruction across the murderer's scaffold. How tame are the children's caresses and a wife's devotion to the gambler! How drearly the fire burns on the domestic hearth! There must be louder laughter, and something to win and something to lose; an excitement to drive the heart faster and fillip the blood and fire the imagination. No home, however

bright, can keep back the gamester. The sweat call of love bounds back from his iron soul, and all the endearments are consumed in the flames of his passion. The family Bible will go after all other treasures are lost. and if his crown in heaven were : " into his hand he would cry: "Here goes one more game, my boys! On this one throw I stake my crows in heaven." A young man in London, on coming of age, received a fortune of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and, through gainin three years was thrown on mother for support. An only son went to a southern city; he was rich, intellectual and elegant in manuers. His parents gave him on his departure from home their last blessing. The sharpers got hold of him. They flattered him. They lured him to the gaming table, and let him win almost every time for a good while, and patted him on the back and said, "First rate player." But fully in their grasp they fleeced him, and his thirty thousand dollars were lost. Last of all he put up his watch and lost that. Then

he began to think of his home and his old father and mother, and wrote thus: "My Beloved Parents-You will doubtless feel a momentary joy at the reception of this letter from the child of your hosom, on whom you have lavished all the favors of your declining years. But should a feeling of joy for a moment spring up in your hearts when you should have received this from me, cherish it not. I have fallen deepnever to rise? Those gray hairs that I should have honored and protected I shall bring down with sorrow to the grave. I will be the grave my destroyer but oh! may God not curse my destroyer, but oh! may God avenge the wrongs and impositions practised upon the unwary in a way that shall best please him. This, my dear parents, is the ast letter you will ever receive from me. I humbly pray your forgiveness. dying prayer. Long before you have re-ceived this letter from me the cold grave will have closed upon me forever. Life to me is insupportable. I cannot, nay, I will not, suffer the shame of having ruined you. Forget and forgive is the dying prayer of your unfortunate son."

The old father came to the postoffice, got the letter and fell to the floor. They thought he was dead at first; but they brushed back the white hair from his brow and fanned him. He had only fainted. I wish he had been dead, for what is life worth to a father been dead, for what is life worth to a father after his son is destroyed? When things go wrong at a gaming table they shout: "Foul! Foul!" Over all the gaming tables of the world I cry out: "Foul! foul! Infinitely

Shall I sketch the history of the gambler? Lured by bad company he finds his way into a place where honest men ought never to go. He sits down to his first game, but only for pastime and the desire of being thought sociable. The players deal out the cards. They unconsciously play into Satan's hands, who takes all the tricks and both the players' souls for trumps—he being a sharper at any game. A slight stake is put up just to add interest to the play. Game game is played. Larger stakes and after game is played. Larger states and still larger. They begin to move nervously on tileir chairs. Their brows lower and eyes flash, until now they who win and they who lose, fired alike with passion, sit with set jaws, and compressed lips, and clinched fists, and eyes like fire balls that seem starting their sockets, to see the final turn before it comes; if losing, pale with envy tremulous with unuttered oaths cast back red hot upon the heart-or, winning, with hysteric laugh-"Ha, ha! I have it! I have

A few years have passed and he is only the wreck of a man. Seating himself at the game ero he throws the first card, he stakes the last relic of his wife, and the marriage ring

The game is lost, and staggering back in exhaustion he dreams. The bright hours of the past mock his agony, and in his dreams flends with eyes of fire and tongue of flame circle about him with joined hands to dance and sing their orgies with hellish chorus, chanting "Hail! brother!" kissing his clammy forehead until their loathsome locks, flowing with serpents, crawl into his bosom and sink their sharp fangs and suck up his life's blood, and coiling around his heart pinch it with chills and shudders unutterable.

Take warning! You are no stronger than tens of thousands who have by this practice been overthrown. No young man in our cities can escape being tempted. Beware of the first beginnings! This road is a down grade, and every instant increases the momentum. Launch not upon this treacher sea. Split hulks strew the beach. Everlasting storms howl up and down, tossing unwary crafts into the Hellgate. I speak of what I have seen with my own eyes. I hav looked off into the abyss, and I have seen the foaming, and the hissing, and the whiring of the horrid deep in which the mangled introduced in which the mangled victims writhed, one upon another, and struggled, strangled, blasphemed and died-the death stare of eternal despair upon their countenances as the water gurgled over

To a gambler's deathbed there comes no hope. He will probably die alone. His former associates come not nigh his dwelling. When the hour comes his miserable soul will go out of a miserable life into a miserable eternity. As his poor remains pass the house where he was ruined, old companions may look out a moment and say, "There goes the old carcass—dea. at last," but they will not get up from the table. Let him down now into his grave. Plant no tree to cast its shade there, for the long, deep, eternal gloom that settles there is shadow enough. Plant no "forget-me-not" or eglantines around the spot, for flowers were not made to grow on such a blasted heath. Visit it not in the sunshine, for that would be mockery, but in the dismal night when he stars around the dismal night, when no stars are out and the spirits of darkness come down horsed on the wind, then visit the grave of the gambler! .

SHE STRUCK THE ROCKS.

Eighteen Men Lost in the Wreck of Big Ship Off California.

The ship Elizabeth, of New York, which went ashore on the rocks at North Head Cali fornia, had twenty-six men on board-the captain, two mates, the cook and sixteen sailors; also, the captain's wife and two children. Three sailors, the captain's wife and children got off in a small boat. The boat capsized, and the occapants were rescued by a ttig.

The captain and seventeen sailors were drowned. The details of the wreck are hard to obtain, as the point where the ship went on the rocks is inaccessible by sea, and, to reach it by land, a climb of several miles over the mountains is necessary. The place is called Tennessee Cove, and is four miles north of the entrance to the harbor, on the Marine county shore. The story of the wreek, as told by one of the survivors, is as follows: The vessel was signted at port and Captain Colcord decided to sail in. The wind was blowing a turious gale from the southwest, and finally, by the tug. The tug Alert then made fast to the Elizabeth, but her hawser soon broke and the ship drifted before the wind toward the

Just as the second howser was made fast she struck the rocks. Then Captain Colcord lowered the bost to take his wife and children As the boat struck the water it capsized, throwing three sailors-James Laken, George Hanna and Grant Johnson-into the water. They clung to the bottom of the boat and were picked up by the tug. The captain's family were then lowered in another boat and taken to the tug by the mate and two seamen. The bost returned to the ship and its occupants perished with the rest of the ship's crew. The tugs were unable to get near the ship, and late at night returned to port leaving the vessel to its fate. Early the next mornis tug went to the scene of the wreck, and found othing was left of the Elizabeth.

The Elizabeth was a wooden ship built at Newcastle, Main, in 1882, and was of 1,775 tuns. She was owned by A. Hall, of New York, and commanded by Captain James Colcord, and carried a crew of twenty-six men.

SENATOR WILSON DEAD.

The Eminent Marylander Expires Suddealy in Washington.

Senator Ephraim K. Wilson, of Maryland, died suddenly at the Hamilton House, Washngton, at 10.10 o'clock P. M., of heart failure. Although Senator Wilson had been ailing for some time, his critical illness was very sudden, and but few of his colleagues knew of his condition.

Mr. Wilson had had a severe attack of cholera morbus, but was much better, and his illness was not regarded as at all serious. He and another attack, however, which left him extremely weak, and was seized with heart

Drs. Hammond, Lincoln and Bussey were manned, and held a consultation, at which was decided that he could not live more an two hours.

Senator Wilson died at 10.10 o'clock. He ons conscious up to the last. Mrs. Wilson was overcome, and had to leave the room fore he died. His death came like sleep. Around the bed were Dr. Hammond, Senators Gray, of Delaware, Jones, of Arkansas, Representatives Stump and Gibson of Maryland. Private Secretary Martin was in an adjoining

The Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate was at once notified, and took charge of the remains. Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms Reed notified the President and Vice-President.

Senstor Wilson was born in Snow Hill, Maryland, December 22, 1821. He was graduated at Jefferson College in 1841, tudied law, was admitted to the bar, and in 1847 was elected to the Legislature. He e-tablished himself at Snow Hill and practiced with success in the Maryland Courts until In 1852 he was Presidential elector on the Democratic ticket and four years later he ans elected to the National House of Representatives, serving one term. He was Judge the Maryland Circuit Court from 1878 till 1884, when he was elected United States Senator to succeed James B. Groome, and ook his seat March 4, 1885. His present erm of service would have expired sal, but he was re-elected by the Mary and egislature at its session last Winter for the erm ending in 1897.

MRS. E. O. DUFFY, a young woman about twenty years old, is one of the largest his-porters of and dealers in wild animals in this country. She is the daughter of a Dublin druggist, and has a natural liking for the

SENATOR SPOONER is said to have declined an offer of \$25,000 a year to make Chiengo his ne and become solicitor general for the

THE NEWS.

An ice gorge caused the town of Schenec tady, N. Y., to be flooded .- Fire at Nashville, Tenn., caused a loss of \$25,000. - Wm. A Decrease in the Volume of Business. Drummey, a milk dealer at Cambridge, Mass. died of hydrophobia .--- Ice jams and overflows were troublesome along the Mohawk Large Shipments of Wheat--Failures for Valley .- Fire caused a loss of \$162,000 at Minneapolis. -- Colonel Chambers McKibbis die lat Chambersburg, Pa., agel ninety-two. -Wm. West was hanged at Washington, Pa .- James T. Myers and George Hadley were arrested at Johnstown, Pa., for passing counterfeit standard dollars, and Benjamin

Reese for having such in his possession. Chicago's city councils are considering cents .-- A cold wave prevails throughout the South. The first snew of the season fell in Alabama. A northwesterly gale in Jacksonville. Fla., blew fifty-six miles an hour, and did considerable damage.

A little daughter of C. A. Palling was felouionsly assaulted by a negro in Richmond, Va | brown and bleached cottons are quiet. -Annie Dickinson suffers greatly from insomnia. - The body of Job Cooper was found in a swamp near Pittsville, Del.

The floods in South California and Arizona were more disastrous than first reported Miles of farm lands were inundated, whole villages swept away and the courses of small rivers changed by the tremendous overflow. -There are twenty-five unknown cases of leprosy in New Orleans, and the City Council has been asked to providen place for their detention .- The Department of Superintendence, National Elucation A-sociation, in seszion in Philadelphia, adopted resolutions de claring for compulsory school laws and the pensioning of teachers after a service of thirty

A miner at Wilkesbarre fell one thousand feet and was instantly killed .- Frank Gabel, tax collector of Texas township, Pa., has gone off, leaving a shortage of \$22,000.— Thomas Hale, the inventor of the turbine water wheel, was killed by a railroad train in Rahway, N. J .- P. Doddridge & Co., bankers of Corpus Christi, Tex., have made an assignment. - The operatives of the Camden Woolen Mills in Camden, N. J., have stuck. -Dennis McCloskey, the Gloucester, Mass. saloon-keeper, has been sent up for five years for attempting to wreck passenger trains. In San Francisco a man broke a pawnbroker's window, and escaped with \$3,500 worth of diamonds.- During a county dance in North Liberty, Ind., Frank Eldred shot Alfred Wedel in the back .- Chief Engineer George H. White, U. S. N., died in Philade'phia, -- Negroes are flocking from Arkansas to Oklahoma.

The white squadron, Admiral Walker commanding, has arrived at Pensacola .-- Genthe tug Monarch came to the Elizabeth's eral Robert McAllister, a distinguished volunassistance. The men say assistance was re- teer soldier, died at Belvidere, N. J .-- The unual meeting of the department of super intendence of the National Education Association was held in Philadelphia, and the subject of compulsory education, and other matters relating to public schools, were disenssed .--- Archibald Nichols, aged twentyfive years, of New York, a member of the largest eigar manufacturing firm of Key West, committed suicide .-- James Dougherty, the insane lover of May Anderson, who shot and killed Dr. Lloyd, the physician at Flotbush (N.Y.) Insane Asylum, was sentenced to Sing Sing State Prison for life,-The North River Lumber Company of New York made an assignment,-Floods in Lower California are destroying houses and railroad bridges ---Joseph Hamer, of Chicago, fatally shot his wife, and dangerously wounded Mrs. May Hosmer, his mother-in-law.

Oliver Reilly, who was lynched by a mob at

Salida, Col., was the innocent party, he having killed Sullivan to save his own life. --- An overflow of the Missouri river carried away the house containing Frederick Warner, wife, and three children. All were lost .- John Dobler, a Chicago mail carrier, who has been stealing, has been adjudged insane. Two rivals fought a duel with knives in a village near Chicago. One was fatally hurt .- Col. W. D. Crockett, a descendant of Davy Crockett, died in Waukegan, I.I. -- Sampson Heidenheimer, a leading merchant in Galveston, Tex., is dead .- The Clarendon, Oklahoma and St. Louis Railroad Company was organized in Clarendon, Mo. The capital stock is one million dollars .- John A. Williams, a notorious train robber, was sentenced at Texarkana, Ark., to ninety-nine years' imprisonment.-- Joe Reynolds, familiarly known as "Diamond Joe," died at Prescott Ariz .- The body of Prof. Bancroft was found in a pond near Providence, R. I .- The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has decided that pigeon shooting is not cruelty to animals. -Sir Knight Dickerson, upon whose body a foot square of skin was grafted, taken from his brother knights, died at Chicago. - Fire persons were injured in a smash-up on the Bultimore and Ohio Southwestern Railroad at Remington, Ohio .- The Pennsylvania Railroad employees held a conference at Pittsburg to consider the wages question .- The soap manufacturers of the Southwestern states have formed a trust .- Five of the men entombed in the Jeanesville mine, near Hazleton. Pa., have been gotten out alive after being imprisoned in the dark mine for thirteen days .- The reception tendered the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution was a brilliant affair. Mr. Harrison assisted the hostess, Mrs. Cabell .- It is proposed to have a grand naval review in 1893 in New York harbor.

THE National Miners' Convention, at their recent session in Columbus, Ohio, decided to consolidate the general and detense funds and have a per capita tax of 20 cents per month, 80 per cent. of which is to be used for deferpurposes. There is a provision also which gives the districts more rights in disposition of the funds than heretofore. The Convention will prepare two scales, one on the basis of acreened soal and the other on the run of the mine, and they will be submitted to the joint Convention of miners and operators

THE assessed valuation of New York City property this year is \$1,405,840,045, an in-

STATE OF TRADE.

One of the Features.

the Week in the United States Show Falling Off.

The volume of general trade has tended to decrease rather than the reverse during the reek. Telegrams to Bradstreet's from Philaelphia, Duluth, Omaha, and Chicago notably point in that direction. Mild weather and lisposition on the part of jobbers to discrimirate in the matter of credits are largely reordinance to reduce street-car fares to three ponsible, though colder weather has appeared it the West, stimulating the demand to some extent. Jobbing in dry goods has not improved, and the movement of staple groceries s somewhat less than last week. The chief tetivity in dry goods is in cotton and wool iress goods. Print cloths are firmer, but

The demand for wool is limited by small stocks of choice at leading markets. Full prices are paid for Australians, which are active. Haw cotton is 3-16c lower on heavy prop movement and lack of a corresponding accesse in demand. Sugar is dull after last neek's activity. Receipts at New Orleans are thecked, as are those of cotton and of rice. Lumber is movings more freely West than East. Anthracite coal is in slack demand, with no sign of prices or restriction being

unintained. Business failures in the United States thu week number 243, against 260 last week, and 253 this week last year. The total January 1 to date is 2304, against 2353 last year. Net railway earnings for December show

the influence of heavy operating expenses upon liberal gross receipts. The exhibit is slightly better than in November or October. The heavy decrease of available stocks of wheat on the Pacific coast last week, 1,075,000 bushels, was due no doubt to enormous clearances of wheat, which aggregated 386,111 bushels from San Francisco, 120,490 bushels from Tacoma, and 283,000 bushels from Portland Ore., or 1,239,611 tushels of wheat, exclusive of clearances of flour, aggregating from Portland and San Francisco about 30,080 barrels. Heavy shipments to and from San Francisco point to the desire of holders to get rid of wheat prior to March 11, when taxes are assessed. The heavy decrease of available

are assessed.

Exports of wheat (and flour as wheat,) both coasts, this week, aggregate 2,096,379, bushels, against 2,236,283 bushels last week, and 2,272,-849 bushels in the like week 1895. Total exports, United States (and Montreal) July 1 to date are 04,420,563 bushels, against 08,507,000 bushels in a like part of 1889-90, 60,630,606 bushels in 1888 89, and 89,920,000 bushels in

Bank clearings at fifty-six cities for the week are \$1,016,443,698, an increase over this week last year of 9.1 per cent. New York city's clearings, are 1.5 per cent. less than for the like period last year. At fifty-five other cities, the main in 4.6 per cent.

FOSTER THE MAN.

The Ex-Governor of Ohio Selected as Mr.

Windom's Successor. The nomination of Ex-Governor Foster, of Ohio, to be Secretary of the Treasury was sent to the Senate by President Har-

Although Mr. Foster will be classed as a Western man, he will be to all intents and purposes a representative of the East, as his views on the financial situation are in harmony with those held in the Eist. In financial matters Mr. Foster will probably follow in Mr. Windom's steps.

In its political aspect, Mr. Foster's appointment will have some significance. Mr. Foster is one of the shrewdest politicians in Oaio. Mr. Foster has been twice elected governor, and has served several terms in Co gress, where he made a very good record. He was a member of the ways and means committee and other important committees while in Congress. Since his retirement from the House of Representatives, about six years ago. Mr. Foster has not held any public office. He recived the complimentary vote of the mi-

Colonel Brice was elected.

Last Fall he ran for Congress in his district which had been changed into a Democratic stronghold. He cut down the democratic major:ty, but not enough to get elected. He is a rich man, and made his start as a dry goods merchant. Mr. Foster is classed as a million-

Mr. Foster Notified.

Ex-Governor Foster was officially notified of his appointment as Secretary of the Treasury by a disputch from President Harrison. The President wired that he had just sent Mr Foster's name to the Seinte, and he hoped Mr Foster would find it his duty to accept. The President said he knew Mr. Foster's views were in accord with those of his party, and the President would do anything in his power to make it pleasant for him. The President hoped that Mr. Foster could come to Wash-

DIDN'T MIND HANGING.

oung Man Who Murdered His Sweetheart.

Harry Marsh was hanged at the jail in Ebensburg, il'a., for the murder of his sweetheart, Clara Strakeshaft, on July 5, 1890. Since his conviction Marsh had exhibited the utmost indifference to his fate, and declared that he was ready to die. The scaffold on which he was executed was erected the day before, but the preparations did not appear to affect the prisoner, who passed a part of the night in drawing sketches, in which he was quite proficient. His spiritual advisers visited him and found him quite cool and undisturbed by apprehensions of his doorn. On the seaffold, his air of sangfroid did not desert him, and

his air of saugfroid did not desert him, and he died without exhibiting the slightest four. The crime for which Marsh paid the penalty was committed about a mile from Gallitzin. On Saturday night, July 5, 1890, he had been with his sweetheart, Clara Shakeshaft, and had arged her to marry him, but she asked to have the event postponed. He was persistent, however, and would not yield to her wishes. The girl was employed as a domestic at a hotel in Gallimia, and after they had visced a fair in progress in that place. had visted a fair in progress in that place unable to cet in.

The copple then wandered about town, and along toward daylight started for the girl's home. It was on the road thither that the crime was committed. Marsh had secured a coupling-pio, and with this be struck the girl on the head, rendering her insensible, after which he cut her throat with a rator. The girl did not die until the following Tuesday although alle never regained our accounters. After the killing Marsh sen back to Gallitzin, and, meeting a couple of men, taid them to but be had done, and said