TALMAGE'S SERMON.

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE AND UNIQUE TEXT.

How Sisera Was Killed by Jael—The Bad News Brought to His Mother—Sitting at the Palace Window—An Eulogy of the Needle—Anxious Mothers.

Mothers in Israel.

This novel and unique subject was presented by Dr. Talmage, Sunday afternoon. Text, Judges v, 28, "The mother of Sisera looked out at a window."

Spiked to the ground of Jael's tent lay the dead commander in chief of the Canaanitish host, General Sisera, not far from the river Kishon, which was only a dry bed of pebbles when in 1889, in Palestine, we crossed it, but the gullies and ravines which ran into it indicated the possibility of great freshets like the one at the time of the text. General Sisera had gone out with 900 iron chariots, but he was defeated, and, his chariot wheels interlocked with the wheels of other chariots, he could not retreat fast enough, and so he leaped to the ground and ran till, exhausted, he went into Jael's tent for safety. She had just been churning, and when he asked for water she gave him buttermilk, which in the East is considered a most refreshing drink. Very tired, and supposing he was safe, he went to sleep upon the floor, but Jael, who had resolved upon his death, took a tent pin, long and round and sharp, in one hand and a hammer in her other hand, and, putting the sharp end of the tent pin to the forehead of Sisera, with her other hand she lifted the hammer and brought it down on the head of the pin with a stout stroke, when Sisera struggled to rise, and she struck him again, and he struggled to rise, and the third time she struck him, and the commander in chief of the Canaanitish host lay dead.

Meaning of the Text.

Meanwhile in the distance Sisera's mother sits amid surroundings of wealth and pomp and scenes palatial waiting for his return. Every mother expects her son to be victorious, and this mother looked out at the window expecting to see him drive up in his chariot followed by wagons loaded with embroideries and also by regiments of men vanquished and enslaved. I see her now sitting at the window, in high expectation. She watches the farthest turn of the road. She looks for the flying dust of the swift hoofs. The first flash of the bit of the horses bridle she will catch.

The ladies of her court stand round, and she tells them of what they shall have when her son comes up—chains of gold and carcanets of beauty and dresses of such wondrous fabric and splendor as the Bible only hints at, but leave us to imagine. "He ought to be here by this time," says his mother. "That battle is surely over. I hope that freshet of the river Kishon has not spoiled him. I hope those strange appearances we saw last night in the sky were not ominous, when the stars seemed to fight in their courses. No! No! He is so brave in battle I know he has won the day. He will soon be here." But alas for the disappointed mother! She will not see the glittering headgear of the horses at full gallop bringing her son home from victorious battle. As a solitary messenger arriving in hot haste rides up to the window at which the mother of Sisera sits, he cries, "Your armies are defeated, and your son is dead." There is a scene of horror and anguish from which we turn away.

Now you see the full meaning of my short text, "The mother of Sisera looked out at the window." Well, my friends, we are all out in the battle of life; it is raging now, and the most of us have a mother watching and waiting for news of our victory or defeat. If she is not sitting at the window of earth, she is sitting at a window of Heaven, and she is going to hear all about it.

By all the rules of war Sisera ought to have been triumphant. He had 900 iron chariots and a host of many thousands vaster than the armies of Israel, but God was on the other side, and the angry freshets of Kishon, and the hail, the lightning, and the unmanageable war horses, and the capsized chariots and the stellar panic in the sky discomfitted Sisera. Josephus in his history describes the scene in the following words: "When they were come to a close fight, there came down from Heaven a great storm with a vast quantity of rain and hail, and the wind blew the rain in the face of the Canaanites and so darkened their eyes their arrows and slings were of no advantage to them, nor would the coldness of the air permit the soldiers to make use of their swords, while this storm did not so much incommode the Israelites because it came on their backs. They also took such courage upon the apprehension that God was assisting them that they fell upon the very midst of their enemies and slew a great number of them, so that some of them fell by the Israelites, some fell by their own horses which were put into disorder, and not a few were killed by their own chariots."

Hence, my hearers, the bad news brought to the mother of Sisera looking out at the window. And our mother, whether sitting at a window of earth or a window of Heaven, will hear the news of our victory or defeat—not according to our talents or educational equipment or our opportunities, but according as to whether God is for us or against us.

"Where's mother?" is the question most frequently asked in many households. It is asked by the husband as well as the child coming in at nightfall. "Where's mother?" It is asked by the little ones when they get hurt and come in crying with pain, "Where's mother?" It is asked by those who have seen some grand sight or heard some good news or received some beautiful gift, "Where's mother?" She sometimes feels wearied by the question, for they all ask it and keep asking it all the time. She is not only the first to hear every case of perplexity, but she is the judge in every court of domestic appeal. That is what puts the premature wrinkles on so many maternal faces and powders white so many maternal foreheads. You see, it is a question that keeps on for all the years of childhood.

If that question were put to most of us this morning, we would have to say, if we spoke truthfully, like Sisera's mother, she is at the palace window. She has become a Queen and to God forever, and she is pulling back the rich folds of the King's upholstery to look down at us. We are not told the particulars about the residence of Sisera's mother, but there is in that scene in the book of Judges so much about embroideries and needlework and ladies in waiting that we know her residence must have been princely and palatial. So we have no minute and particular description of the palace at whose window our glorified mother sits, but there is so much in the closing chapters of the good old book about crowns, and pearls big enough to make a gate out of one of them, new songs and marriage suppers, and harps, and white horses with kings in the stirrups, and golden candlesticks that we know the heavenly residence of our mother is superb, is unique, is colonnaded, is domed, is embowered, is fountained, is glorified beyond the power of pencil or pen or tongue to present, and in the window of the palace the mother sits watching for news from the battle. What a contrast between that celestial surrounding and her once earthly surroundings! What a work to bring up a family, in the old time way, with but little or no hired help, except perhaps for the washing day or for the swine slaughtering, commonly called "the killing day!"

Old Fashioned Mothers.

There was then no reading of elaborate treatises on the best modes of rearing children, and then leaving it all to nired help, with one or two visits to the nursery to see if the principles announced are being carried out. The most of those old folks did the sewing, the washing, the mending, the darning, the patching, the millinery, the mantua making, the housekeeping, and in hurried harvest time helped spread the hay or head down the load in the mow. They were at the same time caterers, tailors, doctors, chaplains, and nurses for a whole household all together down with measles or scarlet fever, or round the house with whooping coughs and croups and runround fingers and earaches and all the infantile disturbers which at some time swoop upon every large household. Some of these mothers never got rested in this world. Instead of the self-rocking cradles of our day, which, wound up, will go hour after hour for the solace of the young slumberer, it was weary foot on the rocker sometimes half the day or half the night—rock—rock—rock—rock. Instead of our drug stores filled with all the wonders of materia medica and called up through a telephone, with them the only apothecary short of four miles' ride was the garret, with its bunches of peppermint and pennyroyal and catnip and mustard and camomile flowers, which were expected to do everything. Just think of it! Fifty years of preparing breakfast, dinner, and supper. The chief music they heard was that of spinning wheel and rocking chair. Fagged out, headachy, and with ankles swollen. Those old fashioned mothers—if any persons were fitted appropriately into a good, easy, comfortable Heaven, they were the folks, and they got there, and they are rested. They wear no spectacles, for they have their third sight—as they lived long enough on earth to get their second sight—and they do not have to pant for breath after going up the emerald stairs of the Eternal palace, at whose window they now sit waiting for news from the battle.

But if anyone keeps on asking the question "Where's mother?" I answer, She is in your present character. The probability is that your physical features suggest her. If Harry has seven children in a household at least six of them look like their mother, and the older you get the more you will look like her. But I speak now especially of your character and not of your looks. This is easily explained. During the first ten years of your life you were almost all the time with her, and you father you saw only mornings and nights. There are not years in any life so important for impression as the first ten. Then and there is the impression made for virtue or vice, for truth, or falsehood, for bravery or cowardice, for religion or skepticism. Suddenly start out from behind a door and frighten the child, and you may shatter his nervous system for a lifetime. During the first ten years you can tell him enough spook stories to make him a coward till he dies. Act before him as though Friday were an unlucky day, and it were baleful to have thirteen at the table, and that the moon over the left shoulder and he will never recover from the idiotic superstitions. You may give that girl before she is 10 years old a fondness for dress that will make her a mere "dummy frame," or fashion plate, for 40 years, Ezekiel xxi, 44, "As is the mother so is her daughter." Before she decided has passed you can decide whether that boy shall be a Shylock or a George Peabody. Boys and girls are generally echoes of fathers and mothers. What an incoherent thing for a mother out of temper to punish a boy for getting mad, or for a father who smokes to shut his boy up in a dark closet because he has found him with an old stump of a cigar in his mouth, or for that mother to rebuke her daughter for staring at herself too much in the looking glass when the mother has her own mirrors so arranged as to take in her form from all sides. The great English poet's loose moral character was decided before he left the nursery, and his schoolmaster in the schoolroom overheard this conversation: "Byron, your mother is a fool," and he answered, "I know it." You can hear through all the heroic life of Senator Sam Houston the words of his mother when she in the war of 1812 put a musket in his hand and said: "There, my son, take this and never disgrace it, for remember I had rather all my sons should fill one honorable grave than that one of them should turn his back on an enemy. Go and remember, too, that while the door of my cottage is open to all brave men it is always shut against cowards." Agrippina, the mother of Nero, murderess, you are not surprised that her son was a murderer. Give a child an overdose of catechism and make him recite verses of the Bible as a punishment and make Sunday a bore, and he will become a stout antagonist of Christianity. Impress him with the coldness and the gentleness and the loveliness of religion, and he will be the advocate and exemplar for all time and eternity.

The Needle Eulogized.

The trouble with Sisera's mother was that, while sitting at the window of my text watching for news of her son from the battlefield, she had the two bad qualities of being dissolute and being too fond of personal adornment. The Bible account says: "Her wise ladies answered her yea. She returned answer to herself: 'Have they not sped? Have they not divided the prey—to every man a damsel or two, to Sisera a prey of divers colors, a prey of divers colors of needlework, of divers colors of needlework on both sides?'" She makes no anxious utterance about the wounded in battle, about the bloodshed, about the dying, about the dead, about the principles involved in the battle going on, a battle so important that the stars and the freshets took part, and the clash of swords was answered by the thunder of the skies. What she thinks most of is the bright colors of the wardrobes to be captured and the needlework. "To Sisera a prey of divers colors, a prey of divers colors of needlework, of divers colors of needlework on both sides."

An Apostrophe to Mothers.

But if you still press the question, "Where's mother?" I will tell you where she is not, though once she was there. Some of you started with her likeness in your face and her principles in your soul. But you have cast her out. That was an awful thing for you to do, but you have done it. That hard, grinding, dissipated look you never got from her. If you had seen any one strike her, you would have struck him down without much care whether the blow was just sufficient or fatal; but, my boy, you have struck her down—struck her innocence from your face and struck her principles from your soul. You struck her down! The tent pin that Jael drove three times into the skull of Sisera was not so cruel as the stab you have made more than three times through your mother's heart. But she is waiting yet, for mothers are slow to give up their boys—waiting at some window on earth or at some window in Heaven. All others may cast you off. Your wife may seek divorce and have no more patience with you. Your father may disinherit you and say, "Let him never again darken the door of our house." But there are two persons who do not give you up—God and mother.

How many disappointed mothers waiting at the window! Perhaps the panes of the window are not great glass plate, bevel edged and hovered over by exquisite lambrequin, but the window is made of small panes, I would say about six or eight of them, in summer wreathed with trailing vine and in winter pictured by the Rapheals of the forest, a real country window. The mother sits there knitting, or busy with her needle on homely repairs, when she looks up and sees coming across the bridge of the meadow brook a stranger, who dismounts in front of the window. He lifts and drops the heavy knocker of the farmhouse door. "Come in!" is the response. He gives his name and says, "I have come on a sad errand." "There is nothing the matter with my son in the city, is there?" she asks. "Yes!" he says. "Your son got into an unfortunate encounter with a young man in a liquor saloon last night and is badly hurt. The fact is he cannot get well. I hate to tell you all. I am sorry to say he is dead." "Dead!" she cries as she totters back. "Oh, my son! my son! my son! Would God I had died for thee!" That is the ending of all her cares and anxieties and good counsels for that boy. That is her pay for her self sacrifices in his behalf. That is the bad news from the battle. So the tidings of derelect or Christian sons travel to the windows of earth or the windows of Heaven at which mothers sit.

"But," says some one, "are you not mistaken about my glorified mother hearing of my evildoing since she went away?" Says some one else, "are you not mistaken about my glorified mother hearing of my self sacrifice and moral bravery and struggle to do right?" No! Heaven and earth are a constant communication. There are trains running every five minutes—trains of immortals ascending and descending—spirits going from earth to Heaven to live there. Spirits descending from Heaven to earth to minister and help. They hear from us many times every day. Do they hear good news or bad news from this battle, this Sedan, this Thermopylæ, this Austerlitz, in which every one of us is fighting on the right side or the wrong side. O God, whose I am, and whom I am trying to serve, as a result of this sermon, roll over on Heaven's ear a new wave of their responsibility, and upon all children, whether still in the nursery or out on the tremendous Esdraelon of middle life or old age, the fact that their victories or defeats sound clear out, clear up to the windows of sympathetic maternity. Oh, is not this the minute when the air of Heaven is filled with the exhaled tears of anxious mothers shall burst in showers of mercy on this audience?

There is one thought that is almost too tender for utterance. I almost fear to start it least I have not enough control of my emotion to conclude it. As when my mother, now of 80 years, came in from play or from a hurt or from some childish injustice practiced upon us, and as soon as the door was open we cried, "Where's mother?" and she said, "Here I am," and we buried our weeping face in her lap, so after awhile, when we get home with the pleasures and hurts of this life, we will, by the pardoning mercy of Christ, enter the heavenly home, and among the first questions, not the first, but among the first, will be the old question that we used to ask, the question that is being asked in thousands of places at this very moment—the question, "Where's mother?" And it will not take long for us to find her or for her to find us, for she will have been watching at the window for our coming, and with the other children of our household of earth we will again gather round her, and she will say: "Well, how did you get through the battle of life? I have often heard from others about you, but now I want to hear it from your own souls. Tell me all about it, my children!" And then we will tell her of all our experiences—of the holidays, the marriages, the birth hours, the burials, the heartbreaks, the losses, the gains, the victories, the defeats, and she will say: "Never mind, it is all over now. I see each one of you has a crown, which was given you at the gate as you came through. Now cast it at the feet of the Christ who saved you and saved me and saved us all. Thank God, we are never to part, and for all the ages of eternity you will never again have to ask, "Where's mother?"

AGE appears to increase the value of everything except women and butter

AGRICULTURAL NEWS

A FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How to Protect Young Fruit Trees from Rabbits—Profits from Poultry—When a House Should Be Watered—Matters About the Farm.

Cheap and Effective Tree Guards.

It is astonishing how much damage two or three rabbits can do to a young orchard in a single night. Four years ago I had an orchard of seventy trees planted, on open ground, between my house and that of a neighbor. The orchard was well cultivated, and the ground kept entirely clear of weeds and trash; and as my neighbor kept two hunting dogs, which made it their business to kill every rabbit that ventured into that locality, I thought it entirely unnecessary to provide any protection for the trees. Late in the winter there came a light fall of snow, accompanied by severe cold weather. I looked over the orchard the following morning, and not a track of any kind was to be seen, but the second morning I noticed a few rabbit tracks, and, to my great surprise I found that fully one-third of the trees had been gnawed, four of them being completely girdled. The tracks showed plainly that the mischief had been done by rabbits. My neighbor brought his two dogs, and we hunted

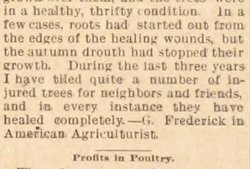

FIG. 1. WOVEN TREE GUARD.

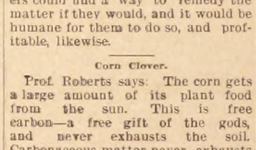

FIG. 2. PROTECTED TREE.

the entire locality over, but could find only two rabbits, in the stomachs of which we found tree bark. We followed their back tracks and found that they had come from a swampy tract, six miles distant.

I immediately bound up the wounds on the trees with strips of cloth, and, as soon as the ground thawed a little, I took four-inch drain tiles broke them open lengthwise, and, removing the cloth, inclosed each of the trees with one of them, binding them together with small wire. These tiles were then filled with fine soil, and kept full until the first of October, when they were opened and the trees examined. In every instance the wounds were entirely healed, the bark having grown over them, and the trees were in a healthy, thrifty condition. In a few cases, roots had started out from the edges of the healing wounds, but the autumn drouth had stopped their growth. During the last three years I have tiled quite a number of injured trees for neighbors and friends, and in every instance they have healed completely.—G. Frederick in American Agriculturist.

Profits in Poultry.

There is one source of revenue from poultry keeping that is too often neglected. It may be because it is not generally known that all kinds of feathers are salable. The demand is increasing every year, and most country merchants will take them and sell them on commission. The fowls must be dry picked, and the feathers clean and in good condition. The tail and quill feathers should be packed separately from those which are softer. Separate the several kinds, and also separate those from different kinds of poultry. The proceeds from the feathers should repay the cost of picking and all the labor of preparing the fowl for the market.

Poultry keeping when the business is properly conducted and with an eye mainly to egg production, is extremely profitable. Experiments in feeding and in computing the value of eggs show that if no estimate is made for labor one dozen eggs can be produced at a cost of about 6 cents for food, or about half a cent an egg. If all the food consumed by the fowls went directly to egg production the profit would always be very good; but much depends upon whether the hens convert this food into eggs, flesh, or the support of their bodies; but, as we have said, when the feeding is properly conducted, the profit procured is a satisfactory one. Another fact which should also be considered is that when eggs are marketed they carry from the farm but little of the nutritious elements of the soil in proportion to their value.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Banish the Weeds.

The Germantown Telegraph says: "With any of the class of cultivated crops where there is a real neglect of proper cultivation, the effect is felt in the crop harvested. This fact is demonstrated by a little observation, and a few moments' consideration of the case leads to no other conclusion. Wherever vegetable growth is going on, there is being taken from the soil elements of fertility, and if these are diverted to a noxious growth then they are lost to the main purpose of the farm. To say nothing of the unpleasant appearance produced, the effect upon any crop is very damaging in the diminished crop production. Take the case of corn and potatoes and with the eye as a judge, we believe that a rank growth of weeds, will reduce the yield of both fodder and grain at least one-third. This is especially the case where large weeds are allowed to grow among potatoes, and in and about the hills; the crop will be light and of small size. No farmer can afford to put his fields to such use. If he cannot properly attend to the matter of cultivation himself, or cause it to be done by others, he had far better confine his effort to a smaller surface and such an one as can be sufficiently and properly attended to. It is to be feared that sufficient attention is not paid to the eradication of weeds. These are the pests of our farms that exert so powerful an influence in the withdrawal of our fertility. Hold as much as possible for the use of crops."

How to Save the Manure.

How to save the barnyard manure in the best condition is the problem every farmer ought to solve. If left alone during the winter a large portion of it, and that the best of it, is washed away by the melting snows and rain. We like the plans of Prof. George Reason, of the Kansas Experiment Station. He forms a large basin in the barnyard and piles all the manure upon it. The liquid manure cannot escape, but remains in the depression till taken away in the spring. He thus describes the basin:

"A large basin was scooped up, some five feet deep in the middle and gently sloping to all sides, so that a heavily loaded wagon can be pulled up without unduly straining the team. The bottom was found to be of a clayey nature, so that seepage could not take place. The whole was done in a satisfactory manner by the use of plow and scoop, with one team and two men, in a couple of day's time. So the expense connected with the improvement was merely nominal. I believe I can say that the manure has value since we began piling it in this basin. There has been no waste from drainage, and there has been less actual shrinkage due to the decomposition than in a heap lying high and dry."

Watering a Horse.

It would be better for a farm horse if he could be given water at some time between morning an noon and noon and night. There seems to be a variety of opinions touching this point. It is almost a universal habit to give farm horses water but three times a day—morning, noon and night. There seems to be no better reason for this than that it is convenient to do so, and that it would be inconvenient to do otherwise as a rule. All agree that the horse ought to have what water he needs rather than what he wants. If left to go thirsty a half day after eating heating food at hard work there is no limit to the amount of water he wants, excepts what he will hold, when he reaches the trough. To fill up on cold water when the animal is in a heated condition is one of the most damaging things that can be done a horse, and yet because it happens to be convenient to let him do this, the practice has come into vogue. Most farmers could find a way to remedy the matter if they would, and it would be humane for them to do so, and profitable, likewise.

Corn Clover.

Prof. Roberts says: The corn gets a large amount of its plant food from the sun. This is free carbon—a free gift of the gods, and never exhausts the soil. Carbonaceous matter never exhausts the soil. Carbon is not manure. The plant gets it from the sunlight. Therefore the corn, being largely carbonaceous, takes comparatively little out of the soil. Now, the clover plant actually produces nitrogen. The soil that has 5,000 pounds of nitrogen in it this year, if it grows a crop of clover next year and we take off two tons of clover hay, actually has more nitrogen in it than it did the year before.

The Quality of Pork.

American pork has been pronounced healthful and is admitted to all the markets of Europe. But the European appetite is fastidious. Pork that is made from corn has not so good a flavor as that made from peas and barley. The pea makes pork having a larger proportion of lean meat. We can make as good pork as any country, but to satisfy European markets we must supply bacon that has lean as well as fat in its composition. Pork made from whole wheat, or wheat and oats ground together, ought to satisfy this demand

Agricultural Atoms.

GROUND bone makes a lasting and satisfactory fertilizer.

THE most nutritive part of the wheat goes with the bran.

DO NOT let any weeds go to seed around your house and barn.

AN even temperature of 50 degrees is a good one for the winter hen house.

DO NOT be in too big a hurry to store the corn. Let it be well cured before cribbing.

BETTER do a little and do it well rather than undertake to do too much and fail to do anything well.

WHEN trimming shrubs and bushes cut out the wood; leave the new for next season's bloom and fruitage.

NEVER permit a piece of land to lie idle because it is rough. Stock it with sheep and they will at least pay the interest and taxes.

KEEP the work teams in good condition. There is no advantage in letting them run down now and being obliged to feed up later on.

A BOX of coal ashes in the hen yard give the hens lots of employment. They find a lot of grit among it, and have fine sport wallowing in the dust. But never give them wood ashes.

THE North American Bee Keepers' Association recommends that apiarian societies of the various states memorialize their respective legislatures to enact laws that shall forbid the spraying of fruit trees during time of blossoming.

HOLD-UP ON THE "Q."

BURLINGTON FLYER IS ROBBED NEAR ST. JOE.

Torpedoes Placed on the Track—The Express Car Rifled—Force the Messenger to Open the Safe—Registered Mail Carried Off.

Work of Masked Men.

Five men held up the Hannibal and St. Joseph fast train, "Eli," Wednesday night, four miles east of St. Joseph, Mo., and robbed the express and mail cars. The men placed torpedoes on the track and swung a red lantern to stop the train, and as it slowed up three men climbed into the engine cab. Revolvers were thrust into the faces of the engineer and fireman and they were told to throw up their hands. It was an old-fashioned robbery, but it was successful in every detail. The engineer and fireman were forced to walk back in front of the robbers to the door of the express car, and the messenger was told to open the door. Express Messenger G. B. Wetzel did not suspect that there were robbers outside, and when he heard the engineer calling, he opened the door. As he did so two of the robbers leaped in. They secured the contents of the safe. The mail car was entered in the same manner as the express car. The mail agents were unarmed and made no resistance. It is reported that a registered pouch was carried off by the robbers. Other mail pouches were cut open and rifled, and everything of value in sight was taken. The passengers were not disturbed. As soon as the train had been robbed it proceeded on its way.

The rear brakeman, John Ryan, had been sent back to flag approaching trains. When the robbers released the train it left without calling in the brakeman. He secured a horse and rode back to the city, where he reported at once to the railroad officials. Only three shots were fired by the robbers, and they were fired in the air. Express Messenger Wetzel opened the safe, with two revolvers pointed at his head. He gave but two of the men, all of the robbers carried two revolvers and there were two rifles in their possession. Wetzel says one of the men was short, wore a black coat and overcoat and black Derby hat. The other wore a double-breasted coat, no overcoat, and was tall and slender. The other three robbers stood in the dark and could not be described. All wore masks.

An attempt was made to rob a Burlington train near St. Joe on Sept. 25, 1893, and two of the robbers were killed. The railroad officials believe that the robbery Wednesday night was committed by some of the same gang who made their escape in the darkness from the first attempted robbery.

REPUBLICANS HOLD THE FORT.

Get Possession of the New Jersey Senate Chamber—Guarded Day and Night.

The Republicans secured possession of the New Jersey Senate Chamber Wednesday afternoon, and say that they will retain the advantage they have gained. The Republicans, says a di patch, asked Gov. Werts for the keys of the chamber. The Governor refused to have anything to do with the matter. A committee then visited Superintendent Ford. He referred them to Minnie Nathan, the Democratic Sergeant-at-arms. Nathan could not be found, and the Republicans sent for a locksmith. The locksmith was unable to effect an entrance and a hundred keys were tried in the chamber door, but without avail. Capt. Jack Graham, of Jersey City, smashed in a window leading to the ladies' gallery. He threw back the bolt of the main doors and in a few minutes Republicans filled the room. At 3:20 Senator Rogers, President of the Republican Senate, was in the chair and the other Republicans were in their seats. A Committee on Rules was appointed and Clerk Potts of the House delivered the Senate a racetrack repeal bill, but a recess was then taken. The Republicans will place a guard over the chamber and keep watch night and day. The Democratic Senate held a session in the chamber, but adjourned without transacting any business.

CONFESSES TO ROBBERY.

Trusted Employe of a Philadelphia Concern Steals $47,000.

After twenty-seven years of service Theodore F. Baker, paying teller of the Consolidated National Bank, of Philadelphia, stood before United States Commissioner Craig, a prisoner charged with embezzling $47,000 from the bank, and with falsifying the bank's books. Baker attempted no defense, and said his stealings had extended over a period of twenty years. In default of $15,000 bail he was committed to prison. A short time ago a bookkeeper named Van Duzen discovered that his books had been falsified and he found a shortage of $30,000. The discovery and fear that suspicion might fall on him so worried him that he fell ill, and while sick he confided the matter to his physician, and at the same time protested his innocence. The physician called at the bank and told Van Duzen's story to the officers.

Telegraphic Clicks.

ROBERT HUBBARD, a wealthy farmer, was killed by an unknown person near Princeton, Ky.

BROCK KELLY was killed by a premature blast at a tunnel on the new Cripple Creek Railroad.

THE Frankfort Lottery Company officials pleaded guilty at Louisville, and their case was set for trial Feb. 16.

WILL DUKE killed John West in front of a Tuscogee, Ala., church, and a mob injured him so he is likely to die.

JOHN G. SMITH, aged 74 years, was fatally crushed by falling slate in a mine near Perth, Ind. He is the father of thirty-five children, all of whom are living.

THE subcommittee of general passenger agents will submit to the full meeting an agreement on passenger business similar to that recently drawn up for freight traffic.

E. D. FULFORD, contracting agent for the American Long Distance Telephone and Telegraph Company, was arrested at Indianapolis, charged with attempting to bribe a grand juror.