TALMAGE'S SERMON.

HE PREACHES AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ON FESTIVITY.

In Entertainment Where the Lord Is the Banqueter and Angels Are the Cupbearers—An Effective and Earnest Gospel Plea to the Unconverted.

Ready for a Feast.

Dr. Talmage's subject was "Festivity," and the text selected, "Come, for all things are now ready." Luke xiv, 17.

It was one of the most exciting times in English history when Queen Elizabeth visited Lord Leicester at Kenilworth Castle. The moment of her arrival was considered so important that all the clocks of the castle were stopped, so that the hands might point to that one moment as being the most significant of all. She was greeted to the gate with floating islands and torches, and the thunder of cannon, and fireworks that set the night ablaze, and a great burst of music that lifted the whole scene into perfect enchantment. Then she was introduced in a dining hall the luxuries of which astonished the world. Four hundred servants waited upon the guests. The entertainment cost $5,000 each day. Lord Leicester made that great supper in honor of his queen.

Cardinal Wolsey entertained the French ambassadors at Hampton Court. The best cooks in all the land prepared for the banquet. Purveyors went out and traveled all the kingdom over to find spoils for the table. The time came. The guests were kept hunting the day before in the King's park so that their appetites might be keen, and then in the evening, to the sound of the trumpeters, they were introduced into a hall hung with silk and cloth of gold, and there were tables aglitter with imperial plate and laden with the rarest of meats and relishes with the costliest wines, and when the second course of the feast came it was found that the articles of food had been fashioned into the shape of men, birds and beasts, and groups dancing, and jousting parties riding against each other with lances. Lords and Princes and ambassadors, out of one cup to be host, drank the health first of the King of England and next of the King of France. Cardinal Wolsey prepared that great supper in Hampton Court.

A Remarkable Banquet.

But I have to tell you of a grander entertainment. My Lord the King is the banqueter. Angels are the cupbearers. All the world is invited to the guests. The halls of eternal love, frescoed with light and paved with joy and curtained with unfading beauty, are the banqueting place. The harmonies of eternity are the music. The chalices of Heaven are the plates, and I am one of the servants of the feast, telling you that the halls filled with invitations, scattering them everywhere, and, oh, that for yourselves you might break the seal of the invitation and read the words written in red ink of blood by the tremulous hand of a dying Christ, "Come now, for all things are now ready."

There have been grand entertainments where was a taken off—the wine gave out, or the servants were rebellious, or the light failed. But I have gone all around about this subject and looked at the redemption which Christ has provided, and I come here to tell you it is complete, and I swing open the door of the feast, telling you that "all things are now ready."

In the first place, I have to announce that the Lord Jesus Christ himself is ready. Cardinal Wolsey came into the feast after the first course. He came in booted and spurred, and the guests arose and cheered him. But Christ comes in the very beginning of the feast—aye, he has been waiting 1,894 years for his guests. He has been standing on his mangled feet, He has had his sore hand on His punctured side, or he has been pressing His lacerated temples—waiting, waiting. It is wonderful that He has not been impatient and that He has not said, "Shut the door and let the laggard stay out," but he has been waiting.

No banqueter ever waited for his guests so patiently as Christ has waited for us. To prove how willing He is to receive us, I gather all the tears that rolled down His cheeks in sympathy for your sorrows; I gather all the drops of blood that channeled His brow, and His back, and His hands and feet, in trying to purchase your redemption; I gather all the groans that He uttered in midnight chill, and in mountain hunger, and in desert loneliness, and twist them into one cry—bitter, agonizing, overwhelming.

I gather all the pains that shot from spear and spike and cross, jolting into one pang—remorseless, grinding, excruciating. I take that one drop of sweat on His brow, and under the gospel glass that drop enlarges until I see in it lakes of sorrow and an ocean of agony. That being standing before you now, emaciated and gashed and gory, coaxes for your love with a pathos in which every word is a heart break and every sentence a martyrdom. How can you think He trifles?

For the Delayed Guests.

Ahasuerus prepared a feast for 180 days, but this feast is for all eternity. Lords and princes were invited to that. You and I and all our world are invited to this. Christ is ready. You know that the banqueters of olden time used to wrap themselves in robes prepared for the occasion, so my Lord Jesus hath wrapped Himself in all that is beautiful. See how fair He is! His eye, His brow, His cheek, so radient that the stars have no gleam and the morning no brilliancy compared with it, his face reflecting all the joys of the redeemed, His hand having the omnipotent surgery with which He opened blind eyes, and straightened crooked limbs, and hoisted the pillars of Heaven and swung the twelve gates, which are twelve pearls.

There are not enough cups in Heaven to dip up this ocean of beauty. There are not ladders enough to scale this height of love. There are not enough cymbals to clap, or harps to thrum, or trumpets to peal forth the praises of this one altogether fair. Oh, thou flower of eternity, thy breath is the perfume of Heaven! Oh, blissful daybreak, let all people clap their hands in thy radiance! Chorus: Come, men and saints and cherubim and seraphim and archangel—all heights, all depths, all immensities—chorus. Roll Him through the heavens in a chariot of universal acclaim, over bridges of hosannas, under arches of coronation, along by the great towers chiming with eternal jubilee. Chorus: "Unto Him who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, to Him be glory, world without end!"

I have a word of five letters, but no sheet white enough on which to write it and no pen good enough with which to inscribe it. Give me the fairest leaf from the heavenly rosebud, and give me the pencil with which the angel records His victory—and then, with my hand strung to supernatural ecstasy and my pen dipped in the light of the morning, I will write it out in the capitals of love, "J-E-S-U-S." It is this one, infinitely fair, to whom you are invited. Christ is waiting for you, waiting as a banqueter waits for the delayed guest—the meats smoking, the beakers brimming, the minstrels with fingers on the stiff string, waiting for the clash of the hoofs at the gateway.

Waiting for you as a mother waits for her son who went off ten years ago, dragging her bleeding heart along with him. Waiting! Oh, give me a comparison intense enough, importunate enough to express my meaning—something high as heaven and deep as hell and long as eternity! And hoping that you can help me with such a comparison, I will say, "He is waiting as only the all sympathetic Christ can wait for the coming back of a lost soul."

Bow the knee and kiss the Son,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

How Luther Saw the Truth.

Again, the holy spirit is ready. Why is it that so many sermons drop dead—that Christain songs do not get their wing under the people—that so often prayer goes no higher than a hunter's "hollo?" It is because there is a link wanting—the work of the holy spirit. Unless that spirit give grappling hooks to a sermon and lift the prayer and waft the song, everything is a dead failure. That spirit is willing to come at our call and lead you to eternal life, or ready to come with the same power with which he unhorsed Saul on the Damascus turnpike, and broke down Lydia in her fine store, and lifted that 3,000 from midnight into midnoon at the Pentecost. With that power the spirit of God now beats at the gate of your soul. Have you not noticed what humble and insignificant instrumentality the spirit of God employs for man's conversion?

There was a man on a Hudson River boat to whom a tract was offered. With indignation he tore it up and threw it overboard. But one fragment lodged on his coat sleeve, and he saw on it the word "pray," and he found no peace until he was prepared for that great future. Do you know what passage it was that caused Martin Luther to see the truth? "The just shall live by faith." Do you know there is one—just one—passage that brought Augustine from a life of dissipation? "Put on the Lord Jesus Christ" and make no provision for the flesh to fulfill the lusts thereof." It was just one passage that converted Hedley Vicars, the great soldier, to Christ, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

Do you know that the holy spirit used one passage of Scripture to save Jonathan Edwards? "Now, unto the only, eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory." One year ago on Thanksgiving Day I read for my text, "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever." And there is a young man in the house to whose heart the spirit took that text for his eternal redemption. I might speak of my own case. I will tell you I was brought to the peace of the gospel through the Syro-Phœnician woman's cry to Christ, "Even the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the master's table."

A Glorious Church.

Again, the church is ready. O man, if I could take the curtain off these Christian hearts I could show you a great many anxieties for your redemption. You think that old man is asleep because his head is down and his eyes are shut. No; he is praying for your redemption and hoping that the words spoken may strike your heart. Do you know the air is full of prayer? Do you know that prayer is going up from Fulton street prayer meeting and from Friday evening prayer meeting, and going up every hour of the day for the redemption of the people? And if you should just start toward the nearest Christian church, how quickly it would fly open! Hundreds of people would say: "Give that man room at the sacrament. Bring the silver bowl for his baptism. Give him the right hand of Christian fellowship. Bring him into all Christian associations."

Oh, the banqueter on the cold mountains, come into the warm sheepfold. I let down the bars and bid you come in! With the shepherd's crook I point you the way. Hundreds of Christian hands beckon you into the church of God. A great many people do not like the church and say it is a great mass of hypocrites, but it is a glorious church with all its imperfections. Christ bought it, and hoisted the pillars, and swung its gates, and lifted its arches, and curtained it with upholstery crimson with crucifixion carnage. Come into it.

We are a garden walled around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground,
A little spot inclos'd by grace
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

Again, the angels of God are ready. A great many Christians think that the talk about angels is fanciful. You say it is a very good subject for theological students who have just begun so sermonize, but for older men it is improper. There is no more glorious truth than that there is a God than that there are angels. Why, do not they swarm about Jacob's ladder? Are we not told that they conducted Lazarus upward; that they stand before the throne, their faces covered up with their wings, while they cry, "Holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty"? Did not David see thousands and thousands? Did not one angel slay 185,000 men in Sennacherib's army? And shall they not be the chief harvesters at the judgment?

Immortal Health.

There is a line of loving, holy, mighty angels reaching to Heaven. I suppose they reach from here to the very gate, and when an audience is assembled for Christian worship the air is full of them. If each one of you has a guardian angel, how many celestials there are here! They are in their place, they hover, they flit about, they rejoice. Look, that spirit is just come from the throne! A moment ago it stood before Christ and heard the doxology of the glorified. Look! Bright immortal, what news from the golden city? Speak, spirit, bless! The response comes melting on the air, "Come, for all things are now ready!"

Angels ready to bear the tidings, angels ready to drop the benediction, angels ready to kindle the joy. They have felt the joy that is felt where there are no tears and no graves; immortal health, but no invalidism; songs, but no groans; wedding bells, but no funeral torches; eyes that never weep, hands that never blister, heads that never faint, hearts that love and never break, friendships that are never weakened.

Ready, all of them! Ready, thrones, principalities and powers! Ready, seraphim and cherubim! Ready, Michael the Archangel!

Again, your kindred in glory are all ready for your coming. I pronounce modern spiritualism a fraud and a sham. If John Milton and George Whitefield have no better business than to crawl under a table and rattle the leaves, they had better stay at home in glory. While I believe that modern spiritualism is bad, from its fiendish and domestic ravages, common sense, enlightened by the word of God, teaches us that our friends in glory sympathize with our redemption.

This Bible says plainly there is joy in Heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth, and if angels rejoice and know of it shall not our friends standing among them know it? Some of these spirits in glory toiled for your redemption. When they came to die, their chief grief was that you were not a Christian. They said, "Meet me in Heaven," and put their hands one from the cover and said, "Goodby." Now, suppose you should cross over from a sinful life to a holy life. Suppose you should be born into the Kingdom. Suppose you should say, "Farewell, O deceitful world! Get thee gone, my sin! Fie upon all the follies! O Christ, help me or I perish! I take Thy promise. I believe Thy word. I enter Thy service."

Suppose you should say and do this? Why, the angel sent to you would shout upward, "He is coming!" and the angel poising higher in the air would shout it upward, "He is coming!" and it would run all up the line of light from wing to wing and from trumpet to trumpet until it reached the gate, and then it would flash to "the house of many mansions," and it would find out your kindred there, and before your tears of repentance had been wiped from the cheek and before you had finished your first prayer your kindred in glory would know of it, and another Heaven would be added to their joy, and they would cry: "My prayers are answered; another loved one saved. Give me a harp with which to strike the joy. Saved! Saved! Saved!"

A Final Exhortation.

I have shown you that "all things are ready," that Christ is ready, that the Holy Spirit is ready, that the church is ready, that the angels in glory are ready, that your glorified kinared are ready, then with all the concentrated emphasis of my soul I ask you if you are ready? And the subject throws the whole responsibility upon yourself. If you do not get into the King's banquet, it is because you do not accept the invitation. You have the most importunate invitation. Two arms stretched down from the cross soaked in blood from elbow to finger tip, two lips quivering in mortal anguish, two eyes beaming with infinite love, saying, "Come, come, for all things are now ready."

I told you that when the Queen came to Kenilworth Castle they stopped all the clocks, that the finger of time might be pointed to that happy moment of her arrival. Oh, if the King would come to the castle of your soul, you might well afford to stop all the clocks, that the hands might forever point to this moment as the one most bright, most blessed, most tremendous. Now, I wish I could go around from circle to circle and invite every one of you, according to the invitation of my text, saying, "Come!"

I would like to take every one of you by the hand and say, "Come!" Old man, who has been wandering 60 or 70 years, thy sun has almost gone down. Through the dust of the evening stretch out your withered hand to Christ. He will not cast thee off, old man. Oh, that one tear of penitence might trickle down thy wrinkled cheek! After Christ has fed thee all thy life long, do you not think you can afford to speak one word in his praise?

Come, those of you who are farthest away from God. Drunkard, Christ can put out the fire of thy thirst. He can break that chain. He can heal the deep gash that the fiend has dug with his bloody blade. He can wash away the blasted home. Go to Jesus, libertine! Christ saw thee where thou wert last night. He knows of thy sin. Yet if thou wilt bring thy polluted soul to Him this moment He will throw over it the mantle of His pardon and love. Mercy for thee, oh, thou chief of sinners! Mercy for thee, thou outcast of hell and thy laughter the horror of the street! Oh, Mary Magdalene, look to Jesus! Mercy for thee, poor lost waif of the street! Self righteous man, thou must be born again, or thou canst not see the kingdom of God!

Do you thing you can get into the feast with those rags? Why, the King's servant would tear them off and leave you naked at the gate. You must be born again. The day is far spent. The cliffs begin to slide their long shadows across the plain. Do you know the feast has already begun—the feast to which you are invited—and the King sit with His guests, and the servant stands with his hand on the door of the banqueting room, and he begins to swing it shut? It is half way shut. It is only just a jar. Soon it will be shut. It is only just a jar. Soon it will be shut.

"Come, for all things are now ready." Have I missed one man? Who has not felt himself called this hour? Then I call him now. This is the hour of thy redemption.

While God invites, how blest the day,
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinner, haste, oh haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

A Photograph Basket.

I recently saw a pretty receptacle for photographs made of an ordinary splint basket, such as grapes are sold in. The basket was given a few coats of white paint and a finishing of enamel. It was ornamented with dashes of gilding and tiny bunches of forget-me-nots, and lined first with a scented layer of cotton wadding, then with pale blue silk caught in plain and smooth. The basket was fastened at each end with a handle made of a small piece of whale bone twisted with blue ribbon. These handles were bent slightly outward, and sewed on with a stout needle and thread.

GRAVE-DIGGERS do a great deal of work that is beneath them.

BONDS ARE ALL RIGHT

SECRETARY CARLISLE SAYS THEY WILL BE LEGAL.

Foreigners in the Pennsylvania Mines Attack Their English-Speaking Fellows—Drive Them from Work and Destroy Much Valuable Property.

Makes Public Statement.

John G. Carlisle, Secretary of the Treasury, has made public the following statement:

It has been erroneously published in some newspapers that the Committee on the Judiciary of the House of Representatives had agreed to and reported a resolution denying the authority of the Secretary of the Treasury to issue and sell bonds, as proposed in his recent circular, and these publications have evidently made an unfavorable impression upon the minds of some who contemplated making bids for the securities. The only resolution in relation to this subject that has been before the committee is as follows:

"Resolved, That it is the sense of the House of Representatives that the Secretary of the Treasury has no authority under existing law to issue and sell bonds of the United States, except such as is conferred upon him by the act approved Jan. 14, 1875, entitled, 'An act to provide for the resumption of specie payments,' and that the money derived from the sale of bonds issued under that act cannot be lawfully applied to any purpose except those specified therein."

It will be seen that this resolution assumed that the authority from which the Secretary of the Treasury derives his power to issue bonds is contained in the act of Jan. 14, 1875, and that such authority still exists; but it asserts that the proceeds of the bonds can not be lawfully used except for the purpose of resumption. The official telegraphic report of the proceedings of the committee when the Secretary appeared before it last Thursday shows that his authority for what he has done was questioned by a member, the only question being whether he could use the proceeds for any other purpose than the redemption of the bonds. Another member, the only question being whether he could use the proceeds for any other purpose than the redemption of the bonds. Another member quoted upon the Secretary of the Treasury by the act of Jan. 14, 1875, and that such authority still exists, but it asserts that the proceeds of the bonds can not be lawfully used except for the purpose of resumption. The official telegraphic report of the proceedings of the committee when the Secretary appeared before it last Thursday shows that his authority for what he has done was questioned by a member, the only question being whether he could use the proceeds for any other purpose than the redemption of the bonds. Another member, Mr. Bailey, the author of the resolution, distinctly admitted the existence of the authority. Addressing the Secretary Mr. Bailey said: "The resolution does not impeach your right to issue bonds; it expressly recognizes it, but questions your right to apply the proceeds to any purpose except those specified in the act." The Judiciary Committee of the House examined and reported upon this same question during the Lull Congress, and it then conceded that the authority existed under the act of 1875. The question is the authority of the Secretary of the Treasury to use the money in any particular manner or for any particular purpose is wholly distinct from the question as to his authority to issue and sell bonds. No matter what he may do with the proceeds the validity of the bonds will not be affected and there is, therefore, no reason why any one should hesitate to purchase or negotiate for them on the ground that the proceeds might possibly be used for other than redemption purposes.

ANGRY MINERS RIOT.

One of Them Fatally Wounded and Several Are Badly Hurt.

A wave of anarchy in whose train followed bloodshed, arson, and the destruction of property passed over the Mansfield, Pa., coal region the other day. It began at dawn and at dusk it was estimated that $2,000,000 worth of property had been destroyed. Made reckless by real or fancied grievances and liquor, a mob of several hundred foreigners—Hungarians, Slavs and Italians—swept over the county surrounding Mansfield and through the valleys of Toms and Painters run. They attacked mine owners, miners, and a few scattered deputy sheriffs, and destroyed railroad property.

Until noon the mob met hardly any resistance. At that time it reached the mines of the Beadling Bros., near Federal, on the Pittsburg, Chartiers and Youghiogheny Railroad. Here the rioters met determined resistance and were checked. With repeating Winchesters in their hands, Thomas F., William and Henry Beadling stood their ground and opened fire upon the mob as it advanced. They fired four volleys in quick succession, fatally wounding one and injuring a half-dozen others. The man fatally wounded was Frank Stahle, a Frenchman. He was shot through the body. The names of the other men injured could not be learned. After the fourth volley the rioters turned and fled precipitately down the hill. At this moment a train bearing Sheriff Richards and forty deputies pulled into Beadling and the officers, quickly alighting, started in pursuit of the rioters, firing as they ran. The chase was a long and hot one, but finally sixteen were overtaken and captured. They were marched to the Mansfield jail at the point of revolvers. On the way the party was met by a posse of citizens of Bridgeville under command of Squire Cashe Meyers. They will be held for riot and arson.

As a result of the fighting it is stated that a demand will be made by the citizens of the Mansfield region that the coal operators discharge all foreigners now in their employ, and hereafter hire none but American workingmen. To avoid similar trouble in the future it is thought this course will be necessary.

MONEY FOR PENSIONS.

A Total of $151,581,570 Asked For, and Will Be Allowed.

The appropriation bill for pensions has been reported to the House by the Committee on Appropriations. There were no surprises in the recommendations, although a material reduction from the expenditures of last year were made in the bill. The total amount recommended for pension expenses for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1895, is $151,581,570, which is practically in accordance with the revised estimates of the Commissioner of Pensions. The total is $14,949,780 less than the appropriation for the fiscal year of 1894, which was $166,531,350, but is more than the sum applied for pensions in any year before 1893, when the amount was $160,581,787, including deficiencies. In detail the expenditures recommended by the commission are for payment of pensions, $150,000,000; fees of examining surgeons, $1,000,000; salaries of agents, $72,000; clerk hire at agencies, $450,000; miscellaneous, $60,570.

The commissioner's original estimate, based on the operations for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1893, were $162,631,570, but revision reduced them about $10,000,000. The business of the first six months of the year showed a great falling off in the number of new pensions granted and of arrears. Navy pensions are to be paid so far as possible from the income of the navy pension fund. Some minor amendments are made a part of the bill. One provides that each member of an examining board shall receive $3 for each applicant when five or less are examined on one day, and $1 for each additional applicant. When more than twenty appear no fewer than twenty are to be examined in a day. No fees are to be paid to examiners not present and assisting in examinations. The amount of clerk hire for each agency is to be apportioned as nearly as practicable in proportion to the number of pensioners paid at the agency.

Commissioner Lochren's recommendations, which the bill follows, showed that the amount of first payments for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1893, was $33,756,549, and first payments for the six months of the present fiscal year $4,769,310.43. The number of pensioners on the rolls Dec. 31 last was but 139,000 more than on the first of July. The number of cases pending is 711,150.

BAD YEAR FOR FARMERS.

Report of the Agricultural Department Is Not Encouraging.

In the report of the Agricultural Department the total value of the corn crop for 1893 is placed at $591,605,627, and although the crop is only about 9,000,0 0 bushels less than that of 1892 its money value on the farm is $50,500,000 less. The value per acre is $8.21, the lowest figure for ten years, except for the years of 1886 and 1889. The falling off in the wheat crop for the year is even more marked. The total product, as estimated, amounts to 396,131,725 measured bushels, which falls below the average of the last ten years 1880 to 1889 by the amount of 53,5 3,3 8 bushels, and is 84,648,956 bushels less than the average crop for the years 1-90 to 1893, inclusive. There has also been a fall in the price of wheat, so that the farm value of the crop is estimated at no more than $213,171,383, which is believed to be the lowest ever recorded. The crop of oats in 1893 was 2?,180,170 bushels, and is 2?,180,170 bushels less than in 1892, and the farm value was $21,677,519 less. The report also shows a corresponding decrease in the crop of potatoes, rye and barley, not alone in the production but in the price.

KILLED ROBBING HIMSELF.

Georgia Tax Collector Assumes the Guise of a Negro Thief and Is Shot.

A sensational story has been received from Union County, Ga. Tax Collector Jones, who lives in the wilds of Cooper's Creek, returned on Saturday from a tour of the county collecting taxes. In the evening a peddler well known in that locality stopped at his house, asked for lodging, and was taken in. After supper Jones went out to look after his cattle. While he was gone a disreputable-looking negro knocked at the front door, and when it was opened struck two pistols into the faces of the peddler and Mrs. Jones. He first demanded the peddler's money, and getting that made Mrs. Jones bring the tax money. As he got it he turned to go out, when the peddler quickly drew a pistol and firing struck the robber in the head, killing him instantly. It was then discovered that the would-be robber was none other than the tax collector himself, blacked up.

SAT ON THE WOULD-BE ROBBER.

John Dalton Conceals Himself Inside a Stuffed Buffalo.

A train-robber named John Dalton was captured by one of the Northwestern express messengers beyond Deadwood, S. D. Dalton had himself expressed on the inside of a stuffed buffalo, but his game was spoiled by his removing one of the animal's glass eyes, through the socket of which he stuck a six-shooter, covering the messenger. The latter, however, got out of range and leaped upon the back of the stuffed animal. The back caved in and he dropped upon the robber inside, and sat on him until the next station was reached, when he was turned over to the authorities. The safe contained $50,000. Evidently Dalton had confederates, who were to act at his signal. They have not been apprehended.

THOUSANDS VISIT THE FAIR.

The Paid Attendance at the San Francisco Show Reaches 60,000.

Official figures from the Midwinter Fair headquarters show that 72,248 people passed through the turnstiles Saturday, the opening day. Of this number over 60,000 paid the regular admission fee of 50 cents. So far there has been little or no agitation to close the fair Sunday and everything on the grounds is wide open on that day. In the management of concessionaires and the general conduct of the exhibition there was nothing to distinguish Sunday from any other day, and though chaos still reigns in Machinery Hall and all of the exhibits in other buildings are still in a state of disorder thousands of people on last Sunday afternoon visited the grounds.

BANDITS ROB A SILVER TRAIN.

Kill the Foreman and Get Possession of Much Valuable Ore.

The authorities at Durango, Mexico, were notified of a desperate murder and robbery committed about eighty miles west of there in the Sierra Madre mountains, the perpetrators being a band of brigands led by the notorious outlaw, Frank Dodge. A mule train loaded with silver ore from the Santa Maria mine was on its way to the reducing works when the bandits made an attack upon the guards, killing the foreman, Jose Nillasteel, who attempted to offer resistance. The other guards fled, leaving the burros with their precious cargoes in possession of the bandits, who drove the animals to a rendezvous in the mountains. A force of troops will be sent in pursuit of the robbers.

CAMPBELL HAS A BEE.

May Run for Governor in '95, with an Eye on the White House.

Ex-Gov. Campbell's friends have stated that he will be an active candidate for Governor in '95, with a view to securing the Presidential nomination in 1896. It is claimed by these friends that the machinery of the administration is behind the movement, and the fact that Campbell dictated all the federal appointments in Ohio is quoted in support of this claim.

Telegraphic Clicks.

ALL the Danbury, Conn., hat factories are to reopen. Six of the number will employ union men.

AMERICAN Minister Smythe is said to have made himself objectionable at Hayti by giving advice to the officials.

ADDITIONAL advices say that 12,000 lives were lost in the earthquake which destroyed the city of Kuchan, Persia.

THE financial ruin of ex-Governor Campbell is attributed by his Hamilton, Ohio, neighbors to his political ambition.

MRS. DAVID REYNOLDS, wife of a settler in the Cherokee Strip, near Ponca, died from drinking water from a spring supposed to have been poisoned by sooners.

PRINCIPLES AVOWED.

DECLARATION OF THE OBJECTS OF THE A. P. A.

Nationality No Bar to Membership—Church Interference in Politics Is Condemned—Catholics Denounced—Education Necessary to Citizenship.

States Its Position.

The following avowal of principles was made public by the State Convention of the American Protective Association at Bloomington:

1. Nationality is no bar to membership in the order. No man is asked where he was born.

2. We interfere with no man's partisan politics.

3. We attack no man's religion so long as he does not attempt to make his religion an element of political warfare.

4. We unite to protect our country and its free institutions against the secret, intolerant and aggressive practices that are persistently being set forth by a certain religious political organization to control the government of the United States and destroy our blood-bought civil and religious liberty.

5. We are in favor of preserving constitutional liberty and maintaining the Government of the United States.

6. We regard all religio-political organizations as the enemies of civil and religious liberty.

7. It is in our opinion unwise and unsafe to appoint or elect to civil, political or military office in this country men who owe supreme allegiance to any foreign king, potentate or ecclesiastical power.

8. We are in favor of maintaining the principles of one general unsectarian free school organization and will oppose all attempts to supplant it by any sectarian institution.

9. We are opposed to all attempts, local or national, to use public funds for any sectarian purpose.

10. We are in favor of laws taxing church property.

11. The opening of private and parochial schools, convents, and monasteries to public official inspection should be placed on the same plane of morality and law as Protestant institutions are.

12. We are in favor of changing our immigration laws in such manner that they will protect our citizen laborers from the evil influences of cheap pauper and criminal labor which, through the instrumentality of European propagandist societies and in this country by the aid of designing and the subtle influence of priests, are rapidly supplanting our free and educated American citizen in every line of employment.

13. We believe there should be an educational qualification to the franchise that will require every citizen of whatever nation to be Americanized.

14. We are in favor of putting into office honest and true patriots who are best qualified to fill the position, regardless of political parties.

15. We are willing to be governed by these principles of religious liberty and no others.

16. Our mission is to awaken the people of free America from their lethargy, indifference, and overconfidence, to eternal vigilance as the price of liberty; yet the freest basis of this republic have ceased to be vigilant, and in conscious strength are silently shaking the almighty dollar, or quietly doing while we swiftly drift toward a more tremendous and terrible crisis than this country has yet known.

17. Believing that the public school is the bulwark of American liberty, we have men born in several countries remote from this that are as loyal as any native, but they are not in sympathy with American loyalty consists in devotion to our Constitution, laws, institutions, flag, and, above all, our public schools, for without intelligence this representative republic will go to pieces. We oppose the teaching of perverted history in our schools and the use in them of sectarian books to cover the infamies of a (so-called) church which is more political than religious. We are opposed to sectarian appropriations, as such, "taking part in elections" and voting their laity as a unit in the interests of a foreign corporation with the intent to injure this nation and its institutions.

HOMEOPATHS VS. ALLOPATHS.

Ottawa, Ill., Medical Men of Different Schools Decline to Fraternize.

Professional circles of Ottawa are greatly stirred up over the action of the allopathic physicians, who, having some months ago formed the Ottawa City Medical Society, have now decided that no homeopathic practitioners or others deemed by them "irregular" shall henceforth be recognized by the society or its members as physicians or surgeons. This action was the result of a steady demand upon the part of the older members of the society that the old rule, in vogue among allopathic physicians for the past fifty years, be observed, as but a few allopaths had fallen into the practice of inviting the homeopaths to be present at operations, and had repeated calls to consult with them in doubtful cases. In order to bring the matter to a focus, a resolution was introduced at the very quiet meeting of the society held the other night, and while it is understood that several spoke against it, it was finally adopted by a unanimous vote. This means that where a homeopath has been employed by a patient he must first be discharged before an allopath will consent to call.

KIDNAPS HER DAUGHTER.

Mrs. Herbron, of Burlington, Secures Possession of Her Little Girl.

About a year ago Henry Herbron and wife, of Rock Falls, parted, the wife refusing to her parents' home at Burlington, Iowa, taking with her the only child, a little girl 2 years of age. Last week while Mrs. Herbron was sick in bed Herbron went to Burlington, took forcible possession of the little girl and brought her to Rock Falls. A later train from Rock Island brought Mrs. Herbron and her mother to Sterling. They procured a closed carriage and drove to the residence of Mr. Herbron in Rock Falls and watching up the child drove rapidly away and were well on their way to Burlington before pursuit began. Much excitement prevails over the kindnaping.

Illinois News in Brief.

A VERDICT of $1,142.46 was rendered in favor of the city of Lincoln in the Circuit Court as a judgment against John H. Starkey, ex-City Clerk. This was an action for money from saloon and other licenses which Starkey had failed to account for.

ATTORNEY GENERAL MOLONEY declared that the name of a building and loan association cannot be changed by an amendment to its by-laws. The name is a part of the organization fixed by the statute in granting a franchise. The change must be made under the acts of June 4, 1887, and June 6, 1889, providing for the change of names of corporations. He also decides that where the term of office of a justice of the peace expires and no successor is elected he holds over until his successor is elected and qualifies.

THE funeral of Mrs. Barbara G. Morris occurred at Cairo. She was the oldest person in Cairo, being in her 97th year. She was born at Baltimore in 1798. She lost her eyesight several years ago, but retained all her other faculties until a short time before her death.

THADDEUS S. ELY, a well-known Peoria banker, died Tuesday morning. He was employed in Pulsifer's bank before the war, and after fifteen years spent in the South returned and was assistant cashier of the Mechanics and Merchants' National Bank. He leaves a wife and six children.