THE WICKED WORLD.

OCCURRENCES THEREIN FOR A WEEK.

CHICAGO IS SCARED.

CANNOT CARE FOR HER SMALLPOX VICTIMS.

Ives the Bank-Wrecker Dies of Consumption—Shooting in a Lawyer's Office—Burglars Crack a Michigan Bank—San Francisco Banks Gorged.

From Far and Near.

—Smallpox is raging in Chicago and the city and county stand, for the nonce, helpless before the pest. There are ten cases of the hideous disease in the County Hospital and that great institution is under quarantine. No patients can be taken into it; no patients can be discharged from it. The smallpox is worse than at any time during its visitation, and is increasing daily. For the first time the officials of the city and the county have become seriously alarmed, and while every measure possible is being taken to estop the progress of the disease among the people the officers are ready to confess that there seems a disposition to stammer and halt among them. The real trouble comes of the inability to cope with the plague, owing to the restriction of the quarters set aside for the purpose. "All I can do," said the Health Commissioner, with ghastly significance, "is wait till some of the patients at the smallpost hospital die."

—Henry S. Ives, the railroad wrecker, died near Asheville, N. C., at 7:20 o'clock Tuesday night, of consumption. Ives had been in ill health for months. Last winter he spent some time at Tampa, Florida. He was then a physical wreck. Ives was but 59 years of age, yet he had gained the name of being the wildest speculator and most unprincipled rascal that ever operated in railroad stocks. In 1882, when but 18 years of age, he was employed as spittoon cleaner and sweeper in the New York office of Harper & Bros. His rise was phenomenal, and his daring was equaled only by his criminality. He wrecked the fortunes of many men, several railroads, and his own; and by a career of wild dissipation ruined his own health. He came from Litchfield, Ct.

—The law office of Miller, Winter & Elam, at Indianapolis, was the scene of a sensational shooting Tuesday. W. B. Copeland, of Madison, Ind., shot Addison G. Harris in the arm, inflicting a painful wound. He also shot W. H. Bruning, of Madison, in the face. Mr. Harris is one of the most prominent lawyers in the State and is one of the Iron Hall attorneys.

—At Nashville, Mich., the bank of Barry & Downing was robbed Monday night of $2,000 belonging to the proprietors, $400 in stamps kept there by the postmaster, and probably other smaller amounts in private boxes. The outside safe was left unlocked and the burglars had only to blow open the inner and lighter door. There is no clue to the perpetrators.

—There is $15,000,000 lying idle in the San Francisco banks—money for which the bankers can find no use. This is said to be the largest surplus known for many years, and it is still growing. This money is offered for loan as low as 4 per cent on first-class security, but all collateral is scrutinized more closely than was the case a year ago.

—Alex. Johnson, a Richmond, Va., negro, was whipped by White Caps until he was almost dead.

—Ed Morrell, partner of Bandit Chris Evans, was sentenced to life imprisonment at Folsom, Cal.

—W. E. Hale, who escaped from the penitentiary at Michigan City, Ind., was captured in Mauch Chunk, Pa.

—Louis Plante, for whom detectives are in Denver to take back to Toronto, where he is wanted on a charge of robbing a Chinaman, confessed Sunday night that he and Clara Fredericks burned their house in Denver for $7,000 insurance.

—The highest score ever made by twenty men in any team shooting was made by members of Company C of the First Infantry Regiment of the California National Guards at San Francisco on Monday. The team scored 865 points out of a possible 1,000.

—At Los Angeles, Cal., there was a terrific explosion shortly after midnight, Monday, which shook the city like an earthquake. Three stores with brick fronts, on the northwest corner of Spring and Fifth streets, were entirely demolished. As far as can be learned nobody was hurt. The stores were occupied by a restaurant, cigar factory and a Japanese curio shop. The cause of the explosion is unknown. The loss will probably be $6,000.

—Japan is to have an exposition in 1895 at Hiogo, the old capital of the empire.

—Mgr. Satolli denies the report that Father McGlynn is to be transferred to Minneapolis.

—Over one thousand lithographic pressmen are on strike at New York against a reduction in wages.

—Rufe Reaves, of Athens, Ga., has failed. Liabilities about $300,000, assets nominally $200,000.

—The F. G. Oxley Stave Company and the Alfred Heading Company, at Poplar Bluff, Mo., have started their machinery, after lying idle nearly a year. Employment is given to 600 men.

—Obituary: "At New York, John C. Barkley, truckman for Wall street banks and brokers.—At Toronto, Dr. Joseph Workman, aged eighty-nine.—At Charleston, Ill., John W. B. Grove, aged seventy-seven.—At New York, Colonel Oliver Lathrop Sheperd, U. S. A., retired.—At Warren, Ohio, James H. Torrence, brother of General Torrence, of Chicago, aged forty-six.—At London, Ont., James F. Gillard, the distinguished linguist, aged seventy.—At Madison, Wis., Mrs. J. C. Hopkins, aged seventy.

—The ceiling of Riverside school in Point St. Charles, a Montreal suburb, collapsed. Three children were crushed to death and several wounded.

—Two street cars have been held up by highwaymen in San Francisco within four days.

—Louis Knorr committed suicide at Boston. He recently left his wife in Chicago and started east in search of work.

—Ed Alexander was fatally stabbed in the back by Dick Carroll at Odin, Ind. A dispute over the relative worth of two schools was the cause. Carroll was arrested.

—George W. Southgate, Superintendent of the Pensacola (Fla.) water-works, was drowned by the capsizing of a boat.

—The steamer De Ruyter, which sailed from Brighton March 12 for Boston, has been posted as lost. She carried a crew of twenty-eight.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE BROOKLYN PREACHER ON HOME RELIGION.

The Eloquent Divine Makes a Strong Plea for the Gospel In the Family Circle—A Sermon That Takes Hold of the Heart—The Grandest Gift.

At the Tabernacle.

In the great audience which assembled in the Brooklyn Tabernacle Sunday afternoon were many strangers. Rev. Dr. Talmage chose for his sermon "Home Religion," taking his text from Luke viii., 39, "Return to thine own house and shew how great things God hath done unto thee."

After a fierce and shipwrecking night, Christ and His disciples are climbing up the slaty sides of the beach. How pleasant it is to stand on solid ground after having been tossed so long on the billows! While the disciples are congratulating each other on their marine escape, out from a dark, deep cavern on the Gadarene hills there is something swiftly and terribly advancing. Is it an apparition? Is it a man? Is it a wild beast? It is a maniac who has broken away from his keepers, perhaps a few rags on his person and fragments of stout shackles which he has wrenched off in terrific paroxysm. With wild yell and bleeding wounds of his own laceration he flies down the hills.

Back to the boats, ye fishermen, and put out to sea and escape assassination! But Christ stands His ground; so do the disciples, and as this flying fury, with gnashing teeth and uplifted fists, dashes at Christ, Christ says: "Hands off! Down at my feet, thou poor sufferer," and the demoniac stops harmless, exhausted, worshipful. "Away, ye devils!" commanded Christ, and the 2,000 fiends which had been tormenting the poor man are transferred to the 2,000 swine, which go to sea with their accursed cargo.

The restored demoniac sits down at Christ's feet and wants to stay there. Christ says to him practically: "No not stop. You have a mission to execute. Wash off the filth and the wounds in the sea, smooth your disheveled locks, put on decent apparel and go straight to your desolated home and tell your wife and children that you wi l no more affright them, and no more do them harm; that you are restored to reason, and that I, the omnipotent Son of God, am entitled hereafter to the worship of your entire household. Return to thine own house and show how great things God hath done unto thee."

Yes, the house, the home, is the first place where our religious gratitude ought to be demonstrated. The outside world we may seem to have religion when we have it not, but the home tests whether our religion is genuine or a sham. What makes a happy home?

A Happy Home.

Well, one would say a house with great wide halls, and antlered deer heads, and parlors with chandeliers and bric-a-brac, and dining hall with easy chair and plenty of light, and engravings of game on the wall, and sleeping apartments commodious and adorned. No. In such a place as that gigantic wretchedness has sometimes dwelt, while some of you look back to your father's house, where they read their Bible by the light of a tallow candle. There were no carpets on the floor save those made from the rags which your mother cut night by night, you helping wind them into a ball, and then sent to the weaver, who brought them to shape under his slow shuttle. Not a luxury in all the house! But you cannot shake off this morning without tearful and grateful emotion, you and I have found out that it is not rich tapestry, or gorgeous architecture, or rare art that makes a happy home.

The six wise men of Greece gave prescriptions for a happy home. Solon says a happy home is a place where a man's estate was gotten without injustice. Kept without disquietude and spent without repentance. Chilo says that a happy home is the place where a man rules as a monarch a kingdom. Bias says that a happy home is a place where a man does voluntarily what by law he is compelled to do abroad. But you and I, under a grander light, give a better prescription. A happy home is a place where the kindness of the gospel of the Son of God has full swing.

While I speak this morning there is knocking at your front door, if He be not already admitted, one whose locks are wet with the dews of the night, who would take your children into His arms and bless them, and then upon your nursery, and your sleeping apartments, and your drawing room, and your entire house a blessing, that will make you rich while you live and be an inheritance to your children after you have done the last day's work for their support and made for them the last prayer. It is this illustrious one who said to the man of my text, "Return to thine own house and shew how great things God hath done unto thee." Now, in the first place, we want religion in our domestic duties.

Where Religion Is Needed.

Every housekeeper needs great grace. If Martha had had more religion, she would not have rushed with such bad temper to scold Mary in the presence of Christ. It is no small thing to keep order and secure cleanliness, and mend breakages, and achieve economy, and control all the affairs of the household advantageously. Expenses will run up, store bills will come in twice as large as you think they ought to be, furniture will wear out, carpets will unravel, and the martyrs of the fire are very few in comparison with the martyrs of housekeeping. Yet there are hundreds of people in this church this morning who in their homes are managing all those affairs with a composure, an adroitness, an ingenuity and a faithfu ness which they never could have reached but for the grace of our practical Christianity. The exasperations which wear out others have been to you spiritual development and sanctification. Employments which seemed to relate only to an hour have on them all the grandeurs of eternal history.

You need the religion of Christ in the discipline of your children. The rod which in other homes may be the first means used in your home will be the last. There will be no harsh epithets —"you knave, you villain, you scoundrel, I'll thrash the life out of you; you are the worst child I ever knew." All that kind of chastisement makes thieves, pickpockets, murderers and the outlaws of society. That parent who in anger strikes his child across the head deserves the penitentiary. And yet this work of discipline must be attended to. God's grace can direct us. Alas, for those who come to the work with fierce passion and recklessness of consequences! Between severity and laxativeness there is no choice. Both ruinous and both destructive. But there is a healthful medium which the grace of God will show to us.

Then we need the religion of Christ to help us in setting a good example. Cowper said of the oak: "Time was when settled on thy leaf a fly could find no resting place to stay on which you supposed was too profound or intricate for them to understand—some question of the child demonstrated the fact that he knew all about it?

The Needs of the Young.

Your children are apt to think that what you do is right. They have no ideal of truth or righteousness but yourself. Things which you do, know ing at the time to be wrong, they take to be right. They reason this way: "Father always does right. Father did this. Therefore this is right." That is good logic, but bad premises. No one ever gets over having had a bad example set him. Your conduct more than anything else makes impression. Your laugh, your frown, your dress, your walk, your greetings, your goodbys, your comings, your goings, your habits at the table, the tones of your voice, are making an impression which will last a million years after you are dead, and the sun will be extinguished, and the mountains will crumble, and the world will die, and eternity will roll on in perpetual cycles, but there will be no diminution of the force of your conduct upon the young eyes that saw it or the young ears that heard it.

Now, I would not have by this the idea given to you that you must be in cold reserve in the presence of your children. You are not emperor; you are companion with them. As far as you can you must walk with them, skate with them, fly kite with them, play ball with them, show them you are interested in all that interests them. Spensippus, the nephew and successor of Plato in the academy, had pictures of joy and gladness hung all around the schoolroom. You must not give your children the impression that when they come to you they are playful ripples striking against a rock. You must have them understand that you were a boy once yourself, that you know a boy's hilarities, a boy's temptations, a boy's ambitions, that you are a boy now. You may deceive them and try to give them the idea that you are some distant supernatural effulgence, and you may shove them off by your rigorous behavior, but the time will come when they will find out the deception, and they will have for you utter contempt.

Aristotle said that no boy should begin to study at 17 years of age. Before that his time should be given to recreation. I cannot adopt that theory. But this suggests a truth in the right direction. Childhood is too brief, and we have not enough sympathy with its sportfulness. We want divine grace to help us in the adjustment of all these matters.

The Love of a Mother.

Besides that, now are your children ever to become Christians if you yourself are not a Christian? I have noticed that, however worldly and sinful parents may be, they want their children good. When young people have presented themselves for admission into our membership, I have said to them, "are your parents willing? are willing you shall come?" and they have said, "oh, yes; they are delighted to have us come. They have not been in church for ten or fifteen years, but they will be here next Sabbath to see me baptized." I have noticed that parents, however worldly, want their children good.

The Love of a Mother.

So it was demonstrated in a police court in Canada, where a mother, her little child in her arms, sat by a table on which her own handcuffs lay, and the little babe took up the handcuffs and played with them and had great glee. She knew not the sorrow of the hour. And when the mother was sent to prison, the child threw down the key. God, let not this babe go into the jail! Is there not some mother here who will take this child? It is good enough for heaven. It is pure. I am bad. I am wicked. Is there not some one who will take this child? I cannot have it tainted with the prison." Then a dozen creatures rushed up and said: "Yes, I'll take the child." "No, no," said the mother, "not you, not you. Is there not some good mother here who will take this child?" And then, when the officer of the law in mercy and pity took the child to carry it away to find a home for it, the mother kissed it lovingly goodby and said: "Goodby, my darling. It is better you should never see me again."

However worldly and sinful people are they want their children good. How are you going to have them good? Buy them a few good books? Teach them a few excellent catechisms? Bring them to church? That is all very well, but of little final result unless you do it with the grace of God in your heart. Do you realize that your children are started for eternity? Are they on the right road? Those little forms that are now so bright and beautiful—when they have scattered in the graveyard, there will be immortal spirits living on in a mighty theater of action, and your faithfulness or your neglect now is deciding their destiny.

Delicate Questions.

A Christian minister said that in the first year of his pastorate he tried to persuade a young mechanic of the importance of family worship. Some time passed, and the mechanic came to the pastor's study and said: "Do you remember that girl? That was my own child. She died this morning very suddenly. She has gone to God, I have no doubt, but if so she has told him what I tell you now—that child never heard a prayer from her father's house, never heard a prayer from her father's lips. Oh, if I only had her back again one day to do my duty!" It will be a tremendous thing at the last day if some one shall say of us: "I never heard my father pray."

Again, I remark, we want religion in all our home sorrows. There are 10,000 questions that come up in the best regulated household that must be settled. Perhaps the father has one favorite in the family, the mother another favorite in the family, and there are many questions that need delicate treatment.

Tyranny and arbitrary decision have no place in a household. If the parents love God, there will be a spirit of self sacrifice, and a spirit of forgiveness, and a kindness which will throw charm over the entire household. Christ will come into that household and will say: "Husbands, love your wives and be not bitter against them. Wives, see that you reverence your husbands. Children, obey our parents in the Lord. Servants, be obedient to your masters," and the family will be like a garden on a summer morning—the grass plot, and the flowers, and the vines, and the arch honeysuckle standing in the sunlight, glittering with dew.

But then there will be sorrows that will come to the household. There are but few families that escape the stroke of financial misfortune. Financial misfortune comes to a house where there] is no religion. They kick against divine allotments, they curse God for the incoming calamity, they withdraw from the world because they cannot hold as high a position in society as they once did, and they fret, and they scowl, and they sorrow, and they die. During the past few years there have been tens of thousands of men destroyed by their financial distresses.

Misfortune in the Home.

But misfortune comes to the Christian household. If religion has full sway in that home, they stoop gracefully. They say, "This is right." The father says, "Perhaps money was getting to be my idol. Perhaps God is going to make me a better Christian by putting me through the furnace of tribulation." The mother says, "I don't feel anyhow? He who owneth the cattle on a thousand hills and out of whose hand all the fowls of Heaven peck their food is my Father. He clotheth the lilies of the field; He will clothe me. If He takes care of the raven, and the hawk, and the vulture, most certainly He will take care of me, His child."

Sore troubles come—sickness and death. Loved ones sleep the last sleep. A child is buried out of sight. You say: "Alas, for this bitter day! God has dealt severely with me; I can never look up. O God I cannot bear it!" Christ comes in, and He says: "Hush, O troubled soul, it is well with the child!" I will strengthen thee in all thy troubles. My grace is sufficient. When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee."

When through the deep waters I call thee to go.
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow,
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

But there are hundreds of families represented here this morning where religion has been a great comfort. There are in your homes the pictures of your departed and the things that are the comforting value of themselves, but you keep them preciously and carefully because hands now still once touched them. A father has gone out of this household, a mother has gone out of this, a daughter just after her graduation day, a son just as he was entering on the duties of life.

And to other homes trouble will come. I say it not that you may be foreboding, not that you may do the unwise thing of taking trouble by the forelock, but that you may be ready. We must go one by one. There will be partings in all households. We must say farewell. We must die. And yet there are triumphant strains that down these tremulous accents; there are anthems that whelm the dirges. Heaven is full of the shout of delivered captives, and to the great wide field of human sorrow there come now the reaper angels with keen sickles to harvest the sheaves of Heaven.

Saints will to end the endure;
Safely will they pass the door
Those he purchased for his sheep.

Not to Be Forgotten.

Go home this day and ask the blessing on your noonday meal. To-night set up the family altar. Do not wait until you become a Christian yourself. This day unite Christ to your household, for the Bible distinctly says that God will pour out his fury upon the families that call not upon his name. Open the Bible and read a chapter that will make you strong. Kneel down and offer the first prayer in your household. It may be a broken petition, it may be only "God be merciful to me; a sinner," but God will stoop, and Christ will hear, and the angels will chant, "Behold, he prays!"

Dy not retire from this house this morning until you have resolved upon this matter. You will be gone. I will be gone, many years will pass, and perhaps your younger children may forget almost everything about you, but forty years from now, in some Sabbath twilight, your daughter will be sitting with the family Bible on her lap reading to her children, when she will stop, and peculiar solemnity will come to her face, and a tear will start, and the children will say, "Mother, what makes you cry?" and she will say, "Nothing, only I was thinking that this is the very Bible out of which my father and mother used to read at morning and evening prayer."

All other things about you they may forget, but train them up for God and Heaven. They will not forget that.

When a queen died, her three sons brought an offering to the grave. One son brought gold, another brought silver, but the third son came and stood over the grave and opened one of his veins and let the blood drop upon his mother's tomb, and all who saw it said it was the greatest demonstration of affection. My friends, what is the grandest gift we can bring to the sepulchers of a Christian ancestry? It is a life all consecrated to the God who made us and the Christ who redeemed us. I cannot but beleive that there are hundreds of parents in this house who have resolved to do their whole duty, and that at this moment they are passing into a better life, and having seen the grace of the Gospel in this place to-day you are now fully ready to return to your own house and show what great things God has done unto you.

Though parents may in covenant be
And have their heaven in view,
They are not happy till they see
Their children happy too.

May the Lord God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, the God of our fathers, be our God and the God of our children forever!

We don't like the man who is so sociable that he dusts the dandruff off our coat collar while we are talking to him.

Most men think that one good deed will serve as a dozen waters to wash their conscience with.

IS A CHICAGO FAKIR!

COXEY'S GREAT "UNKNOWN" AT LAST IDENTIFIED.

Children Poisoned by Cheap Candy—De Mello's Brazilian Rebellion Has Collapsed—Two Killed and Four Hurt by a Sawmill Boiler Explosion.

Told In a Few Words.

—A. P. B. Bozzarro, of Chicago, sometimes known as "the wizard," "the snake's root oracle" and all-around soldier of fortune, has been playing in hard luck for the last year. Mr. Bozzarro used to have some other names when he retailed patent medicines and A. P. A. philosphy over on the West Side, but he would perhaps never have been known outside of the circle of corn and bunion cure-alls, of which he was a shining light, if it had not been for S. Coxey, of Massillon, Ohio, had not become jealous of Mr. Bozzarro's ambition to supplant him as the simon-pure reincarnated Moses of the "commonweal army" dragging its weary legs and a large supply of "grub" from Cumberland, Md., to Washington. Mr. Bozzarro first bobbed his head up as a candidate for military fame as "the unknown" marshal of the Coxey crowd. His title was that of second assistant marshal of the commissary department. Carl Browne, of anywhere you like, being first marshal. Mr. Browne is responsible for Mr. Bozzarro's sudden flight to fame, and ably seconded the latter's efforts to conceal his identity. But the cat is out of the bag, and Browne revealed "the unknown's" identity.

—A supposed case of poisoning, resulting from eating candy, was reported to the Coroner at Chicago by Dr. S. Kossukowski. Two children in a family named Cohensky were taken suddenly and violently ill and one of them, a boy 6 years old, died in terrible agony. The other, a girl 4 years old, may die. The parents say that the child had been eating cheap candy, known as "electric paste," just before they were taken sick. Coroner McHale has ordered an inquest."

—The Brazilian minister at London has received the following dispatch from Rio de Janeiro: "The insurgents have abandoned all their remaining vessels at Parana and Santa Catharina. The attempt of the insurgents to land at Rio Grande City was a failure. The rebels lost 600 men and afterward landed in the department of Rocha, Uruguay, from whence Admiral de Mello and General Salgado went south. The Uruguayan authorities refused to allow the rebel ships to remain where they had anchored and they eventually left after landing 400 disarmed men. The insurgent troops were removed from the shores of Rio Grande do Sul by the insurgent warship Republica and by the insurgent transports.

—At Breece's saw-mill, near Bainbridge, Ohio, Monday, Engineer Mate Weatherby had just started the engine after the noon hour and the men had lined up along the saw-mill track when the boiler suddenly gave way with a crash, and the building was shattered to pieces. Frank Breece, brother of the proprietor, and Nate Weatherby, engineer, were instantly killed, and Charles Bosling, Edward Everhart, Samuel Houston, and Grant Martin were injured. Everhart and Martin were probably fatally injured, Everhart being struck in the head with a flying piece of iron, and Martin being crushed under the building. Bosling and Houstin may recover. It is supposed the water in the boiler had evaporated, and this caused the explosion. The mill was one of the largest in the neighborhood. The building was badly shattered, and the loss will amount to $2,000.

—Civil war has again broken out in Samoa and many natives have been butchered.

—In a letter to Mayor Hopkins, Dr. Leonard St. John says Chicago's pest-house rivals the Black Hole of Calcutta.

—Pittsburg, Pa., police have been raiding the penny-in-the-slot gambling and dice machines, and over one hundred of them have been seized in Pittsburg and Allegheny. The proprietors of the saloons and stores where the machines were captured were arrested, charged with maintaining gambling devices. H. H. Irwin, of Chicago, owner of the machines, arrived in Pittsburg from Baltimore to confer with the police officials regarding their action. He was arrested and is now confined in the Central Police Station.

—Two formerly rich Harrodsburg, Ky., citizens committed suicide Friday by shooting, owing to financial troubles. Thomas F. Alexander, a prominent stock dealer, was found dead in his room. The second suicide was Patrick H. Best, married last month. He left a note to his bride, telling of his troubles. Both had held prominent positions of trust.

—The Colorado Supreme Court has granted the writ of ouster in the Fire and Police Board controversy and ordered the old board to turn over the offices at noon. This is a complete victory for Governor Waite.

—Congressman Wilson, of West Virginia, is fully recovered from his illness. He is the guest of Governor Hogg at Austin, Texas, and will return to Washington soon.

—Fire at Santa Cruz, Cal., destroyed twenty-four buildings in the heart of the city and caused a loss of $300,000. Among the structures burned were the Werner and Simpon buildings, the City Bank and the Hotaling Block.

—A bill is to be introduced in Congress providing for the manning by acclimated seamen of fruit vessels trading between ports of the United States and those of Mexico, the West Indies, Central and South America. The measure is intended to lessen the danger of such vessels importing yellow fever and other contagious diseases.

—The down stage from Angels' Camp, Cal., to Milton was robbed by a masked highwayman, three miles from town. Wells-Fargo's iron box was opened and the contents taken. The robber got $2,000 in silver.

—New York is the only postoffice in the country authorized to exchange parcels post with New Foundland.

—Grand Master Sargent, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Fireman, is a candidate for the Republican nomination for Congress from the Terre Haute (Ind.) district.

—The residence of August Krinkle, near Janesville, Minn., was burned, and three of his daughters perished in the flames.

—Minnie Westerman, eleven years old, while playing on a log boom fell into the river at Spokane, Wash., and was swept over the falls and lost.

—Rev. Dr. Edwin McGlynn, according to a well-defined rumor, is to be transferred to Minneapolis, where he will take charge of the Ascension parish.

—Chauncey Depew, who was reported to have declared himself a candidate for the Presidency, says his remarks were intended in a Pickwickian sense.

AN ILLINOIS MIRACLE.

A CASE OF DEEP INTEREST TO WOMEN EVERYWHERE.

Saved Through a Casual Glance at a Newspaper—Weak, Pale and in a Deplorable Condition When Relief Came—A Remarkable Narrative Carefully Investigated by a Dubuque Times Reporter.

[Dubuque, Iowa, Times.]

Among the peculiar conditions with which the people of the present age are endowed is a remarkable capacity for doubting. *The Times* determined upon a thorough investigation into a medical case out in Savannah, Ill., as a matter of news, with the result that the case was even more remarkable than the public had been given to understand.

Mrs. Kenyon was a good talker and told the story in a terse way as follows:

"I was born in Warren County, New York, thirty-three years ago. I was married when I was 19 and came to Savannah seven years ago. With the exception of being at times subject to violent sick headaches, I considered myself a healthy woman up to five years ago. At that time I was very much run down and an easy prey to the ever present malaria in and about the Mississippi bottom lands. I was taken violently ill. The local physicians said I was affected by malaria and intermittent fever. I continually grew weaker and finally went to see Dr. McVey, of Clinton, Iowa, who is reputed to be one of the ablest physicians in the Mississippi valley. He treated me for a time without beneficial effects. I then consulted a prominent doctor of Savannah. My stomach would not retain the medicine he gave me and he came to the conclusion that my stomach was badly diseased. Occasionally I would choke down and nearly suffocate. I then went to Dr. Maloney and he pronounced it a case of heart trouble. He helped me only temporarily. All this time I had grown weaker and paler until I was in a deplorable condition. I had a continual feeling of tiredness, my muscular power was nearly gone, and I could not go up half a dozen steps without resting, and often that much exercise would cause me to have a terrible pain in my side. Seemingly the blood had left my veins. I was pale as death: my lips were blue and cold and I had given up all hope of ever getting better. My husband insisted that I should take some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When these had been used I was somewhat improved in health. I continued their use and found I was growing stronger, my sleep refreshed me and it seemed as if I could feel new blood coursing through my veins. I kept on taking Pink Pills until a short time ago, and now I consider myself a healthy, rugged woman. My house is full of boarders, and I superintend all the work myself. In other words, I work all the time and am happy in the enjoyment of health. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People saved my life, and I believe there are thousands of women who could find great relief if they used them. The sick headaches I was subject to from girlhood have disappeared, and I have not had a single attack since I commenced taking Dr. Williams Pink Pills."

One of her neighbors said: "Mrs. Kenyon's recovery is something marvelous. She was reduced to a mere shadow, and was the palest and most ghost-like person I had ever seen. If miracles are not performed in these days I would be pleased to know how to describe a case of this kind."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, it seems, contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of the grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale or sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excess of whatever nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes as 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50. They are never sold by the dozen or hundred.

Freak of a Fish.

In the window of a cigar store on Columbus avenue, New York, is to be seen a freak of nature that attracts much attention. It is a goldfish without any fin on its back. Otherwise it is perfectly developed, and seems to suffer no inconvenience from the absence of this part of its anatomy. There is said to be but one other such specimen in the country, and it is a stuffed one in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

A Standard Bearer.

In the crusade inaugurated nearly half a century ago against the professional ignorance of the old school of medicine, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters was a standard bearer. Its victories over disease, when the old-time specifics proved abject failures, proved that the pseudo-philosophy which sanctioned the administration of violent remedies where the case required none, was founded on unalterable rules blood-letting, violent purgation, the use of emetics and the employment of corrosive and cumulative poisons in such cases of liver and malarial complaint, was in fact the worst of unphilosophy, contrary alike to the laws of true medical science, of hygiene and of common sense. Biliousness, constipation and chills and fever, as now treated by the Bitters, promptly yield to its genial influence before they obstinately resisted old-fashioned medication. So do dyspepsia, rheumatism and kidney complaint—all of which may be conquered by this safe and really philosophic remedy.

Editor Not to Be Muzzled.

On Friday last Councilman David Smith turned his little finger over his thumb a few times too often, became uproariously drunk and was promptly arrested by Marshal Davis and lodged in the lockup to cool off. He was taken before Judge Neal Monday and was fined $2 and trimmings. We wish to say in this connection that we were importuned not to write this up, but will say that it is a news item and is a matter that the public have a right through their local paper to know about.—Vanceburg Sun.