

THE WICKED WORLD.

OCCURRENCES THEREIN FOR A WEEK.

PEST IN A RICH HOME.

CHICAGO'S ELITE FRIGHTENED BY SMALLPOX.

Extensive Swindle of the Wells-Fargo Express Company—Half-Million Loss, and Thousands of People Homeless Because of Fire at Boston.

Toed In a Few Words.

—Mrs. H. O. Stone, one of the best-known society women in Chicago, called at the Health Department on Monday last and begged the officials to fumigate her home on Prairie avenue and burn all the furniture if necessary to rid it of small-pox contagion. The explanation that followed developed the fact that among the patients removed to the city hospital was a servant employed in the Stone household. The well-known society leader, however, is by no means the only person in her neighborhood that was thoroughly alarmed at the prospect of the pestilence.

The Stone residence is in the center of the district where live the Fields, the Pullmans, the Harveys, and the elite of Chicago society. The appearance of the pestilence in this locality is regarded as an epidemic, but in a great measure futile, attempt to defeat New York parties by an extensive foray of express money-orders has been traced to persons in St. Louis, Mo., and it is expected that as the pestilence spreads in custody in a day or two. The attempt was made on Wells, Fargo & Co's express, and several of the forged orders for small amounts were cashed before the discovery was made. The bogus papers were cashed in all sections of the country. The operator being a stranger, professes inability to collect from the company, because of the alleged impossibility of identification as the owner of the money-order. He usually approaches some reputable house or person, and his story is so plausible and probable that the draft is disposed of without difficulty and the operator immediately disappears. In such cases the loss falls on the purchaser, and he is liable for the damages. The company, however, will lose but a few hundred dollars, in consequence of the early discovery of the counterfeit.

A cigarette butt thrown into a pile of waste paper under the bleachers of 25-cent seats in the Boston base-ball grounds Wednesday afternoon started a fire which destroyed more than 140 buildings occupying about sixteen acres of land in the crowded government-house section of the south end. The money loss is \$500,000, and in all other respects the conflagration is the most terrible that Boston has seen since fifty acres were burned over in 1872, for more than 600 families are homeless, and they are of the kind of families who seldom indulge in the luxury of fire insurance. All the buildings on the following entire streets are in ashes: Burke, Coventry, Walpole, Sandwich, and the whole of Tremont street, three blocks on each side of Cabot street, three blocks on the west side of Warwick street, and two blocks on the north side of Newbury street. Besides the streets mentioned, the following buildings on Sterling street were burned, three on Western street, two on Hammond Park, two on Windsor street, and all those on Vendell place.

—One can witness the presentation of a "Lion" and a "Tiger" at a theatrical performance, costumes, scenes, incidents, etc., with great splendor. It is introduced, such as the Schaffer family of actors, the marvelous juggling acts of Sylvester and Bozo and Roberts in their comic specialty, and fully contentment with what has been offered. One can look beyond the surface and see the really poetical ideas of the inventive planner, and become a student would readily surround the principal characters in the allegory are the present production taken by Charlotte Gilman, Kate Uart, Clara Burton, Carrie McMillin, Florence Marlowe, Spencer Grey and L. Gordon Warwick. The spectacle has proved a very success. The Metropolitan Chicago Theater, where it has been successfully given for three weeks. The attendance has only been limited by the size of the house.

—A robber den, in which one of the most daring and audacious of burglars, who had robbed the Boone Grove office is believed to have died, was discovered in the marshes near Wheatfield, Ind.

—Coat Williams, a negro convict, who has been taken from Mallory's camp in Pine Bluff, Ark., and placed in the Federal Penitentiary, and lynched by a crowd of about one hundred men. It is said that he was implicated in the brutal murder of two women in Hamilton County not long ago. The women were carried from prison and the murder was committed while they were gone. He was recently captured in Macon, Ga., and brought back to camp. There is considerable excitement and more trouble is feared.

—Agent Temple, of the Adams Express Company at St. Louis, has applied for a warrant for the arrest of persons said to have swindled the company out of large sums of money by means of bogus packages substituted for the genuine. Mr. Temple refuses to give any information, but makes the assertion that the guilty persons will be arrested soon.

—Near Wesley, Washington County, Texas, John Hennon was poisoned and killed by eating the fruit of a tree offered him by his wife. His assistant and statement and evidence adduced at the inquest resulted in the arrest of the wife.

—An estate Senator, Seabury, who was charged with the bank robbery shooting at South-west City, Mo., is now in another two wounded at the same time and getting along nicely. None of the robbers has been captured, but it is thought they were in the neighborhood near Yvina and a posse of citizens is pursuing them. They should be captured they will probably be lynched.

—Joseph E. Royal, an ex-detective, was shot dead by Charles Wendel at the National Hotel, Chicago, who has had wronged. The three men were shot to kill himself.

—Chicago health officials claim to have positive evidence that persons suffering from small-pox are shipped there from other points.

—At Bazley, Ga., John Dyal and his nephews William and Andrew McEachen have been on bad terms for some time. The three men met last night and were again at once, and Dyal shot William McEachen to death and seriously wounded Andrew Dyal. It is now a tragedy.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

HIS THEME LAST SUNDAY WAS "A CHEERFUL CHURCH."

He Says His Theology Has All Gone Into Five Letters.—The Gladness of the Christian Religion.—A Few Words of Farewell.—His Few Months' Absence.

The Tabernacle Palace. Rev. Dr. Talmage took for his theme last Sunday, "A Cheerful Church," and the text was selected from Solomon's song, i., "Behold, thou art fair, my love."

"Higher criticism" says that this book of Solomon's Song is a love scene, a forlorn maiden sighing for her beau. If so, it is an unclean and debauched utterance not fit for common reading. My opinion that it is an inspired object setting forth the feeling of Christ toward the church and of the church toward Christ. Christ is the bridegroom, and the church is the bride. The same words may be interpreted truthfully whether in regard to the church of God in general or this church in particular. "Behold, thou art fair, my love." The past week has been one of new songs, and for the first time in twenty years he has been permitted to associate with each other in the relation of pastor and people. When I came to Brooklyn, I found a small band of Christian disciples who were unacquainted with each other, and less until they stood upon the very verge of extinction as a church, and the question was being agitated from time to time whether it would be possible to maintain this church. Men and women were being surrendered to the adverse circumstances. They marshaled a congregational meeting, and gathered into the Tabernacle Palace, and after a long and interesting session, they voted for a pastor, all of which I am happy to have received.

The Tabernacle Defined. It was not until an inspired spirit of personal courage or reckless adventure that I was led from one of the warmest and most congenial pastorates in Philadelphia, to this dreary city, to do a kind of a martyr's deed. It was the feeling that I had called me to the work, and I was sure He would see me through.

I have thought that it might be profitable to stand briefly at this kind of a church we have been trying to establish. In the first place, I remark that we have been trying to build here a Christian church, distinctively such—in other words, every one of its services should preach the Lord Jesus Christ and Him crucified. My theology is all gone into five letters—Jesus, Jesus, the pardon of all offenses, Jesus, the foundation for all structures, Jesus, the balm for all wounds, Jesus, the eye salve for all blindness, Jesus, the guide for all perplexities, Jesus, the hope for all discouragements, Jesus, the reform for all wrongs. I have faith to believe that there is more power in one drop of the blood of Jesus, than to cure the woes of the world than in an ocean full of human quackery. Jesus is the grandest note in any ministry. He is the brightest gem in any crown. Heigh overtopping all other words, and the only word of inference. The circumference to every center. The pacifier of all turbulence. The umpire of all disputes. Jesus! Jesus! At His table all nations are to sit. Around His throne all worlds are to revolve. At His feet all spheres of the universe, Jesus! Jesus! It is that truth that we have tried to preach in this Tabernacle.

A Broad Creed. Do you ask more minutely what we believe? I do not know. We have no dry, withered, julescent theology, we believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of Heaven and earth, the deliverer of the distressed, the home for the homeless, the friend for the friendless. We believe in Jesus Christ, who came to save to the uttermost, pardoning the guilty, imputing His righteousness to the believer. We believe in the Holy Ghost, the comforter, the sanctifier, cheering up the heart's ills and lifting up the spirits of every one who is in bondage. We believe in the resurrection of the dead. We believe in the heaven of heaven, and the hell of hell. We believe in a Bible, authoritative in its statements, immaculate in its teachings, glorious in its promises. We believe in Heaven, the abode of the righteous, and in hell, the residence of those who are sent thither. We believe in free choice refusing the divine mercy. We believe in the salvation of all men who accept Christ by faith, be they sprinkled or immersed, worshiping in camps or log cabins, believe that those who are sent thither, are jacy, dwell under Italian skies or in Siberian snowstorms, be they Ethiopian or American. All are in Christ. One Lord, one faith, one baptism. We believe in the church which built this Tabernacle for the purpose of setting forth these great theories of the gospel of the Son of God. Would that we had been more faithful in the path! Would that we had been more faithful in the path!

I remark, further, that we have tried here to build a church distinctively unconventional. Instead of asking, as some people are disposed to do, how they can be led to the church, we ask the question how people do not do it. The superior custom has decided that churches shall be angular, cheerless, gloomy, unsympathetic, forgetting that when you call a pious gloom is impious, and that a church has the best architecture where the people are the most comfortable, and that that is the most efficient Christian service where the people are made most sick of sin, and most glad to have their sins forgiven. Heaven. And so we called the architects together for our first church building and said, "Give us an amphitheater—that is, a large family circle, fathered around the table, for many years we had felt that an amphitheater was the only proper shape for an audience room. The prominent architects of the country said: "It cannot be done." They said "churchly buildings are not to be built." And so we had our plan of church buildings presented, but at due time God sent a man who grasped our idea and executed it. So far from being a failure, it satisfied our want, and at a future time, we are built on the amphitheatrical plan, and scores of churches all over the country have adopted the same plan.

A Maitrai Religion. I remark, further, that we have tried here to build a church that would be characterized by conversions. I have heard of very good people who could preach for five or twenty years, and see no fruit. They would have had a religion, takes a very good man can keep his faith up if souls are not brought to him.

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A Democratic Church. And, my brethren and sisters, we fall in our work just in proportion as we try to be like other churches. We believe that God intended every church, like every man, to be individualized, and that His peculiarities and idiosyncrasies, and hurling them all toward some good, and grand object. In other words, no two churches ought ever to be just alike. Here I speak of a church, not of an object it is to prepare philosophers and artists and critics for Heaven. God speed them in the difficult work. Here is a church, on the other hand, that proposes to bring only the poor into the kingdom of Jesus Christ, looking not after the rich. God speed such a church in its undertaking. But there is a larger idea that a church may take—bringing in the rich and the poor, the wise and the ignorant, the high and the low, so that kneeling beside each other shall be the man facing sumptuously every day and the man who could not get his breakfast. God speed that church, which will do this.

A Joyful Religion. I remark, further, that we have tried here to build and to conduct a cheerful church. While, as you know, we have not held back the terrors of the law and the threats of hell, and that every man would have surrendered to the adverse circumstances. They marshaled a congregational meeting, and gathered into the Tabernacle Palace, and after a long and interesting session, they voted for a pastor, all of which I am happy to have received.

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The Happest Christians that I have ever known have been persons from 60 to 80 years of age. By that time people get over the shams and pretenses of society, and have no longer any pretensions. They are like the infant in religion. O Christian, how mature art thou! Is not God your father? Is not Jesus Christ your Saviour? Has not your path all through life been strewn with mercies? Are you insensible to the glories that are yours? Do you not have in awaiting you in a better world? Do you not have in the robes of celestial worship, eternal chorals, tearless eyes, and hosannas that clap their hands at the foot of the cross? Do you not have in the hills of heaven, the throne of God, the faces of those who have gone up before you, and who are waiting for your coming, ready to keep with you eternal holiday? Is there nothing in the love of God, the Father, that never ache, in splendor of Christ, to make you glad? Then take no more mercy at the hand of thy God! Give back the marriage ring of love that Jesus put on your finger in the first place. How can you have any more of the flowers of heaven when you ought to be nothing but nettles and nightshade!

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Lord Jesus Christ. That church that does not bring men and women to the feet of the Saviour is a failure. I care not how fine the building, or how sweet the music, or how eloquent the preaching, or how good the people, if it fails to bring men and women to the feet of the Saviour. The church of God was made for just one thing—to get men out of the world into the kingdom of Heaven. The tendency in churches is to spend more money on the building, and to spend less money on the people. The church of God was made for just one thing—to get men out of the world into the kingdom of Heaven. The tendency in churches is to spend more money on the building, and to spend less money on the people.

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ONE BAD MAN GONE.

SUFFERS DEATH IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR.

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THE NATION'S SOLONS.

SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

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