AN ABANDONED CITY.

REV. DR. TALMAGE AMONG THE PALACES OF INDIA.

Three Things to See at the Ancient City of Delhi—The Cashmere Gate—The Palace of the Moguls—A Palace of Amber. The Clock of Time.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 30.—Continuing his series of round the world sermons through the press, Rev. Dr. Talmage today chose for his subject "Palaces in India," the text being Amos iii, 10, "Who store up violence and robbery in their palaces."

In this day, when vast sums of money are being given for the redemption of India, I hope to increase the interest in that great country and at the same time draw for all classes of our people practical lessons, and so I present this fifth sermon in the round the world series. We step into the ancient capital of India, the mere pronunciation of its name sending a thrill through the body, mind and soul of all those who have ever read its stories of splendor and disaster and prowess—Delhi.

Before the first historian impressed his first word in clay or cut his first word on marble or wrote his first word on papyrus Delhi stood in India, a contemporary of Babylon and Nineveh. We know that Delhi existed longer before Christ's time than we live after his time. Delhi is built on the ruins of seven cities, which ruins cover 40 miles with wrecked temples, broken fortresses, split tombs, tumble down palaces and the debris of centuries. An archæologist could profitably spend his life here talking with the past through its lips of venerable masonry.

A Famous Gate.

There are a hundred things here you ought to see in this city of Delhi, but three things you must see. The first thing I wanted to see was the Cashmere gate, for that was the point at which the most wonderful deed of daring which the world has ever seen was done. That was the turning point of the mutiny of 1857. A lady at Delhi put into my hand an oil painting of about 18 inches square, a picture well executed, but chiefly valuable for what it represented. It was a scene from the time of the mutiny—two horses at full run harnessed to a carriage in which were four persons. She said:

"Those persons on the front side are my father and mother. The young lady on the back seat holding in her arms a baby of a year was my older sister, and the baby was myself. My mother, who is down with a fever in the next room, insisted that years ago. The horses are in full run because we are fleeing for our lives. My mother is driving, for the reason that my father, standing up in the front of the carriage, had to defend us with his gun, as you there see. He fought our way out and on for many a mile, shooting down the sepoys as we went. We had somewhat suspected trouble and had become suspicious of our servants, a prince had requested a private interview with my father, who was editor of the Delhi Gazette. The prince proposed to come veiled so that no one might recognize him, but my mother insisted on being present, and the interview did not take place. A large fish had been sent to our family and four other families, the present an offering of thanks for the king's recovery from a recent sickness. I had the curiosity to look and did not eat the fish. One day all our servants came up and said they must go and see what was the matter. We saw what was intended and knew that if the servants returned they would murder all of us. Things grew worse and worse until this scene of flight shown you in the picture took place. You see, the horses were wild with fright. This was the first volley of the discharge of guns, but the horses were struck and pounded by sepoys, and ropes were tied across the way, and the savage halloo and the shout of revenge made all the way of our flight a horror."

The books have fully recorded the heroism displayed at Delhi and approximate regions, but make no mention of this family of Wagentreibers whose flight I am mentioning. But the Madras Athenæum printed this:

"And now! Are not the deeds of the Wagentreibers, though he wore a round hat and she a crinoline, as worthy of imperishable verse as those of the heroic pair whose nuptials graced the court of Charlemange? A more touching picture than that of the brave man contending with well nerved arm against the black and shrieking fate hanging over his wife and child we have never seen. Here was no strife for the glory of physical prowess or the spoil of shining arms, but a conquest of the human mind, an assertion of the powers of intellect over the most appalling array of circumstances that could assail a human being. Men have become gray in front of sudden and unexpected peril, and in ancient days so much was common. A matter of heroics and mere instinct that we read in immortal verse of heroes struck with panic and fleeing before the enemy. But the savage sepoys, with their hoarse warcry and swarming like wasps around the Wagentreibers, struck no terror into the brave man's heart. His heroism was not the mere ebullition of despair; but, like that of his wife, calm and wise, standing upright that he might use his arms better."

Desperate Times.

As an incident will sometimes more impress one than a generality of statement, I present the flight of this one family from Delhi merely to illustrate the desperation of the times. The fact was that the sepoys had the possession of the city of Delhi, and they were, with all their artillery, fighting back the Europeans who were on the outside and murdering all the Europeans who were inside. The city of Delhi has a crenulated wall on three sides—a wall 5½ miles long—and the fourth side of the city is defended by the River Jumna. In addition to these two defenses of wall and water there were 40,000 sepoys, all armed. Twelve hundred British soldiers were to take that city. Nicholson, the immortal general, commanded them, and you must visit his grave before you leave Delhi. He fell leading his troops. He commanded them even after being mortally wounded. You will read this inscription on his tomb:

"John Nicholson, who led the assault of Delhi, but fell in the hour of victory mortally wounded and died 23d September, 1857, aged 35 years."

With what guns and men General Nicholson could muster he had laid siege to this walled city filled with foes. What fearful odds! Twelve hundred British troops uncovered by any military works to take a city surrounded by firm and high masonry, on the top of which were 114 guns and defended by 40,000 foaming sepoys. A larger percentage of troops fell here than in any great battle I happen to know of. The German percentage of the fallen was 17.48, but the percentage of Delhi was 87.9. Yet that city must be taken, and it can only be taken by such courage as had never been recorded in all the annals of bloodshed. Every charge of the British regiments against the walls and gates had been beaten back. The hyenas of Hindooism and Mohammedanism howled over the walls, and the English army could do nothing but bury their own dead. But at this gate I stand and watch an exploit that makes the page of history tremble with agitation.

This city has ten gates, but the most famous is the one before which we now stand, and it is called Cashmere gate. Write the words in red ink, because of the carnage. Write them in letters of light, for the illustrious deeds. Write them in letters of black, for the bereft and the dead. Will the world ever forget that Cashmere gate? Lieutenants Salkeld and Home and Sergeants Burgess, Carmichael and Smith offered to take bags of powder to the foot of that gate and set them on fire, living open to certain death, although they must die in doing it. There they go, just after sunrise, each one carrying a sack containing 24 pounds of powder and doing this under the fire of the enemy. Lieutenant Home was the first to jump into the ditch, which still remains before the gate. As they go one by one falls under the shot and shell. One of the marauding wounded as he falls hands his sack of powder, with a box of lucifer matches, to another, telling him to fire the sack, when with an explosion that shook the earth for 20 miles around part of the Cashmere gate was blown into fragments, and the bodies of some of these heroes were so scattered they were never gathered for funeral or grave or monument. The British army rushed in through the broken gate, and although six days of hard fighting were necessary before the city was in complete possession the crisis was past. The Cashmere gate open, the capture of Delhi and all it contained of palaces and mosques and treasures was possible.

Lord Napier of Magdala, of whom Mr. Gladstone spoke to me so affectionately when I was his guest at Hawarden, England, has lifted a monument near this Cashmere gate with the names of the men who there fell inscribed thereon. That English lord, who had seen courage on many a battlefield, visited this Cashmere gate and felt that the men who opened it with the loss of their own lives ought to be commemorated, and hence this cenotaph. But, after all, the best monument is the gate itself, with the deep gouges in the lofty wall on the left side made by two bombshells, and the wall above torn by ten bombshells and the wall on the right side defaced, and scarped and plowed and gullied by all styles of long reaching weaponry. Let the words "Cashmere gate," as a synonym for patriotism and fearlessness and self sacrifice, go into all history, all art, all literature, all time, all eternity. My friends, that Cashmere gate sanctified will yet take the whole earth for God. Indeed the missionaries now at Delhi toiling amid heathenism and fever and cholera and far away from home and comfort and staying there until they drop into their graves are just as brave in taking Delhi for Christ as were Nicholson and Home and Carmichael in taking Delhi for Great Britain. Take this for the first sermonic lesson.

The Mogul Palace.

Another thing you must see if you go to Delhi, though you leave many things unseen, is the palace of the moguls. It is an inclosure 1,000 yards by 500. You enter through a vaulted hall nearly 400 feet long. Floors of Florentine mosaic and walls once emeralded and sapphired and carbuncled and diamonded. I said to the guide, "Show us where once was the peacock throne." "Here it was," he responded. All the thrones of the earth put together would not equal that for costliness and brilliance. It had steps of silver, and the seat and arms were of solid gold. It cost about $150,000,000. It stood between two peacocks, the feathers and plumes of which were fashioned out of colored stones. Above the throne was a life size parrot cut out of one emerald. Above all was a canopy resting on 12 columns of gold, the canopy fringed with pearls. Seated here, the emperor on public occasions wore a crown containing among other things the Kohinoor diamond, and the entire blaze of coronet cost $10,350,000. This superb and once almost supernaturally beautiful room has imbedded in the white marble wall letters of black marble, which were translated to me from Persian into English as meaning:

If on the earth there be an Eden of bliss,
That place is this, is this, is this, is this.

But the peacocks that stood beside the throne have flown away, taking all the display with them, and those white marble floors were reddened with slaughter, and those bathrooms ran with blood, and to that of which the Persian couplet on the walls spake has had its flowers wither and its fruits decay, and I thought while looking at the brilliant desolation and standing amid the vanished glories of that throneroom that some one had better change a little that Persian couplet on the wall and make it read:

If there be a place where much you miss,
That place is this, is this, is this, is this.

As I came out of the palace into the street of Delhi I thought to myself: Palaces are not built out of stone, are not cut in sculpture, are not painted on walls, are not fashioned out of precious stones, do not spray the cheek with fountains, do not offer thrones or crowns. Paradises are built out of natures uplifted and ennobled, and what architect's compass may not cut, and painter's pencil may not sketch, and gardener's skill may not lay out, the grace of God can achieve, and if the heart be right all is right, and if the heart be wrong all is wrong. Here endeth the second lesson.

But I will not yet allow you to leave Delhi. The third thing you must see or never admit you have been in Delhi is the mosque called Jumma Musud. It is the grandest mosque I ever saw except St. Sophia at Constantinople, but it surpasses that in some respects, for St. Sophia was originally a Christian church and changed into a mosque, while this of Delhi was originally built for the Moslems.

Heathen Worship.

As I entered 5,000 or more Mohammedans were prostrated in worship. There are times when 5,000 may be seen here in the same attitude. Each stone of the floor is 3 feet long by 1½ wide and each worshiper has one of these slabs for himself while kneeling. The erection of this building required 5,000 laborers for six years. It is on a plateau of rock, has four towers rising far into the heavens, three great gateways inviting the world to come in and honor the memory of the prophet of many wives, 15 domes, with spires gold tipped, and 6 minarets. What a built up immensity of white marble and red sandstone! We descended the 40 marble steps by which we ascended and took another look at this wonder of the world. As I thought what a brain the architect must have had who first built that mosque in his own imagination, and as I thought what an opulent ruler that must have been who gave the order for such vastness and symmetry, I was reminded of that which perfectly explained it. The architect who planned this was the same man who planned the Taj—namely, Austin de Bordeau—and the king who ordered the mosque constructed was the king who ordered the Taj—namely, Shah Jehan. As this grand mogul ordered built the most splendid palace for the dead when he built the Taj at Agra, he here ordered built the most splendid palace of worship for the living at Delhi. See here what sculpture and architecture can accomplish. They link together the centuries. They successfully defy time. Two hundred and eighty years ago Austin de Bordeau and Shah Jehan quit this life, but their work lives and bids fair to stand until the continents crack open and hemispheres go down and this planet showers other worlds with its ashes.

I rejoice in all these big buildings, whether dedicated to Mohammed or Brahma or Buddha or Confucius or Zoroaster, because, as St. Sophia at Constantinople was a Christian church changed into a mosque and will yet be changed back again, so all the mosques and temples of superstition and sin will yet be turned into churches. When India and Ceylon and China and Japan are ransomed as we all believe they will be, their religious structures will all be converted into Christian asylums and Christian schools and Christian libraries and Christian churches. Built at the expense of superstition and sin, they will yet be dedicated to the Lord Almighty. Here endeth the third lesson.

The Tomb of a King.

As that night we took the railroad train from the Delhi station and rolled out through the city now living over the vaster cities buried under this ancient capital, cities under cities, and our traveling servant had unrolled our bed, which consisted of a rug and two blankets and a pillow, and as we were shaken up like dice in a boxseeing of the day and were roughly tossed on that uneven Indian railway, I soon fell into a troubled sleep, in which I saw and heard in a confused way the scenes and sounds of the mutiny of 1857 which at Delhi we had been recounting, and now the rattle of the train seemed to turn into the rattle of musketry, and now the light at the top of the window aroused me with the idea of a burning city, and then the loud thump of the railroad brake was in dream mistaken for a booming battery, and the voices at the different stations made me think I heard the loud cheer of the British at the taking of the Cashmere gate, and as we rolled over bridges the battles before Delhi seemed going on, and as we went through dark tunnels I seemed to see the tomb of Humayun in which the king of Delhi was hidden, and in my dreams I saw Lieutenant Renny of the artillery throwing shells which were handed him, their fuses burning, and Campbell and Reid and Hope Grant covered with blood, and Nicholson falling while rallying on the wall his wavering troops. And I saw dead regiment fallen across dead regiment and heard the ratapian of hoods of Hodgson's horse, and the dash of the Bengal artillery, and the storming by the immortal fourth column, and the rougher the Indian railway became and the darker the night grew the more the scenes that I had been studying at Delhi came on me like an incubus.

But the morning began to look through the window of our jolting rail car, and the sunlight poured in on my pillow, and in my dreams I heard the jubilant guns of the English flag hoisted over Delhi, where the green banner of the Moslem had waved, and the voices of the wounded and dying seemed to be exchanged for the voices that welcomed soldiers home again. And as the morning light got brighter and brighter, and in my dream I mistook the bells at a station for a church bell hanging in a minaret where only Mohammedan priests ascended his call to prayer, I seemed to hear a chant, whether by human or angelic voices in my dream I could not tell, but it was a chant about "peace and good will to men." And as the speed of the rail train slackened the motion of the car became so easy as we rolled along the track that it seemed to me that all the distress and controversy and jolting and wars of the world had ceased, and in my dream I thought we had come to the time when "the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

The City of Amber.

Halt here at what you have never seen before—a depopulated city, the city of Amber, India.

The strange fact is that a ruler abandoned his palaces at Amber and moved to Jaipur, and all the inhabitants of the city followed. Except here and there a house in Amber occupied by a hermit, the city is as silent a population as Pompeii or Herculaneum. But those cities were emptied by volcanic disaster, while this city of Amber was vacated because Prince Joy Singh was told by a Hindoo priest that no city should be inhabited more than 1,000 years, and so the ruler, 170 years ago, moved out himself, and all his people moved with him.

You visit Amber on the back of an elephant. Permission obtained for your visit the day before at Jaipur, an elephant is in waiting for you about six miles out to take you up the steps to Amber. You pass through the awfully quiet streets, all the feet that trod them in the days of their activity having gone on the long journey, and the voices of business and gayety that sounded amid these abodes having long ago uttered their last syllable. You pass by a lake covering 500 acres where the rajahs used to sail in their pleasure boats, and bulligores now the full possession, and you come to the abandoned palace, which is an enchantment. No more picturesque place was ever chosen for the residence of a monarch. The fortress above looks down upon this palace, and the palace looks down upon a lake. This monarchial abode may have had attractions when it was the home of royalty, which have vanished, but antiquity and the silence of many years and opportunity to tread where once you would not have been permitted to tread may be an addition quite equal to the subtraction.

The Last Hour.

I will not go into a description of brazen doorway after brazen doorway and carved room after carved room and lead you under a ceiling of mirrors and embellished ceiling and through halls precious stoned into wider halls precious stoned. Why tire out your imagination with the particulars when you may sum up all by saying that on the slopes of that hill of India are pavilions deeply dyed, tasseled and arched; the fire of colored gardens cooled by the snow of white architecture, bathrooms that refresh before your feet touch their marble, birds in arabesques so natural to life that while you cannot hear their voices you imagine you see the flutter of their wings as you are passing; stoneware transiucent, walls pictured with hunting scene and triumphal procession and jousting party; rooms that were called "alcove of light" and "court of honor" and "hall of victory;" marble, white and black, like a mixture of morning and light; alabaster and lacquer work and mother of pearl—all that architecture and sculpture and painting and horticulture can do when they put their genius together was done here in ages past, and much of their work still stands to absorb and entrance archæologist and sightseer.

But what a solemn and stupendous thing is an abandoned city! While many of the peoples of earth have no roof for their heads, here is a whole city of roofs rejected. The sand of the desert was sufficient excuse for the disappearance of Heliopolis, and the waters of the Mediterranean sea for the engulfment of Tyre, and the lava of Mount Vesuvius for the obliteration of Herculaneum, but for the sake of nothing but a superstitious whim the city of Amber is abandoned forever. Oh, wondrous India! The city of Amber is only one of the marvels which compel the unlifted hand of surprise from the day you enter India until you leave it. Its flora is so flamboyant, its fauna so monstrous and savage, its ruins so suggestive, its idolatry so horrible, its degradation so sickening, its mineralogy so brilliant, its splendors so uplifting, its architecture so old, so grand, so educational, so multipotent that India will not be fully comprehended until science has made its last experiment, and exploration has ended its last journey, and the library of the world's literature has closed its last door, and Christianity has made its last achievement, and the clock of time has struck its last hour.

HOLBORN'S HISTORY.

A London Thoroughfare That Has Gone Through Many Changes.

It is High Holborn, beyond the Gray's Inn gate, a thoroughfare of handsome width that many people may remember as almost choked by a row of houses, tumble down but picturesque, with a nice shady passage of old book stalls and old and end shops for the happy lounger. Mid dle row was pulled down in 1863, an important event in Holborn's life history only surpassed by the opening of the Holborn viaduct in great state by the queen in the following year. A few more dates on the backward track of time may give us a just idea of the ancient fame of Holborn. In 1341 indeed there had been a great reparation of the road, which before had often been but a quagmire. Then it was widened in 1374, repaired in 1431—a few stones may have been put down between whiles—and, as old Stow saith, it was first paved in 1417, when people were lavish with the gold they had acquired in the French wars. But there are more ancient blue pro reparatione Decorum de Alegate et H aborne in 1393 and 1394.

A little farther on we came to Kingsgate street, notable as the residence of the world famous Sairey Gamp. There is still a barber's shop in the street with a striped pole, the whilom ensign perhaps of Paul Swecdlepipes, and the general features of the place have not changed much since Mr. Pecksniff's visit—how many years ago? It has an antiquity that is positively notable, as here was actually the king's gate, by which he entered his private road, as to which we may quote a deposition of 1664. Andrew Lawrence, surveyor of his majesty's highways, says that "his majesty and his predecessors time out of mind have had a private way on the back side of Holbourne and Gray's Inn, and so through Finsbury fields to Kingsland," and as the Stuart kings used to drive that way to Theobald's road, which a bit of the way has still retained as a London street. Doubtless it was the old Roman highway, deserted by the general line of traffic, which was thus utilized by their majesties.

For a good many centuries now Holborn has lost its aristocratic savor. In 1657 Howell, the chronicler of the restoration, passing up Holborn, sees Southampton House in course of destruction and remarks how "Jupiter breaks great vessels and makes small one of the pieces," but the site still retains the name of Southampton buildings and has a gateway into Staple Inn. The house was built by Wriothesley, Lord Southampton, Henry VIII's lord chancellor, a great tall, gaunt, tired looking Georgian, with a indefinable air of authority about him. His companion, also a southerner, was much tanned, and a ragged beard hid the lower part of his face. His soft felt hat was pulled down over his eyes, and his hands were hidden by a long bundle, done up in newspapers, which lay across his lap. When the train stopped at Alexandria, the bride and groom, the schoolgirls and the mother and child rose to leave the car. As the little one passed the two southerners a sudden jar of the train threw her down. The man in the slouch hat leaned forward suddenly, as if to help her rise. The bundle fell from his lap. There were handcuffs on his wrists.—Washington Post.

The Work He Does.

How much does a newspaper man write in a year? An old newspaper worker has sat down and figured it out. He figures that he writes an average of a 1½ columns every day, except for his Sunday paper, when he contributes three columns. This makes 12 columns in a week, and, allowing for two weeks' vacation, he has 50 weeks in a year, in which time he turns out 840,000 words. An ordinary book of short stories contains about 40,000 words, therefore his year's labor is equivalent to 20 books. At this rate of comparison the feat of Marion Crawford in publishing two books per annum does not strike the newspaper men as an incredibly hard task, even allowing for the extra amount of thought involved in story writing. Mr. Howells considers a thousand words a good day's work. Thomas Janvier is satisfied with 400 words, or a little over a quarter of a column.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

LAMBERT'S CLOSE CALL.

Respited a Half Hour Before Execution.

MIND TURNED BY THE GOOD NEWS.

A Score of Witnesses Had Assembled to Witness the Hanging When the Notice of the Stay Was Served Upon the Sheriff —The Condemned Man Faints Twice Upon Being Informed of His Respite— His Mother's Great Joy.

CAMDEN, N. J., Jan. 4.—A half hour before the time set for the execution of Theodore Lambert in the county jail a stay of proceedings granted by Judge Shiras in Washington until March 4 was served on Sheriff Barrett. At that time a score of witnesses had assembled in the execution room. Notice of the stay was given Lambert by his counsel, Lawyer S mple. The condemned man fell to the floor in a faint from which he recovered in a few minutes by the use of stimulants. He fell into a second faint in which he remained for nearly five minutes. On being revived he shouted, "Glory be to God," and then fell on the neck of his counsel, kissing him.

Lambert's Mind Turned.

Lambert's mind was temporarily turned by his good fortune. Since learning that he has two months more to live he has not been able to talk intelligently. He shouts and sings alternately. County Physician Jones has him under treatment. After having Lawyer Semple went to Lambert's home, where his mother was awaiting the news of her son's execution. The lawyer previously promised to come to her immediately after it had taken place. When he entered she cried: "Is he dead yet? I thought he would not be hanged until 10 o'clock." When told of the stay she fell like a log on the floor. A physician had to be called to restore her to consciousness. She went at once to the jail with the lawyer and the mother and son were permitted to have their meeting alone The scene was affecting. Mr. Lambert refused to leave he cell of her son and she was allowed to remain with him.

Claim Lambert Is Legally Dead.

Lawyer Semple's efforts to save his client's life have been extraordinary. He claims that Lambert is legally dead. The date first set for his execution was Dec. 31. Lawyer Semple asked for a reprieve which the governor at first refused on the ground that he had no power in the case, as the thirty days' limit from the time of his conviction had expired. Lawyer Semple claimed that conviction dated from the time of sentence and not from the time of the rendering of the verdict, in which case the sentence was only twenty days. The matter was referred to the attorney general and he took the same view of the case as held by Semple. The reprieve was then granted. After Dec. 31, the day on which Lambert was to be executed, had passed, Lawyer Semple took the opposite ground that conviction did not date from sentence but from the time of rendering of the verdict. As the day set for the execution had passed Lambert was legally dead.

Went to Washington.

He exhausted every means provided in New Jersey to save his client on the technicality a fornight ago and then appealed to the federal courts, raising the same points which were [illegible] dismissed by the New Jersey courts. He went before Judge Dallas in Philadelphia, but was refused the application for a writ. He went next to Washington and called on Justice Shiras of the supreme court. He was referred back to Judge Dallas. He remained in Washington, however, and shortly before 12 o'clock succeeded in having the stay granted. He took the midnight train and reached here early in the morning, but did not serve the writ on the sheriff until 9:30.

Kansas City Election Fraud.

KANSAS CITY, Jan. 4.— Thomas J. Canny, a judge of election in the Ninth ward, before Commissioner Evans, who is hearing evidence in the Jamison-Bremerman contest for the office of county prosecutor, declared that 217 ballots which had already been voted for Republicans were deliberately taken from the ballot box before the polls had clos d, and Democratic ballots substituted. He protested all he dared, but was afraid to say more, as Arthur Moses, one of the judges, displayed a pistol. Canny also said he still feared for his life.

Coxey Will Not Down.

MASSILLON, O., Jan. 4 —J. S. Coxey has leased a suite of rooms in this city for the campaign of 1896. They will be appropriately furnished, a banner floated to the breeze with the words, "Bureau of the Coxey Non-Interest Bearing Bond Bill and the Initiative and Referendum," and Chief Marshal Browne will be in charge. He says he will have things humming all over the United States for the Coxey plan to have the country in contrast with the Carlisle plan or the Baltimore plan.

Making a Hard Fight for Life.

PERRY, O. T., Jan. 4 —John Mulligan, the double murderer, who is under sentence to be hanged Jan. 11, and who escaped a month ago, but was recaptured, jumped through a glass door and escaped to the east. Hundreds of men are in pursuit. Mulligan was bareheaded, barefooted, and in his shirt sleeves. There are two inches of snow on the ground.

Palatial Mansion Burned.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Jan. 4.—The palatial home of P. P. Mast, the widely known millionaire manufacturer, was almost completely destroyed by fire. The loss is $80,000, partially covered by insurance. The fire started in an elevator shaft but just how is not known. The family escaped in their night robes. A large part of the furniture was saved.

Funeral of Sir John Thompson.

HALIFAX, N. S., Jan. 4.—The remains of the late Sir John Thompson were removed to the catafalque in St. Mary's Cathedral, where the solemn mass and funeral services were celebrated. Archbish O'Brien preached an eloquent sermon. After the mass had been celebrated the remains were interred in Holy Cross cemetery.

The House Was Full of Gas.

NEW YORK, Jan. 4.—John B. Bergamini, aged eighty years, and his wife, aged 70, were found asphyxiated by gas. Seventeen families occupied the tenement where the Bergaminis lived, and the house had been filled with gas for four days. The Bergaminis had apparently been dead two days.

SOLONS RESUME WORK

The National Legislature Again in Session.

ANIMATED SCENE IN THE HOUSE.

Galleries Crowded and Over Half of the Members in Their Seats When the Gavel Fell—House Goes into Committee of the Whole on the Currency Bill—Doings in the Senate—The Eleventh Census—Capital City News Notes.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—The house presented an animated scene when it was called to order by Speaker Crisp after the holiday recess. The galleries were crowded and over half the members were in their seats. In the diplomatic gallery were the Japanese minister and his secretary and many prominent personages looked down on the forensic arena from the reserved gallery. After the call of committees for reports Quigg of New York attempted to offer a resolution relating to salaries in the New York postoffice, but Springer, in charge of the currency bill, cut him off with a motion to go into committee of the whole for the further consideration of that bill Accordingly the house went into committee, Richardson of Tennessee in the chair and Black of Georgia, a member of the banking and currency committee, took the floor in favor of the bill.

In the Senate.

The senate reassembled at noon after the holiday recess of ten days. About thirty senators were present when Vice President Stevenson called the body to order and more came in during the reading of the journal. The chair laid before the senate a letter from the secretary of state transmitting a dispatch from the United States ambassador at Paris saying that he had delivered to widow of the late President Carnot engrossed copies of resolutions of sympathy of American congress relative to the death of President Carnot.

Quay introduced a proposed amendment to the urgency deficiency bill amending the tariff law by striking out all provision for an income tax and substituting a new woolen schedule including a duty on raw wool.

At 2 o'clock the senate resumed consideration of the Nicaragua canal bill, Morgan, speaking.

THE ELEVENTH CENSUS.

The Work Will Be Completed by the 4th of Next March.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—The eleventh census will be practically completed within the time allotted by congress—March 4 next. Colonel Wright, the acting superintendent, stated that there was no question of the ability of the office to complete its work by that time. The only volumes whose manuscripts are not yet in readiness for printing are the last volume of population and part of the volume on vital statistics The latter cannot be completed until the former is finished. Twelve reports are at the government printing office out of control of the bureau and several volumes a month will hereafter probably be issued. The text of the final reports on manufactures, farms, homes and mortgages, pauperism and crime and one or two other reports are in course of revision. The force of the office has been reduced to 200 and a dismissal will be frequent during the next two months, probably about 100 remaining on Feb. 1.

Congressman Gear's Condition.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—The condition of Representative Gear of Iowa is practically unchanged. The hope which the doctors in attendance were at first inclined to in consequence of the rally of two days ago is still held to. There was then an undoubted improvement and at least a postponement of what seemed immediate death. Still the doctors attending upon the senator-elect do not attempt to conceal their anxiety over what is a serious case, especially when the advanced age of the senator-elect is taken into consideration.

Result of Postal Growth.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—As a result of increase of postal business during the last three months twenty-nine international money order offices, ninety domestic money order offices and 102 limited money order offices will be established throughout the country on Jan. 7. Among the new international offices are: Neoga, Ills.; Clayton and Milan, Ind.; Mystic, Ia.; Homer and Imlay City, Mich.; Wolverton, Minn.; and Johnstown and Milton, N. D., and Lodi, South Milwaukee and South Superior, Wis.

Presidential Nominations.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—The president sent the following nominations to the senate: Herbert Wolcott Bowman, to be consul general of tue United States at Barcelona, Spain; Andrew J. Patterson of Tennessee, consul at Demara, British Guinea; T. Frank Clark of Florida, attorney the United States, southern district of Florida; to be commissioner of immigration, Walter R. Stradley of California, at the port of San Francisco.

Will Make a Thorough Investigation.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—The charges of political assessments and of partisan removals in the San Francisco custom house have been under consideration by the civil service commission for some time through correspondence with the collector of customs and others in San Francisco. The commission has determined to make a thorough investigation and an agent will be sent to conduct an inquiry at the custom office, probably within a month.

Deny the Story.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—The report that J. Pierpont Morgan had called on President Cleveland to urge the removal of Secretary Carlisle from the cabinet is emphatically denied in official circles and by the very best authority. It is stated in most decisive terms that the president has not seen Mr. Morgan for more than a year.

Creedon Going to England.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 4.—It has been definitely settled that Dan Creedon, the St. Louis middleweight, will sail for England the early part of March and there throw down the gauntlet to all men in his class.

Another Blast at Breckinridge.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Jan. 4.—The W. C. T. U. women here have adopted resolutions to boycott Representative Breckinridge when he lectures here.