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STATE NEWS MENTION

CONDENSATION OF INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

Finest Church in the State Dedicated.—Veteran Suicides Because of Debt.—Blaze in Port Huron.

Kolasinski's Church Dedicated.

The grand church edifice—the church of the Sacred Heart of Mary—the finest in the state of Michigan, was dedicated in Detroit. The building was erected by the followers of Father Kolasinski, the deposed priest of the big Polish church—St. Albertus.

It will be remembered that some years ago a split occurred in the last-named church. Serious riots took place continually between the factions, and the outcome was that Father Kolasinski was deposed. His people stood by him, and although most of them were very poor they sacrificed everything, and the grandest building of the kind in Michigan is now their reward.

The dedication was attended with great ceremony. Fully 10,000 people outside of the congregation witness the affair. The young and old gathered in the mud outside the building while a procession of the military and civic societies followed by Father Kolasinski and the bishop who conducted the services marched around the church and blessed the exterior. Then they went inside and mass was celebrated. The edifice was crowded. The splendid organ, the choir of 50 voices and the beautiful interior made the service very impressive. The bishop sang a mass, Father Kolasinski rendered another and then his assistant delivered an address telling the 10,000 communicants to be faithful to their leader and pay no attention to the opposition of the St. Albertus society or to Bishop Foley who was jealous of Father Kolasinski.

The opponents of Kolasinski claim that the bishop who dedicated the church was a bogus one, simply some disaffected priest attired in the robes of a bishop. The Kolasinskians' faith in their leader cannot be shaken, however.

Adrian's Masonic Temple Burned.

The Masonic temple in Adrian, built in 1865 at a cost of $80,000, and by all odds the handsomest block in the city, was destroyed by fire. The fire broke out in the upper story under the mansard roof at 11 o'clock at night. When the firemen thought it was well under control, an explosion occurred, destroying the entire roof, and it was at once seen that the whole building was doomed. It was occupied by all the Masonic lodges in the city. The second floor was occupied by law offices and the ground floor by the Lenawee County Savings bank, the United States and Pacific express offices and McConnell's dry goods house. The latter's loss is $30,000; insured for $18,000. The building was insured for $20,000. C. E. Weaver, attorney for the Lake Shore railroad, loses everything in his handsome suite of offices except some valuable papers in the vault. The Press printing office suffered $7,000 damage and several others lost from $100 to $500. The total loss will probably reach $60,000.

For some time the Lawrence hotel, across the street, was in danger, and the panic stricken guests made a hasty exit.

Well-Known Veteran Suicides.

The body of Albert Forsythe was found in bed at his room at the residence of John Worden, at Ypsilanti. Mr. Worden said he had not been seen by the family for two days, and his room has been locked. Thinking there was something mysterious about the matter he forced an entrance.

Forsythe was in bed, lying on his stomach, with blood upon the pillow. Near by was an envelope marked strychnine. Examination showed he had died from the effects of the drug probably 48 hours before. A photograph of his dead wife was found under his arm next the heart. Letters were also found which gave full instructions as to his funeral and burial. From the letters it appears the motive of his act was that he was unable to pay money he owed, which was but $200 or so. Two brothers also suicided within the past five years.

$30,000 Opera House Fire.

The opera house building at Port Huron was discovered on fire at midnight. The fire department responded quickly, but could not control the flames until a loss of about $30,000 had been sustained, divided as follows: City opera house, $20,000; R. J. Clark, hardware, $8,000; J. L. Paldi, survey and abstract office, loss $3,000; McMorran & Davidson, office $1,000; St. Clair County Savings bank, $200, no insurance; Port Huron Savings bank, $1,000. The heat from the fire was intense, the plate glass windows in all the stores across the street being broken, entailing a loss of $600. It is not known how the fire originated. It started on the stage of the theater. This leaves the city without an opera house.

Fatally Stabbed by a Drunken Man.

Paul Johnson boarded with Ben Franklin in Detroit, as did Floyd Howard, all colored. Johnson went to the house drunk, and began abusing Mrs. Franklin and her daughter Gertie, who are his aunt and cousin. Howard remonstrated, Johnson became ugly and a slight fracas followed. They were separated, but later on the quarrel was renewed, and in a struggle Johnson stabbed Howard with a kitchen knife, and both fell, the former on top. Gertie Franklin seeing Howard was being killed caught up a chair and struck Johnson over the head until he desisted. The wounded man was taken to the hospital, but his injuries proved fatal. Johnson is under arrest.

A Depraved Mother.

Mrs. Nellie Baker, mother of Ina Baker, the girl assaulted by Edward Aiken, at Jackson, has frightened her daughter into refusing to testify against Aiken. Mrs. Baker left her husband, a Tekonsha barber, to become the paramour of Aiken. Prosecutor Kirkley says justice must be done the injured girl and that if she persists in refusing to testify he will commit her for contempt. There is a strong feeling against both Aiken and Mrs. Baker.

Delicate Girl Assaulted.

Fred Hunt, of Leoni, aged 18, was arrested charged with criminally assaulting Ada Hanna, a delicate girl 11 years of age. Hunt's father is a blacksmith at Leoni and William Hanna, the father of the girl, keeps a general store there. The girl has been abused by Hunt for several months. He is accused of making her remove her clothing in her father's store at night and dance for his amusement. Hunt's letters to the girl are too indecent for publication.

The annual convention of the Michigan Engineering society will be held at Jackson, January 2-4.

Viola Stevens, a 17-year-old girl, died in a house at Bankers where it was rumored girls had often before been relieved of trouble. The death was a mystery, but now Ira Wright has been arrested as a go-between between the girl's betrayer and the person who performed a criminal operation. The girl was beautiful and accomplished.

THROUGHOUT MICHIGAN.

During the past year the United States government has spent $1,466,269 at the Soo.

Gov. Rich is the attraction at the Stockbridge farmers' institute, to be held January 2 and 3.

The Choral Union of the University of Michigan rendered the "Messiah" in a very acceptable manner.

Burglars entered the depot at Manistique while the employes were at dinner and made away with $40.

In a riot between Hungarians and police at Scranton, Pa., one policeman was shot and several others were badly hurt.

William Moule's sash and door and blind factory and foundry was totally consumed by fire at Oxford. No insurance.

John Clegg, the assistant postmaster of Atlantic Mine, charged with a heavy defalcation, has been arrested at Galena, Ill.

Shirely Dafoe, of Coral, was kicked in the head by a colt. Sixteen pieces of his skull have been removed and yet the boy lives.

George F. Knill, jr., was arrested at Port Huron, charged with biting off a piece of Ned Ivers' ear during a drunken row.

James Pickford, one of the wealthiest farmers in Rome township, Lenawee county, fell on the ice fractured his skull and is dead.

Marshall will hold a special election January 15 to vote on the proposition to bond the city for $50,000 for a system of water works.

Mrs. C. S. Waller, of Glenn, committed suicide at South Haven by hanging herself with a towel. Cause, despondency from ill health.

Farmers of Leroy and Newton will run a co-operative creamery. Stock is being subscribed, and the plant will be completed within a few months.

Bert Stewart was struck on the head by a beam at a barn raising near Schoolcraft, Kalamazoo county, and it is thought that the injury will prove fatal.

Judge Cooley, of Ann Arbor, has written a letter upholding President Cleveland upon his stand on the Hawaiian matter, in the light of the Blount report.

Noah Dodge, a pioneer of Spring Arbor, died of la grippe, aged 80 years His wife died the day previous of the same disease and they were buried together.

The Grange society has received new life and vigor in Branch and Calhoun counties. The local township organizations are receiving numerous members at every meeting.

Mrs. Henry Ide, living three miles west of Coldwater, fell down a cellar, breaking her shoulder blade. The injury proved serious on account of her age, she being 60 years old.

George Cherry, who eloped with 14 year old Arminda Whitman, was sentenced at Adrian to six years in state prison. He pleaded guilty to criminal assault, the girl being under the age of consent.

The grand master of the grand encampment of the Knights Templar of the United States, Hon. Hugh McCurdy, was quietly married at Charlotte to Mrs. Emma J. Goodrich, of that place.

James Ogle, Sr., owner of the Rose house, Pontiac, was knocked down by a fractious horse and frightfully cut in the abdomen besides receiving numerous bruises. He is about 70 years old but may recover.

Frances, the wife of Judge Watson Beach, died at Lexington. She had her teeth all pulled out the day previous by a dentist at Port Huron, and the shock to her system was so great as to cause death.

An ice gorge formed in the river Raisin at Monroe, caused the water to back up. All the low lands along the banks are flooded, and several streets in the city were under water. Considerable damage was done.

The plant of the Birmingham Butter Co. has been sold at auction to Ed Miller, one of the stockholders, for $1,728. Less than a year ago the plant cost $5,300. About $7,000 has been sunk in the enterprise.

Congressman Thomas has introduced bills in congress appropriating $40,000 for improving the harbor at Saugatuck, $65,000 for the harbor at South Haven. $111,000 for the harbor at St. Joseph and $2,000 for the St. Joseph river.

By the death of an aunt in California, Patrick Fitzgerald, formerly of Grand Rapids, has fallen heir to a fortune estimated at $1,360,000. He was working there when last heard from but his present whereabouts are unknown.

Hon. Henry Hart, of Mt. Pleasant, will retire from the circuit bench on December 31—after 18 years consecutive service. The Isabella County Bar association presented the judge with an elegant roll-top office desk as a token of their esteem.

Dr. H. B. Anderson, one of Traverse City's prominent physicians, has been arrested on a charge of manslaughter. It is alleged that he performed the criminal operation which resulted in the death of pretty Elsie Price, and the arrest was in accordance with the verdict of the coroner's jury. Meanwhile the cause of her trouble is at large.

While S. H. Haywood, of Lexington, was driving on the Military street bridge, Port Huron, one of the horses slipped and fell, striking the iron standard, which held the trolley wire of the electric street railway. The shock broke an insulator overhead, the wire fell and the electric current passed through the body of the horse killing him instantly.

The Michigan Central and the Toledo, Ann Arbor & North Michigan railroads had a big rate war to secure the holiday patronage of the University students. The war became so warm that rates were made: $4 round trip to Chicago; $8 round trip to St. Louis, and $15 round trip to Kansas City. Nearly all of the 2,600 students took advantage of the rates.

The annual report of the statistician of the national bureau of education shows that there are in Michigan forty public libraries, each with over 1,000 bound volumes upon their shelves. Three of these libraries rank among the great ones of the country. They are: Detroit public library, 108,720 volumes; University of Michigan library, Ann Arbor, 77,805; state library, Lansing, 55,000.

The secretary of war has sent out a report upon the tonnage which passed through St. Mary's Canal in Michigan during the year 1893. There was navigation for 219 days, 14 less than in 1892. The value of freight passing through the canal was $145,435,956, about $10,000,000 more than last year. The tonnage registered was 9,849,754; the freight tonnage 10,796,572; each about a million less than last year.

The supreme court has taken a new stand in the fight of factions of the United Brethren church in Christ. The constitution and confession of faith were revised in 1889, causing the withdrawal of 15 of the 20 bishops. The fight then came over the possession of property, and courts in Ohio, Indiana and Pennsylvania found for the constitution changers. The Michigan supreme court, however, has declared the constitution changes illegal, and gives the so-called seceders possession of the church property.

The duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gothe (duke of Edinburgh) has renounced the annuity of £15,000 conferred upon him in 1866 by the British parliament.

TO ISSUE $25 U. S. BONDS

SECRETARY CARLISLE HAS A NEW IDEA ON BONDS.

Would Have Them 3 per cents and Sell Them Direct to the People—Summary of His Annual Report.

Secretary of the Treasury Carlisle has issued his annual report. During the last five months of the fiscal year, compared with last year, receipts have diminished as follows: Customs revenue, $23,589,829; internal taxes, $7,866,667; miscellaneous, $324,152. Expenditures on contracts have increased $8,779,949. Reductions in other departments amount to $6,352,206. The deficit for the five months is $29,918,095. The net balance in the treasury, exclusive of the gold reserve and some other funds, was only $11,038,448, and of the total cash on hand $12,347,517 was in subsidiary silver and minor coins.

The deficit for the year is placed at $28,000,000. To cover this and any deficits in 1894 and 1895, Secretary Carlisle recommends that the law of 1875 be amended so as to authorize him to sell at not less than par in coin bonds to an amount not exceeding $200,000,000, bearing a lower rate of interest and having a shorter time to run than those now provided for. "In the present condition of the public credit, nothing less than the existence of a great and pressing financial emergency would, in my opinion, justify the issue and sale of any of the three classes of bonds which the law of 1875 permits me to issue. Whatever may have been their merits nearly a quarter of a century ago, when the credit of the government was impaired, our financial standing is now so high that such bonds would have to be sold at a premium so great as to prevent people of ordinary means from buying them. And it is evident that a bond, bearing interest at the rate of 3 per cent. payable quarterly and redeemable at the option of the government after five years, could be readily sold at par in our own country.

"If I am authorized to issue the bonds in denominations of $25 and its multiples, they could be readily disposed of through the sub-treasuries and postoffices, without the agency or intervention of banks or other financial institutions, and without the payment of commissions. Such bonds would afford to the people at large an opportunity to convert their surplus earnings into a valuable and convenient form of security.

"In case congress should not accept my suggestion, I recommend that the secretary be empowered to execute from time to time, as may be necessary, the obligations of the government, not exceeding in the aggregate $50,000,000, bearing a rate of interest not greater than 3 per cent and payable about one year from date, and be permitted to sell or use them at not less than par in the payment of public expenses to such creditors as may be willing to receive them."

On the subject of the $100,000,000 gold reserve Secretary Carlisle says the amount is inadequate and that the secretary should be clothed with authority to procure and maintain an ample reserve, and that the purpose of the reserve be made comprehensive.

Silver. The secretary says that he can recommend no specific legislation on the silver question until the effect of the Sherman act repeal becomes apparent. He refers to the enormous accumulation of currency in the banks, which on Dec. 1, 1893, was $112,404,947, greater than on Nov. 1, 1892. It is due largely to the late financial stringency and the fact that there is no demand for money for investment. "Money does not create business, but business creates a demand for money, and until there is such a revival of industry trade as to require the use of the circulating medium now outstanding, it would be hazardous to arbitrarily increase its volume by law, or to make material charges in its character."

The treasury now holds 140,699,760 fine ounces of silver costing $126,758,218, and which will make 181,914,899 silver dollars. The coinage of the whole amount or this bullion, which would employ our mints, with their present capacities, for a period of about five years, would, at the existing ratio, increase the silver circulation during the time named $55,556,681 from seigniorage, besides such additions as might be made in the meantime by the redemption of the treasury notes in standard silver dollars.

The secretary figures that under the Wilson bill there will appear by present estimates an annual deficiency of $62,000,000; but he feels confident that increased imports and economic government would reduce the deficiency to $50,000,000. This, he thinks, can be most conveniently and justly raised by increasing the tax on distilled spirits 10 cents per gallon, and by additional taxes on cigars and cigarettes, and the imposition of new taxes on playing cards, cosmetics and perfumeries, legacies and successions, and incomes derived from investments in stocks and bonds of corporations and joint stock companies. He disapproves of a personal income tax, saying that the valuable privileges enjoyed by stock companies, over and above those allowed to individuals, amply justify an extra tax upon the stockholder.

Foreign commerce. Imports for 1892: Merchandise, $827,402,462; gold, $49,699,454; silver, $19,955,086. Exports, merchandise, $1,030,278,148; gold, $50,195,327; silver, $32,810,559.

Imports for 1893: Merchandise, $866,400,922; gold, $21,174,381; silver, $23,193,252. Exports, merchandise, $847,665,194; gold, $108,680,000; silver, $40,737,319. Only 12.2 per cent of imports were carried by American vessels. A decrease in the number of customs houses is advocated.

Mr. Carlisle announces his intention to give out silver certificates of smaller denominations and to withdraw the smaller legal tender bills.

He says the policy of the government is unwise in maintaining its own currency, but if the government takes upon itself the functions of a bank of issue greater than all other banks combined it should give to the secretary of the treasury the discretion possessed by the executive heads of banks.

Fire in a Mine.

The lives of 200 men were imperilled by fire in a coal mine at Minonk, Ill. George Erbland tried to light his torch while standing near a big can of kerosene; in some way oil leaking from the can ignited and in his scramble to extinguish the flames Erbland upset the large can and at once the flames spread frightfully. There were 300 men in the mine; 100 were taken up the main shaft before the fire cut off the escape. Then the only hope of the 200 imprisoned men lay in reaching the three ventilating shafts. Fighting their way through the flames and the dense clouds of suffocating smoke they all reached safety. It was over an hour before all were rescued, many of them reached the upper air in a desperate condition, but all will recover excepting Erbland, who was fatally burned.

Ex-President Harrison was given a splendid reception by the Union League of Philadelphia.

Owing to the number of tramps outrages at Anderson, Ind., each night patrolman is furnished a blacksnake whip. Every tramp will be whipped out of the city and given a severe lashing if he returns.

Commodore Stanton, who was relieved from command at Rio for saluting the rebel Admiral Mello, has been restored to duty by Secretary Herbert and ordered to the command of the North Atlantic squadron, one of the best posts in the navy.

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

TALMAGE PREACHES A CHRISTMAS SERMON.

Christ the Star That Lights the Human Race to a Glorious Destiny—"I Am the Bright and the Morning Star" —Rev. 22:16.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 24.—In the Brooklyn tabernacle to-day, a great audience assembled to participate in the Christmas services. Standing before the organ, festooned with Christmas greens, this sermon was delivered by Rev. Dr. Talmage, after the throngs had sung: "The Star of Bethlehem." Text, Rev. 22:16, "I am the bright and the morning star."

This is Christmas eve. Our attention and the attention of the world is drawn to the star that pointed down to the caravansary where Christ was born. But do not let us forget that Christ himself was a star. To that luminous fact my text calls us.

It seems as if the natural world were anxious to make up for the damage it did our race in furnishing the forbidden fruit. If that fruit wrought death among the nations, now all the natural products shall become a symbol of blessing. The showering down of the wealth of the orchard will make us think of him whom Solomon describes as the apple tree among the trees of the wood; and the flowers of tangled glen and cultured parterre shall be the dew-glinted garland for the brow of the Lord Jesus. Yea, even the night shall be taxed, and its brightest star shall be set as a gem in the coronet of our holy religion.

Have you ever seen the morning star advantageously? If it was on your way home from a night's carousal, you saw none of its beauty. If you merely turned over on your pillow in the darkness, glancing out of the window, you know nothing about the cheerful influence of that star. But there are many in this house to-night who, in great passes of their life, some of them far out at sea, have gazed at that star and been thrilled through with indescribable gladness. That star comes trembling as though with the perils of the darkness, and yet bright with the anticipation of the day. It seems emotional with all tenderness, its eyes filled with the tears of many sorrows. It is the gem on the hand of the morning thrust up to signal its coming. Other stars are dim, like holy candles in a cathedral or silver beads counted in superstitious litany; but this is a living star, a speaking star, an historic star, an evangelistic star—bright, and brilliant, and triumphant symbol of the great Redeemer. The telegraphic operator puts his finger on the silver key of the electric instrument, and the tidings fly across the continent; and so it seems to me that the finger of inspiration is placed upon this silver point in the heavens, and it thrills through all the earth: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. Behold I am the bright and morning star." The meaning of my text is this: as the morning star precedes and promises the coming of the day, so Christ heralds the natural and spiritual dawn.

In the first place Christ heralded the coming of the creation. There was a time when there was no order, no sound of beauty. No wing stirred. No word was uttered. No light sped. As far as God could look up, as far down, as far out, there was nothing. Immeasurable solitude. Height and depth, and length, and breadth of nothingness. Did Christ then exist? Oh, yes. "By him were all things made that are made; things in heaven and things in earth and things under the earth." Yes, he antedated the creation. He led forth Arcturus and his sons. He shone before the first morning. His voice was heard in the concert when the morning stars serenaded the advent of our infant earth, when, wrapped in swaddling clothes of light, it lay in the arms of the great Jehovah. He saw the first fountain laid. He saw the first light kindled. That hand which was afterward crushed upon the cross was thurst into chaos, and it brought out one world and swung it in that orbit; and brought out another world and swung it in another orbit; and brought out all the worlds, and swung them in their particular orbits. They came like sheep at the call of a shepherd. They knew his voice, and he called them all by their names. Oh, it is an interesting thought to me to know that Christ had something to do with the creation. I see now why it was so easy for him to change water into wine; he first created the water. I see now why it was so easy for him to cure the maniac; he first created the intellect. I see now why it was so easy for him to hush the tempest; he sank Gennesaret. I see now why it was so easy for him to swing fish into Simon's net; he made the fish. I see now why it was so easy for him to give sight to the blind man; he created the optic nerve. I see now why it was so easy for him to raise Lazarus from the dead; he created the body of Lazarus and the rock that shut him in. Some suppose that Christ came a stranger to Bethlehem. Oh, no! He created the shepherds, and the flocks they watched, and the hills on which they pastured, and the heavens that overarched their heads, and the angels that chanted the chorus on that Christmas night. That hand, which was afterward nailed to the cross, was an omnipotent and creative hand, and the whole universe was poised on the tip of one of his fingers. Before the world was, Christ was. All the worlds came trooping up out of the darkness and he greeted them, as a father greets his children, with a "good morning," or a "good night." Hail, Lord Jesus, morning star of the first creation!

Again, Christ heralds the dawn of comfort in a Christian soul. Sometimes we come to passes in life where all kinds of tribulations meet us. You are building up some great enterprise. You have built the foundation—the wall—you are just about to put on the capstone, when everything is demolished. You have a harp all strung for sweetest accord, and some great agony crushes it. There is a little voice hushed in the household. Blue eye closed! Color dashed out of the cheek. The foot still. Instead of the quick feet in the hall, the heavy tread of those who march to the grave. Oh, what are people to do amid all these sorrows? Some sit down and mourn. Some bite their lip until until the blood comes. Some wring their pale hands. Some fall on their faces. Some lie on their backs helpless, and look up into what seems to them an unpitying heaven. Some pull their hair down over their eyes, and look through with a fiend's glare. Some with both hands press their hot brain, and want to die, and cry: "Oh God! Oh God!" Long night, bitter night, stupendous night of the world's suffering! Some know not which way to turn. But not so the Christian man. He looks up toward the heavens. He sees a bright appearance in the heavens. Can it be only a flashing meteor? Can it be only a falling star? Can it be only a delusion? Nay, nay. The longer he looks, the more distinct it becomes, until, after a while, he cries out: "A star! a morning star! a star of comfort! a star of grace! a star of peace! the Star of the Redeemer!" Peace for all trouble. Balm for all wounds. Life for all dead. Now Jesus, the great heart-healer, comes into our home. Peace! Peace that passeth all understanding. We look up through our tears. We are comforted! It is the morning star of the Redeemer. "Who broke off that flower?" said one servant in the garden to another. "Who broke off that flower?" and the other servant said, "The master." Nothing more was said, for if the master had not a right to break off a flower to wear over his heart or to set in the vase in the mansion, who has a right to touch the flower? And when Christ comes down into our garden to gather lilies, shall we fight him back? Shall we talk as though he had no right to come? If any one in all the universe has a right to that which is beautiful in our homes, then our Master has, and he will take it, and he will wear it over his heart, or he will set it in the vase of the palace eternal. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Peace, troubled soul! I put the balm on your wounded heart to-night. The morning star, the morning star of the Redeemer.

Again, Christ heralds the dawn of millennial glory. It is night in China, night in India, night in Siberia, night for the vast majority of the world's population. But it seems to me there are some intimations of the morning. All Spain is to be brought under the influence of the gospel. What is the light I see breaking over the top of the Pyrenees? The morning! Yea, all Italy shall receive the gospel. She shall have her schools, and her colleges, and her churches; her vast population shall surrender themselves to Christ. What is that light I see breaking over the top of the Alps? The morning. All India shall come to God. Her idols shall be cast down. Her Juggernauts shall be broken. Her temples of iniquity shall be demolished. What is that light I see breaking over the top of the Himalayas? The morning. The empurpled clouds shall gild the path of the conquering day. The Hottentot will come out of his mud hovel to look at the dawn; the Chinaman will come up on the granite cliffs, the Norwegian will get up on the rocks, and all the beach of heaven will be crowded with celestial inhabitants come out to see the sun rise over the ocean of the world's agony. They shall come from the east, and from the west, from the north, and from the south, and sit down in the kingdom of God. These sweltered under tropical suns. These shivered under Icelandic temperature. These plucked the vineyards in Italy. These packed the tea boxes in China. These were aborigines lifting up their dusky faces in the dawn. And the wind shall waft it, and every mountain shall become a transfiguration, and the sea will become the walking place of him who trod the wave cliffs of stormy Tiberias, and the song of joy shall raise toward heaven, and the great sky will become a sounding board which shall strike back the shout of salvation to the earth until it rebounds again to the throne of the Almighty, and the morning star of Christian hope will become the full sunburst of millennial glory.

Again, Christ heralds the dawn of heaven upon every Christian's dying pillow. I suppose you have noticed that the characteristics of people in their healthy days are very apt to be their characteristics in their dying days. The dying words of ambitious Napoleon were: "Head of the army." The dying words of poetic Lord Byron were: "I must sleep now." The dying words of affectionate Lord Nelson were: "Kiss me, Hardy." The dying words of Voltaire were, as he saw one whom he supposed to be Jesus in the room: "Crush that wretch." But I have noticed that the dying words of Christians always mean peace. Generally the pain is all gone, and there is great quietude through the room. As one of these brothers told me of his mother in the last moment: "She looked up, and said, pointing to some supernatural being that seemed to be in the room, 'Look at that bright form. Why, they have come for me now.'"

The lattice is turned so that the light is very pleasant. It is peace all around. You ask yourself: "Why, can this be a dying room? It is so different from anything I ever expected." And you walk the floor, and you look out of the window, and you come back and look at your watch, and you look at the face of the patient again, and there is no change, except that the face is becoming more radiant, more illuminated. The wave of death seems coming up higher and higher, until it has touched the ankle, then it comes on up until it touches the knee, and then it comes on up until it reaches the girdle, and then it comes on up until it reaches the lip, and the soul is about to be floated away into glory, and you roll back the patient's sleeve, and you put your finger on the pulse, and it is getting weaker and weaker, and the pulse stops, and you hardly know whether the life has gone or not. Indeed, you cannot tell when she goes away, she goes away so calmly. Perhaps it is 4 o'clock in the morning, and you have the bed wheeled around to the window, and the dying one looks out into the night sky, and she sees something that attracts her attention, and you wonder what it is.

Why, it is a star. It is a star that out of its silver rim is pouring a supernatural light into that dying experience. And you say, "What is it that you are looking at?" She says, "It is a star." You say, "What star is it that seems so well to please you?" "Oh," she says, "that is the morning star—Jesus!" I would like to have my death-bed under that evangelistic star—I would like to have my eye on that star, so I could be assured of the morning. Then the dash of the surf of the sea of death would only be the billowing up of the promise, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." All other lights will fail—the light that falls from the scroll of fame, the light that flashes from the gem in the beautiful apparel, the light that flames from the burning lamps of a banquet—but this light burns on and burns on. Paul kept his eye on that morning star until he could say, "I am now ready to be offered and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course. I have kept the faith." Edward Payson kept his eye on that star until he could say, "The breezes of heaven fan me." Dr. Goodwin kept his eye on that evangelistic star until he could say, "I am swallowed up in God." John Tennant kept his eye on that evangelistic star until he could say, "Welcome, sweet Lord Jesus—welcome eternity." No other star ever pointed a mariner into so safe a harbor. No other star ever sunk its silvered anchor into the waters. No other star ever pierced such accumulated cloud or beckoned with such a holy luster.

With lanterns and torches, and a guide, we went down in the Mammoth cave of Kentucky. You may walk fourteen miles and see no sunlight. It is a stupendous place. Some places the roof of the cave a hundred feet high. The grottoes filled with weird echoes, cascades falling from invisible height to invisible depth. Stalagmites rising up from the floor of the cave—stalactites descending from the roof of the cave, joining each other, and making pillars of the Almighty's sculpturing. There are rosettes of amethyst in halls of gypsum. As the guide carries his lantern ahead of you, the shadows have an appearance supernatural and spectral. The darkness is fearful. Two people, getting lost from their guide only for a few hours, years ago, were demented, and for years sat in their insanity. You feel like holding your breath as you walk across the bridges that seem to span the bottomless abyss. The guide throws his calcium light down into the caverns, and the light rolls and tosses from rock to rock, and from depth to depth, making at every plunge a new revelation of the awful power that could have made such a place as that. A sense of suffocation comes upon you as you think that you are two hundred and fifty feet in a straight line from the sunlit surface of the earth. The guide, after awhile, takes you into what is called the "Star Chamber," and then he says to you: "Sit here," and then he takes the lantern and goes down under the rocks, and it gets darker and darker, until the night is so thick that the hand an inch from the eye is unobservable. And then, by kindling one of the lanterns, and placing it in a cleft of the rock, there is a reflection cast on the dome of the cave, and there are stars coming out in constellations—a brilliant night heavens—and you involuntarily exclaim: "Beautiful! beautiful!" Then he takes the lantern down in other depths of the cavern and wanders on, and wanders off, until he comes up from behind the rocks gradually, and it seems like the dawn of the morning and it gets brighter and brighter. The guide is a skilled ventriloquist, and he imitates the voices of the morning, and soon the gloom is all gone, and you stand congratulating yourself over the wonderful spectacle. Well, there are a great many people who look down into the grave as a great cavern. They think it is a thousand miles subterraneous, and all the echoes seem to be the voices of despair, and the cascades seem to be the falling tears that always fall, and the gloom of earth seems coming up in stalagmite, and the gloom of the eternal world seems descending in the stalactite, making pillars of indescribable horror. The grave is no such place as that to me, thank God. Our divine guide takes us down into the great caverns, and we have the lamp to our feet and the light to our path, and all the echoes in the rifts of the rock are anthems, and all the falling waters are fountains of salvation, and, after awhile, we look up, and behold! the cavern of the tomb has become a king's star-chamber. And, while we are looking at the pomp of it, an everlasting morning begins to rise, and all the tears of earth crystallize into stalagmite, rising up in a pillar on the one side, and all the glories of heaven seem to be descending in stalactite, making a pillar on the other side, and you push against the gate that swings between the two pillars, and, as the gate flashes open, you find it is one of the twelve gates which are twelve pearls. Blessed be God that through this gospel the mammoth cave of the sepulcher has become the illumined Star chamber of the king!

I would God that if my sermon today does not lead you to Christ, that before morning, looking out of the window, the astronomy of the night heavens might lead you to the feet of Jesus.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone, the Savior speaks
Is the Star of Bethlehem.

A Safe Place in a Storm.

The Chippewa Indians say that the beech tree is never struck by lightning, and whenever a thunderstorm overtakes them they seek shelter under its branches. Strange to say there appears to be some foundation for their curious belief. The writer cannot remember ever having seen a beech tree that had been shattered by a thunderbolt, and lumbermen who have spent most of their lives in the woods agree with the Indians; but no one seems able to give any reason why this tree should be so favored. The trees most frequently struck by lightning are oaks and elms, and it is wiser to remain in the open and get thoroughly soaked than to seek shelter under them when a thunder storm is raging.

Two Days on the Brink of Death.

At Pusterthol, in Austria-Hungary, recently, a young woman about 24 years of age, while ascending a mountain, suddenly slipped and rolled down a precipice till stopped by the bough of a tree. In her fall she swooned. On recovering consciousness, she saw that the tree was scarcely a yard from the precipice. From loss of blood the girl was so weak that she could not free herself, and in this perilous position she remained for two days and two nights. At length her cries were heard by a shepherd boy in the mountains above, and the half dead girl was hauled to a place of safety.

Three Religions in One Family.

The young son of Prince Ferdinand of Roumania, Prince Karol, who was born a few weeks ago, has been baptized by the metropolitan of Bucharest and will be brought up in the national Roumanian church. The mother of the baby, a daughter of the duke of Edinburgh, is naturally a Protestant, while the father belongs to the Sigmaringen branch of the Hohenzollerns, which has remained Roman Catholic. The decision of the parents regarding the religion of their son has caused great satisfaction and the Hohenzollern dynasty in Roumania has gained additional strength.

The Ruling Passion Still Strong.

The ruling passion is no less strong in jail than in death. This fact has been discovered by Mrs Ellen C. Johnson, who, as superintendent of an English prison for women, finds she can control and stimulate her charges to higher effort by offering them prettier clothes as a reward for improved behavior. Even behind the bars they are anxious concerning their appearance.

A Roumanian lady is at her own expense constructing a railway from one of her estates to the nearest town.

NO WASTE.

See How Unconsidered Trifles Are Made Useful.

When Bishop Berkeley wrote his famous treatise on tar water, claiming it as a universal medicine, curing all diseases, he little dreamed that the time would arrive when beautiful medicinal preparations would be made out of it. The North American Review says that important narcotics and febrifuges have forced their way into medicine from this source, and are much valued by physicians.

The most curious of the useful products of coal tar is saccharin, a substance so sweet that the sensation on the palate is disagreeable from its cloying persistency. A grain or two grains give the sweetness of one or two lumps of sugar, and it can be taken in food without producing the dyspeptic and gouty results that real sugar produces on some persons.

Of all living things rats seem to be among the most repulsive, and when dead what can be their use? But even they are the subjects of a production in the industrial arts. The fur is valuable and finds a ready sale. The skins make a superior glove, the gant de rat, and are especially used for the thumbs of kid gloves, because the skin of the rat is strong and elastic. The thigh-bones were formerly valued as toothpicks for clubs, but are now out-of fashion; while the tendons and bones are boiled up to make the gelatine wrappers for bonbons.

Chemistry like a thrifty housewife, economizes every scrap. The horseshoe nails dropped in the streets are carefully collected, and reappear as swords and guns. The main ingredient of the ink with which I now write was probably once the old hoop of an old beer barrel. The chippings of the traveling tinker are mixed with the parings of horses' hoofs and the worst kinds of woolen rags, and these are worked up into an exquisite blue dye, which graces the desk of courtly dames.

The dregs of port wine, carefully decanted by the toper, are taken in the morning as a sedlidtz powder, to remove the effect of the debauch. The offal of the streets and the wastings of coal gas reappear carefully preserved in the lady's smelling bottle, or used by her to flavor blanc manges for her friends. All this thrift is an imitation of the economy of nature, which allows no waste.

THE SLEEPING CAR PORTER.

If Not a Natural Born Liar He Becomes One, Said a Judge.

"A sleeping car porter," he said bitterly as he sat in the office of a country hotel waiting for breakfast, "a sleeping car porter is a born liar."

"Oh, not all of them," protested his companion.

"Well," he said, thoughtfully, "possibly some are not, but those who are not born liars acquire the habit."

"Oh, no. I've known truthful porters."

"You have?"

"Certainly I have."

"I'll bet you the cigars you have not."

"I'll take that. But who'll decide?"

"You."

"I'm prejudiced."

"Oh, no, you're not. You're just thoughtless. You're thinking about some of the ordinary things that some porters lie about but others do not. Did you ever get into a small town about 5 o'clock in the morning?"

"Yes."

"And he called you?"

"Of course he did."

"And he didn't lie about it?"

"No."

"Didn't he tell you you'd be there in five minutes?"

"Um ah-yes; I believe he did."

"And watch you frantically wrestle with your shoes and rush for the washroom?"

"I-I believe I do recollect something of that sort."

"And then did you wait and wait and wait——"

"Here's the cigar. You win. I guess there never was a porter who would not lie about that under those circumstances. I wonder why it is?"

Capitals of the United States.

The capital of the United States has been located at different times at the following places: At Philadelphia, from September 5, 1774, until December, 1776; at Baltimore, from December 20, 1776, to March, 1777; at Philadelphia, from March 4, 1777, to September 1777; at Lancaster, Pa., from September 27, 1777, to September 30, 1777; at York, Pa., from September 30, 1777, to July, 1778; at Philadelphia, from July 2, 1778, to June 30, 1783; at Princeton, N. J., from June 30, 1783, to November 20, 1783; at Annapolis, Md., from November, 1783, to November, 1784; at Trenton, N. J., from November, 1784, to January, 1785; at New York, from January 11, 1785, to 1790, when the seat of government was changed to Philadelphia, where it remained until 1800, since which time it has been at Washington.

A Bit of an Old, Old Bell.

In the rooms of the Connecticut historical society at Hartford, Conn., there is to be seen a piece of a bell showing the date of casting 1729. This fragment which is in two parts, is a portion of the bell which formerly hung for more than a century in the old Center church, Hartford. The old bell, having broken in 1725, the society, on December 19, 1726, voted that "John Edwards, at the charge of the society, purchase some suitable red bunting for a flagg to be set on the state house to direct for meeting upon the publick worship of God." The old bell was sent to England at the expense of both the first and second societies, where it was recast in 1729, and continued in use in the Center church from that time until 1841, when it broke, and a new bell was ordered.

Cheap Chrysanthemums.

Will—Where on earth did you get that chrysanthemum? That's a bute—largest I ever saw. It seems to me you're getting pretty extravagant these hard times. No florist would think of selling a flower like that for less than $1.

George—One dollar? Why, this one didn't cost me one cent. Get a fresh one every day if I wish.

Will—How's that?

George—I go in the kitchen at the boarding house, take a handful of cold slaw, tie it together with a piece of thread and there you are.

A Miracle in Court.

Davis—Who says the day of miracles is past? Judge Williams performed one yesterday.

Haskins—No! What was it?

Davis—He gave a deaf man a hearing.—Brooklyn Life.

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