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# STATE NEWS NOTES.

## A CHAPTER OF THE DOINGS OF MICHIGANDERS.

**A Big Steamer Collides With and Sinks a Steamburge—A Farmer Killed by a Wagon Load of Lumber Falling Into a Ditch—A Youth Murdered With an Ax.**

**Burglars Left Him for Dead.**

Between 11 and 12 at night Watchman J. W. Gopher heard groans proceeding from the basement of Hodges' drug store at Ithica. Mr. Hodges was wounded. The men found W. E. Harris, a prominent furniture dealer, lying in a pool of blood near the rear window. He was unconscious. When revived, Mr. Harris said that he was aroused to go to the doctor. Passing through the alley, he saw some one moving near the store. Before he could investigate, he was seized from behind and hurled through a window upon a coal heap. Then he was struck on the head by an iron bar. The burglars made their escape, and Harris lies in a critical condition.

**Crash of a Steamburge Sunk by an Iron Ore Steamer**

The steamburge Iron King, bound down, ore laden, collided with the steamburge S. C. Baldwin, knocking about ten feet of her bow off, the Baldwin sinking in 30 feet of water. The crew were saved. The Baldwin, lumber laden bound down, was rounding to with two barges in tow and signaled to take dock. The King went to get by and opened her engines wide, but was so close to shore that she narrowly escaped smashing into another barge lying near the coal dock. The force of the blow and the sheer the King took sent her bow aground. The river at this port is very near a mile wide and the King could have taken the starboard without any inconvenience.

**A Careless Clerk and a Match.**

One of the clerks of J. G. Johnson, druggist, at Traverse City, went into the basement to draw some alcohol. While doing so he stepped on a match on the floor and the alcohol was instantly in a blaze. Johnson and Harry Luke, another clerk, rushed into the basement to put out the fire. They were but successful in that they caught in the flames. He broke out the front basement window, but could not get through and became unconscious. He was rescued with difficulty, badly, perhaps fatally, burned on the head, face and arms. The loss is quite large on the stock.

**An Aged Veteran Assaulted.**

Three men broke into the house of Edwin Trisher, an old soldier, at Bismondale, and murderously assaulted him. The dog's barks and the noise awoke the old man. He came to the door in his night clothes, asking who was there, and, what was wanted. The old man thought he recognized the voice as his son, Edward Fisher, and unlocked the door. As soon as this was done, the three rushed in, and some one commenced striking him on the head at the same time, it is alleged, threatened him with death. Robbery was the motive, but nothing was secured.

**A Dollar Quarrel Ends in Murder.**

Sam Smith and Minard Mix, young men south of Onekama got into a quarrel that may prove fatal for one. The affray took place at the residence of Stephen Mix, where Smith went with the avowed intention of getting a dollar out of Minard Mix. Minard ordered Smith out of the house and hurled a stick of stove wood at him. Smith started to run, Minard followed him with the stove poker and a stick of wood. Smith seized an axe while retreating his flight until he had pushed through the barn in pursuit, Smith struck him a fatal blow on the head with the ax.

**Farmer and Two Horses Killed.**

Robert Hahn, a farmer residing on a farm about 15 miles from Saginaw, went to the city with a load of wood. After disposing of it he bought a load of plaster and started home. Upon reaching the Lake river bridge the wagon slipped in the ditch, turning bottom side up with Hahn underneath the load. He was found now and the horses was dead with his neck broken, and the other badly injured. Hahn lay on his face in the ditch with the lumber on top of him with his neck broken. He was 35 years old and leaves a wife and five small children.

**Don't Know What He Wants.**

In 1882 Wm. Hawley, was sent from Ottawa county to the state house of correction at Ionia for three years on a charge of larceny, and without undicting good time, has an unexpired sentence of 29 months yet to serve. After serving 15 months he made his escape and for nearly 10 years was absent. In April, 1893, he reappeared at the prison, and gave himself up saying he had come back to serve up his time. Six months later, in October last, he again escaped, and nothing further was heard of him until now he has again returned and surrendered himself.

Union City society young ladies will give a minstrel show soon, the proceeds to be devoted to charity.

Muskegon grocers have commenced war on all peddlers and hucksters, claiming that their business has been injured by the traveling merchants.

The fruit evaporator at Collins, Ionia county, was destroyed by fire causing a loss of $2,000. Of this $800 was on fruit which was ready for shipment. There is no insurance.

Clinton P. Smith, professor of agriculture at the Michigan Agricultural college, has been tendered the directorship of the Illinois Experiment station at an annual salary of $3,000, and will doubtless accept.

Marlette ladies and gentlemen are very sporty. A certain lady has a pair of belligerent cats. She wants to match them both against any dogs in town. One fight has already taken place and more are on the tapis.

A small alligator crawled out of a sewer at Cadillac the other day and it is thought that it was the first increasing family of alligators which have so been hatched out by an alligator that escaped in the city a few years ago from an exhibition of Florida's living curiosities.

Hope college, at Holland, has received a present of several hundred volumes and a check for $300, to be expended for more books, from Mr. N. F. Graves, of Syracuse, N. Y. Mr. Graves donated the library building which he finished early this year at a cost of $40,000.

Traverse City seems to be a model corporation in one respect. Since the village was organized in 1881 there has never been a single piece of property advertised for taxes. Even in the past year with its hard times, there is but $4.60 unpaid out of a total tax roll of $17,755.

Elmer E. Cooper, a baggageman on the Grand Trunk at Battle Creek, was arrested in Chicago charged with stealing a trunk belonging to Edith Morgan. Cooper, it is alleged, transferred the checks in the baggage room in Chicago and had the trunk sent to Battle Creek. The contained goods valued at $700.

## MICHIGAN HAPPENINGS.

All of Lansing's factories are running.

During the past year 373 houses have been built in Battle Creek.

Ira Sigmiller, of Kingsley, was fatally burned by the ignition of a Roman candle.

The contract has been let and work begun on a casket factory at Belding.

S. S. Bailey and wife celebrated their golden wedding at Grand Rapids.

Coppers and live ladies at Lansing have been forbidden to drink while on duty.

The Davis mine has shut down at Negaunee, throwing 75 men out of work.

The state fish commission has decided to re-stock Green Bay with whitefish.

Edward Ellsworth, a brakeman on the South Shore road, was killed at Marquette.

The trial of ex-Deputy Secretary of State August W. Lindholm has been postponed till Nov. 12.

George Welch, one of the five men who escaped from Hillsdale jail, Sept. 3, has been recaptured.

Caleb J. Brown, of Sturgis, has suffered a fracture of the hand while spanking his young son.

Burglars stole $100 worth of merchandise from the American Express company at Otter Lake.

William David's barn, three miles north of New Haven, was destroyed by fire. Loss about $2,000.

A Kalamazoo lady has been studying the culture of pineapples and is meeting with hopeful success.

James Gillage will shortly have a system of water works. There are only 225 inhabitants there.

Rev. Alfred L. Howard and wife left Schoolcraft for Africa, where they will teach in the missionary schools.

Ewing Camp, aged 20, of Hartford, shot himself in the left breastand will die. A love affair was the cause.

A lantern exploded in Andrew Hearts barn, near New Haven. Five cattle perished. Total loss, $2,000.

The body of John Laerty was found floating in the river at Saginaw. An inquest resulted in a verdict of accidental drowning.

William Smith, aged 16, son of Patrolman Jeffrey Smith, fell from a building at Grand Rapids, breaking his neck. He died instantly.

Since last spring five immigrants have arrived at Grand Haven from Holland; but in the same time 56 have returned to their old home.

The Paine lumber company's big planing mill at Marinette was destroyed by fire. Loss $3,500. The fire was undoubtedly incendiary.

Alfred Ewer committed suicide at Flint while temporarily insane by hanging himself in his barn. He had been a resident of Flint for 40 years.

Farmers around Ionia raised about 100 acres of cucumbers for pickles, and the crop proved to be so profitable that the pickle factory is to be built there.

A team belonging to V. L. Parsons & Co. became frightened and ran away at Ionia, throwing out and instantly killing the driver, George Wise, aged about 2 years.

The mailing facilities at Paw Paw are of the worst possible. There are but two trains per day and the Detroit and Chicago papers are received 12 hours late.

Harry Tice, of Ionia, a brakeman on the D., L. & N., was badly hurt while uncoupling cars in the yard at Grand Rapids. One ribs was broken and he was hurt internally.

Mrs. Argalus Reed, an old lady, fell from the top of a long flight of stairs at Bangor and received a severe scalp wound and breaking two ribs. She is in a critical condition.

Mr. Lauretta Standley, the older of the women who were shot by burglars at Coldwater, died Sunday morning. Her husband, Fred Skinner, the other injured woman, is recovering.

The Downington cheese factory, after four years' successful operation, has closed down on account of the inability during the past few months to secure enough milk.

M. D. Beaver recently tried to drive from Ionia to Fred Donnell's barn when the animal charged upon the bridge, throwing her from the man's grain, which was quite, while serious, are not necessarily fatal.

Mr. and Mrs. John G. Schairer, two of the oldest residents of Washtenaw county, celebrated their golden wedding at their home in Ann Arbor. Eleven married children and 25 grandchildren were present.

Ex-lieut.-Gov. John Strong suffered another loss by fire when his brick hall and frame residence burned at South Lyons Sept. 30. Mr. Strong has suffered a total loss by fire in the last twelve months of $60,000.

A Berg, a prominent Fremont farmer, is expected to answer a charge of $80 in his pocket and there are strong grounds for apprehending that he has met with foul play.

Willie Deerbeck, a 16-year-old Frenchtown lad, accidentally shot himself with a 32-caliber revolver with which he was playing. The ball glanced just to the side of the heart and lodged in the left lung.

While out bird shooting Jeptha Bradshaw, of the firm of Glyshaw & Bradshaw, carriage manufacturers at North Branch, received a charge of shot in the face from the gun of companion and may lose both his eyes.

Thomas Pool was arrested at New berry on the charge of assaulting a 12-year-old girl. He got a bottle of poison in jail and tried to join the angels, but a stomach pump interfered, and Thomas will be tried on the shocking charge.

While Harry Ham and Roy Collins, both 12 years of age, were playing with a target gun in the woods south of Sturgis, the gun was discharged, the ball striking Harry Ham in the left breast, passing through him, and was found just beneath the skin at the center of the abdomen. He cannot live.

Zach Vandam, of Grand Rapids, who has been passing among his friends as a Sunday school worker and model husband, has been arrested for burglary. Secreted under the floors in his house was found a wagon load of provisions, clothing and other supplies. He had been foraging for several weeks.

Small pox has broken out at Clawson, a village near Birmingham. Dr. Dean Bean, son of Andrew Bean, is down with a disease which was pronounced a case of genuine confluent smallpox by two physicians. The family consists of five persons. It was thought he had measles, and it is feared many persons have been exposed.

William Snyder was sentenced to 18 months in the reformatory at Ionia by Judge Burlingame at Grand Rapids on pleading guilty to a charge of robbing a saloon. He asked for leniency on the novel ground that he was driven to the commission of the crime by the excessive use of cigarettes, and says he took the money so he could buy a supply.

Mrs. Delton Ames, of Kalamazoo, still lives after two attempts at suicide. She tried oil of cloves, this failed and she leaped into the Kalamazoo river, but her husband pulled her out. She is unbalanced mentally, it is thought.

W. B. Nicholson sleeps in Mosher's jewelry store at Holly. He heard a noise at the door and fired three shots through the door, then went back and caught two of three tough looking tramps and landed them in jail.

The Michigan Central railroad has bought the Niles Valley railroad, running from Kalamazoo to Berrien Springs. They will at once built a spur to the town, and Kalamazoo will improve the road and extend it to St. Joseph.

Frank Henry, of Colon, recently married his stepmother and ever since the couple have been busy trying to figure out what relation they bear to each other and their other relations. He has children by his first wife and she of course by her first husband.

District Attorney Powers, of Grand Rapids, received instructions from Attorney-General Olney to proceed with the prosecution in the case of the government against the Michigan Land & Iron Co., notwithstanding the decision of Secretary Hoke Smith adverse to the homesteaders.

Malignant diphtheria attacked three of Frank Hill's family at Benton Harbor. Within 36 hours one died. Another died soon after. The third, a 1-year-old baby, is not expected to live. Their home is on the street from the Morton school, and it is believed a score or more school children are exposed.

At the bottom of the Ropes gold mine near Ishpeming a spring has been discovered. The water is yellow in color and seems to be a kind of solution. It is very cold. Men in the habit of drinking this water say the desire for alcoholic liquors has almost entirely left them. There is talk of establishing a bottle jag cure at this mine.

Two men attempted to hold up a Toledo, Saginaw & Muskegon passenger train near Carson City. They boarded the train at Alma and ordered the conductor to his corner and terrified the passengers. A fight took place and the robbers left the train, one badly smashed. They are woodsmen, and were brought before a justice at Greenville yesterday for examination.

The fight between St. Joseph and Berrien Springs for the county seat of Berrien county has reached the supreme court. The fight has been going on for some time, until after a deal of wrangling an election was held and Berrien Springs came out second best. The next move was to test the validity of the election, and after a long suit it was decided against them. The St. Joseph people want to know what the supreme court will say of it.

## TWO FIREMEN KILLED.

**A Large Packing Establishment Burned at Omaha, Neb.**

Just as the men were going to work in the big beef room of the Hammond packing plant at South Omaha, the flames were discovered in the second floor and quickly spread. All the efforts of the firemen were confined to keeping the fire from spreading, as there was no possible show of saving the big beef house, a four-story structure, 200 by 200 feet, which originally cost $200,000, and was fitted with valuable machinery and a large amount of beef. At 11 o'clock one of the walls fell, and the building belonging to the private fire department of the company were buried under tons of burning timber and red brick. Two were dead when recovered.
Financial loss $450,000.

**Czar Nicholas II.**

St. Petersburg: The second morning after the death of Alexander III the imperial heralds, in full uniform, attended by a troop of trumpeters announced the death of Alexander III and the accession of Nicholas II, Russia of Nicholas II. The two heralds, with their escorts, traversed all the principal streets of the city, and after the trumpeters had delivered three ringing blasts, proceeded to their trumpets, they made public the proclamation of Emperor Nicholas II. Throughout St. Petersburg the news of the new czar was celebrated as a festival, for this event takes precedence of the mourning ceremonies, and all signs of public mourning were withheld for the day.

**112 Passengers Drowned.**

The Union line steamer Wairaipa, bound from Sydney, Australia, for Auckland, N. Z., was wrecked on the great Barrier Island, off the northeast coast of New Zealand. The steamer had a large number of passengers and 112 of them were drowned. The night was very dark and the officers and lookout on the steamer were ignorant of the proximity of land until the steamer struck the rocks. Captain McIntosh, the master of the steamer was on the bridge at the time. He together, with most of the crew was lost.

**Four Burglars Killed.**

Three persons were killed and one fatally injured on the Lake Shore railroad by the wrecking of a freight train about two miles west of Peale, Pa. It was at first thought that four men were tramps, but upon search being made it was found that they were a gang of burglars. Revolvers were found on but one of the men as well as a full kit of burglar tools, masks, etc. None of the trainmen were injured.

**Guatemala Backs Down.**

A dispatch from the City of Mexico says: Information has been received that the government of Guatemala, in the usual course, has consulted a foreign diplomatist in the city of Guatemala as to the Mexican difficulty. The diplomatist has told Guatemala's position was untenable, hence that country has withdrawn its troops precipitately from the disputed frontier territory at Agua Azul.

## NEWS IN BRIEF.

The new Spanish cabinet is much more protectionist than its predecessor.

Advices from Port Au Prince say that President Hippolyte, of Hayti, is about to resign.

A kind of sedge known as nut grass is proving as dangerous to southern agriculture as the Russian thistle is in the west.

A fire occurred in the Singer Manufacturing Co.'s factory, at Louisville, Ky. Five firemen were hurt, including two who may die.

An attempt was made by incendiaries to again fire the Hammond packing house at South Omaha. Gasoline was thrown into the box department and set on fire.

Experiments in the Austrian army show that bicyclists as orderlies are unreliable. They are only of use where the roads are good, and can never be expected to replace regular mounted orderlies.

Alfred Merritt, of Duluth, has brought suit against John D. Rockefeller for $1,226,600 in which amount he claims he was damaged by what he alleges to be the fraudulent representations in the forming of the Lake Superior Consolidated Iron Mines company.

Rome: The Riforma has advices from Kassala stating that the mahdi has proclaimed a holy war against the Italians. The governor of Massowah has ordered the 17th battalion to be in readiness; then the Italian garrison at Kassala will number 7,000 and the mahdi's army 17,000.

New York: The Herald's special from Shanghai confirms the report which have hitherto been published regarding the death of the empress of China as follows: "The young emperor of China has committed suicide. She was rebuked by the emperor, who slapped her face. Thereupon she took poison."

# TABERNACLE PULPIT.

## DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON ON VICTORY OVER PAIN.

**Death Only Occupies Us at the Train and Triumphant Entrance of the Worldly—It Is Not "Neither Shall There Be Any More Pain."**

BROOKLYN, Nov. 4.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now nearing the close of his globe-circling tour and will shortly reach American shores, has selected as the subject of to-day's sermon through the press: "Victory Over Pain," the text chosen being Revelation 21:4, "Neither shall there be any more pain."

The first question that you ask when about to change your residence to any other place, "What is the health of the place? Is it shaken of terrible disorders? What are the bills of mortality? What is the death rate? How shall I escape the pestilence?" It is not reasonable in asking what are the sanitary conditions of the heavenly city into which we all hope to move? The text answers the question, saying, "Neither shall there be any more pain."

First, I remark, there will be no pain or disappointment in heaven. If I could put the picture of what you anticipated of life when you begin it, beside the picture of what you have realized, I would find a great difference. You have stumbled over great disappointments. Perhaps you sought riches, and you have worked hard enough to gain them; you have planned the finest house in the country until your hands were worn and your brain was racked and your heart fainted, and at the end of this long strife with misfortune you find that you have not been positively defeated it has been a drawn battle. It is still tug and tussle—this year losing what you gained last, financially there was pulling down faster than you build. For twenty, for forty, or thirty years you have been running your craft straight into the teeth of the tempest.

Perhaps you have domestic disappointment. Your children upon whose education you lavished your hard earned dollars, have not turned out as you expected. Notwithstanding all your counsels and prayers and pains-taking they will not do right. Many a good father has had a bad boy. Absalom trod on David's heart, and mother never imagined all this as twenty or thirty years ago she sat by the child's cradle.

Your life has been a chapter of disappointments. But come with me, and I will show you a different scene. By the grace of God's grace, entering the other city you will never again have a disappointed hope. The most jubilant of expectation will not reach the realization. Coming to the top of one hill of joy, there will be other delights rising in the vision. This song of transport will but lift you to higher anthems; the sweetest choral but a prelude to more exhaustless harmony; all things better than you had anticipated—the robe richer, the crown brighter, the temple grander, the throng mightier. Further, I remark, there will be no pain or weariness. It may be many hours since you quit work, but many of you are unrested, some from overwork, and some from dulness of trade, the latter more exhausting than the former. Your ankles ache, your spirits flag, you want rest. Are these wheels alive to time? These shoulders fit for these axes to hew; these shovels to delve? these pens to fly? these books to be posted? these goods to be sold?

Ah! the great hold-back of trade. No more curse of taskmasters. No more stooping until the back aches. No more calculation until the brain is bewildered. No more pain in the joints. No more carpentry, for the mansions are all built. No more masonry, for the walls are all reared. No more diamond cutting, for the gems are all set. No more gold beating, for the crowns are all completed. No more agriculture, for the harvests are spontaneous.

Further, there will be no more pain of poverty. It is a hard thing to be really poor; to have your coat wear out and no money to get another; to have your dinner hour passed with nothing to buy bread with for your children, to live in an unhealthy row, and no means to change your habitation; to have your child sick with some mysterious disease, and not be able to secure eminent medical ability; to have son or daughter begin the world with you not able to give them a help them in starting; with a mind capable of research and high contemplation, to be perpetually fixed on questions of immediate bread.

Poets try to throw a romance about the poor man's cot; but there is no romance about it. Poverty is hard, cruel, unrelenting. But Lazarus waited up without his rags and his disease, and so all of Christ's poor wake up at last without any of their disadvantages; no sickness, no cold, no hard work, no rents to pay, for the residence is gratuitous; no garments to buy, for the robes are divinely fashioned; no access in church for poor pews, but equality among temple worshipers. No hovels, no hard crusts, no insufficient apparel. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat." No more pain!

Further, there will be no pain of parting. All other separations must some time break up. We climb up and walk together, and talk and laugh and weep together, but we must after that part company. We must lie down in one place, mine in another. We look each other full in the face for the last time. We will be sitting together in conversation, and talking together some day, and nothing will be unusual in our appearance, or our conversation, but God knows that it is the last time. Some have parted from another only on their errand to take us away, know not is the last time; and in heaven, where we make ready for our departing spirits, there will be no last time.

Oh the long agony of earthly separation! It is awful to stand in your nursery fighting death back from the bench of your child, and to hold fast the little one, and see all the time that he is getting weaker, and the breath is shorter, and make outcry to God to help us, and to take courage to save him, and see it is of no avail, and then to know that his spirit is gone, and that you have nothing left but the casket that held the jewel, and that in two or three days you must even put that away, and walk around about the place that you did it desolate, sometimes feeling rebellious, and then to resolve so feel differently, and to resolve on self control, and just as you have come to what you think is perfect self control, to suddenly come upon some little coat, or picture, or shoe half worn out, and how all the floods of the soul burst in one wild wail of agony! Oh, my God, how hard it is to part, to close the eyes that never can look merry at our coming, to kiss the hand that will never again do us a kindness. I know religion gives great consolation at such an hour, and we ought to be comforted; but anyhow and anyway you make it, it is awful.

On steamboat wharf and at rail-car window we may smile when we say farewell; but these good-byes at the last moment may just take hold of the heart with iron pincers, and tear it out by the roots till all the fibers quiver and curl in the torture and drop thick blood. These separations are wine presses into which our hearts, like red clusters, are thrown, and then trouble turns the windlass round and round and we are utterly crushed, and have no more capacity to suffer, and weep crying because we have wept all our tears.

On every street, at every doorstep, by every couch, there have been partings, But once past the heavenly portals, and you are through with such scenes for ever. In that land there are many hand-claspings, but no partings, but only in recognition. That great home circle never breaks. Once find your companions there, and you have found them forever. No crape hung from the door of that blissful residence. No cleft hillside where the dead sleep. All awake, wide awake and forever. No pushing out of coffins and pay for foreign shore. No tolling of bell as the funeral passes. Whole generations in glory. Hand in hand, heart to heart, joy to joy. No creeping of the limbs of the death chill, the feet cold, until hot flannels can not warm them, No rattle of sepulchral gates. No parting, no pain.

Further, the heavenly city will have no pain in the heart. The race is pierced with sharp distresses. The surgeon's knife must cut. The dentist's forceps must pull. Pain is fought with pain. The world is a hospital. Scores of diseases have influences contending for a carcass. Scarce a man or woman but have it. Our natures are infinitely susceptible to suffering. The eye, the foot, the hand, with immense capacity of anguish.

The little child meets at the entrance of life manifold diseases. You hear the shrill cry of infancy as the doctor stirs into the world your gem. You see its head toss in consuming fevers that take more than half of them into the dust. Old age passes, dizzy and weak, and short-breathed, and dim-sighted. On every northeast wind come down pleurisies and pneumonias. War lift its sword and hacks away the life of whole generations. The hospitals of the earth groan under the ear of God their complaint. Asiatic choleras and ship fevers and typhoids and London plagues shake the world's knees knock together.

Pain has gone through every street, and up every ladder, and down every cellar. It has sat on the wave, on the mast, on the beach. Wounds from God's elephant's tusk, and adder's sting, and crocodile's tooth, and horse's hoof, and man's revolution. We gather up the infirmities of our parents and transmit to our children the inheritance augmented by our own sicknesses, and hand to them their own disorders, to pass the inheritance to our generations. In A. D. 262 the plague in Rome amote into the dust 5,000 citizens daily. In 544, in Constantinople, 1,000 grave diggers were not enough to bury the dead. In 1813, ophthalmia seized the whole Prussian army. At times the earth has swelttered with suffering. Go through and examine the lacerations, the gunshot fractures, the sabre wounds, the gashes of the battle axe, the slain of bombshell and exploded mine and falling wall and the crushed under the gun carriage and the hoof of the cavalry horse, the burning fields, the camp fevers, the frosts that shivered, the tropical suns that smitten. Add it up, gather it into one line, compress it into one word, spell it in one syllable, clank it in one chain, pour it out in one groan, distill it into one tear.

Ay, the world has writhed in six thousand years of suffering. Why doubt the possibility of a future world of suffering when we see the tortures that have been inflicted in this? A deserter from Sebastopol coming over to the army of the allies pointed back to the fortress and said: "That place is a perfect hell."

Our lexicographers, aware of the immense necessity of having lots of words to express the different shades of trouble, have strewn over their pages such words as "annoyance," "distress," "grief," "sorrow," "headache," "misery," "twinge," "pang," "torture," "affliction," "anguish," "tribulations," "wretchedness," "woe." But I have a plain sound for every hospital, for every sick room, for every life long invalid, for every broken heart. "There shall be no more pain." Thank God! Thank God!

No malarias float in the air. No bruised foot treads that street. No weary arm. No painful respiration. No hectic flush. No cold drink of that healthy fountain and keep faint-hearted or faint headed. He whose foot touches that pavement becometh athletic. The first kiss of that summer air will take the wrinkles from the old man's cheek. Amid the multitude of songsters, not one diseased throat. The first flash of that morning will scatter the darkness of those who were born blind. See, the lame man leaps as a hart, and the dumb man bursts into a shout of infinite delight we shall step forth, our weariness forgotten. Who are those radiant ones? Why, that one had his jaw shot away at Gettysburg; that one lost his eyes in a powder blast; that one had his back broken by a fall from the ship's halyards; that one died of gangrene in the hospital. No more pain. Sure enough, here is Robert Hall, who never before saw a well day, and Edward Payson, whose body was ever one disease, and Richard Cecil, who passed through untold physical torture. All well. No more pain. Here, too, are the Theban legion, a great host of 6,666 put to the sword for Christ's sake. No distortion on their countenances. No fires to hurt them, or floods to drown them, or racks to tear them. All well. Here are the Scotch Covenanters, none to hunt them now. The dark cave and imprecations of Lord Claverhouse exchanged for temple service, and the presence of him who helped Hugh Latimer out of the fire. All well. No more pain.

Clambering among the Green mountains I was tired and hot and thirsty and I shall not forget how refreshing it was when, after a while I heard the mountain brook tumbling over the rocks. I had no cup, no chalice, so I got down on my knees and face to drink. Oh, ye climbers on the journey, with cut feet and parched tongues and fevered temples, listen to the rumbling of sapphire brooks, amid flowered banks, over golden shelvings. Listen! "The lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them unto living fountains of water." I do not offer it to you in a chalice. To take this you must bend, God down on your knees and on your face, and drink out of the great fountain of God's consolation. "Ho, every one that thirsteth!" Ah, the voice of many waters!

Avoid temptation by keeping out of bad company.—Rama Horn.

# OUR WIT AND HUMOR.

## SOME LATE PRODUCTIONS OF THE FUNNY MEN.

**The Girl of '94 from a Satirical Standpoint—The Rising Passion Leads to Dangerous Ground—An Inconstancy Illustrated.**

SHE CAN SING
Ballad sweetly,
And can fascinate completely.
With a look.
She can dance the waltz divinely
And can entertain you finely.
Can she cook?

She can write a poem esthetic,
And recite it so pathetic,
That you weep.
To the woman suffrage question
She has given attention.
Can she sweep?

But in spite of her endeavor
To become a maiden clever,
She's so sweet
That my heart she's fairly captured,
And I lay it down enraptured,
At her feet.
—The Girl of '94.

**Two Views.**

Western Farmer—The corn crop is ruined. Why, sir, the hot winds just burnt it right up.

Western Real Estate Man—The grand and glorious west is the place to live. Why, sir, this summer we just feasted on hot roast corn right out in the fields.

**Cure for Vanity.**

"George—I wonder why it's so easy to get engaged to a girl in the summer?

"Jack—I just tell you what, George, after a girl sees herself in a summer bathing suit in a bright glass she'll accept most anybody.

**Fearsome.**

(Copyright, 1894, by Keppler & Schwarzmann.)

First Boy—Your father must be an awful mean man. Him a shoemaker and makin' you wear them old shoes.

Second Boy—He's nothin' to what your father is. Him a dentist, and your baby only got out tooth.—Puck.

**Another Bright Star.**

Prison Missionary—I hope that you will not go back to your old ways when your term expires.

Burglar Bill—No need to. My pictur' has been printed in all th' papers, an' I'm famous.

"Alas! You are not famous. You are notorious."

"It's all the same, financially speakin'. I'll go on th' stage."

**Beware the Results.**

Little Dick—I saw a lady to-day with a sunken chest.

Little Dot—Guess not.

Little Dick—Yes it was. It was sort o' young yet, but it was a real mustache. I guess that's what comes of wearin' men's clothes.—Good News.

**A Terrible Revenge.**

First Bad Boy—Mrs. Stuckupp told my mother it was me broke her window with a base ball. But I'll get even with her.

Second Bad Boy—How?

First Bad Boy—When the baggage express man arrives with Mrs. Stuckupp's trunks, I'll scratch the steamer labels off—Good News.

**The Rivals.**

Little Miss Muggs—Doctor Da Fashion is often at our house, but I never see him at yours.

Little Miss Freckles—We don't owe him anything.—Good News.

**Pleasures of Conversation.**

Little Dick—Those ladies in the parlor are all talking together. Don't see how they can understand each other.

Little Dot—Well, each one hears what she says herself, and that's all folks care for, I guess.

**Chance to Prove Devotion.**

Wife—If you can't support me as I ought to be supported, you might at least go to the races.

Husband—What! Do you want me to gamble on horse races to encourage your extravagance?

Wife—Of course not. You needn't bet at all. But society is always willing to make allowances for a woman if they think her husband is going to the dogs.—New York Weekly.

**Dangerous Ground.**

(Copyrighted, 1894, by Keppler & Schwarzmann.)

Friend—What the dickens are you doing in that baseball toggery?

Mr. Howson Lott—They belong to my son. The family is away, and I'm just going down to give a few orders to the cook!—Puck.

**Not Surprised.**

Prof. Longhair—Statistics show that Germany's proportion of suicides is more than that of any other European country.

Miss Gotham—I don't wonder; it must be awfully wearing to have to think in German.—New York Weekly.

**At a Summer Hotel.**

Stayhome—How was the weather where you were this summer?

Outer—Cool enough for blankets every night.

"My! My! I envy you."

"Yes; but we don't the blankets."—New York Weekly.

## HE WOULDN'T PAY.

**But the Ticket-Chopper Had an Sympathy for Bobby.**

A man and his wife and child climbed the steps of the fifty-ninth street station of the Third avenue elevated road, according to the New York Sun. The woman and child passed out to the platform and the man stopped two tickets into the box and followed them.

"Is that boy with you?" asked the ticket chopper. "How old is he?"

"Yes," he's with me. "Thirty on. He's 14. What do you want to know for?"

"Well, if he is 14 you will have to pay for him."

"What's that? I'll have to pay for Bobby? Well, I guess I won't."

"Well, I guess he will pay or he won't ride," said the ticket chopper.

A train came along, and the man, woman and child were about to board it, when the ticket chopper from his chair shouted to the guard:

"Don't let them on, Billy. They didn't pay."

Bang went the doors, the train started and the guard smiled at the man.

Pushing over to where the ticket chopper was smiling, he spluttered out: "What do you mean by that?"

His anger got the best of him, and he could not do anything but shake his fist under the ticket chopper's nose.

When the next train came he was stationed himself about where the platforms of the first and second cars would come to a stop. Just as the train stopped the ticket chopper again shouted from his chair:

"Don't let them three on, Red."

Again the gate was closed. The disappointed traveler said unpleasant things to the ticket chopper and wound up with this:

"Now you go wife and Bobby and myself are going to stay right on this platform until we can get on a train. You understand? And we won't pay anything for it, either. When you get ready to let us get on a car just tell us, and we walked up the platform with the expression of a man who had done a clever thing.

It was 7:30 o'clock. At 10:20 he he got up from his seat and going over to the ticket chopper, said: "Well, can we get on?"

"Not unless you pay for your boy?"

At this answer the man fired up again. "I wouldn't ride on your road, anyway." he retorted. "You couldn't give it to me, you grinning fool. Come here, you two, and we will get down from this place."

This last remark was addressed to his wife and boy. The three left the station and the next minute were waiting on the corner for a cable car.

## MINUIT'S MISTAKE.

**He Lost Money When He Bought Manhattan Island for $24.**

History tells us that 268 years ago, or in 1626, Peter Minuit bought Manhattan island from the Indians and paid $24 in merchandise.

It has usually been thought that Peter took advantage of the ignorance of the Indians and made an excellent bargain for himself.

No doubt but that Peter thought it was a good trade, particularly when the remaining value of the lots after the streets would be laid out, or Central park improved, Brooklyn bridge built and the island had a population of 2,000,000 souls, was a shrewd real estate speculator and looked a long way ahead with a correct, prophetic eye.

Notwithstanding all of Peter's shrewdness and foresight he made the mistake of his life and lost millions of dollars by the purchase. He didn't know how to invest it.

Since 1626 the rate of interest in this country, where money has always been in demand, has ranged from six per cent down to highway robbery. It will be conservative to say that eight per cent is a fair average.

Now, if Peter had loaned his $24 at eight per cent compound interest, from then until this date, what would its value be compared to the value of Manhattan island?

Further, there is no compound interest money will double once in about ten years. Now there have been twenty-nine times nine years, and seven year's more, since Peter made his purchase. Then, if he had loaned his $24 he would have had nearly $400,000 at the end of the first 100 years, and more than $200,000,000 at the end of the present century, while in 1894 his principal and $24 would have grown to be $20,000,000,000—the value of Manhattan island, and thousands of times over.

So, in fact, the Indians got the best of the bargain, and, no doubt, they chuckled over the situation as they walked down through Baxter street with $24 worth of merchandise in their arms.

The will of a Bavarian woman, recently probated, provides that 50,000 marks be loaned out of her estate to help the cause of universal peace.

A Maine family was to be taken to the poor house. The poor-house officer went to get them early in the season, but was told they would not be ready until after they had been to the circus. That bliss achieved, they went.

As a fashionable wedding party was leaving a church in Pittsburg, Pa., last week, the master of the chimes after running over a few preliminary airs, thoughtfully broke into the strains of "Oh, Dear! What Can the Matter Be?"

A reproduction in lasting material of the brain of the late Professor von Helmholtz has been made by Dr. Berliner of Berlin. The physicians who examined the brain considered it one of the most remarkable they had ever seen to get into.

In South America among the mountains the evergreen oak begins to appear at about 5,500 feet, and is found up to the limit of the continuous forest, which is about 10,000 feet. The valuable cinchona tree from which Peruvian bark is obtained, has a range of elevation on the mountain slopes running from 4,900 to 9,500 feet.

## PEOPLE OF THE DAY.

Dr. Charles Eastman, the Indian, and his wife (Miss Goodale) are living in St. Paul, and are well and prosperous.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, son of the poet, is the sole heir of his father's estate valued at $300,000, with the exception of one bequest of $5,000.

Engineer-in-Chief Melville says that the Olympia, Minneapolis, Colombia and New York will have four cruisers that for speed beat anything in the world.

Lord Rosebery is a devoted father. He cut Lord Crewe's last meeting rather short in order to be with his little daughter at Dalmeny park on her fifteenth birthday.

The empress of Germany goes to bed ordinarily at 10:30, rises at 6 and makes the emperor's coffee with her own hands. The family dine at 1, have tea at 5 and supper at 8.

General George G. Meade, the hero of Gettysburg, was a soldier of austere bearing but was beloved by his soldiers, among whom his spectacled face won him the nickname of "Four-eyed George."

Mrs. Oliphant, the novelist, has just lost her last surviving son. Though a chronic invalid she accompanied her sub-librarian at Windsor castle, and wrote for the Spectator and other literary papers.

It is reported that Professor Metschnikoff of Paris, a pupil of Pasteur, has discovered a cure for mucous fever, a dangerous form of gastric fever, which is accompanied by the Koch method of inoculation.

Miss Ellen Terry writes: "My hobby is a cottage! For many years I have had a mad desire for every pretty cottage I have passed on my drives in the country—the smaller the cottage the more attractive I find it."

Justice J. M. Harlan is a physical giant, being the largest, and next to Gray the tallest man on the supreme bench. He is sixty-one years old, bald and in fine health. He is hale, hearty and very popular and greatly in demand at dinner parties.

## SCRAPS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

If a crawfish loses an eye a new one will grow in its place.

A species of rattlesnake, found in Kansas, adopted a brood of motherless pigs.

The chipmunk's bill is a tool box containing six distinct surgical implements.

Experiments made in English collieries go to prove that the coal dust in the air is the cause of disastrous explosions which frequently follow blasting.

A patriarchal lime tree, known as the Dunlinden or cathedral tree, has fallen at Hedemwick, Germany. It was eighty feet high, and its girth was nineteen feet. There is an undoubted mention of it in a pamphlet written in 1502.

Another class of "meteorites," as they are sometimes called, usually fall singly, sometimes in pairs, and less frequently in showers as was the case in New Lonendia, Ohio, in 1890, when nearly 500 red-hot stones fell in a field in broad daylight.

Copper is one of the most useful metals. It enters into combination with other metals, and the thickness of the common alloys. Copper in combination with tin, makes bath and ornamental brass; with zinc, bell metal; with tin, antimony and bismuth, britannia metal.

One of the Florida wonders is an immense volume of water that boils up from a spring in the ocean bed, at a place known as Devil's Elbow, one mile east of Palat