THE BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL.

Entered at the postoffice at Birmingham, Mich., as second class matter.

SHARK'S BIG HARVEST.

A SUPREME COURT TAX TITLE DECISION

Working Much Hardship to Property Owners.—Lake County Man's Brutal Treatment of a Young Girl—State News.

The decision handed down in the supreme court in the case of Cole vs. Shelp, in which it was held that lands sold for delinquent taxes under the law of 1889 or 1891, which gives the owner of the property a day in court, is proving a bonanza to the state however much of a hardship it may be for property owners who have allowed their real estate to be sold for delinquent taxes since 1887. The decision holds that when a property owner fails to pay his taxes and subsequently fails to take advantage of his day in court the land must be sold, and the tax title becomes an absolute deed to the property, the holder thereof being authorized to institute ejectment proceedings if necessary to secure possession.

Heretofore it has been supposed that a tax title could be defeated in the courts at a small expense, but this decision disposes of that theory. As a result of the court's ruling property owners whose real estate is delinquent for taxes assessed since 1887 are rushing in from all sections of the state and paying up in order to save their possessions, while tax title sharks are equally as active in their endeavors to purchase valuable property at a nominal figure. It is stated property worth thousands of dollars has been purchased for a mere song, and that ejectment proceedings in these cases will soon be commenced against the original owners. One case is instanced where an Alpena man paid less than $15 for a tax title on valuable northern timbered lands and within five days sold his title for $2,200.

Lansing furnishes another instance which illustrates the workings of the decision clearly. W. L. Rice, a merchant, occupies property worth about $9,000, which came into his possession through a deed from George W. Dayton. Taxes for 1887-8-9 had been returned delinquent. Rice failed to take advantage of his "day in court," and subsequently W. G. Wiley paid the taxes and claimed possession of the property on the strength of the tax title deed. Rice refused the demand, but the circuit court has decided that Wiley is the owner. Another point which here arises is whether the tax title cuts off a mortgage on the property, there being one held by Detroit people for a good sum. Wiley claims that they do, it being incumbent on the mortgagee as well as the owner of the fee to see that the taxes are paid. It is not unlikely that this phase of the matter will find its way to the supreme court for final adjudication.

Ruined by Her Supposed Benefactor.

Austin Reed was lodged in jail at Baldwin charged with a heinous crime. Reed's wife deserted him several years ago, and his sister lived with him and remained until she died some three years since. During that time Reed took a little girl, a county charge, from the superintendent of the poor to raise. Her name was Jennie Vargason, and she is now 14 years of age. She has been living in Reed's habitation, a one-story, one-roofed cabin on the banks of a lonely lake, far from neighbors, since, and has grown up so far untutored and uncultured, save, if rumors be right, in evil. Recently the girl's father, hearing that she was poorly treated, asked for an investigation. Superintendent of the Poor Randall went out to Reed's farm, nine miles from Baldwin, and finding the girl poorly clad took her back to the poor farm near Chase, where she was examined by two physicians, who discovered that she had been made the object of some person or persons of carnal desires to such an extent as to produce a diseased condition. The girl, on being questioned, accused Reed and his son of being the guilty parties, and said the crime had been going on right along for at least a year and a half, and up to the very day before she was brought away.

A warrant was issued and Reed was lodged in jail. Reed is past middle age, sober and industrious, and has borne a good reputation. He has held various township offices, and is at present a member of the county board of supervisors.

Ruined His Friend's Home.

W. W. Putney, of Kent City, found A. H. Whitney, a prominent merchant, in the company of his wife when he returned home unexpectedly. Putney struck his wife on the head with a poker and chased Whitney, who escaped by jumping upon a passing train. The affair created great excitement as all are prominent people.

LATER—A. H. Whitney, of Kent City, was arrested at Grand Rapids on a capias for $20,000, sworn out by W. W. Putney. The suit is based on the criminal relations of Whitney with Putney's wife and alienating her affections.

The Law Refuses Them a Living.

Deputy State Game Warden Kennedy, of Grand Rapids, arrested 22 men at Hamlin Lake, where they were engaged in spearing fish. The associated charities of the city prevailed upon the justice to let them off on suspended sentences, as the men were thus gaining a livelihood. A great deal of indignation is felt in the city, as this has been a means of many poor families getting sufficient to eat.

McKnight's market, Master's store and the land office at Grayling were destroyed by fire. Loss $5,000. The register saved the land office books.

Francis Litillier's sash and door factory burned at Grand Rapids. Loss $10,000, insured for $5,000. Twenty-five men are thrown out of employment.

Five divisions of the census office will be abolished before the middle of March. These are manufacturers, agricultural, transportation, insurance and wealth, debt and taxation.

St. Joseph citizens held a special election to decide for or against bonding the city for $30,000, to be used in paving their streets and putting their walks and viaducts in first-class repair. The election resulted in 14 against and 738 for the bonds.

Michigan contains 58,915 square miles, nearly 3,000,000 population, 83 incorporated counties, 70 incorporated cities and 7,410 miles of railroad. There are in the state 143,813 farms, with crops worth $484 each per annum. The total value of crops in 1891 was $69,607,370. Crops were worth $8.35 per acre.

The accounts in the treasurer's office of Tuscola county were found in a serious mess when the present incumbent took charge, and a committee appointed by the supervisors to investigate discovered that John M. West, the former treasurer, was $1,135.35 short and his bondsmen will be called upon to settle.

Grand Rapids citizens have organized a stock company to engage in the dairy business on the largest scale in the state. The company will have a capital of $150,000, has already secured options on 3,000 acres of land on the river front north of the city, and will begin business with 300 cows. It is proposed to produce butter, cream, milk and eggs, and to have a city depot.

THROUGHOUT MICHIGAN.

Mason business places close at 7 o'clock evenings, on account of revival services.

Charles Webster, a deaf mute, aged 46, was killed near Wolverine by a Michigan Central train.

The Florence mine, at Iron Mountain, has shut down, throwing out of employment 50 men.

Dr. J. W. Robinson has been arrested at Cedar Springs on a charge of practising medicine without a diploma.

The steamer L. S. Payne sank in ten feet of water in the harbor at St. Joseph. The ice cut a hole in her hull.

Edwin Quinn's house, near Caro, burned, and the family barely escaped with their lives, and walked barefooted half a mile to a neighbor's house.

Fire at Ithaca destroyed four frame shops and dwellings worth about $2,500, but the loss was covered by insurance.

Frank Booth, a farmer near Imlay City, lost his barn, farm implements and 70 sheep by fire. The loss is $2,500, insured for $1,500.

A number of cattle have died in the vicinity of Salem from some unknown disease, which baffles the skill of the local veterinary surgeons.

The little village of Martin, in Allegan county, has over forty cases of measles, while chickenpox is afflicting the remainder of the population.

Michael McMannan, of Bay Mills, was whipped by whitecaps and ordered out of town because he habitually beat his wife and aged father. He left.

A week old baby was left on the Johnson house steps at Imlay City, and when found and taken in one of its feet and one hand were partially frozen.

Patrick Higgins has been discharged in the case of the killing of Eugene Finch, of Almena, and arrested on a charge of violating the local option law.

John, the six-year old son of Christian Lutz, an employe of the Michigan Furniture company, died at Ann Arbor from the effects of being scalded with hot coffee.

Jerome Munson, aged 62, of New Lothrop, was killed by a falling tree which was blown over upon him. He leaves a large family in destitute circumstances.

The dry goods store of A. B. Parks, of Adrian, was damaged by fire, smoke and water to the extent of $10,000, fully insured. The fire started from leaking gas.

A bank will be started at Marlette by A. E. Sleeper and A. W. Merrill, of Lexington. It will be known as the Commercial bank of Marlette, with a capital of $100,000.

At the Farmers' Institute at Coldwater, ex-Governor Luce had a resolution adopted asking the legislature to appropriate $3,000 a year to aid farmers' institutes throughout the state.

Frank Squirys, a well-known farmer who lived twelve miles north of Battle Creek, cut his throat with a razor because of domestic troubles. He was forty-five years old and had a divorced wife.

George Dell was attacked by a lynx near Summit City. He fought the animal desperately with an ax, but the battle might have ended in Dell's death had not a wood-chopper rushed to his rescue.

It is believed that a compromise will be arranged between the State and the Central Agricultural associations whereby the former will be allowed to hold its fair in Detroit without forfeiting its claim on the grounds in Lansing.

Four Benton Harbor women pounced upon Albert Livingston, ex-convict broommaker, and gave him a terrible horsewhipping for taking improper liberties with little girls. The scoundrel has skipped the town.

Adrian is much alarmed over the rapid spread of diphtheria. Five deaths occurred within a few days, and the whole neighborhood has been exposed. All measures possible are being taken to stop the epidemic.

Owing to the lack of funds, the faculty of Alma college is being reduced. The last professor to go is Prof. Butler, who has spread over the vast field of philosophy, economics, sociology, literature, rhetoric and elocution.

Rev. George Koehler, of Kalamazoo, has been holding revival meetings at Vicksburg, and hasn't been afraid to roast the rowdy element. He has received a whitecap letter of a very threatening nature, but he'll go right on with the work.

Theodore Ratke, Jr., of Royal Oak, was arrested charged with incest with his mother, his father being complainant. The boy is 19 years old. Another child, a girl 11 years old, is sick with the measles. As soon as she is better the mother will be arrested.

The Berrien county supervisors held a special meeting at St. Joseph, accepting the offer and approving the site offered. The estimated cost for the county building was $70,000. This is preliminary step to moving the county seat from Berrien Springs.

A movement is on foot among the Calhoun county supervisors to remove the county seat from Marshall to Battle Creek. The activity of tramp-catchers at Marshall is the chief cause. Battle Creek people will raise money for a site and building to facilitate the change.

Mrs. Chas. Raymond, of Benton Harbor, accuses Mrs. Campbell, an old-time friend, of stealing her pocket-book and all her of wealth. Mrs. Raymond says Campbell kept the cash—$30—and threw the purse and a $50 note into the fire. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell were arrested.

A joint meeting of the aldermen of Bay City and West Bay City was held to consider the proposition of running an intake pipe to Saginaw Bay to provide both towns with pure water. The work will cost $500,000. Neither city can undertake it now, but something must be done soon.

The result of the recent revival at Bay City was shown when the evangelical churches took in hundreds of new members. The First Presbyterian church alone increased its membership to 160, and other churches correspondingly. Of the 1,900 persons converted during the revival nearly one-half have already united with churches.

So rarely are grand juries called in Michigan that unusual interest attends their meeting. The records show that the last jury in Ingham county was drawn and organized January 13, 1867, to investigate the lynching of John Taylor, a Negro, who had a few days before brutally assaulted the family of William Cook in the township of Delhi. Cook owed Taylor a small amount for work done, and the money not coming to suit Taylor he took this method of getting even. Cook escaped uninjured, but his daughter and mother were terribly wounded with an ax which Taylor wielded. Five citizens were indicted but the trial of the first resulted in acquittal and the others were dropped.

A most shocking story of youthful depravity and immorality comes from Bay City. Truant Officer Wyman has had warrants issued for 20 young girls ranging from 14 to 17 years of age. The officer says the girls have been attending dances of the lowest order, drinking and carousing with male companions. They have been running the street at all hours of the night with young men and even married men, who have the reputation of making it their business to ruin young girls. Several of the girls under 14 have admitted their guilt and have described a place in a lumber yard which was fixed up for immoral purposes and was frequented by girls and young men.

HAWAIIAN'S CELEBRATE

The Anniversary of the Overthrow of the Monarchy—Willis Wouldn't Take Part.

News received from Honolulu by the brig W. G. Irwin, tells of the celebration of "Abrogation Day,"—the first anniversary of the abrogation of the Hawaiian monarchy. Among the chief exercises were a parade of military forces, a reception in the council room (formerly the throne room), and a mass meeting in the evening on Palace square, which has just been named "Union Square" by the Annexation club. United States Minister Willis declined for himself and the admiral and United States naval officers President Dole's invitation to the reception. He closed his note by expressing the hope that more satisfactory relations may soon be obtained between the two governments.

The American league is rapidly growing, and is coming to the front as the chief political organization in support of the provisional government and the cause of annexation. It is developing a strong opposition to what its members regard as an endeavor of the planter capitalists to control the government in their own interests, in opposition to those of the working classes of whites. A strong resolution was passed opposing the further importation of Chinese laborers. The league desires to see Hawaii become a white man's country, and not mainly given up to the great estates of capitalists manned by Asiatic laborers. To this end they prefer to see a portion of the profits of the planters sacrificed, and some of the sugar estates given up and the land divided into farms for white immigrants. It is becoming evident that party lines are going to run mainly upon these issues for the future. The planting interest is certain to make a strong fight for itself. Planters as a class, however, are unlikely to antagonize annexation or any government which tends towards it.

Vaillant Guillotined.

Paris cable: Vaillant, the bomb thrower, was executed Feb. 4, at 7:10 a. m. His last words were: "Death to society; long live anarchy." There were no incidents of an exciting nature other than this.

When the hour of execution was announced the night before large crowds began to assemble, and it became necessary to erect barricades in all the principal streets leading to the square. At 3 a. m. four companies of the Gardes Republicaine and a squadron of mounted Gardes formed around the square. Meanwhile the crowd continued to increase, and signs of approaching turbulence on its part were noticeable. An ugly rush of men and women up the Rue de la Roquette took place at 4 a. m., but was stopped by the police.

Promptly at 3:20 o'clock M. Deibler, the executioner, appeared at the staging of the guillotine. A few minutes later the two familiar vans rumbled into the square. They brought the guillotine and Deibler's assistants. M. Deibler went to one van, and by the light of lanterns examined the knife and ropes as they were brought out. The construction of the guillotine proceeded rapidly and silently, but for the occasional thud of a piece of wood falling into place. M. Lepine, prefect of police, was at hand to see that all precautions against anarchistic plots were taken.

At 7 o'clock the guards appeared with the prisoner, and after conversing with M. Deibler for about two minutes he was led to the guillotine. All was made ready, and at 7:10 o'clock Vaillant's head fell into the basket.

TOBACCO WAS THE CAUSE.

Notobac Cures the Tobacco Habit and Consumptive Gets Well.

Great excitement and interest has been manifested in the recovery of an old-time resident of Two Rivers, Wis., Mr. Joseph Bunker, who was for several years considered by all his friends a hopeless consumptive. Investigation shows that for over thirty-two years he used three and a half pounds of tobacco a week. A short time ago he was induced to try a tobacco habit cure called "Notobac." Talking about his miraculous recovery to-day he said: "Yes, I used Notobac, and two boxes completely cured me. I thought and so did all my friends, that I had consumption. Now they say as you say, 'how healthy and strong you look, Joe,' and whenever they ask me what cured my consumption, I tell them Notobac. The last week I used tobacco I lost four pounds. The morning I began the use of Notobac I weighed 127¾ pounds; to-day I weigh 169, a gain of 41¼ pounds. I eat heartily and sleep well. Before I used Notobac I was so nervous that when I went to drink I had to hold the glass in both hands. To-day my nerves are perfectly steady. Where did I get Notobac? At the drug store. It is made by the Sterling Remedy company, general western office, 45 Randolph street, Chicago, but I see by the printed matter that it is sold by all druggists—I know all the druggists in this town keep it. I have recommended it to over a hundred people and do not know of a single failure to cure."

OLD WOMEN'S GOSSIP.

Rumor That Ex-President Harrison is to Marry Late Senator Stanford's Widow.

A number of Indiana newspapers publish a story to the effect that ex-President Benjamin Harrison and Mrs. Stanford, widow of the late Leland Stanford, the California millionaire and United States senator, will shortly be united in marriage. The ex-president is soon to leave Indianapolis for the Stanford university at Palo Alto, Cal., to deliver a series of lectures, and while there he will be married to Mrs. Stanford, whose wealth is estimated at $20,000,000. Mrs. Stanford was a warm friend of the late Mrs. Harrison, and during the late Republican administration the Harrisons and Stanfords formed a close and lasting friendship, and one which is to terminate in the rumored marriage.

The friends of ex-President Harrison say that this report is a cruel hoax originating with some unscrupulous sensational newspaper.

Woman's Rights??

All of Leavenworth, Kan., is discussing the latest development of the woman's rights movement. Mrs. George Blackman, secretary of the board of police commissioners, virtually rules the police force. Her husband, who has been a guard at the penitentiary, has resigned his present place and assumed the office of sergeant of police, under appointment signed by his wife. He will succeed Barney Cunningham, an old and faithful officer, dismissed merely because he is not a married man.

Mobbed a Recreant Hubby.

Eight masked men accompanied Mrs. George Cullins, of Madison township, Muskingum county, O., to the home of a neighbor, Miss Collins, where they found Mrs. Cullins' husband. They took him out and beat him severely, perhaps fatally, releasing him only when he promised never to visit the house again. In the meantime the wronged wife entered the house and whipped the young woman.

A canning factory is to be established at Sherwood with a capital of $2,500.

One of the Brandimae flour mills at Wilmington, Del., burned. The loss is estimated at about $200,000.

The silver convention which was to have been held at Des Moines Feb. 22 and 23, has been postponed to March 21 and 22.

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ABOUT THE HEAVENLY KINGDOM.

"Now It Came to Pass While I Was Among the Captives by the River of Chebar That the Heavens Were Opened and I Saw Visions of God."

BROOKLYN, Feb. 4, 1894.—In the Brooklyn Tabernacle this forenoon the hymns, the scripture lesson and the prayers, as well as the sermon, were about the future world more than about this world. Rev. Dr. Talmage took for his subject: "A Vision of Heaven," the text being: Ezekiel 1:1: "Now it came to pass as I was among the captives by the River of Chebar that the heavens were opened and I saw visions of God."

Expatriated and in far exile on the banks of the River Chebar, an affluent of the Euphrates, sat Ezekiel. It was there he had an immortal dream, and it is given to us in the holy scriptures. He dreamed of Tyre and Egypt. He dreamed of Christ and the coming heaven. This exile seated by that river Chebar had a more wonderful dream than you or I ever have had, or ever will have, seated on the banks of the Hudson, or Alabama, or Oregon, or Thames, or Tiber, or Danube.

But we all have had memorable dreams, some of them when we were half asleep and half awake, so that we did not know whether they were born of shadow or sunlight; whether they were thoughts let loose and disarranged as in slumber, or the imagination of faculties awake.

Such a dream I had this morning. It was about 5:30 and the day was breaking. It was a dream of God; a dream of heaven. Ezekiel had his dream on the banks of the Chebar; I had my dream not far from the banks of the Hudson. The most of the stories of heaven were written many centuries ago, and they tell us how the place looked then, or how it will look centuries ahead. Would you not like to know how it looks now? That is what I am going to tell you. I was there this morning. I have just got back. How I got into that city of the sun I know not. Which of the twelve gates I entered is to me uncertain. But my first remembrance of the scene is that I stood on one of the main avenues, looking this way and that, lost in raptures, and the air so full of music and redolence, and laughter and light, that I knew not which street to take, when an angel of God accosted me and offered to show me the objects of greatest interest, and to conduct me from street to street, and from mansion to mansion, and from temple to temple, and from wall to wall. I said to the angel, "How long hast thou been in heaven?" and the answer came, "Thirty-two years according to the earthly calendar." There was a secret about this angel's name that was not given me, but from the tenderness, and sweetness, and affection, and interest taken in my walk through heaven, and more than all in the fact of thirty-two years' residence, the number of years since she ascended, I think it was my mother. Old age, and decrepitude, and the tired look were all gone, but I think it was she. You see, I was only on a visit to the city, and had not yet taken up residence, and I could know only in part.

I looked in for a few moments at the great temple. Our brilliant and lovely Scotch essayist, Mr. Drummond, says there is no church in heaven, but he did not look for it on the right street. St. John was right when in his Patmosic vision, recorded in the third chapter of Revelation, he speaks of "The Temple of My God." I saw it this morning; the largest church I ever saw; as big as all the churches and cathedrals of the earth put together, and it was thronged. Oh, what a multitude! I had never seen so many people together. All the audiences of all the churches of all the earth put together would make a poor attendance compared with that assemblage. There was a fashion in attire and head-dress that immediately took my attention. The fashion was white. All in white, save one. And the head-dress was a garland of rose, and lily, and mignonette, mingled with green leaves culled from the royal gardens, and bound together with bands of gold.

And I saw some young men with a ring on the finger of the right hand, and said to my accompanying angel, "Why those rings on the fingers of the right hands?" and I was told that those who wore them were prodigal sons, and once fed swine in the wilderness, and lived on husks, but they came home, and the rejoicing Father said, "Put a ring on his hand."

But I said there was one exception to this fashion of white pervading all the auditorium and clear up through all the galleries. It was the attire of the one who presided in that immense temple. The chiefest, the mightiest, the loveliest person in all the place. His cheeks seemed to be flushed with infinite beauty, and his forehead was a morning sky, and his lips were eloquence omnipotent. But his attire was of deep colors. They suggested the carnage through which he had passed, and I said to my attending angel, "What is that crimson robe that he wears?" and I was told, "They are dyed garments from Bozrah," and "he trod the wine press alone."

Soon after I entered this temple they began to chant the celestial litany. It was unlike anything I had ever heard for sweetness or power, and I have heard the most of the great organs, and the most of the great oratorios. I said to my accompanying angel, "Who is that standing yonder with the harp?" and the answer was, "David!" And I said, "Who is that sounding that trumpet?" and the answer was, "Gabriel!" And I said, "Who is that at the organ?" and the answer was, "Handel!" And the music rolled on till it came to a doxology extolling Christ himself, when all the worshipers, lower down and higher up, a thousand galleries of them, suddenly dropped on their knees and chanted, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." Under the overpowering harmony I fell back. I said, "Let us go. This is too much for mortal ears. I can not bear the overwhelming symphony."

But I noticed as I was about to turn away that on the steps of the altar was something like the lachrymal, or tear-bottle, as I had seen it in the earthly museums, the lachrymals, or tear-bottles into which the Orientals used to weep their griefs and set them away as sacred. But this lachrymal or tear-bottle, instead of earthenware as those the Orientals used, was lustrous and fiery with many splendors, and it was towering and of great capacity. And I said to my attending angel, "What is that great lachrymal, or tear-bottle, standing on the step of the altar?" and the angel said, "Why, do you not know? That is the bottle to which David the psalmist referred in his fifty-sixth Psalm, when he said, 'Put thou my tears into thy bottle.' It is full of tears from earth; tears of repentance; tears of bereavement; tears of love; tears of many centuries." And then I saw how sacred to the sympathetic God are earthly sorrows.

As I was coming out of the temple I saw all along the pictured walls there were shelves, and golden vials were being set up on all those shelves. And I said: "Why the setting up of those vials at this time? They seem just now to have been filled," and the attending angel said: "The week of prayer all around the earth has just closed, and more supplications have been made than have been made for a long while, and these new vials, newly set up, are what the Bible speaks of as 'golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of saints.'" And I said to the accompanying angel, "Can it be possible that the prayers of the earth are worthy of being kept in such heavenly shape?" "Why," said the angel, "there is nothing that so moves heaven as the prayers of earth, and they are set up in sight of these infinite multitudes, and, more than all, in the sight of Christ, and he cannot forget them, and they are before him world without end."

Then we came out, and as the temple is always open, and some worship at one hour and others at other hours, we passed down the street amid the throngs coming to and going from the great temple. And we passed along through a street called Martyr Place, and we met there, or saw sitting at the windows, the souls of those who on earth went through fire and flood, and under sword and rack. We saw John Wickliffe, whose ashes were by decree of the Council of Constance thrown into the river; and Rogers, who bathed his hands in the fire as though it had been water; and Bishop Hooper, and McKail, and Latimer, and Ridley, and Polycarp, whom the flames refused to destroy as they bent outward till a spear did the work, and some of the Albigenses, and Huguenots, and consecrated Quakers who were slain for their religion. They had on them many scars, but their scars were illumined and they had on their faces a look of especial triumph.

Then we passed along Song row, and we met some of the old gospel singers. "That is Isaac Watts," said my attendant. As we came up to him he asked me if the churches on earth were still singing the hymns he composed at the house of Lord and Lady Abney, to whom he paid a visit of thirty-six years, and I told him that many of the churches opened their Sabbath morning services with his old hymn, "Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest," and celebrated their gospel triumphs with his hymn, "Salvation, O the Joyful Song," and often roused their devotions by his hymn, "Come we that Love the Lord."

While we were talking he introduced me to another of the song writers, and said, "This is Charles Wesley, who belonged on earth to a different church from mine, but we are all now members of the same church, The Temple of God and the Lamb." And I told Charles Wesley that almost every Sabbath we sang one of his old hymns, "Arm of the Lord, Awake!" or, "Come, Let us Join our Friends Above;" or "Love Divine, All Love Excelling." And while we were talking on that street called Song row, Kirk White, the consumptive college student, now everlastingly well, came up, and we talked over his old Christmas hymn, "When Marshaled on the Nightly Plain." And William Cowper came up, now entirely recovered from his religious melancholy, and not looking as if he had ever in dementia attempted suicide, and we talked over the wide earthly celebrity and heavenly power of his old hymns, "When I Can Read My Title Clear," and, "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood."

And there we met George W. Bethune, of wondrous Brooklyn pastorate, and I told him how his comforting hymn had been sung at obsequies all around the world—"It is not Death to Die." And Toplady came up and asked whether the church was still making use of his old hymn, "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me." And we met also on Song Row, Newton, and Hastings, and Montgomery, and Horatio Bonar, and we heard floating from window to window snatches of the old hymns which they started on earth, and started never to die.

"But," say some of my hearers, "did you see anything of our friends in heaven?" Oh yes, I did. "Did you see my children there?" says some one, "and are there any marks of their last sickness still upon them?" I did see them, but there was no pallor, no cough, no fever, no languor about them. They are all well, and ruddy, and songful, and bounding with eternal mirth. They told me to give their love to you; that they thought of you hour by hour, and that when they could be excused from the heavenly playgrounds they came down and hovered over you, and kissed your cheek, and filled your dreams with their glad faces, and that they would be at the gate to greet you when you ascended to be with them forever.

"But," say other voices, "did you see our glorified friends?" Yes, I saw them, and they are well in the land across which no pneumonias, or palsies, or dropsies, or typhoids ever sweep. The aroma blows over from orchards with trees bearing twelve manner of fruits, and gardens, compared with which Chatsworth is a desert. The climate is a mingling of an earthly June and October; the balm of the one and the tonic of the other. The social life in that realm where they are is superb and perfect. No controversies, or jealousies, or hates; but love; universal love, everlasting love. And they told me to tell you not to weep for them, for their happiness knows no bounds, and it is only a question of time when you shall reign with them in the same palace, and join with them in the same exploration of planets, and the same tour of worlds.

But yonder in this assembly is an upturned face that seems to ask how about the ages of those in heaven. "Do my departed children remain children, or have they lost their childish vivacity? Do my departed parents remain aged, or have they lost the venerable out of their nature?" Well, from what I saw I think childhood had advanced to full maturity of faculty, retaining all the resilience of childhood, and that the aged had retreated to mid-life, freed from all decadence, but still retaining the charm of the venerable. In other words, it was fully developed and complete life of all souls, whether young or old.

Some one says, "Will you tell us what most impressed you in heaven?" I will. I was most impressed with the reversal of earthly conditions. I knew, of course, that there would be differences of attire and residence in heaven, for Paul had declared long ago that souls would then differ "as one star differeth from another," as Mars from Mercury, as Saturn from Jupiter. But at every step in my dream in heaven I was amazed to see that some who were expected to be high in heaven were low down, and some who were expected to be low down were high up. You thought, for instance, that those born of pious parentage, and of naturally good disposition, and of brilliant faculties, and of all styles of attractiveness, will move in the highest range of celestial splendor and pomp. No, no. I found the highest thrones, the brightest coronets, the richest mansions, were occupied by those who had reprobate father, or bad mother, and who inherited the twisted natures of ten generations of miscreants, and who had compressed in their body all depraved appetites, and all evil propensities, but they laid hold of God's arm, they cried for especial mercy, they conquered seven devils within and seventy devils without, and were washed in the blood of the Lamb, and by so much as their contest was terrific, and awful, and prolix, their victory was consummate and resplendent, and they have taken places immeasurably higher than those of good parentage, who could hardly help being good, because they had ten generations of preceding piety to aid them. The steps by which many have mounted to the highest places in heaven were made out of the cradles of a corrupt parentage. When I saw that, I said to my attending angel: "That is fair; that is right. The harder the struggle the more glorious the reward."

Then I pointed to one of the most colonnaded and grandly-domed residences in all the city, and said, "Who lives there?" and the answer was, "The widow who gave two mites." "And who lives there?" and the answer was, "The penitent thief to whom Christ said, 'This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.'" "And who lives there?" I said, and the answer was, "The blind beggar who prayed, 'Lord, that my eyes may be opened.'"

Some of those professors of religion who were famous on earth I asked about, but no one could tell me anything concerning them. Their names were not even in the city directory of the New Jerusalem. The fact is that I suspected some of them had not got there at all. Many who had ten talents were living on the back streets of heaven, while many with one talent had residences fronting on the King's park, and a back lawn sloping to the River Clear as Crystal, and the highest nobility of heaven were guests at their table, and often the white horse of him who "hath the moon under his feet," champed its bit at their door-way. Infinite capsize of earthly conditions! All social life in heaven graded according to earthly struggle and usefulness as proportioned to talents given!

As I walked through those streets I appreciated for the first time what Paul said to Timothy: "If we suffer, we shall also reign with him." It surprised me beyond description that all the great of heaven were great sufferers. "Not all?" Yes, all. Moses, him of the Red sea a great sufferer. David, him of Absalom's unfilial behavior and Ahithophel's betrayal, and a nation's dethronement, a great sufferer. Ezekiel, him of the captivity, who had the dream on the banks of the Chebar, a great sufferer. Paul, him of the diseased eyes, and the Mediterranean shipwreck, and the Mars hill derision, and the Mamertine endungeonment and the whipped back and the headman's ax on the road to Ostia, a great sufferer. Yea, all the apostles after lives of suffering died by violence, beaten to death with fuller's club, or dragged to death by mobs, or from the thrust of sword, or by exposure on barren island, or by decapitation. All the high up in heaven great sufferers and women more than men. Felicitas, and St. Cecelia, and St. Agnes, and St. Agatha, and St. Lucia, and women never heard of outside their own neighborhood, queens of the needle, and the broom, and the scrubbing brush, and the wash-tub, and the dairy, rewarded according to how well they did their work, whether to set a tea-table or govern a nation, whether empress or milkmaid. I could not get over it as in my dream I saw all this, and that some of the most unknown of earth were the most famous in heaven, and that many who seemed the greatest failures of earth were the greatest successes of heaven. And as we passed along one of the grandest boulevards of heaven, there approached us a group of persons so radiant in countenance and apparel I had to shade my eyes with both hands because I could not endure the luster and I said: "Angel! do tell me who they are," and the answer was: "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb!"

My walk through the city explained a thousand things on earth that had been to me inexplicable. When I saw up there the superior delight and the superior heaven of many who had on earth had it hard with cancers, and bankruptcies, and persecutions, and trials of all sorts, I said, "God has equalized it all at last; excess of enchantment in heaven has more than made up for the deficits on earth."

"But," I said to my angelic escort, "I must go now. It is Sabbath morning on earth and I must preach to-day and be in my pulpit by 10:30 o'clock. Good-by." I said to the attending angel. "Thanks for what you have shown me. I know I have seen only in part, but I hope to return again, through the atoning mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ. Good-by."

Then I passed on amid chariots of salvation, and along by conquerors' thrones, and amid pillared majesties, and by windows of agate, and under arches that had been hoisted for returned victors. And as I came toward the walls with the gates, the walls flashed upon me with emeralds, and sapphires and chrysoprases and amethysts, until I trembled under the glory, and then I heard a bolt shove, and a latch lift, and a gate swing, and they were all of pearl, and I passed out loaded with raptures, and down by worlds lower and lower, and lower still, until I came within sight of the city of my earthly residence, and until through the window of my earthly home the sun poured so strong upon my pillow that my eyelids felt it, and in bewilderment as to where I was, and what I had seen, I awoke.

Reflection the first: The superiority of our heaven to all other heavens. The Scandinavian heaven: The departed are in everlasting battle, except as restored after being cut to pieces they drink wine out of the skulls of their enemies. The Moslem heaven as described by the Koran: "There shall be Houris with large black eyes like pearls hidden in their shells." The Slav's heaven: After death the soul hovers six weeks about the body, and then climbs a steep mountain, on the top of which is paradise. The Tasmanian's heaven: A spear is placed by the dead, that they may have something to fight with, and after awhile they go into a long chase for game of all sorts. The Tahitian's heaven: The departed are eaten up of the gods. The native African heaven: A land of shadows, and in speaking of the departed, they say, all is done forever. The American aborigine's heaven: Happy hunting-grounds, to which the soul goes on a bridge of snake. The philosopher's heaven: Made out of a thick fog, or an infinite don't know. But hearken! and behold our heaven, which, though mostly described by figures of speech in the Bible and by parable of a dream in this discourse, has for its chief characteristics, separation from all that is vile; absence from all that can discomfort; presence of all that can gratulate. No mountains to climb; no chasms to bridge; no night to illumine; no tears to wipe. Scandinavian heaven, Slav's heaven, Tasmanian heaven, Tahitian heaven, African heaven, aborigines' heaven, scattered into tameness and disgust by a glimpse of St. John's heaven, of Paul's heaven, of Christ's heaven, of your heaven, of my heaven!

Reflection the second: You had better take patiently and cheerfully all pangs, affronts, hardships, persecutions and trials of earth since, if rightly borne they insure heavenly payments of ecstasy. Every twinge of physical distress, every lie told about you, every earthly subtraction if meekly borne, will be heavenly addition. If you want to amount to anything in heaven, and to move in its best society, you must be "perfected through suffering." The only earthly currency worth anything at the gate of heaven is the silver of tears. At the top of all heaven sits the greatest sufferer, Christ of the Bethlehem caravansary and of Pilate's Oyer and Terminer and of the Calvarnean assassination.

> What he endured, oh, who can tell?
> To save our souls from death and hell.

Oh, ye of the broken heart, and the disappointed ambition, and the shattered fortune, and the blighted life, take comfort from what I saw in my Sabbath morning dream.

Reflection the third and last: How desirable that we all get there! Start this moment with prayer and penitence and faith in Christ, who came from heaven to earth to take us from earth to heaven. Last summer, a year ago, I preached one Sabbath afternoon in Hyde Park, London, to a great multitude that no man could number. But I heard nothing from it until a few weeks ago, when Rev. Mr. Cook, who, for twenty-two years has presided over that Hyde Park out-door meeting, told me that last winter going through a hospital in London he saw a dying man whose face brightened as he told him that his heart was changed that afternoon under my sermon in Hyde Park, and all was bright now at his departure from earth to heaven. Why may not the Lord bless this as well as that? Heaven, as I dreamed about it, and as I read about it, is so benign a realm you can not any of you afford to miss it. Oh, will it not be transcendently glorious after the struggle of this life is over to stand in that eternal safety? Samuel Rutherford, though they viciously burned his books and unjustly arrested him for treason, wrote of that celestial spectacle:

> "The King there in his beauty,
> Without a vail is seen;
> It were a well spent journey,
> Though seven deaths lay between.
> The Lamb with his fair army
> Doth on Mount Zion stand,
> And glory, glory dwelleth
> In Immanuel's land."

VARIED SELECTIONS.

Copenhagen's co-operative bakery is worth $137,000.

The United States has 686 vessels engaged in foreign trade, while Great Britain has 5,968.

The yield of gold from California mines amounts at present to about $13,000,000 a year.

The Atlanta Constitution is of the opinion that the South has just about recuperated in wealth what the war cost her.

Peach stones find a ready market in New York. Perfumes, flavoring extracts and prussic acids are distilled from them.

The sultan of Turkey, though a small man, is very muscular, and the strongest of his janissaries has been unable to overcome him in trials of personal prowess.

Alfred Pinchot is the first American to be graduated at a school of forestry and take up forestry as a profession. He is the consulting forester on the estate of George W. Vanderbilt, in the North Carolina mountains.

The losses by fire in the United States in 1893 aggregated $168,356,940, showing a large increase as compared with the losses of 1892. Embezzlements, frauds and forgeries were reported in this country to the amount of $19,929,692, which was considerably more than twice the amount divulged in 1892. The total number of suicides reported was 4,436, of whom 858 were women; of murders, 6,515, and of legal executions, 126.

A dude while walking along the streets met a little boy who asked him the time. "Ten minutes to 9," says the dude. "Well," says the boy, "at 9 o'clock get your hair cut," and he took to his heels and ran, the dude after him, when turning a corner, the dude came in contact with a policeman, nearly knocking him down. "What's up?" said the policeman. The dude, very much out of breath, said: "You see that young urchin running along there? He asked me the time. I told him ten minutes to 9, and he said, 'At 9 o'clock get your hair cut.'" "Well," said the policeman, "what are you running for? You've got eight minutes more yet."

LITERATURE UP TO DATE.

The Retail Price of This Style Is Fifty Dollars.

He trimmed his finger nails. On the seat in front of him sat a lantern-jawed passenger trying to read a newspaper by the dim light of the smoky and archaic car lamp overhead, and the pulseless atmosphere was vigorously conscious of reminiscences of orange-peel and Connecticut tobacco. And he sat with his knees against the back of the seat in front and trimmed his finger nails.

He trimmed his finger nails. The raindrops made slanting lines of moisture on the windows. Across the aisle a sleeping woman, long past the meridian of life, snored dismally. He looked at the brakeman moving with slow, perfunctory step through the car, and yawned. He yawned, and continued to trim his finger nails.

He trimmed his finger nails. All about him were fellow-beings, the orbits of whose existence were for the time mysteriously co-incident with his own. Should he ever meet them again? Ah, me! And he trimmed his finger nails, and from his pale, trembling lips there came the murmur:

"Darn such a dull knife!"

Locating Java.

One day an old gentleman who found the Java village at the world's fair very absorbing, at length confided in a young man standing near. "It's powerful nice to watch," he said, "but I may say I should be better on't if I was a trifle better posted. My jography's a leetle rusty, and it's truth and fact that I don't jestly know where Java is. Now where is it?" "Oh," said the young man, with the assured quiet of one who knows, "just a little way from Mocha!"

A WONDERFUL ECHO.

But It Was a Little Too Responsive to Be Reliable.

At Madame Arabella's the conversation turned upon echoes, and a lady in the company declared that she knew of one that repeated a sound nine or ten times.

"Pooh! that is nothing," said the marquis, "I have an echo in my park that can beat yours into fits."

"Impossible," said everybody in chorus.

"You can easily put it to the test, if you like."

"Very good, we will step across to-morrow to hear for ourselves."

"Yes, come without fail," and so saying, the marquis took his departure, meditating a little scheme of his own. On reaching his mansion he sent for his old lackey, Sancho by name.

"You are up to all sorts of tricks, old chap. Do you think you could manage to play the part of an echo?"

"Certainly, my lord; you have only to shout 'Ho! Ho!' and I repeat the same."

"Very well; to-morrow afternoon you shall go and stand in that clump of trees behind the lake and repeat thirty times any call that you may hear, gradually lowering your voice. But mind—mum's the word."

Next day his lordship's friends came trooping into the park. Sancho was at his post, pricking up his ears.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, your doubts will soon be dissipated," said the marquis; "will you be the first to try the experiment, madame?"

"No, thanks, marquis; your voice is louder and more effective for the purpose than mine."

Whereupon the marquis inflated his lungs and called out at the top of his voice:

"Are you there?"

To which the echo made answer: "Yes, my lord; I've been here a couple of hours." (Curtain.)

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

Miss Ortencia E. Allen
Salem, Mich.

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