WORDS FROM THE PULPITS

Dr. Lucas of the Christian Chapel Talks About the Distinguished Dead of 1888.

Henry Date, the Evangelist, at Roberts Park Defines the Difference Between Ordinary and Extraordinary Religious Revivals.

THE BENEFITS OF REVIVALS.

Evangelist Date Discusses Their Value—The Manner in Which to Conduct Them.

There was a very large audience at Roberts Park M. E. Church yesterday morning to hear the eloquent Henry Date, president of the Methodist Alliance, on the occasion of his opening service in the revival in that church which he is to assist in inaugurating. Notwithstanding his much-talked of diminutive stature, Mr. Date is a most impressive leader of thought, and his hearers evidently soon forgot his physical characteristics in the grandeur of his pictorial style of speaking. He read as his text the words of 34th Ezekiel, 26: "There shall be showers of blessing," his subject being: "What Is a Revival?" "I am an old-fashioned Methodist," said Mr. Date, "and I don't care who knows it. There is a hymn which tells of showers of blessing the Lord is pouring on others, and the singer pleads that some drops may fall on him. I don't believe the theology of drops. I want showers, and that is what we are going to have in the revival now approaching in this church. As I sat here looking up at these galleries and out over this audience, this morning, I thought of the wonderful revival that shook these walls and this city here six years ago, under the little Harrison, and we can have the same kind of a divine thunder-storm of baptism and blessing here now, if we will.

"There are two kinds of revival, the ordinary revival and the extraordinary revival, and I want to say I am no believer in the former. In such a one the pastor gets up and talks about the necessity of his people taking a stand for the right and 'getting religion,' and winds up with, 'Now, if there is any one preset who would like to join the church, come forward.' There is no response. 'Well, if any one would like to come to God, please stand up.' Still a motionless silence. 'If any one present would like to lead a better life, while I don't want to shock you, I would ask you to just please lift your hands, or if you cannot do that lift your little finger!' But none comply. What's the matter? Why, God has not been glorified, His Son has not been lifted up and men have got nothing to come to; that's why they don't come, and they never will under such tactics, never! An extraordinary revival is one born of the Holy Ghost fire, not plotted and planned of men, depending on their own wisdom or their own theology, who get together and say, 'If we can only get the services of a revivalist of national reputation we can bring about five hundred people into the church. But it's no use to try it with local talent.' [Laughter.] That is the way revivals are too often run, and I want to say plainly that it is my firm conviction that a big evangelist from a distance has often been a curse to a revival. There is too much of this professional evangelistic oratory, and too little of the Holy Ghost in it. There is too much theological nonsense abroad, anyway. I am often called 'reverend,' but I don't like it. I tell you no man has a right to call himself or to be called 'reverend.' There is none 'reverend' save One. I am only a little telegraph boy in the service of heaven. [Laughter.] Now there are several things which must ever be present at a real revival directed by Holy Ghost power. These are: Concentration, the united effort of the whole church; consecration, the devotion of the church; prayer and faith. Of prayer, let me illustrate: I think myself to-day on Mount Carmel. Far away from its summit I look to the east and the south. All is a barren, scorching land. I turn to the north. Not a green leaf is to be seen. I turn to the west, and there stretches only the great sea, lapping the heated sands. No living thing appears for miles on miles. I sit and look in sorrow at the death of the land. But see! Yonder far to the southeast comes a mighty caravan that stretches as far as the eye can reach. Who are they? The children of Israel. They come, the old, the young, the diseased, all faces haggard with some awful care. They have been crying for rain, rain, to save the perishing land for weeks and months, but still no rain has come. They are being tortured to death by famine and thirst. Presently there comes in among the foremost, as they approach the mountain, a man of majestic and holy mien. This man they cry out at like demons; they clench their fists and curse him, saying 'This is the evil one that has taken the rain from the land. Kill him!!' And they press forward as if they would accomplish this fiendish threat. He motions them back calmly, saying that he will ask his God to send the rain. They bid him do so with doubt on every face of the vast multitude. He turns, and ascending the mountain side a way, lifts his arms from his flowing robes, his face to heaven and kneels in prayer to the Almighty. He asks for the rain. He believes, that is all; and the prophet descends the mountain. It is Elijah, the Tishbite, the man of God. The people call it foolishness. They cannot think it will be that rain shall fall from that brazen sky. But look! Yonder a speck of cloud, the size of a man's hand, appears on the dim horizon. It draws rapidly near and grows. The heavens are blackened, the lightning flashes, and the torrent pours down and floods the dusty earth. The thousands voice their allegiance to the God of Elijah. This, Christians, is the power of prayer. I see another scene. It is the Mount of Olives. I look to the north, the south, the east, the west, and all is prosperity, and fruitfulness, and wealth. The splendor of white villas breaks among the green foliage of the lands, and the sunlight beams on it in peace. There come twelve men yonder, in the early morning light. They reach the grove on the summit, and sit down to be refreshed. 'Tis Christ coming to say a last word with the disciples, after the infinite love He has shown them. He says to John: 'Good-bye. It is expedient for you that I go away, for until I do the Comforter will not come. But there is one message I shall leave with you: Tarry at Jerusalem until the spirit of power come upon you.' And then, as He ascends into Heaven and the gates of glory open, there comes back that one voice: 'Tarry at Jerusalem until ye receive the voice of power.' And the disciples arise and return to the city. The day of Pentecost comes. One hundred and twenty people are gathered, with one accord, in one place, when suddenly, with the sound of a mighty wind, there rests on each a tongue of flame. That is the Holy Ghost's baptism of fire. And the disciples see it on each other and are amazed. And John gets up and runs out, and commences his mission to the world, and Peter goes out to the crowds without, where men of many nations are gathered, and preaches to every man at once in his own tongue, and all the multitude are astonished at the work of the Lord. Christians, that is faith. The disciples tarried at Jerusalem, believing the baptism would come, and it did. Gather ye together to-day, of one accord, in one place, and tarry ye at Jerusalem until ye receive the power from on high."

At the call by Mr. Date for those to come forward to the alter who desired a blessing or were seeking light, about five hundred people rose at once to their feet and came forward, kneeling at the altar, in the space in front, and in the aisles. A remarkable scene ensued, showing the earnest desire of these people for God's presence and power, during which Mr. Date offered an earnest prayer for the seekers, and a hymn of prayer was sung by those kneeling.

To-night, at 7:30, there will be a mass-meeting of the Methodist young people of the city, addressed by Rev. Henry Date, president of the Young People's Alliance of the United States. Jesse Underwood, the boy singer, will lead the music. At 9 P. M., watch-night services.

THE YEAR'S GREAT DEAD.

Dr. Lucas Draws Conclusions from the Lives of the Illustrious Dead of 1888.

Dr. Lucas, pastor of the Central Christian Church, preached on the subject: "The Distinguished Dead of 1888," yesterday morning, taking for his text, Hebrews xi, 4: "By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts; and by it he, being dead, yet speaketh;" and Acts viii, 2: "And devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him."

Dr. Lucas prefaced his remarks by saying that it was not his intention to give a history of the dead of the past year. That work belonged to the press. But it was rather his purpose to look more into the philosophy which their lives illustrated. The statement that Abel, being dead, yet speaketh, leads us to the conclusion that there are lessons we may learn from the dead, which we could not from the living. It is a fact of history that some men have more influence after they are dead than before. Abel's example of faith in God, Abraham's in God's promise, Noah's in God's character, Enoch displaying man's privilege of walking alone with God, and Joseph's life, representing hope in darkness and despair, have been of great comfort and benefit to those who came after, and so we come to talk of the dead to-day. There is one danger attending this looking at the dead—the sorrowful, pessimistic view of death, said the speaker, and I hope to turn these thoughts to a better conception of man's relationship to the dead. Man is of a three-fold nature, living in the past, present and future. All the past concentrates in the personality of the dead. All principles are nothing, unless they come in connection with personality of individuals. It is only when personality comes in that there is any value in principles. Matter is nothing, man is everything, is the principle. The minister then illustrated these remarks by some of the illustrious dead of 1888. In the scientific world, Prof. Asa Grey is the most illustrious of the departed. He conceived of a high spiritual existence. In the delicate hue of the rose leaf he found the work of God. Upon all his works he established his own personality, which will live long after his life is forgotten. Among the philanthropists was W. W. Corcoran. In his home in Washington is a gallery of wonderful paintings. But it is not on account of these that he will be remembered. Long after these have perished his personality will exist. The fact that he took the remains of John Howard Payne from a foreign grave and deposited them in the land of his birth will be remembered longer than his possessions. The statesman and politician, Roscoe Conkling, passed away in the full zenith of his strength, of great force and great mind, weak only in the fact that he was not master of himself. While his deeds of statesmanship may pass away, the Chicago convention of 1880 and his own personality which he stamped upon it will live on. Among the illustrious soldiers dead is Phil Sheridan. When the life of the great soldier shall be forgotten, his famous ride to Winchester will be remembered because of his personality ever in the background. The poet has glorified the act and the act glorified the personality. Among the rulers were Emperors Wilhelm and Frederick. The preacher used the circumstances of their lives to illustrate his point. The most distinguished philosopher to pass away during the year, said Dr. Lucas, was Bronson Alcott, father of the Concord School of Philosophy, who, long after his works shall be forgotten, will be remembered as the father of Louisa M. Alcott, made vivid by her personality enshrined in her works. The best years of his life were spent in the pursuit of the ideal and beautiful, and at last he came to the living Christ. E. P. Roe, the preacher-novelist, has passed to the other side. His books were sermons. Their wide circulation is due to sentiment or religion, the treasures upon which the heart feeds. His works will live, because behind them there was a personality which preached. The speaker then made mention of others of prominence who had died during the year, among whom were E. R. Locke, better known as Petroleum V. Nasby, the satirist; Rev. Wm. H. Ryder, the Universalist; Rev. James Freeman Clarke, the Unitarian divine; Revs. Isaac Errett and Pardue Butler, of the Christian Church, William Parsons, the lecturer, and Dr. Agnew, the physician. Among the notable women were Mrs. W. T. Sherman, and the mother of Sheridan and Louisa M. Alcott, the works and deeds of all of whom he used to illustrate the underlying principle of his discourse—that matter is nothing, man is everything. Dr. Lucas, in closing his remarks, said: "All these are gone. Over in the land of beauty and light their spirits dwell. Shall we say they are dead? Oh, no! That philosophy which now says they are dead and that they could be raised only by a miracle is false, is iconoclastic. What is a miracle? Who shall define it? Those who embrace such a philosophy cannot. Love is a miracle, define it if you can. David sleeps in his grave, yet to-day thousands of old men and women, all humanity, is reading the twenty-third Psalm. You tell me David is dead, but his writings live. The creator dead, but the creature liveth. Oh, no. When I think of Alcott, Grey, Conkling, Sheridan and all the dead it is with a feeling that in the beautiful city they dwell. Away with pessimistic views. Webster wrote poetry for the world, and then, looking over across the dark river sang of the "Sweet By and By." To-day, if we look at it right, we will realize that personality cannot die; and out of the struggles and imperfections of the present God shall bring perfectness at last. Out of sorrow shall come joy, out of weakness shall come strength, out of darkness light, out of death life. Any other view than this of the dead makes life a failure, and makes the creature greater than the Creator."

At the conclusion of the sermon, Mr. and Mrs. Loyd, of Louisville, were received into the church by letter. There was also one addition by confession. Fifty members from the Sixth Christian Church transferred their membership to the Central Church, some difficulties having arisen, making harmony and their presence in the Sixth Church impossible.

CAMPAIGNING IN INDIANA.

Startling Figures Produced by a Rural Democratic Orator.

St. Louis Republic.

From all accounts there must have been some high old meetings in Indiana during the recent campaign, and some of them furnished no end of amusement. The rural orators were dreadfully in earnest, and it made many an old local campaigner hot about the collar to have any of his statements disputed. A respectful attention was paid the imported speakers, especially if they were men of national reputations, but a man comparatively unknown, whether from some other part of Hoosierdom or from an adjoining State, didn't get such an ovation as he had been led to expect before going into a county to fill an engagement. A gentleman, in telling of several meetings that he attended, said that an old fellow of moderate learning was whooping up an enormous crowd one rainy night in a barn. He went along, making some of the wildest statements ever heard from a platform, and for an hour not a man in the crowd disputed anything that the speaker said. Finally the old fellow got on the soldier question. "They say," he howled out, "that the Democratic party is not a friend of the soldier, and that nearly all the men who fought for the Union in the late war were Republicans. I tell you friends and fellow-citizens, it is not true as to the men who fought for our glorious star-spangled banner. There were 22,000,000 Democratic soldiers in the last war. Yes, fellow-citizens. Twenty-two million Democrats! Just think of it!"

"Look here, old man," said one of the listeners to this remarkable claim, "ain't your figures a little off?"

"Not a bit of it, sir, and I can prove it. I'll leave it to the crowd."

The crowd almost to a man sustained the speaker, and he went on in triumph. "I know what I'm talking about, I do; and I don't want any man who is not known down in this country to be trying to stuff these honest, hard-working people with anything but cold facts. Thank God, our people in this neck of the woods don't take any stock in the outside fellows, except Billy Bynum, of Indianapolis. He was raised down here, and he dasn't tell anything that isn't so, because we know him too well."

BISHOP DWENGER'S MISSION.

He Did Not Go to Rome to Fight the German Catholics.

Ft. Wayne Sentinel.

When Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger set sail for Rome, a rumor was set afloat that his mission was for the purpose of an appeal to the Pope to curtail the influence of the German Catholic Church in this country, and the intimation was given out that American bishops had set on foot plans to prevent the teaching of German in the parochial schools. The following is a card from the Right Reverend Bishop, and it sets the false rumors at rest forever:

"FT. WAYNE, Ind., Dec. 20, 1888.

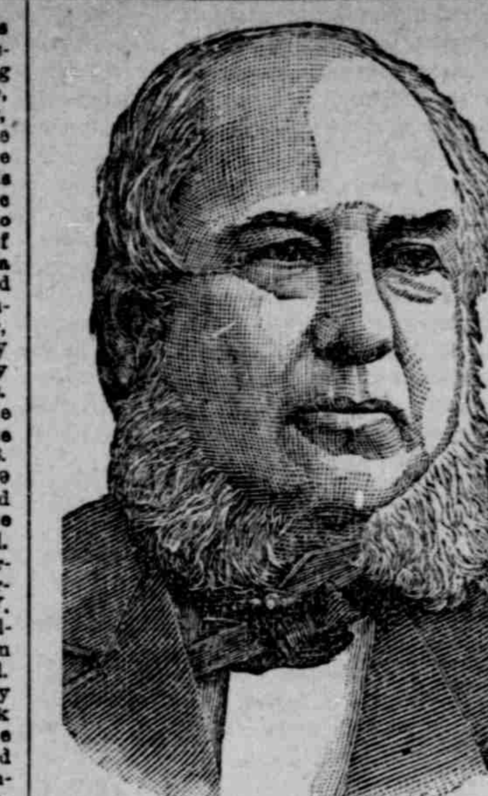
"It was not until my return from Europe that I received, on the steamer Britannia, from some unknown hand, the Volksfreund of Nov. 15. I have nothing to say about the item in the London Chronicle, except that it is a canard. What the alleged theologian told the reporter about my intentions, about the object of my journey to Rome, is all false. I know of no anti-German mission in Rome. Nor was there any such meeting held on the occasion of Father Sorin's golden jubilee, as this alleged theologian charges; neither was there any such petition circulated. The idea was not even mooted. There were no resolutions adopted at the Baltimore council against the Germans, not even proposed, much less considered. The whole affair is a falsehood. Our German Catholics have no enemies more hurtful than such infamous liars.

JOSEPH DWENGER,
"Bishop of Ft. Wayne."

Indiana Should Be Proud of It.

New Albany Evening Tribune.

Among other things, and they are many, of which Indiana may justly be proud, is its leading daily paper, the Indianapolis Journal. There is not a better daily paper published in the United States. For Indianians it is incomparably superior to any other. It is characterized by large enterprise in every department, and its editorial columns are models of terseness and genuine ability. It did much, perhaps more than any other one influence, to secure General Harrison's nomination, and during all the campaign it glowed with the white heat of royal energy. It kept the banner of Republicanism "still full high advanced," and its intense earnestness stimulated workers everywhere. Every Republican in Indiana who wants a daily paper outside of his own town should take the Journal.



SIR WILLIAM RITCHIE,
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada.

TOUGH TEMPERANCE WAR.

The State of Pennsylvania May Go Dry and Lose $2,000,000 of Revenue.

Harrisburg Special.

In 1889 Pennsylvania votes on the question of prohibition, and it is not unlikely that it will carry, and this great State take its place among the anti-whisky States of the Union. The liquor question has been gradually coming to the front in this State, and while politicians do not care to acknowledge the fact, it is now the most important question before the people.

Temperance societies now cover the State in every part, and their influence upon the people has been greatly underestimated by the liquor element. To persons who occupy a middle ground between the temperance people and the liquor interests, the high-license law passed by the last Legislature is entirely satisfactory. An inquiry as to the operation of this law shows that it has reduced the number of applications for licenses from 14,553 in 1887 to 11,590 in 1888. And of these 11,590 applications this year, only 7,724 were granted. This reduced number of licenses yields a revenue to the State of $1,835,963, while the greater number of last year yielded but $976,179, a difference of $859,784 in favor or the lesser number of saloons and high license.

From a business stand-point this is satisfactory, but the temperance people all over the State are fighting the high license, and that they will be able to defeat it next year and carry the State for prohibition seems reasonably certain. This probability is giving the saloon men a great deal of uneasiness, and organized efforts are being made to combat the influence of the many temperance societies. The saloon men do not find this an easy foe to fight. These thousands of temperance societies are controlled almost entirely by women, and therefore in a measure beyond the reach of the saloon element.

There are now nine large counties in the State whose judges have refused to grant licenses, and these are, therefore, on the "dry" list already. These counties are: Armstrong, Forest, Greene, Huntingdon, Indiana, Potter, Somerset, Washington and Warren. The effect of "no license" in these counties has not been satisfactory to the business interests. In the town of Warren, county-seat of Warren county, after struggling along for a year, two hotels, in which there was an investment of $60,000, were closed. The closing of the hotels diverted travel and business from the town, and there was considerable public feeling in consequence. A large mercantile establishment moved away from Warren solely on account of the closing of the hotels. One of these hotels has since been opened, but it is said to be running at a loss. The amount of liquor drunk is said to be no less than when licenses were granted.

From Washington county comes news of an unusual amount of drunkenness and crime. The owner of a public hall, where meetings and balls are held, reports that during the year he has picked up around the premises 2,000 empty flasks. In Forest county liquor is shipped in by the keg and barrel from Oil City, Titusville and Bradford, and for several months three men have had a "saloon on wheels," which they moved over the county, dispensing goods as they went. Two of these men have been arrested, and a warrant is out for the third. In none of the nine "dry counties" is there any lack of liquor. As a rule, the liquor consumed is whisky, that being more easily handled than the bulkier goods, such as ale and beer.

LEAVING THE BLACK BELT.

The Negroes Said to Be Emigrating Rapidly through the Influence of Railroad Agents.

Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser.

If the tide keeps on, all the negroes will have left the black belt in a few years.

"You may not know," said a man of prominence in railroad circles yesterday evening, "that if the present rate of emigration keeps up for a few years longer there will be no more negroes, to speak of, in Alabama's fertile black belt.

"Well, it is so. They are going to the mineral section, to the North, to Texas, to California and to every other place they can get money enough to carry them. Singular as it may seem, the more the negro gets of education he is filled with an irresistible desire to travel, and never is satisfied until the goes somewhere outside the boundaries of the State in which he lives."

"Is education the sole reason for their going?" put in somebody.

"Oh, no. The railroad agents, with their slick tongues, and the gaudy pamphlets illustrative of the advantages of each section, now distributed, all contribute in a measure to the result.

"The negroes who leave are not all of the good class either, for they influence a great many others to follow in their footsteps and move out of Alabama to some other section. There are now in California over a hundred negroes who have gone from the city of Montgomery alone during the past three months, and there will no doubt be a great many more to go there before the winter is over. From reading the letters of those who are there, the negroes imagine that state to be a heaven on earth, and a number of them are now hoarding up enough money to buy a ticket."

"For what do they leave the farm lands they have lived on all their lives to go to the mineral region?"

"This is due in part to the restless, shifting nature of the negro. It is also attributable to the idea that in the mines much higher wages are paid than in the field, while the women think there are no cooks or house servants up there. It is this stream from the black belt more than the released convicts which has built up Buzzard Roost, Pigeon Roost, Scratch Ankle, and the other low negro suburbs of Birmingham. Then, too, the railroad contractors building roads in north Alabama came down here and carried hands away by the car-load to work on the railroads, because they could be hired cheaper. All these things helped a little bit."

"Does this thing still hold up as regards the number of people moving?"

"Yes. To give you some idea of how many negroes went to Birmingham alone during the past year, there were over four thousand five hundred tickets sold to negroes going there between December, 1887, and December, 1888. They have also gone in large numbers to Decatur, and Sheffield, and Florence, until it is getting hard for a black belt planter to get enough hands to pick his cotton and do his general farm work, while there are thousands of idle negroes all over north Alabama with nothing on earth to do, and some of them actually stealing for a living. In less than ten years I think that a majority of the negroes of the State will be found in north Alabama. The black belt will, during this period of migration, be given a chance to meditate upon the benefits of white immigrants who come, most of them, with money in their pockets, and are not Anarchists or Socialists."

An Economist and His Theories.

Philadelphia Press.

Mr. David A. Wells has been able to keep the reputation he obtained a quarter of a century ago in some quarters through his attack on the protective system by keeping his theories and facts carefully apart. Unfortunately, when he entered a year ago upon the difficult task of explaining the cause of the unprecedented depression of prices during the past fifteen years, he was rash enough to enter upon a broad attempt to prove that this was due to an increase in the supply of staple articles, outrunning demand. The Financial Chronicle has just completed a series of articles on the showing made by Mr. Wells in the world's product of wheat, cotton and sugar, which proves him wrong in his facts in almost every particular. Neither wheat nor cotton have increased, as he stated, and his facts in regard to sugar are awry. There is scarcely a statistical error which can be committed of which he does not convict Mr. Wells. Even the New York Evening Post, which hailed these articles when they appeared as the ablest discussion of the subject yet printed, is fain to admit that the Chronicle has knocked the statistical foundation out from under Mr. Wells's theory. It is left without a leg to stand on; but it insists that this is but a "barren victory," because the Chronicle, less rash than Mr. Wells, has no theory of its own to present. This is nonsense. The real issue was whether Mr. Wells, after a tremendous flourish of theory, had facts in its support. It is plain he has not, and it is hard, after this clear proof of his careless inaccuracy in giving statistics, to attach much importance to his utterances.

THE RESULT OF A POKER GAME.

A Well-Known Miner Tells a Story Explaining Why He Never Plays Cards.

New York Graphic.

"I never play cards," said Jack Morrissey, the famous Colorado miner, last night in the cafe of the St. James Hotel.

"You never play cards?" queried Hank Morgan, who found the big Sylvanite mine. "Now just come off a little."

"You may not believe me," continued Morrissey, very seriously, "but the first game I ever saw had a tragic ending that is recalled to my mind every time I see a card."

"Do you mind telling the story?"

"Would you care to hear it? The affair happened before the war.

"I was on a trip up the Mississippi on the steamer Belle Memphis. She was crowded with passengers, all of whom were men. We left New Orleans at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and fifteen minutes later there were four or five games of poker in progress. Nearly everybody gambled on the steamers. Many men lived on the river and made the trips for the money they could get out of the passengers. The cotton raisers, who went to St. Louis to spend their funds, often reached that town without a penny, and were forced to return on the same boat. Among the passengers were two planters, who were avowed enemies, but by some fate had sat down at the same table. They were business men of New Orleans, and the ill-feeling between them was known to many on board the Belle Memphis. One of them had with him a large, fine-looking negro, who acted as body servant, and who was seldom absent from his side. The 'boy' remained in the cabin and watched the play, which grew more exciting with every revolution of the steamer's wheels.

"Toward night some of the gamblers had lost all their cash and were betting the cotton or other merchandise they had on board for the St. Louis market. Up on deck the roustabouts were playing 'craps' by the light of torches, that lit up the river in a weird way. Morning found the men still playing. The big negro watched his master very earnestly, and after speaking to him once or twice was ordered out of the cabin. As he went on deck my father spoke to him.

"'You seem interested in the game,' said he.

"'I is,' was the reply. 'I'ze the stakes on that ban', an' ef Coh'nel Giroux doan' win I'ze Wahdon's niggar. I'ze mightily intahested in that game.'

"Wardon won, and I saw the colored boy turned over to him by Giroux, who rose from the table dead broke. He went on deck, and a number of people watched him to see whether he would shoot himself or jump into the river. He did neither.

"After a while Wardon appeared with a companion, walked back and forth, laughing and joking. They approached Giroux.

"'You're a cheat,' said the loser to Wardon.

"The latter jumped toward the speaker, but his friend prevented any violence. The boat was nearing Natchez-under-the-hill, and it was arranged that the time the Belle waited at the wharf should be devoted to squaring accounts. That was a common thing. The river boats stopped at Natchez, and a party of four or five men that went away for an hour lacked one or two of the number when they returned.

"It was a beautiful night. The moon was almost full and shed a bright white light, by which you could tell the time by your watch. Natchez was astir when we reached the wharf. It was one of the busiest of the river towns, but its dismantled hotel and tumble-down houses now look like ghosts of its former prosperity.

"When a party of men left the Belle some of the citizens followed, as they knew a duel was about to be fought. Wardon's new possession, the negro, accompanied the party, and the winner lost no opportunity of letting the unfortunate boy understand that he had changed masters.

"Under the bluffs, from which Natchez takes its name, the men came to a halt: fifteen paces were marked off; Giroux and Wardon faced each other, pistol in hand.

"Ready? One—two—three!"

"The last word was lost in the report of Wardon's pistol. Giroux dropped, his weapon still loaded. The colored boy and a number of persons went to the side of the wounded man. He was unconscious and never spoke. The negro took his pistol from his hand and raised his head. No sign of recognition was given. After a minute or two, 'He's dead,' the colored boy said.

"'Throw him down and come with me,' cried Wardon, as he started for his steamer.

"The negro laid the dead man's head on the ground, arose to his feet and hurried after his new master. Within the minute a pistol shot was heard. Wardon was dying when the men reached his side. He could not tell who shot him, but Giroux's negro had disappeared and some of those in the crowd said he was a 'mighty valyble niggah.'

"The men were left at Natchez-under-the-hill, and fifteen minutes after the Belle Memphis left the wharf half a dozen games of cards were in progress. I never play cards."

QUAY'S SCHOOL-BOY PRANKS.

The Comedy of the Goose, the Apple and the Gad.

Philadelphia Record.

"There never was a sharper, more mischievous schemer as a boy than Matthew Stanley Quay," said a resident of western Pennsylvania who was a schoolmate of Quay in Indiana county.

"I remember one of his pranks that was as original as it was daring. In the rear of the school-house where we were scholars was a green, and one hot summer afternoon a flock of geese were pasturing on it. Matt Quay sat by an open window that looked out on the green, and as he watched the geese plucking away at the grass, as only geese can pluck, a brilliant idea took possession of him. He had a half-eaten apple in his desk and a ball of kite string. Biting a big piece off of the apple he quietly tied it to one end of the string, and edging up to the window he jerked the bit of apple out of the window. It fell not far from where the geese were feeding.

"One of the flock saw the tempting morsel, and waddling over to where it lay gobbled it and gulped it down. In swallowing the apple the goose also engulfed a foot or so of Matt Quay's kite string, and Matt at once proceeded to carry his scheme to success by hauling in the goose hand over hand, dragging it off of the green and up the side of the school-house, in spite of the bird's frantic struggles to get away. The goose was pulled in at the window, and the next second was flopping and waddling here and there about the school-room, trailing and twisting the kite string about the legs of a score or more of surprised and frightened scholars, and squawking at the top of its lungs. When the scholars recovered from their surprise and took in the situation a roar that almost raised the roof went up from their combined throats.

"The goose was finally penned up in one corner of the room and caught by scholars and teacher, the string cut and the bird dumped out of the window. Matt Quay was indignantly bidden by the teacher to go to the platform and receive punishment for his wild breach of decorum."

Republican Club Organizations.

New York Graphic.

The promise of the permanent maintenance of a Republican club organization in all the States, through the Republican League, is gratifying to the entire membership of the party. One mistake of former presidential campaigns has been in the supposition that clubs have no mission except during campaigns. The best political work is that which is quietly, and steadily, and persistently done during the long months between campaigns; when the minds of voters are in recipient moods, open to impressions, unbiased by partisan prejudice and pressure. The special work of club organizations is to infuse life into the party and to make converts. The former object can be attained by frequent meetings, debates on the political topics of the day, and addresses by prominent members or public men. The conversion of an opponent can be best accomplished by furnishing him with wholesome mental diet, of which the Republican press of the country furnishes an abundant and varied supply. There is always work of this kind for young Republicans to do, and in serving others they serve their country and themselves as well. The ardor of the campaign just ended should not be allowed to die out, but the courage and ambition of the young men of the party should be utilized for the country's good, under the counsel of the older heads, by the continuance of club organizations everywhere.

Our Queer Foreign Policy.

New York Graphic.

If dispatches and letters from Hayti are authentic, this government stands convicted of the most contemptible, double-faced dealing in reference to the seizure of the steamship Haytian Republic. While going through a series of blustering war preparations, the administration was all the time cognizant of a secret attempt being made to deliver the vessel into the hands of her old owners, through arrangements with an English company, to a crew shipped as English seamen and under the protection of English gunboats. This delivery, if it had been perfected, would have relieved Hayti of some of her embarrassments, and have placed us under the humiliation of seeing the stars and stripes pulled down to make place on the steamship's masthead for the English Jack. Of all the queer things that have been permitted to be done as part of the queer foreign policy of this queer administration, this is one of the queerest.

The Slave-Dealing Englishman.

Boston Journal.

The discovery that the English East Africa Company is in collusion with the Sultan of Zanzibar in promoting the slave trade will be a sad blow to England's pride. After professing so much solicitude for the moral and material welfare of the poor blacks, and sending out war ships to chase down Arab slave-dealers, it is rather embarrassing for England to find that Englishmen of high station are interested in the wretched traffic.

Thought He Could Stand It.

Kinderhook Rough Notes.

"You would be sorry to lose your sister, wouldn't you, Johnnie?" asked the visitor suggestively to the little boy who was entertaining him in the drawing-room.

"Nope," replied Johnnie. "I guess I could stand it, Mr. Hankinson. Maw says I've got to wear short pants till after Irene's married."

Holiday Excursion Rates on the Monon Route.

The Monon Route (L., N. A. & C. Ry.) will sell excursion tickets between all stations on its lines at one and one-third rate for the round trip. Good going Dec. 24, 25, 31, 1888, and Jan. 1, 1889, and good returning until Jan. 3, inclusive. The above includes Chicago.

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Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty five cents a bottle.

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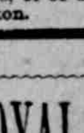

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