WILL NEW YORK BURN DOWN

WHAT CHIEF BATES REPLIED TO THAT AND OTHER QUESTIONS.

Weak Building Laws, Huge Houses, and Great Stores of Combustibles Not Met by Adequate Improvements in Apparatus.

Chief Eli Bates, the father of the Fire Department, and even yet its most active member, was told of the dire prophecies that the losses by fires during the past two months in New York have called forth from the press of the country. The gist of these is that every city sooner or later falls a victim to a fire that devastates a whole section of it, as has been the case in recent times with Portland, Boston, and Chicago, and that the startling growth of the losses from fires in the metropolis show that New York is preparing to take her place in the line for the third time in her history.

"Well," the Chief replied after a moment's reflection, "I don't want to say anything to create alarm, but I won't say that it is impossible. Twenty or even ten years ago the department considered itself doing well if it conquered a fire in a building five stories high and sixty feet deep after battling all night long, and now we have buildings 100 or more feet in depth and rising ten stories—sometimes a distance of over 180 feet in air. We have made great strides toward the perfection of our system and apparatus, and our appurtenances embrace everything that has been found useful in other cities, but I cannot say that this progress has been proportional to the growth either of the city or the buildings that compose it. Under the volunteer department the city was divided into only eight districts, and the firemen lost much time chasing hither and thither to find a fire. Now we have 600 stations, and the engines are sent very close to the spot. For instance, there is a station at the St. Nicholas Hotel at the Metropolitan, at Bleecker street, at the New York Hotel, at Eighth street, at Eleventh street, and at Fourteenth street, all along Broadway. That shows you how close the stations are. Again, we have got the time for reaching a fire down to the minimum, we have thorough discipline, we have got a water tower for lofty buildings, improved tools for breaking through iron, and, perhaps more than all else, the four-way joint by which we can combine the streams of four engines and send a two-inch stream to the heart of a fire. That has only been in use a very short time.

"But," said the Chief, "a fire is dangerous according to its area. The twenty-five-foot two-story and attic dwelling is giving way to towering tenements and apartment houses, and the four-story business houses are being elbowed out by gigantic structures, in some cases a block in length. This explains the heavy losses by recent fires. These great buildings are stored with hundreds of thousands of dollars, perhaps a million dollars worth of stock, and a fire need not burn over much ground in order to pile up the losses. Across the street, where that enormous new building has been put up by the Astors, there were eight houses a few months ago. A fire in that block would have attacked but one of those at a time. But now a fire in one of these great lofts, especially if it were a loft packed with inflammable goods, would not be restrained within an end or a corner. In a few minutes we might have four hundred feet of flame belching out on all sides. Such fires are dangerous as well as costly.

"Yes; but is the danger of their spreading very great?"

"I only say that a great fire is not impossible," said the Chief. "Much depends upon the elements and surrounding—and other matters. In the case of one dangerous fire, we have a great force of men and machines which we can concentrate; but suppose two broke out, and it was windy, and one got beyond control. I am sure we could call on Brooklyn for aid but that would take time.

"The building laws are faulty here," the veteran continued, "and in the past even these have not been enforced. Buildings are called fireproof that are not at all fireproof, and facilities are put in the way of firemen that are forbidden by law, while facilities that might be provided are ignored. For instance, the merchants have an idea that iron shutters, securely bolted keep out not only burglars, but fire, whereas we know that they shut in the fire, and the firemen are out of the reach of burglars, and they keep away only fire from outside. The law which says they shall be left so that a fireman can open them is more than a dead letter, it is ignored, and our men are called upon to run up the tallest ladders and endeavor to cut, open or knock away iron shutters that should be held only by a latch. Meanwhile the fire within is growing to frightful proportions. Every tall building should be fitted with either fire escapes or a landing at a distance from the ground, upon which we can rest our ladders so as to get to the uppermost stories. As it is, we cannot do much with our longest ladders, and our water tower is not very effective at a height of 60 feet. With it we can send a stream to the highest windows; but we need to send it in rather than up. We think so well of that that we will probably soon have another.

"How do you regard these new giant office buildings?"

"Well, they are not so bad. They are built of materials that will not be burned by the small quantity of combustible material in any room in which a fire may start."

"How about the large apartment houses?"

"They are very different. I am afraid you newspaper men may have something very sad to report about one or more of them in time to come. You see they are built of wood and stored with furniture. Their occupants in case of panic, will flee to the stairways of fire without shutting doors behind them, thus providing the means for fire to lick up stairways and elevator shafts, and as these buildings have not been fitted with proper escapes, as the law requires, there would be no way out for people above the flames. Even where there are fire escapes they are not always properly built or located. For instance, at a recent fire in a Madison street tenement, you remember, the fire escape and the stairs ascended in a line, and both were ablaze. Now, you remember that a woman had to throw her children out of an upper window. The recent fire in a Fourteenth street flat house, between Seventh and Eighth avenues, where the firemen had to keep the women and girls down the ladders is not a case in point, as that was only an ordinary and small building.

"Is there any lack of water for your uses?"

"No; that does not concern us at all. We have from time to time asked for increased facilities and larger mains, and the Board and the Department of Public Works has always done what was asked of it. As to the water supply itself, we don't use so much as you would think. I have not got the figures for last year at hand, but they are not large. Let me give you an idea. Years ago, when we went water we telegraph up to have the gate or that opened at the reservoir. Well, at one big fire where we had a gate opened we worked at the flames for seven hours. The night was freezing cold and there were hundreds of thousands of gallons of water poured on, yet altogether the water only fell five inches in the reservoir.

"The main trouble with New York from our standpoint," the chief concluded, "is that the building laws are not what they should be, and in the past were not enforced. Wealth is against us, in addition to the growth of the buildings and the lack of facilities to meet the wants of the department, all I can say is that the work of the firemen is constantly growing more difficult and dangerous."

"Are you prepared for a big fire that may sweep all or a big part of it away?" said an officer of the Continental Fire Insurance Company.

"We need here appliances to prevent fire rather than to put fire out, for the fire areas and the quantities of combustible materials stored in our great buildings have grown so that after fires start they frequently cannot be controlled until what they set in has been destroyed. We need strict building laws, because we cannot prevent the erection of big buildings, if we do, we know that they be built so that fire will not destroy them.

"At that fire on the corner of Grand street and Broadway, two or more years ago," he continued, "the wind had been blowing at a rate of over thirty miles an hour. It died away about half an hour before the fire. The area was immense, and the flames shot fifty feet in air. Had there been a wind to bend them down they would have eaten their way to the East River or the Battery, or wherever they were blown. At that fire the apparatus of the department had been concentrated and only one line could be said. The New York Department is now doing its level best." The situation was similar at the great fire opposite Chelsea, in Charles street. A stiff wind would have set the flames the right to the North River or anywhere else that they might have been driven, and there again the firemen were doing the best they could."

The Florida Home of Prince Murat.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 29.—The Murat mansion, at Tallahassee, Florida, that was burned on the evening of Jan. 26, was one of the historic houses of America. Prince Achille Murat, son of the King of Naples, lived there when Napoleon unfortunately called the family from Europe. A price having been set upon his head, he lived like a hermit upon this plantation then on the edge of the primeval forest. He was not a relative of Gen. Washington, who married her father, had emigrated from Virginia. She was a charming young woman, less than 20 years of age, and confined in a box or cell with but two rooms. The descent of the Murat family having been obtained, the young lady married Prince Murat, and they lived together in Tallahassee for seven years. During the Florida war the Murats were protected by the Seminole Indians, who came at night and slept beneath their floors. He owed their fears by eating. "You need your spoon spoil." At last Prince Murat's death, he sailed for England, and was received by Napoleon III. at Paris. He returned to her southern home, and died there. During the war she was much interested in hospital work, and she sold some of her jewels to feed the destitute.

Thousands of ladies to day cherish grateful remembrances of the help derived from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It positively cures all female complaints. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western av., Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.—Adv.

THE STORY OF LUCY MACLEM.

Said to Have Been in her Youth Engaged to Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase.

OLEAN, Jan. 29.—A recent paragraph in THE SUN has excited much interest here. It stated that Lucy E. Maclem, a gray-haired woman, having asked several men in front of the Grand Central Depot for money, was arrested on Wednesday. In the Yorkville Police Court she handed Justice Morgan a note she had written, in which she said that she was a literary lady of rare accomplishments and not a beggar. She had merely asked for a car fare, that she might get down town. She was held for medical examination. In the prison she said she was a native of Springville, Erie County, and had an income from property in Broadway, but was prevented from obtaining it by relatives. She had lived in Brooklyn, she said, and was once a member of Plymouth Church, but now lived at Mitchell's Hotel at West and Chambers streets. She had beneath her overskirt three large meal sacks filled with newspaper clippings, manuscripts, bottles of hair invigorator, and other articles. In the evening she wrote a letter to Beecher.

Residents of this place recognize in the name and description of this woman a singular and unhappy woman well known here, whose strange actions have caused much comment. They may have given her a passing glance, or perhaps a quarter of a dollar, and then banished her from their minds. Her mania for bustles is a predominant characteristic of her wardrobe. In summer and winter alike she wears a dark cotton dress, with long, full skirt and a waist of a style in vogue twenty or twenty-five years ago. At times she wore a peculiar sun bonnet, and at others a dark straw hat. She was tall, and in other days doubtless graceful.

To the older inhabitants of this place her name means something more than a tired old woman wandering restlessly here and there.

She was the daughter of Capt. Maclem, who served in the Revolutionary war, and who afterward moved with his family to Ohio. Thence he and they went to Springville, Erie County, in this State, and thence Lucy Maclem and her sister Sara moved, about twenty-five years ago, to this place. When the two girls were young, Lucy was a great belle, was very pretty, talented, and gay, and her admirers were many. She wrote poetry of some merit, as the pages of *Graham*, *Godey*, and the *Knickerbocker* testified. One of her best pieces was a satire on a schoolmaster who in manner had given her some offence. It had a great run in the newspapers of that day.

The little hamlet where she lived was not appreciative of her abilities, and being naturally drawn toward literary persons, she had a wide correspondence with them, and, among others, with Mr. Longfellow.

She became acquainted with the late Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase in the bloom of her youth, and the friendship ripened into a closer feeling and culminated in an engagement of marriage. Correspondence continued between them for some time, but all at once the letters ceased. The reason of this poor Lucy would never disclose, but it was not very long before her friends noticed that her actions were very strange. She manifested more and more crazy tendencies until her reason was gone entirely. For twenty years she has wandered aimlessly about, dependent upon the charity of her sister Sara.

Some of Lucy's habits are very singular. For years she haunted the banks of this city, continually inquiring for remittances that never came. Finally she gave this up and took to throwing her trying to borrow, small sums of money. Her usual manner was to enter a store when the proprietor was most busily engaged, apologize for her intrusion in a very lady-like manner, and ask for the loan of from 25 cents to $2. Never more than the latter sum. A refusal had no effect, as she would return the next day with an apology and a similar request.

She has been frequently to New York, and four years ago she went to Washington to see certain members of Congress about a subsidy which she claimed she was entitled to as an authoress. It is a mystery how she obtained money for her travels. Some say she did not use any money at all, but trusted to the gallantry of conductors not to put her off between stations, and when she had gone so far as possible on one train, she would patiently await the arrival of the next. She left here two or three weeks ago for New York, where she said she had interests that demanded her attention.

Some of her vagaries are shown in an incident that occurred here five or six years ago. Theodore Tilton was to lecture one evening, and she took her stand at the foot of the stairs awaiting his coming. When he appeared, in company with several men, she went toward him, touched him on the shoulder, and said:

"Mr. Tilton, I want you to pay me what you owe me."

Tilton was so astonished that for some time he was unable to say anything, but at length asked her what he was indebted to her for.

"Why, for my services," she replied, "during long enough," she replied, "and now I want you to pay me for it."

The man with Mr. Tilton explained the situation, but it was some time before he could recover from it.

JURY TRIALS IN CUSTOMS CASES.

New Tork Importers Protesting Against John Sherman's Bill.

The following remonstrance against a bill introduced by John Sherman in the Senate to deprive importers of a jury trial when an assessment of duties on imports is contested, has been signed by Arnold, Constable & Co., Lord & Taylor, E. S. Jaffray & Co., A. T. Stewart & Co., H. B. Claflin & Co., E. D. Morgan & Co., A. A. Low & Co., and very many other New York importing firms, and sent to Senator Lapham:

To the Honorable the Senate and House of Representatives:

The undersigned, merchants of the City of New York, respectfully present their remonstrance against the passage of a bill introduced in the Senate of the 49th Congress, 1st Session, entitled "A bill relating to the trial by jury of questions as to the rates of duty under the Tariff laws, and establishing method on appeal to the Circuit Court of the United States, of the Court of Claims upon any question of law or fact, rates or assessment of duty or exaction of either to be final."

We respectfully claim that such a proposed law as this is unjust, and wholly unnecessary. It is unjust in that it would deprive us of our ancient right to a trial by jury of questions of fact which arise in almost every case. We cannot fairly present our case before the judge of that court, from the trial upon written testimony, taken by a commissioner, in the city of Denver, or elsewhere, the witnesses in question, obliged to be sending, examining and cross-examining in such court experts and other witnesses, whose opinions often have great weight with court and jury.

We think that there is no necessity for the change proposed. We are informed that the business now before the Circuit Court of the United States, in the Southern District of New York, is so much less than at the present time, all the revenue questions brought to trial in the United States Circuit Courts of New York and other commercial cities can be easily disposed of in about six weeks of each year; that the United States Supreme Court has upon its calendar at present but very few cases involving revenue questions, the determination of which questions would dispose of large numbers of similar cases pending in the lower courts, and that only a very few of the questions raised upon protest ever go beyond the Circuit Court for trial.

We trust that the attempt by such a bill to deprive us of the freedom we now have against unjust and illegal exactions of duties, be refused, and that the exercise of our right to trial by jury of such disputed questions of duty as may arise within our own districts, as heretofore, may be preserved. Congress has always resisted and we trust will always resist legislation for this purpose while there is actually pending before the United States Supreme Court, the question whether such legislation, in any case is within the constitutional power of Congress.

We claim that the Government is now amply protected by law and we ask that we may have the same privilege due to us as American citizens, taxpayers and contributors to the extent of millions of dollars annually to the revenue, extended and exercised to us as it is to the rest of our fellow citizens, of a fair and honest determination of disputed questions between ourselves and the Treasury, by an experienced and unprejudiced court and jury.

The New Weather Prophet.

Toby, the surnameless colored cloud-reader of Oradell, N. J., promises to rival the Canadian oracle and the Hackensack meteorologist. He accurately foretold the weather for Friday and Saturday, in a talk with a reporter on Thursday. From the testimony of appreciative neighbors, Toby's predictions for the past three years have been more generally correct than those of Devoe, Vennor and the Weather Bureau. Toby's modesty looms up in strong contrast with the self-assertiveness of the other prophets. He has, moreover, no scientific theories to explain why he misses. His methods seem to be untranslatable. He may be likened to Blind Tom, in that he confoundly prognosticates because he cannot help it.

The Bullet in Justice Pratt's Face.

Justice Pratt of the Kings County Supreme Court has for several weeks been confined to his residence with pain from the bullet which has been lodged in his left cheek bone since the war. The jagged and battered piece of lead is embedded in the cavity beneath the eye, and as it has never encysted, it has given him more or less trouble ever since. At present his physician thinks that he is suffering from a form of lead poisoning, coupled with acute neuralgic pains. The ball is almost inaccessible, and the surgeons have advised him to have a molar tooth extracted and the chock bone drilled through, so that the bullet may be taken out in fine, small pieces; but the Justice fears that such an operation may be dangerous. He suffers intense pain at times, and there continues to be a discharge from the vicinity of the bullet through the nose.

THE RETURN OF UNCLE RUFUS.

What he Saw in Europe—He Fully Appreciates his Own Country.

Uncle Rufus Hatch returned to the city last evening from Europe in the Germanic. He has been absent three months. He made London his headquarters, and paid flying visits to Paris and other cities. He attended service at Westminster Abbey, visited the Royal Art Gallery, Mme. Tussaud's wax works, and Billingsgate Market, and broiled a steak in the old Argyle Rooms. He ate a pork pie in the apartment where Richard III. was crowned, gave a cabman three shillings to drive him to the spot where John Rogers was burned at the stake, matched sovereigns with a British duke, and dined and wined Matthew Arnold, Edmund Yates, George Augustus Sala, and other notables. He crossed the English Channel in a first-class English packet fancying himself on a New York tugboat, and was taxed seventy cents by the French republic for riding from Calais to Paris in a Wagner car. He saw forty-three Punch and Judy shows in London, and arose before the sun to see the Queen's Guards "troop the colors" in front of the Marlborough House. He ate English oysters just once, and concluded to shave himself after a visit to a French barber.

While in London Uncle Rufus parted his hair in the middle, and wore a broad-brimmed beaver, a figured ulster, and tight-fitting pantaloons. His hands were gloved, and he invariably carried a Martin umbrella. After 6 P. M. he wore a dress coat, a white tie, patent leather pumps, and a steel watch chain pendant from his trousers pocket. He drew the following diagram to illustrate the difference in English coat tails *en regle!*

Uncle Rufus says that all dukes, lords, and sensitive Americans wear such coat tails while in London.

Mr. Hatch bought all the London morning and evening newspapers, and tried to read them, but failed. "Put them all together for a week," he says, "and you can't get as much news out of them as you can find in one copy of THE SUN."

Uncle Rufus sang "God Save the Queen" three times while he was absent, and felt like singing the "Star Spangled Banner" when the Highland lights were sighted. He seems to think that he can get along without Europe, but doubts whether Europe can get along without him. He admires Clyde-built steamships, but asserts that John Roach could make wonderful improvements in them. He visited the Liverpool Cotton Exchange, the London Stock Exchange, and the Paris Bourse, and was amazed at the scarcity of watered stock.

"The Gould and Vanderbilt aqueduct in Wall street," said he, "is the eighth wonder of the world. Yet can find nothing like it in Europe, except possibly in the kingdom of Monaco. I did hear that they had something of the kind there, but I don't know."

Among the curiosities seen abroad Uncle Rufus enumerates the tender-footed gorilla in the British Museum, Lord Mayor's day, a Hansom cabman without a high hat, an English cheese in England, a Congo eel stew, a Pullman palace car with a patent combination English conductor and porter, a French centime, an English guinea, an American traveller not overburdened with early clothes, an impolite London police officer, a French waiter, a bright day in London, an English street lamp less than twenty feet high, a pale-faced English girl, a plate of ham and eggs in the French capital, a Parisian cabman who received a satisfactory fee, an orthodox Epis-copalian, and a genuine member of the genuine American colony in Paris without a paper collar.

After hearing the returns from the Chicago wheat, lard, and hog markets, Uncle Rufus said that he was satisfied that the world moved, but strangely mysterious if not mysteriously strange.

SLEIGH BELLS ON THE ROAD.

Making the Most of What There is of the Winter—Several Brisk Brushes.

The wind "took it out of" all the horsemen on the up-town drives yesterday. The sleighing was reasonably good in the forenoon, but later in the day the bottom became soggy and heavy, and bad for both wagons and sleighs. There were not so many ladies out as there would have been if the winter wind had not been so unkind. Such as did go sleighing went muffled up to their eyes with furs.

Sleighs outnumbered wagons greatly. Mr. William Van Tassel, the auctioneer, was out with his brown trotter Lady Quinn. She is well broken and fast. Mr. Leander Searles drove his bay mare Susie Clay at a 2:23 gait. Mr. Al. Settle of Brooklyn tried the pace of his new bay mare May Queen. Dr. Brown Tailor, the well known dentist, drove the first trotter, his $3,000 trotting team, Byron Cross and Fred Lounds. Mr. Thomas Trimble sat behind his fine team of bays, Honest Rose and Farmer Boy. Mr. William Brinsens of the Sixth avenue stables, was out with Black Hawk and mate. Mr. Lew Parker drove his brown stallion Index. Dan Mace drove a black and a bay, a fast pair of clean steppers. Mr. J. H. Pake's chestnut mare Lady Pangborn and C. Brown's sorrel gelding Star had a dashing trot for half a mile up Seventh avenue, starting in front of John Cawood's with Pake a length ahead. For three-quarters of a mile down Seventh avenue James Phalen's chestnut gelding Eddie Cox, and Thomas P. Fowler's bay gelding Lighting Tom went neck and neck, Cox just finished the mile a neck in front of Lightning Tom.

Alexander Taylor, Jr., drove his bay gelding Tommy to a handsome sleigh, and had a number of lively brushes on the road. William H. Graves's sorrel pacing mare Judy, and Thomas Trimble's gray mare Dolly had a race for a mile up Seventh avenue to sleighs. The mares trotted finely, and after going half a mile Judy carried Lady Copp off her feet and beat her by half a length.

AMUSEMENTS.

A Liederkranz Concert.

There are few more animated sights in this city of animation than that of the Liederkranz Club house on the evening of one of their winter concerts. The great building is aglow with light and life from basement to dome. Chess rooms, billiard rooms, reading rooms, and dining rooms are filled by the element of our fellow citizens that more particularly seems to have preserved the secret of enjoying life. Side by side with all this more material jollity stands the great concert hall, packed with an attentive audience, to whom an excellent body of amateurs, aided by some of our best professional performers, interpret programmes of well-selected music, choral and instrumental.

The concert of last evening included the following pieces:

1. Ouverture—Jessonda ..... Spohr
2. Rondel, for pianoforte ..... Reidel
3. Wie kann ich Dich lassen, Mannerchor ..... Frey
4. Tell—William Tell, arranged for three violoncellos ..... Batta
5. Ein Jugendleben, concertante for chorus, pianoforte, and orchestra ..... Ball

Mr. Hermann Rietzel played the pianoforte solos, and Henry and Adolph Mollenhauer and Mr. Balck the three 'cellos.

The Ball composition was decidedly the feature of the concert. It is a most enjoyable work in one movement form, the different parts coming successively into relative prominence now the piano being used with voices and orchestra *concertante*, and then chorus, with instruments subsiding into accompaniment, the whole blended with beautiful effect.

The male voice chorus of the society gave with excellent effect the song that has won them the prize in old musical tournaments in days gone by, the "Wie kam die Liebe" of Frey. The occasion was one of substantial enjoyment, as well artistic as social.

HOURS OF LEISURE.

Ball of Thomas A. Maloney Association, Irving Hall, this evening.

Ball of the August Fleischbein Association, Concordia Assembly Rooms, Feb. 7.

Concert and drill of the Twenty-third Regiment in the armory, Saturday evening.

Masquerade ball of the Societe Francaise L'Amitie, Academy of Music, to-night.

Reception of the Twenty-second Regiment in the Academy of Music on Thursday evening.

Literary and musical entertainment of the Grand Lodge, O. K. S. B. Union, Feb. 19.

The masquerade ball of the Gee Haw Kee Club is to be the event in Jersey city to-morrow evening.

Masquerade ball of the Gentlemen's Sons' Association of the Eleventh Ward, Tammany Hall, Feb. 7.

Ball of the Brotherhood of New York Journeymen Plasterers, Terrace Garden, Wednesday evening.

Dramatic entertainment and reception of the Young Men's Hebrew Association of Harlem, Harlem Music Hall, Tuesday evening.

"The Early History of the Steam Engine" is to be the subject of Prof. Tyndall's lecture to-morrow evening, in the Young Men's Christian Association, Friday evening.

For the purpose of extending the benefits of the Dry Goods Salesmen's Social and Mutual Benefit Association, a committee has arranged for a ball in the Lexington Avenue Opera House on Feb. 17.

Musical and literary entertainment, concluding with a groom drill by seventeen young ladies of the Harlem Congregational Church, Association Hall, 125th street and Fourth avenue, this evening.

A New Haven minister of the Gospel told one of his deacons that he was constantly hearing a loud sound, which kept him awake nights. Since using Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills his hearing has become normal, and his nerves are steady and true. Chas. N. Crittenton, 115 Fulton st., New York city, sole agent for Dr. C. W. Benson's remedies, to whom all orders should be addressed.—Adv.

THE BIBLE WOMAN'S FRIEND.

NOT HER SHAME, HER HUMILIATION, AND HER DEGRADATION.

Dr. Talmage Sees Bracelets of Gold Upon her Wrists Instead of the Chains which Col. Ingersoll Says it Has Placed There.

"As the wolf howls at the sky, as the dog bays at the moon, so is the blasphemer represented as making mouths at heaven," said Dr. Talmage in his morning sermon, yesterday. "When the wolf shall frighten away the sky, when the dog shall stop the moon, on that night will the blasphemer drive away the God of the Bible. Mr. Ingersoll finds great cause for caricature in the Bible statement that, in Joshua's time, the sun and moon stood still to allow him to complete a victory. He declared it impossible. But, if a man can make a clock, cannot he start it and stop it and start it again? If a machinist makes a corn thresher, can he not start it and stop it and start it again? If God has the strength and the wisdom to make the universe, can He not start it and stop it and start it again? Is the clock stronger than the maker? Is the universe mightier than God? It is possible that the day may have been prolonged by an unusual refraction of the sun's rays. The sun and moon might have been figuratively stopped. You must remember that the Bible authors used the vernacular of their own day, just as you and I now say that the sun goes down when it does not go down. There was no word of stellar confusion. If the world entirely stopped its rotation, that was none of the business of Jupiter and Mercury and Saturn. Only this morning an astronomer has told us, through the associated press, that another world has been discovered. Astronomers see worlds born and die and disappear. If God can start a world, and destroy it, He can stop it.

"Ingersoll scoffs at the battle which Joshua was fighting, as though it was an insignificant battle. But what Yorktown was to the Revolution, what Gettysburg was to our civil war, what Sedan was to the Franco-German war, what Waterloo was to Napoleon, that battle was to Joshua. In the early part of the present century there was a 'dark day' that astronomers have not been able to explain. If God can advance the night earlier than its time, can He not adjourn the night until after its time? Common sense teaches us that if God can start and stop tens of thousands of worlds, He could start and stop two. If God can engineer a train of ten thousand worlds, can He not control two carriages, and put down a golden brake to stop the sun or a silver brake to stop the moon?

"A doctor in Boston said that after an eclipse he had an unusual number of cases of people who had injured their eyes looking through smoked glass. It seems that the sun that stood still damages the eyes of Ingersoll, because he looks through a glass smoky with the fires of his own hatred against Christianity and against God!

"The blasphemer, Ingersoll, further laughs at the anointing oil used, and jeers at the judgment of God for its misuse. It is easy to scoff at anything used as a symbol. You might as well laugh at the use of the oil in Masonic ceremonies as at the laying of a corner stone. You might as well laugh at the wreath on a coffin, or the garb of grief, or the slab of a sepulchre. They are mere symbols of affection and remembrance. A man may laugh at the water used in baptism, or at the oil used in the ancient sanctuary.

"Ingersoll finds great cause for caricature in the Bible statement of the whale that swallowed Jonah, and ejected him upon dry ground in three days. If Mr. Ingersoll would go to Nantucket he would see the skeleton of a whale big enough to swallow a man. When I saw it I said that the story of Jonah was not an improbable affair. There is a cavity in a whale's mouth large enough for a man to turn in. But, if you will read the story carefully, you will find that it says nothing about a whale, but that the Lord prepared a great fish. Scientists tell us that there are whales and fishes that would make the modern whale seem insignificant. They have been big enough to destroy ships. There may have been one big enough to take down Ingersoll, and all his infidelity. But there are days of free days the monster would have been as safe as the historical whale was when he regurgitated Jonah. If a ship carpenter can make a ship to go where he chooses, cannot the Lord prepare a fish to carry a passenger?

"Ingersoll goes still further, and says the Bible is full of indecency. He takes up the Bible from his lecture stand, reads a little, and says, 'I cannot read it all; it would not be proper.' He affects to blush with modesty and indecency. But, in my answer when he challenges clergymen to read any part of the Bible in public, I admit that there are parts of the Bible that are not intended to be read to the pupils, or at the family altar. But does not every physician have in his library and on his table books that are not to be read except in private, although they are good books, and scientific books? You must know that there is a pathology of disease. There are parts of the Bible that are the anatomy of iniquity. The pathology must come before the therapeutics. There is a Byrome description of sin which allures, and there is a Bible description of sin that warns.

"Ingersoll says that when the Bible forbids the making of any graven image, the Bible gives a command that is opposed to art, and that stifles painting, sculpture, and the arts are the regulement of fine taste the command must be a bad command. He ought to know that the prohibition about graven images pertains only to making them for purposes of worship. But does the Bible show that God opposed art? Did not God send two sculptors to ornament the Temple.

"Ingersoll goes still further, and says the Bible is filled with woman's shame, humiliation and degradation. Let him look into the Louvre, the Luxembourg of the Bible, and see. Here are Deborah, and Hannah and Abigail, and Ruth, and Naomi, and Vashti, and Esther, and Dorcas, and Mary. For what purpose did the Christ perform his first miracle? It was to relieve the humiliation of a woman by housekeeper who had fallen short of a beverage. Why did Christ break the silence of the tomb and tear off the sheets? It was to stop the bereavement of two Bethany sisters. Why did the Christ let the woman of rusty gold come looked out, and upon being questioned acknowledged having found it. Hicks claimed to have buried the names in the field where it was found more than twenty years ago, and he undertook that he had divided the money with Nelson.

General Debility and Liver Complaint.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.—Dear Sir: My wife has been taking your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Pellets" for her liver and general debility, and has found them to be good medicines, and would recommend them to all sufferers from liver complaint, sour stomach and general debility. Yours fraternally,

N. E. HARMON, Pastor M. E. Church, Elgin, Ill.—Adv.

A SURE CURE.—A bottle of Dr. Fuller's Pocket Injection, with syringe combined. All druggists, $1.—Adv.

TO BE TRIED FOR HIS LIFE.

A Harvard College Graduate Commits a Double Murder for Revenge.

BOSTON, Jan. 29.—Several gentlemen are about to start for Denver, to make an effort to save from the gallows Charles W. Stickney, a young man and a graduate of Harvard College, whose brilliant attainments and chivalrous friendship made him a leading spirit among his associates in this his home. A few weeks ago the fact was briefly chronicled that Montgomery F. Campeau, a man of property in Denver, Col., had been shot by an alleged blackmailer, and that a misaimed bullet from the assailant's pistol had killed a Mrs. Devereaux, who happened to be near the scene of the tragedy. The story of wrong and of murderous revenge told by the friends of the young man who has done this foul deed will in a measure palliate his crime, even if it be not proved that he was insane. His brief career has been a peculiarly sad one. On graduating with honors from Harvard a few years ago he entered business, and was remarkably successful. He met a destitute but brilliant German girl, was touched by her sad history, and married her, his friends say, from motives of chivalric pity. He sent her to Germany to be educated, and spent much money in fitting her for good society. But she proved unfaithful, and deserted him to live with Montgomery F. Campeau, a wealthy citizen of Denver. Her husband obtained a divorce in Massachusetts courts, and, at the suggestion of friends, instituted a suit against Campeau. It was settled by an agreement to pay $10,000, of which $3,500 was to be paid in cash, and a note was given for the balance. But soon afterward the wife was cast out in the streets of Denver. She reached Chicago with her child, and in great distress appealed to her former husband for help. He forgave her, and took her again as his wife. Learning of this, the man who had wronged them stopped payment on the note he had given, accused the couple of practising blackmail, and, it is alleged, procured the publication of frequent newspaper items to that effect. Stung at last beyond endurance, and believing his wife's story that by a bold plot she was forced into the company of this man, the young husband determined to avenge the wrong both had suffered. He went in search of his enemy, found him in April last, and quickly made him the target of his pistol. The first shot killed Mrs. Devereaux, who happened to be standing near, but with wonderful determination the incensed husband pursued his work of revenge, and the next shot carried instant death to his victim. Stickney was arrested, and his trial is to begin on Feb. 7. The defence is insanity. Those who have known him all his life say that he had a number of mental peculiarities when a boy. His ideas of chivalry were sentimental and extreme. One of his teachers, one of two of his classmates, a classmate in college, and certain of his relatives make up the party which goes from this city. Some of his associates express great doubt as to his insanity, but all agree that he received terrible provocation. His wife is now living near this city.

AFTER SEVERAL FAILURES.

A Projected Narrow-Gauge Railroad from Milford to Port Jervis.

MILFORD, Pa., Jan. 29.—A survey has been made for a railroad from this place to connect with the Erie Railway at Port Jervis. The distance is seven miles. For thirty-five years the people of this part of the Delaware valley have been waiting for a connection by rail with Port Jervis. The Milford and Matamoras Railroad Company was chartered in 1848. The New York and Erie Railroad was compelled by law to construct a bridge across the Delaware River at Port Jervis for the use of the projected road, in return for privileges granted by the State of Pennsylvania. The Charter of the Milford and Matamoras Company was to be void in 1870 if no work had been done on the road. The road was not built, but a few months before the charter would have lapsed the company took measures to begin the construction. While it was perfecting its plans the bridge across the Delaware blew down. It was found that the Erie Railway had a 999 years lease of franchises in the bridge to the La Monte Mining and Railroad Company, and disclaimed all responsibility in the matter of its reconstruction. The La Monte Mining Company was a creature of the notorious Peabody ring of Pennsylvania politicians. The State Legislature passed a law appropriating to the use of the Milford and Matamoras Railroad Company, for ninety-nine years, the $10,000 paid annually to the State by the Erie Railway Company for right of way through the State. This subsidy was repealed in 1872, and the railroad project came to an end.

After the collapse of the Milford and Matamoras Railroad, the Lehigh and Eastern Railroad Company made a survey for a road up the Delaware Valley from the Water Gap to Port Jervis. Grading for a large portion of the road was done, but trouble in the company arose, and the work was abandoned.

Recently Mr. M. Rorbe of St. Louis engaged in the lumber business in this place. He was chief engineer in the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad. He has revived the question of a railroad between Milford and Port Jervis. He has made a survey of a route, and says a narrow-gauge road can be built for $150,000, and offers to take $40,000 of stock himself if the people of the valley will raise the rest of the money.

A Fire-Haunted Man.

From the Breckinridge News.

Mr. James Miner, a wealthy bachelor of Nelson County, Ky., is literally a fire-haunted man. When a child, Mr. Miner's mother was accidentally burned to death. At the decease of his father he inherited the homestead farm, the dwelling on which was at that day one of the finest residences in Nelson, and had been erected at a cost of $10,000. It caught fire and was consumed to ashes. He erected a new house at a like cost, only to see it in turn reduced to the fatal flames. He subsequently engaged in the lumber business, and lost a large and valuable stock of lumber by fire. He then visited his brother, residing in Indiana, and was burned out a second time. Returning home after his arrival the dwelling of the latter was consumed by fire. He then went to Kansas to visit his mother and sister, and while he was traversing about the strange fatality that seemed to follow him through life the kitchen of her house first took fire, and was burned to the ground, and he was burned out of a relative in his native county, which the family were discussing his bad luck the kitchen of that house was also discovered to be on fire. From there he proceeded to Texas, to visit the family of another relative in the same county. A broom in the room was ignited by a spark from the fire, whereupon the young lady of the house exclaimed that she had a premonition that she would be burned to death, and she, if everything was right. Opening the larger door, the apartment was discovered to be in flames.

Meet Me in the Morning.

From the Detroit Free Press.

He had been absent a year, the youngest pupil at a boys' school, and his mother was there to see him every day, and she went about, proud and happy, telling her friends of the improvement in his studies, and always ending with, "He is doing such a good boy." Then comes a telegram from Willie himself the first real message he had ever sent—how funny it seemed, from that boy—and it was in the simple form of, "Meet me in the morning." He rather went about all day with it in her hand, reading it over as if it had been in her child's own handwriting. Then she hastened to bench as usual, with her carefully a scrap book, while somebody suggested reading it to hang over the mantel. But all the friends hoped Willie would be there, and so it was, and he was a widow—and he did not come in the morning. There came instead the dread news of hasty illness and his death the day before. Then the boy's letter was made. The designer had done his work—he was breathing out his little life in the sleep from which he never would fully awaken here. It was over in a minute, he an closed his eyes swiftly and saw the dear mother face bending over him and murmured, with dry, husky lips, "Meet me in the morning, mamma." That love it is meet with, this side—the morning dawn of forever than Italian skies—while we yet grope among the shadows. But by and by

We shall go home at evening
And find it morning there.

A Remarkable Young New Yorker.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

A young exquisite the son of a celebrated New York merchant prince, is making quite a sensation by his exceeding daintiness and latest display. He has lately attained his majority, and is anxious evidently to celebrate the event in some fitting manner. He has forty coats, an entire lot for each shade of dress, and canes and scarf pins innumerable. He said he had to get up early to wear them all. He has to go to his barber so often, and he has besides a two-horse and a Russian sleigh with horses to match. He has flowers sent to his room twice a day, and when he makes a call a young lady friend always has for him a most expensive bouquet, there being no other sort at this time of the year. He spent $1,400 in fitting up two rooms in his parents' house, and has a fancy lounge upon his hands—a cat's eye set in diamonds and red and rose with two diamonds, and a sapphire set with two diamonds. His shirt buttons are two pearls set in diamonds, and also a cat's eye set in the same precious stones. He has five dozen pairs of silk hose, with his monogram upon them, and he has a case in which to carry them. He has a Newfoundland dog, who a hundred miles in his rings the other day he kindly said he would send one round to her house the next day just like it.

A Pair of Mules.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

As L. F. Beeers, a Cleveland contractor, was driving a heavy load of lumber on Euclid avenue on a recent morning he met a young man in a light wagon going toward the city. Neither would turn out for the other, the object for meeting being because he had a heavy load, and the young man because he was