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The Sun.

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THE CHIEF RABBI'S SERMON

LISTENED TO WITH KEEN DELIGHT BY THE ORTHODOX JEWS.

"Faith Without Works is Dead" Might Have Been the Text—The Parable of the Dirty Man with the Diamond Related.

The enthusiasm with which Chief Rabbi Joseph's second formal appearance in public was greeted was described in THE SUN of yesterday. His every movement was followed with close and eager attention from the moment that he pressed his lips to the plush hanging that conceals the ark in which the sacred scrolls are kept to the close of the sermon. The latter was twice as long as the introductory sermon that he delivered in the Norfolk Street Synagogue on the Saturday previous. It contained the material for a dozen sermons, was a marvel of nice rabbinical reasoning, and appealed especially to his hearers, who have a peculiar appreciation of such logic. The following translation of part of it is official, and was prepared under the direction of Mr. Buchhalter, Rabbi Joseph's private secretary:

We are commanded in the holy writ to abide by the statutes and to observe the divine laws. Inseparable as the two, the statutes and the laws are in the dutiful obedience of the believer, yet are they distinct and apart in their nature. We must have a perfect understanding of the distinction if we desire to live up to our obligations, as the people to whom the law of God was vouchsafed. The statutes of religion are injunctions of which the mind of man cannot conceive the reason, dogmas which we cannot comprehend, and which our rational thinking and social welfare would seem never to demand. The laws, on the other hand, are ordinances which reason itself would suggest and which the welfare of social life depends upon. The one we have to obey as believers; the others we are in duty bound to follow for the promotion of social weal in religious life, however distinct they are united. The observance of the law must bear testimony to the grace of God which, we believe, dictated the divine statutes, and our obedience to the latter and our faith in them must urge us to live in perfect accord with the demands of the law.

If you, my brethren, observe the statutes of sacred behest, without faithfully and intelligently following the laws of morality, honesty, truth, and loving kindness, you may (God forbid) bring the Jewish religion to shame. The world will regard you as a set of fanatics, clinging to ceremonies and usages that have no apparent relevancy to the requirements of practical life and disregarding that which life requires of a social and intelligent being. On the other hand, those who ignore the statutes of religion and rely altogether on the dictates of intelligence and the demands of social life that create laws—they are likely to be led astray by reason, and to invent laws that are not only sectional and isolating, but even repugnant to the sense of morality and justice. The latter was the case with the Pharaohs, of whom the Bible tells us that they pretended to be gods. Such statements must not be understood in their literal sense. These potentates probably regarded themselves as gods in the same sense as some followers of erroneous philosophical thoughts say that they are their own gods—that every man is the master of his own destiny. The ancient kings, who knew not the laws of God, pretended to be the gods of their dominions, assuming the right to give laws according to their own wisdom, or as they imagined according to the demands and welfare of their subjects. And those laws were indeed cruel to others and repulsive to the sense of justice and morality, and ultimately even rejected even by those for whose benefit they were framed. There were other nations and other great men who made such laws, who ignored the entire world, knew not of divine grace, and imagined themselves to be their own gods. According to the wisdom that dictated their laws feeble children were put to death, all conjugal morality was put aside, professedly for the weal of the commonwealth; theft, if so committed that it could not be detected, was a wisdom.

To guard against such perversions, the divine revelation gave us statutes which we must follow without reasoning, in order to be ever careful that we are not our own gods, that there is a Wisdom that is far above us to whose decrees we must submit—a Wisdom that sways the destinies of all men. And laws were revealed to us, the reason and necessity of which we may understand, lest the wisdom of which we are in duty bound to inquire, so that we may intelligently follow them. In this wise the law of God may become "our wisdom and our understanding in the sight of the nations;" in this wise we may conquer for ourselves, the acknowledgment "truly a wise and understanding people is this great nation."

If the statutes of Judaism are the peculiar behests of the Jewish people to keep them in communion with God, the laws by which we are guided must be such as to gain for our religion the respect and appreciation of the outside world. In our dealings with our fellow men, in our relations to society, in our moral and intellectual pursuits, in our dispensation of charity, we must so follow the laws of our religion as to bear testimony to the great Wisdom from which they emanated. Otherwise we are not worthy of the statutes which bring us into closer communion with our Creator, for we bring them into disrepute by our unreasonable adherence.

When strangers came to Abraham, our rabbis say, they received at his hands all the hospitality that he could afford. He provided for them all the comforts he could, gave them to eat and to drink, and entertained them in the most kindly manner. But when they, having partaken of his hospitality, wished to thank him, he pointed heavenward, and said unto them: "Not to me your thanks are due; bow down before Him, who is the creator of all that is good, and by whose commands I bestow on my fellow men the blessings which he has granted me." Now, why did he not tell them to worship God before he granted them his hospitality? Because if he had done so, their worship might not have been sincere; some would have obeyed him because they were impelled by hunger and thirst and the need of rest; others would have departed from him and said that they desired neither his kindness nor his religion. The worship of the first would have been sheer hypocrisy; the estrangement of the last would have given rise to unfriendly relations, misunderstandings, and wrongs. But having acted in accord with the laws of God, having treated his fellow men with kindness first, the patriarch could then unhesitatingly direct their thoughts to God. If they recognized the grace of God in the laws which guided the actions of their host, they would worship Him in sincerity; if they did not, there was at least no reason for them to misapprehend the motives of Abraham. Thus our progenitor first followed the laws of God in his relations to strangers, and then he made known to them the statutes of his belief.

In a similar manner we are taught by our sages that when the soul of man departs from this life and appears before the throne of justice it is asked: "Hast thou dealt with thy fellow men in good faith? Hast thou studied the *Torah* (the laws and statutes)? Here, also, lawfulness and good faith toward our fellow men come first, and religious study afterward. The latter is meritorious only when the former is adhered to; without it, it is rather a cause of discredit. Of what avail is the study of the Torah if in our practical relations to our neighbors we are not guided by the laws of righteousness and justice? Indeed, we must train ourselves for the study and practice of the statutes of our religion by the diligent and assiduous practice of the laws, which the weal of social life demands and the intelligence approves. "Fit thyself for the study of the Torah," say our rabbis, "for it is not thine by inheritance." What? Is not the Torah the inheritance of the congregation of Jacob? How could our rabbis make such a statement? I will illustrate to you the wisdom of this saying by a parable.

A man comes to you bespeaking your consideration. His garment is tattered and torn and his person neglected. You are moved to pity, and put your hand in your pocket to help him. All at once you notice that he wears a precious diamond stud in his dirty shirt. Your pity is then naturally turned into anger. You say to him: "Why do you plead for assistance while you have such a costly jewel? For the value of that trinket you can buy the food and the garments of which you are so sorely in need, and have sufficient money left you to start into a respectable business." "I cannot sell that jewel," answers the mendicant piteously; "it is the only inheritance left me from my father; I dare not part with it." You may respect the sentiments of the man that he does not sell the jewel which he inherited from his father, even while he is in direst distress. But your human intelligence will tell you that the man is not worthy of his descent. His father probably was an active and useful man, if he could buy such a jewel and bequeath it to his son; with that jewel there was probably enough of substance by which the son could make his way in the world. Having failed to do so, and being reduced to beggary, the son must be profligate and shiftless. A just and righteous father would not care to be remembered by such a son. The diamond stud, then, was not intended at all to be the patrimony of such a man. But you dare not think so if a thrifty, well-to-do man shows a precious jewel that he keeps as a memento of his father.

This is what our rabbis mean with the saying we have quoted: "Prepare thyself for the study of the Torah" by observing the laws of justice and morality which the world requires, "for it is not thine by inheritance." The Torah, the religious statutes without the observance of the laws of grace and of justice, shows only that those who cling to it are unworthy of it; the inheritance is not theirs; they are unworthy sons of noble parents.

Thus the object of our religious statutes is the promotion of our religious laws, which can be understood and appreciated by all, and which further the welfare of society withal. The relation of the two is like that of the senses of hearing and of sight—the eye is quicker to see than the ear is to hear. The clap of thunder and the dart of lightning are simultaneously generated in the clouds, but the latter reaches our perception sooner than the former. On the other hand, we can hear the rolling of the thunder when we are closed in a room without windows, or when we close our eyes and are made to see the lightning. The voice of the Lord forces itself on our moral perception even when we are isolated from all connections with our fellow men, and arouse cravings within us to commune with Him, to serve Him, to become worthy of Him. The observance of the statutes of our Torah is the means of satisfying these cravings. This is the reason why many religious persons place higher their religious observances, which are of concern only between themselves and their Creator, than the obedience to moral and social laws, which should be their religious testimony before the world. Against this error, which leads into grievous wrongs, the author of the Proverbs warns us: "The ear that heareth and the eye that seeth—God hath made them both;" they are of equal importance. The statutes that satisfy the religious yearning of the soul, as well as the laws that regulate the moral and social life of man, should be guarded and followed with equal care, cherished with equal solicitude, if we aspire to the grace of God which was promised us by our prophets and seers. Amen.

"The Polish Jews," said one of Chief Rabbi Joseph's hearers yesterday, "take a keen delight in his discourses. They are particularly entertained by his display of great Talmudical lore. They appreciate that fully. The apparently ignorant peddlers, hucksters, and clothing dealers, who are met in a walk through the east side, have more learning than you would suppose. Every Polish Jew has dipped into the mysteries of the Talmud, and could give information on its contents to many of the reformed rabbis. His religious education is not considered complete until he has acquired a knowledge of some, at least, of the wise sayings in this great Jewish book. No matter how poor or humble the Polish Jew may be, he is certain to devote time and thought to this study. Every Jew is required to learn a certain amount of Hebrew, and until within a few years said all his prayers in that language. The orthodox still do so, and consider it sacrilege to use a translation. The Polish Jews consider the study of the Talmud no less important."

MISS HOLLAND'S COMING MARRIAGE.

A Story that She was to Sue for Breach of Promise False.

It was published yesterday that Miss Madge Holland, a daughter of the late De Witt Holland of Jersey City, had decided to begin a suit for breach of promise of marriage against Frank Pearson, a son of William E. Pearson, one of the firm of Vanderbeck & Sons, lumber dealers, and one of the wealthiest residents of Jersey City. Mr. Pearson sailed for Europe on the steamship Amsterdam with his uncle, Frank I. Vanderbeck, and his cousin. It was alleged in the story that Mr. Pearson had tired of her, and three weeks ago left the city and failed to tell her where he was going. She followed him and found him at Port Jervis, and there had an unsatisfactory interview with him. She heard last week that the Vanderbecks intended going to Europe, and at once suspected that they would take Mr. Pearson with them. She found her suspicion to be correct, and demanded an interview, which was granted. It took place on Friday night, it was said in the story, at Taylor's Hotel. United States Commissioner Muirheid and Mr. Pearson's father were present with young Mr. Pearson, it was said, and a lady accompanied Miss Holland. It was alleged, also, that Miss Holland implored Mr. Pearson to keep his promise of marrying her in October, and that he refused to say yes or no because he feared she would begin a suit against him at once. Finally, it was alleged, Miss Holland declared she would follow him to Europe and compel him to marry her.

A SUN reporter investigated the story yesterday. Three years ago Miss Holland and Mr. Pearson met for the first time at a fashionable social gathering. Miss Holland was a handsome brunette, 17 years old. Mr. Pearson was good looking. They fell in love with each other, and after a year's courtship became engaged to be married. Mr. Pearson gave his fiancé many valuable presents, including diamonds and jewelry, and a team of horses and a carriage valued at $1,800. Miss Holland's mother, who is a widow, favored the match, but Mr. Pearson's parents objected. Miss Holland earns some of her pocket money by giving music lessons and teaching languages. Mr. Pearson, it is said, brought pressure to bear on his son to give up Miss Holland, but the latter refused. Miss Holland was seen at her home. She was handsomely dressed, and wore some of the diamonds that Mr. Pearson had given her. She was pale and excited. She said:

"I am exceedingly shocked about this matter. The story is false in almost every particular. The young man and I have been engaged to be married for a long time, and we have never since we met had a word but pleasant ones. Not once have we quarrelled. Our courtship has been a very pleasant one, and I am sure that our wedding, which will surely take place in October, will be a happy one, notwithstanding the stories in circulation. The young man's father, I have reason to believe, is opposed to our marriage, although he has assured me personally that he is not, and that he is happy that his son is to marry. Not only has he told me this, but I have a letter from him expressing the same thing. Yet, I am satisfied that he is trying to separate us. He will not succeed, however, for on July 11, before the young man went away, we talked over our arrangements for our wedding, and there was not a word suggesting that he had any doubt about it taking place. I have not said anything to him about it since, and I have no fear that he has changed his mind, although I believe he consented to go to Europe at his father's request. I have never thought of such a thing as suing for breach of promise, and I have never had any reason to think of such a thing. The story that I have contemplated such a suit is cruel."

The Speck of War in Kansas.

ST. LOUIS, July 29.—Mayor Price of Woodsdale, Kansas, in his statement to Gov. Martin with reference to the Stevens county war, said that when the news of the killing of Sheriff Cross and several of his posse reached Woodsdale it created wild excitement. A meeting was held in the Town Hall. Every citizen of Woodsdale was present. Many were in favor of arming, proceeding to Hugoton, and killing as many men as possible, and then burning the town, in retaliation, but wiser counsel prevailed. While the meeting was in session Mrs. Cross, widow of the murdered Sheriff, received a message from a Hugoton lawyer, telling her where the body of her husband could be found. Woodsdale people have sent for 100 Winchesters and a wagon load of ammunition, and have picketed the roads, posting sentinels around Woodsdale, with instructions to fire upon any Hugoton man who attempts to pass them.

They will Open a Big Tin Mine.

PITTSBURGH, July 29.—A company was formed in this city last evening with a capital stock of $1,000,000, the object being to open a tin mine in Mexico, near Derango. A tract of land has been purchased covering an area of ten miles square. An expert who assayed the ore says it will yield from 25 to 35 per cent. tin, which is the largest in the world. The distributing point will be El Paso, and from there pig tin will be shipped to New York. A number of factories will be started soon to manufacture tin, and it is believed the product from England, which amounted to $24,000,000 last year, will be shut out entirely after the different works are started.

A Passenger Kills a Brakeman.

MEMPHIS, July 29.—A difficulty occurred this morning on board a passenger train of the Kansas City, Springfield and Memphis Railroad, near Hardy station, Kansas, 127 miles west of Memphis, between C. S. Burke, a brakeman, and some unruly passengers who were in the ladies' coach. A general fight ensued, and in the mêlée one of the men stabbed Burke with a knife near the heart, causing almost instant death. The murderer, with two of his comrades, jumped from the train and made their escape into the woods. Burke was 20 years of age, and lived in Springfield.

Saved from Ruin.

An interesting book with the above title has just been published by the Marvin Safe Company of New York. Write or send for a copy, which will be furnished gratis.—*Adv.*

FALSELY ACCUSED HIMSELF,

AND HAS SERVED 8 YEARS OF A 19 YEARS' TERM FOR MURDER.

At Least This is Convict McCarthy's Story, Backed Up by the Alleged Confession of His Pal, Luby, Who Has Died In Prison.

Early in the evening of Dec. 26, 1881, Pasquale Lavarino, who had been in this country only three days, was stabbed and killed in front of the barracks in Mott street, back of Police Headquarters. At the same time his brother Antonio, and his cousin Pasquale, and Felice Leporello were dangerously cut. Inspector Byrnes was on the Mulberry street steps of Police Headquarters at the moment, and he immediately sent out his detectives, but they were unable to find the murderer. It appeared that a drunken young man had passed the three Italians, had had a growl with them, and had come back and attacked them with a knife while the Italians were reading a letter under a lamp post. The wounded men declared that the assailant was an English-speaking man, but the case was much mystified by the statement of Joseph Rocco, nicknamed Joe Rocks, a bootblack, who said that he had been looking out of a window, and had seen an Italian on top of the dead man, who lay across a sloping cellar door.

On Sept. 19, 1885, John J. McCarthy, a young man of about 23, who had been arrested before in a stabbing case, and again for burglary, was arrested for the murder by Central Office detectives. Inspector Byrnes has in writing a "confession" by McCarthy, which says that he had some trouble with the Italians, and was slightly cut by one of them. Anxious for revenge he went into Fanning's grocery store in Mott street, just south of Houston, and stole a big carving knife. The statement goes on to say:

"I returned, and coming up to them I stabbed the knife deep into the stomach of the man who cut me, and then fought my way through the crowd, cutting any one who tried to stop me."

Two boys named Lane and O'Connor were found who said that they had seen McCarthy do the cutting. O'Connor said it was done with a big knife. McCarthy was indicted for murder in the first degree, tried, and convicted of manslaughter in the first degree. On Nov. 25, 1885, he was sentenced to twelve years and six months at Sing Sing. Self-defence was the plea Col. Spencer make for the prisoner.

It is now said that the wound that killed Lavarino was a small one, such as could not have been inflicted with a big carving knife; that this point was overlooked at the trial; that McCarthy's confession was a lie, and that a convict named John Luby, since dead in State prison, confessed, in 1886, that he committed the crime.

Luby was also known as Ed Luby and George Davis. On Sept. 7, 1881, he was arrested, with Big Lena, for a glove robbery in Bond street. He was recognized and sent to Sing Sing to serve a suspended sentence for another crime. His conduct at Sing Sing was very bad. On May 12, 1886, he was transferred to Auburn prison, and he lived only until the fall of that year. To those who were with him in his last hours, it is alleged, he confessed that it was he who killed Pasquale Lavarino. Several months ago McCarthy, now in Clinton prison, at Dannemora, sent the following letter to his wife, who is living at 233 Mulberry street:

MY DEAR WIFE: I received your kind and welcome letter, and was very glad to hear that you and Mabel are well. I have not much more to write about Luby's death, but I'm glad to hear that he made a confession admitting that it was he who killed the Italian.

You may think it strange, but the truth is that I knew it was he who killed the Italian ever since the night that the unfortunate affair happened. But my lips were sealed, because it was on my account and to save me that he got into the fight. He saw the Italians beating me and he jumped in to help me, and the Italian who was killed attacked him. He struck at him four or five times, but Luby caught his arm, and I believe that he took the knife out of the hand and stabbed him. You remember that on my trial the little Italian boy, Rocco, swore that he was looking out of the window, and that he saw an Italian man lying on the dead one. When Luby stabbed Lavarino the latter fell on the cellar door, and I saw Luby leaning over him. That was the time that Rocco saw Luby and took him to be an Italian. I was ten or fifteen yards off when the fight ended. Luby called to me to get out of the way, that the police were coming. I ran toward Houston street.

Now that Luby is dead and they cannot injure any one, if the witnesses would only tell the truth about the occurrence it would lift a load of disgrace off you and my children and my brothers and sisters.

I remember that you all thought it strange that I did not take the witness stand in my own behalf, but the truth is that I was afraid that in cross-examination Luby's name would leak out, and I did not wish to implicate him, as it would not do me any good, as everything pointed to me as the one who committed the deed. That is why his name was not brought up in my trial.

I am very glad that the truth has come out at last for your and my child's sake, as I think it will relieve your mind to know that I am not a murderer. I know that I have done wrong in keeping the secret so long, and letting you and my child bear the disgrace, but I could not do otherwise as everything was against me, so that I hope that you will forgive me. My love to you and Mabel and my brothers and sisters and your mother, and hoping that you are all well and that I will hear from you soon, I remain your fond but unfortunate husband.

JOHN J. MCCARTHY.

CELL 89, SECOND COMPANY.

McCarthy and Luby were intimate friends. McCarthy lived in Mott street at the time of the murder. Inspector Byrnes, from whom these facts were learned yesterday, says that Frank Barrett of 313 East Fourteenth street, who would have been a witness for McCarthy, died within a fortnight of consumption. It is possible that a petition will be sent to Gov. Hill asking for McCarthy's pardon.

MORTALLY STABBED.

Demetrio Sinamore Meets Death on His Own Doorstep.

Nicolo Disiti, otherwise called Nicolo Rossi, and Demetrio Sinamore, stood in front of 517 Carroll street, Brooklyn, a few minutes before 9 o'clock last night wrangling. Demetrio was on his own doorstep, and in a drunken way was trying to persuade Nicolo, who was also drunk to go to his home at 491 Carroll street. A quarrel resulted, and Nicolo drew a knife from his pocket and flourished it. Antonia, Sinamore's wife saw the knife, and to save her husband ran to her between the disputants.

Nicolo shoved her violently away and cut her slightly in the arm while doing so. Then he drove the knife to the hilt into her husband's left breast. Demetrio fell and Nicolo ran away. Policeman Wise of the Tenth precinct mounted squad heard Mrs. Sinamore shrieking for help and gave chase to Nicolo. The latter ran down Third avenue, but was soon overtaken by Wise, who took him into custody. An ambulance surgeon was called to dress Sinamore's wounds, and the injured man was taken to the Long Island College Hospital. The physicians there said that Nicolo's knife had punctured the left lung, and that Demetrio would probably die.

Arrest of Non-taxpayers.

ST. LOUIS, July 29.—Advices from the Indian Territory say that Deputy United States Marshal McAllister, aided by United States troops and some Indian police, arrested, near Admore, in the Chickasaw Nation, A. W. Parker, Joe McAllister, G. W. Stewart, T. J. Graham, and Alexander Dillard, prominent non-citizens, who have been leading the armed revolt against the collection of the tax. They were taken to Paul's Valley, and will be removed from there to Fort Smith, Ark., for trial. Gov. Guy of the Chickasaw Nation says that the trouble about the collection of the cattle tax is nearly over; the non-citizens will appeal to Washington to have the tax declared illegal, and in case of their appeal not succeeding, will either quit the Territory or pay the tax.

The Greatest of all Rattlesnakes.

WESTPORT, Pa., July 29.—The biggest rattlesnake ever killed in Pennsylvania of which there is any record was killed by William Janeway, a lumberman in the employ of A. H. Mann, near this place, yesterday. Janeway came suddenly upon the snake in the woods. It had no chance to get out of his way, and, being cornered, coiled instantly and struck fiercely at the lumberman, burying its fangs in the leg of one of his rubber boots. Janeway stamped the reptile to death. It measured nearly seven feet, and had twenty-one perfect rattles. The same day two other lumbermen in the same woods killed four very large rattlesnakes in the same vicinity. They were all of the yellow variety.

Put an Innocent Man in Prison.

SACRAMENTO, July 29.—Acting on instructions received from the authorities at Canton, Ohio, the Chief of Police has arrested August Arthur, alias Tate, wanted at Canton for burglary. A letter for Arthur was received at the Post Office here, and a watch being kept, he was arrested on calling for it. The letter proved to be from one of Arthur's friends, and it said that two men, connected with the latter in burglary had, during their trial, implicated an innocent man, and that that three were serving terms in the penitentiary.

Fyfe's Fearline Is Harmless to

Everything but dirt—before it all dirt must go.—*Adv.*

HAS MRS. JORDON ELOPED?

Mrs. Hazen Thinks So, and Mr. Jordon Says he Doesn't Care Much.

Louis P. Hazen, an insurance agent, residing with his wife at 151 Pavonia avenue, Jersey City, is missing from his home, and his wife says she thinks he has eloped with Mrs. Anna Jordon of 358 Johnson avenue. Mrs. Jordon left her home at the same time that Mr. Hazen left his, and she has not returned. Mrs. Hazen told a reporter yesterday that her husband had been treating her badly for a long time, and that he had been spending his time and money with Mrs. Jordon for four or five months. She described Mrs. Jordon as "a petite brunette, with dark eyes and a pale complexion, small hands and feet, and winning ways. She is very attractive and pretty."

Mrs. Jordon is 32 years old. Her husband is 60 years old, and is employed by Gorriell & Co., ice dealers.

"I have kept my eyes open," said Mrs. Hazen, "and I know that my husband and this Jordon woman are off together. Here is a letter which I found in my husband's pockets. The letter begins, 'My Own Darling Pet,' and closes as follows: 'I will close for this time with lots of good, big, kind kisses, and all my love to you, my dearest friend. Yours only, Anna Jordon.' I went down to Mrs. Jordon's this afternoon," continued Mrs. Hazen, "and found Mr. Jordon home. I asked him if his wife was home. He said she was not. I asked him if he knew where she was. He said no. I asked him if he expected her back. He said he didn't know. My husband collected a considerable sum of money before he left home. He is employed by several New York insurance companies, and makes splendid wages. He openly admitted to me that he was in love with Mrs. Jordon, and once told me that he was going to buy her a better dress than I ever thought of wearing. Another time he told me if I ever went down to see Mrs. Jordon she had a dagger and a revolver, and would kill me. I was afraid for my life, and would have applied to the police had it not been for the terrible scandal which it would create. I have several other letters from Mrs. Jordon to my husband, but I will not make them public at present."

Mr. Jordon was found at home with his two children. He said his wife told him Saturday when he went to work that she was going to go on a yachting excursion with the family of George Lane. He said he didn't care much whether she ever came back or not.

Hazen is 46 years old. His wife is 45 years old. They live in one of the finest houses in Pavonia avenue, and move in good society. They have no children. They have been married twenty-two years.

LOVE WILL HAVE ITS WAY.

Seventeen-Year-Old James Hudgins and Pretty Alice Le Preux Elope.

BALTIMORE, July 29.—The elopement of seventeen-year-old James Hudgins with pretty Alice Le Preux, a northeast Baltimore belle, has given the gossips in that section something to talk about. The parents of both are highly incensed and threaten to take steps to annul the marriage. Hudgins formed the girls acquaintance at Sunday school and called at her house. Owing to his youth nothing was thought of the visits until recently, when his attentions became more marked. Mr. Le Preux forbade him the house, and then the lovers resorted to clandestine meetings. The other day the girl's father went to New York and his absence was quickly taken advantage of. The boy lover was too young to get a license, so he impressed a friend into service who obtained the desired document. Armed with this the pair went to the residence of the Rev. B. F. Clarkson, a Methodist minister, who kindly united them. They then proceeded to the home of the groom, where they met with a warm reception. The boy husband carried his point, however, and secured quarters for himself and bride. Mrs. Hudgins then sent her mother this note:

MY DARLING MOTHER: I am sorry to believe you will be angry, but I am married to James Hudgins because I love him.

Mrs. Le Preux was almost overcome with grief when she read the note, and at once telegraphed for her husband. She did not wish to call on the boy's mother, but later on Mrs. Hudgins, Sr., called on Mrs. Le Preux to discuss the matter. Both matrons are grieved and angry, and await only the arrival of the senior Mr. Le Preux to take some action.

FLOGGED BY WHITE CAPS.

They Nearly Kill Two Mormon Missionaries and a Female Convert.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., July 29.—In Perry county, this State, the White Caps have been going for Mormon missionaries and their converts. The Mormon elders, Franklin Murray and James Fallon, were driven out of Muhlenberg county, Kentucky, several weeks ago by the citizens. The terrified elders fled across the Ohio, landing near Rome, Ind. They went back into the country and began spreading their faith in one of the most illiterate sections of that part of the State, meeting with little success. Two women, Clara Tyng and Maggie Jarvis, were the only converts in that vicinity, and when the elders started northward the two women accompanied them, to assist the missionaries until they reached the nearest station on the Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis Railroad, where they were to take a train for Missouri, to join converts in that State.

On Thursday they arrived in the northern portion of the county and stopped at the house of a widow, Mrs. Thomas. That night a bundle of switches with a note attached was left on the doorstep. The note warned the missionaries to leave that portion of the State and allow the women to return. No attention was paid to the threats, and on Friday night a band of the regulators visited the house. The door occupied by the missionaries was forced and the frightened men and women taken to the woods. The two elders were stripped to the waist and tied to a tree, and each regulator, twenty in number, administered five lashes to each victim. One blow struck Fallon in the eye, destroying the sight. Both men fainted long before their punishment was ended.

One of the women was then flogged until she, too, swooned, and the remaining woman was told that unless they returned home they would get a double punishment, and the missionaries would be hanged unless they left the country at once. The regulators then dispersed, and the uninjured woman summoned assistance and had the victims taken to the house, where they now lie in a critical condition. The farmers are organizing to quell this White Cap business, and somebody will be hanged if it doesn't stop.

Gen. Harrison Didn't Recognize His Own Grandfather.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 29.—Four hundred men, women, and children from Jennings county came in on a special train yesterday afternoon and paid their respects to Gen. Harrison. The nominee received the visitors in University Park, and talked to them for a few minutes about protection. The customary handshaking was then indulged in, and the visitors left to pay their respects to Gov. Porter. A bust of William Henry Harrison adorns the mantelpiece in the State Central Committee rooms, and Harrison, happening in, eyed the bust for several minutes and then asked whose it was. "Why, that's President Harrison," said the Secretary; "don't you know your own grandfather?" Harrison confessed he would never have recognized him in that shape, and was loth to believe it, was ever intended for the dead statesman.

Gen. Harrison passed a quiet Sabbath and had few callers. In the morning the General accompanied Mrs. Harrison to church. Col. J. B. Weber, member of Congress from the Buffalo, N. Y., district, was the guest of Gen. Harrison at dinner and this afternoon. The coming week with Gen. Harrison promises to be largely taken up with visiting delegations.

Rider Morris and the Races.

SARATOGA, July 29.—The injured rider, Mr. Henry J. Morris, is getting along nicely and may recover. There will be no races until Tuesday next. McClelland's colt Badge leaves here to-morrow for Monmouth Park. He starts there Tuesday in a stake race, and will be ridden by Isaac Lewis. The Emperor of Norfolk cantered this morning and did not go lame. It is feared, however, his tendon is bowed, and that he will not race for some time. It is expected that Mr. Sheridan will start here on Tuesday.

Wrecked in a Fog Off the Coast.

HALIFAX, N. S., July 29.—The Norwegian bark Thor, from Liverpool for this port, struck Bull Rock east of Halifax this morning during thick weather. She backed off and ran for land, when she dashed on Flying Point Reef, at the mouth of Mosquedobout harbor. She is a total wreck. The crew took boats and landed safely. The cargo of salt was for William Chisholm of Halifax. The Thor was of 345 tons register, 48 years old, and owned in Norway, where she was partially insured. The cargo was also insured.

SPEECH FAILED THE PASTOR.

DR. BOWDISH AGAIN EXPERIENCES "THE POWER" IN THE PULPIT.

The Shock was not Serious, but it Deprived the Congregation of a Sermon—Undertaker Merritt Kisses Brother Harrison.

Pastor Bowdish had another experience of "the power" at Old John Street Church yesterday morning. It came in a mild form, however, and Dr. Bowdish did not swoon this time. He had risen to preach the sermon, and was making a few preliminary remarks, when utterance failed him.

"Friends," he said, recovering his speech for a few moments, "I am too full of the spirit of God to address you this morning. Though I might recall the words of fifteen sermons appropriate to this occasion, I could not utter them."

Pastor Bowdish sat down without having proceeded so far as the announcement of his text. His emotion was plainly visible, and produced a strong impression upon the large congregation. There was a pause, broken by a mournful cry that was echoed from a dozen pews, and in a few moments a score or more people were weeping, their bodies swaying in ecstasy or agony, according to the varying emotions which actuated them.

Revivalist Harrison came to the front of the pulpit to take Pastor Bowdish's place. One man went forward, knelt at the altar, and professed conversion. Another and another followed, until eight had gone out of the sobbing throng to seek consolation from Brother Harrison. The revivalist said Pastor Bowdish could not speak again that day. "He might have another shock of glory and go over," he added.

The morning service lasted until 1 o'clock in the afternoon. At 3 o'clock another big congregation assembled. There weren't seats for nearly all who entered the building. Undertaker Merritt was late comer, and was standing with his wife near the door when Brother Harrison exclaimed:

"Come up, Brother Merritt; we'll find a seat for you here."

"I wouldn't give two cents for it," was the answering shout, without a seat for my wife, too."

Room was made for both, and as Undertaker Merritt ascended the pulpit he threw his arms around Brother Harrison's neck and imprinted a kiss on his cheek.

A good many people shouted "Hallelujah!" and a good many more laughed. Then Brother Harrison said it was the oddest Sunday in the history of the revival. He spoke regretfully of its probable close to give way to the camp meeting at Sing Sing, which begins next week. He prophesied that the Sing Sing meeting would be one of the most successful ever held. As for himself, he was there to be heard in the New York meetings, he said, were going to come out and be converted. They would have come down here, but most of them were hard-working people who couldn't get away. He said this seriously, but it provoked a smile.

The congregation sang "Numberless as the sands on the shore" over and over again. Every time there was a disposition to stop a little woman in a distant corner squeaked "Glory!" in the shrillest of shrill falsettos until the hymn was taken up again and drowned out the sound of her voice. A big man stood up against a pillar near the little woman, and wept every time she shrieked.

Then an elderly woman in black, Mrs. Van Holtz of Cincinnati, said the revival started by Brother Harrison in that wicked city six years ago was still going on. Her daughter, she said, was converted then. "For four years," she added, "I have been a helper in this work. We've witnessed the sanctification of thousands of souls, and I wouldn't be surprised if the Lord would spare Brother Harrison sixty years yet to carry on the great work."

This pleased Brother Harrison, and he declared that Mrs. Van Holtz was one of the most "wonderful women" he had met. "Sixty-ty-ty-twenty-ninth-ll-sprinkle-you-with-water," he cried, and the congregation sang the hymn thus somewhat vaguely indicated.

At least a score of preachers were present at the afternoon meeting. Joseph Lougkin, who said he was converted sixty years ago, sat in the pulpit. His wife, who helped John Street Church in 1829, was in the congregation.

Every new and every foot of standing room in the main floor, aisles, organ loft, and galleries of the church was occupied by enthusiastic people, who sang, prayed, and shouted for joy at the evening service. Pastor Wellesley Bowdish presided, and Brother Thomas Harrison exhorted the brethren and sisters to become Christians. A number came forward and professed religion, swelling the grand total to over 2,500 since the revival began.

The church doors will open at 12 to-day and the last session will continue until midnight.

UNLUCKY CHARLES BRIGGS.

Three Times has His Wedding Day Been Set, but He is Single Yet.

NEW BEDFORD, July 29.—There is a young man in this place who finds the course of true love very rough. The wedding day has been fixed thrice, and has been indefinitely postponed each time. The last disappointment came yesterday, and it proved to be the last straw. His heart was broken, but he didn't die. He simply laid himself down and had fits. He kept having them, and hasn't stopped yet.

His name is Charles Briggs. He is a bricklayer and received $3 a day. Two years ago the wedding day was set, but at the last moment the parents of the bride withdrew their assent to the marriage, and as the young lady is of a yielding disposition, she declined to be wed without the parental blessing. Charles bore the stroke as well as he could, and sought to assuage his grief by a whaling voyage. He was gone about a year, and on his return thought himself the happiest of men in being able to resume his friendly relations with the young lady. Another day was set for the marriage, and the young man looked forward hopefully. He was again doomed to be made a puppet of fortune, for, after all the preparations had been made, on the very day before the one set for the marriage, he received information that it could not come off. Disheartened, but not despairing, the young man determined not to give up, and clung to the hope that his matrimonial bark might enter a quiet haven. He went to board in the family of the girl of his heart to try to prove to them that he possesses the qualifications proper for a son-in-law. He paid liberally for board, and when the young lady was ill he did what he could to solace her weary hours and to soothe her pains. Again the day for the marriage was set for a week from next Monday. He heard, however, yesterday that he was likely again to be disappointed, and, wearied with his long watching during the early part of the week and attending to the young lady, and heartsick from alternate hope and fear, the strain proved too much for him, and for a time he found relief in unconsciousness. He has had a lucid interval, and says he has used up his money, his carefully hoarded savings having vanished in providing for sickness; but he does not repine at this, and would think all was for the best if the future held any brightness for him.

Mysterious Illness of Two Women.

WABASH, Ind., July 29.—A remarkable case of poisoning is reported from Dora, this county. A few days ago a young girl named Lizzie Flannigan was taken suddenly ill, and the following day her sister-in-law exhibited the same symptoms. Physicians who were called gave as their opinion that the woman had congestive chills. A short time afterward there was every indication of blood poisoning, and now there are symptoms of hydrophobia. The young girl is held in bed with great difficulty, six strong women remaining by her side constantly. The sister-in-law, Mrs. John Flannigan, cannot be controlled. Yesterday, in her agony, Mrs. Flannigan bit the end of her tongue off, and before medical assistance arrived almost bled to death. The cases have interested the entire medical fraternity of this section, but as yet no relief has been found for the strange malady.

Stricken When He Saw His Dead Wife.

DETROIT, July 29.—When Mr. Moore last night saw the body of his wife, who had been shot by his brother, he fell in a faint. When he was revived and told that his brother had committed the murder, his face suddenly changed and it was noticed he did not speak. It was thought that grief had silenced him. The family physician found Moore had been stricken with apoplexy, and that his tongue was paralyzed. He will probably live. A warrant has been sworn out charging the brother with murder. His defence will probably be insanity.

Came Down in a Parachute.

LOUISVILLE, July 29.—W. C. Williams made a successful balloon ascension here to-day. He used a hot-air balloon, and after ascending 2,200 feet cut loose and came down by means of a parachute. He fell about 200 feet before the parachute opened.

BISHOP WIGGER FORBIDS IT.

Extensive Preparations for an Excursion May Come to Naught.

Preparations have been made for a grand excursion of the allied branches of the Catholic Benevolent Legion of North Hudson county to Oscawana Island on Monday, Aug. 20. The steamboat Sirius has been chartered, the excursion advertised in all the local papers, and arrangements for the bar and refreshment privileges almost completed. Sister councils of the legion throughout the State have expressed their willingness to attend, and already more than 2,000 tickets have been sold. Everything promised an enjoyable time until yesterday morning, when the following letter from Bishop Wigger was read in all the churches of North Hudson county:

To Rectors, Pastors, and Chaplains.

REVEREND DEAR SIRS: Please read the following at all the masses on Sunday, July 29: By a recent decree of the Council of Baltimore it was made obligatory on all Catholic societies intending to hold picnics, excursions, or the like, to notify their respective bishops of their intention before preparations shall begin. This is done to prevent scandal and avoid danger. When a request for this purpose is made to me I usually grant perm