FRIGHTFUL WARNINGS.

Dr. Talmage Continues His Discourses on Palestine.

His Visit to the Dead Sea—The Warning Taught By the Destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah—Description of the Jordan.

In his fifth lecture upon the Holy Land delivered at Brooklyn Rev. T. De Witt Talmage announced as his text Psalm civ. 32: "He toucheth the hills and they smoke." He said:

David, the poet, here pictures a volcano and what Church's Cotopaxi does on painter's canvas this author does in words. You see a hill, calm and still, and for ages immovable, but the Lord out of the heavens puts His finger on the top of it and from it rise thick vapors, intershot with fire. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

God is the only being who can manage a volcano, and again and again has He employed volcanic action. The pictures on the walls of Pompeii, the exhumed Italian city, as we saw them last November, demonstrate that the city was not fit to live. In the first century that city, engirdled with palaces, emparadised with gardens, pillared into architectural exquisiteness, was at the foot of a mountain up the sides of which it ran with vineyards and villas of merchant princes, and all that marble, and bronze, and imperial baths, and arboriculture, and rainbowed fountains, and a coliseum at the dedication of which 9,000 beasts had been slain, and a supernal landscape in which its shore gave roses to the sea and the sea gave crystals to the shore; yea, all that beauty, and pomp, and wealth could give was there to be seen or heard. But the bad morals of the city had shocked the world. In the year 79, on August 4, a black column rose above the adjoining mountain and spread out. Pliny says, as he saw it, like a great pine tree, wider and wider, until it began to rain upon the city, first thin ashes and then pumice stone, and sulphurous fumes scooped and streams of mud poured through the streets till few people escaped and the city was buried, and some of the inhabitants 1,800 years after were found embalmed in the scoriæ of that awful doom.

The Lord called upon volcanic forces to obliterate that profligate city. He touched the hills and they smoked. Nothing but volcanic action can explain what I shall show you at the Dead Sea, upon which I looked last December and of whose waters I took a bitter and stinging taste. Concerning all that region there has been a controversy enough to fill libraries, science saying one thing, revelation saying another thing. But admit volcanic action divinely employed and both testimonials are one and the same. Geology, chemistry, geography, astronomy, ichthyology, ornithology and zoology, are coming one by one to confirm the Scriptures. Two leaves of one book are revelation and creation and the penmanship is by the same divine hand. Our horseback ride will not be so steep today and you can stay on without clinging to the pommel of the saddle, but the scenes amid which we ride shall, if possible, be more thrilling and by the time the horses snuff the sulphurous atmosphere of Lake Asphaltites or the Dead Sea we will be ready to dismount and read from our Bibles about what was done that day by the Lord when He touched the hills and they smoked.

Take a detour and pass along by the rocky fortress of Masada where occurred something more wonderful in the way of desperation than you have ever heard of, unless you have read Josephus. Herod built a palace amid the heaps of black and awful rocks which look like a tumbled midnight. A great band of robbers, about one thousand including their families, afterward held the fortress. When the Roman army stormed that steep and the bandits could no longer hold the place, their chieftain, Eleazar, made a powerful speech which persuaded them to die before they were captured. First the men kissed their families a loving and tearful good-bye and then put a dagger into their hearts and the women and children were slain. Then ten men were chosen by lot to slay all the other men, and each man lay down by the dead wife and children and was cleaved for these executioners to do their work. This done, one man of the ten killed the other nine. Then the survivor committed suicide. Two women and five children had hid themselves and after all was over came forth to tell of the 960 slaughtered.

Great and rugged natural scenery makes the most tremendous natures for good or evil. Great statesmen and great robbers, great orators and great butchers, were nearly all born or reared among mountain precipices. Strong natures are hardly ever born upon the plain. When men have any thing greatly good or greatly evil to do they come down off the rocks.

Pass on from under the shadow of Masada, the scene of the concentrated diabolism, and come along where the salt crystals crackle under the horse's hoofs. You are near the most God-forsaken region of all the earth. You to whom the word lake has heretofore suggested those bewitchments of beauty, Lucerne or Cayuga, some great pearl set by a loving God in the bosom of the luxuriant valley, change all your ideas about a lake and see this sheet of water which the Bible calls the Salt Sea, or Sea of the Plain, and Josephus calls Lake Asphaltites. The muleteers will take care of the horses while we get down to the brink and dip up the liquid mixture in the palm of the hand. The waters are a commingling of brimstone and pitch and have six times larger percentage of salt than those of the Atlantic ocean, the ocean having four per cent. of salt and this lake 26¼ per cent. Lake Sir-i-kol of India is the highest lake in the world. This lake, on the bank of which we kneel, is the lowest lake. It empties into no sea, among other things, for the simple reason that water can not run up hill. It swallows up the river Jordan and makes no response of thanks, and never reports what it does with the twenty million cubic feet of water annually received from that sacred river. It takes the tree branches and logs floated into it by the Jordan and pitches them on the banks of bitumen to decay there.

The hot springs near its banks by the name of Callirhoe, where King Herod came to bathe off his illnesses, no sooner pour into this sea than they are poisoned. Not a fish scale swims it. Not an insect walks it. It hates life, and if you attempt to swim there it lifts you by an unnatural buoyancy to the surface, as much as to say: "We want no life here, but death is our preference—death." Those who attempt to wade across this lake and submerge themselves come out almost maddened as with the sting of a hundred wasps and hornets, and with lips and eyelids swollen with the strange ablution.

The sparkle of its waters is not like the sparkle of beauty on other lakes, but a metallic luster like unto the flash of a sword that would thrust you. The gamblers and the lizzies that live on the hills beside it, and the cranes and wild ducks that fly across—for, contrary to the old belief, birds do safely wing their way over it—and the Arab horses you have been riding, though thirsty enough, will not drink out of this dreadful mixture. A mist hovers over parts of it almost continually, which though natural evaporation seems like a wing of doom spread over liquid desolation. It is the rinsings of abominations. It is an aqueous monster coiled among the hills, or creeping with ripples, and stenchful with nauseating maladors.

In these regions once stood four great cities of Assyria; Sodom, Gomorrah, Adma and Zeboim. The Bible says they were destroyed by a tempest of fire and brimstone after these cities had filled up of wickedness. "No, that is absurd," cries some one; "it is evident that this was a region of salt and brimstone and pitch long before that." And so it was. The Bible says it was a region of sulphur long before the great catastrophe. "Well, now," says some one, wanting to raise a quarrel between science and revelation, "you have no right to say the cities of the plain were destroyed by a tempest of fire and sulphur and brimstone, because this region had these characteristics long before these cities were destroyed." Volcanic action is my reply. These cities had been built out of very combustible materials. The mortar was of bitumen, easily lighted, and the walls dripped with pitch most inflammable. They sat, I think, on a ridge of hills. They stood high up and conspicuous, radiant in their sins, ostentatious in their debaucheries, four hells on earth. One day there was a rumbling in the earth and a quaking. "What's that?" cry the affrighted inhabitants. "What's that?" The foundations of the earth were giving away. A volcano, whose fires had been burning for ages, at God's command burst forth, easily setting every thing aflame, and first lifting those cities high in the air and then dashing them down into chasms fathomless. The fires of that eruption intershot the dense smoke and rolled into the heavens only to descend again.

And all the configuration of that country was changed, and where there was a hill there came a valley, and where there had been the pomp of uncleanliness came widespread desolation. The red-hot spade of volcanic action had shoveled under the cities of the plain. Before the catastrophe the cities stood on the top of the salt and sulphur. After the catastrophe they were under the salt and sulphur. Science right, Revelation right. "He touched the hills and they smoke."

No science ever frightened believers in revelation so much as geology. They feared that the strata of the earth would contradict the Scriptures, and then Moses must go under. But, as in the Dead Sea instance, so in all cases God's writing on the earth and God's writing in the Bible are harmonious. The shelves of rock correspond with the shelves of the American Bible Society. Science digs into the earth and finds deep down the remains of plants, and so the Bible announces plants first. Science digs down and says, "Marine animals next," and the Bible says, "Marine animals next." Science digs down and says, "Land animals next," and the Bible responds, "Land animals next." "Then comes man!" says science. "Then comes man!" responds the Bible. Science digs into the region about the Dead Sea, and finds result of fire, and masses of brimstone, and announces a wonderful formation. "O, yes," says the Bible, "Moses wrote thousands of years ago, 'the Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of Heaven,' and David wrote, 'He toucheth the hills and they smoke.'" So I guess we will hold on to our Bibles a little longer. A gentleman in the ante-room of the White House at Washington, having an appointment with Mr. Lincoln at five o'clock in the morning, got there fifteen minutes early, and asked the servant: "Who is talking in the next room?" "It is the President, sir!" "Is any body with him?" "No, sir; he is reading the Bible. He spends every morning from four to five o'clock, reading the Scriptures."

My text implies that God controls volcanoes, not with the full force of His hand, but with the tip of His finger. Etna, Stromboli and Vesuvius fawn at His feet like hounds before the hunter. These eruptions of the hills do not belong to Pluto's realms, as the ancients thought, but to the divine dominions. Humboldt counted 900 of them, but since then the Indian Archipelago has been found to have 900 of these great mouth-pieces. They are on every continent and in all latitudes. That earthquake which shook all America about six or seven summers ago was only the raving around of volcanoes rushing against the sides of their rocky caverns trying to break out. They must come to the surface, but it will be at the divine call. They seem reserved for the punishment of one kind of sin. The seven cities they have obliterated were celebrated for one kind of transgression. Profligacy was the chief characteristic of the seven cities over which they put their smothering wing: Pompeii, Herculaneum, Stabæ, Adma, Zeboim, Sodom and Gomorrah. If our American cities do not quit their profligacy, if in high life and low life dissoluteness does not cease to be a joke and become a crime, if wealthy libertinism continues to find so many doors of domestic life open to its faintest touch, if Russian, and French, and American literature, steeped in prurience, does not get banished from the news stands and ladies' parlors, God will let loose some of these suppressed monsters of the earth. And I tell these American cities that it will be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, whether that day of judgment be in this present century or in the closing century of the earth's continuance. The volcanic forces are already in existence, but in the mercy of God they are chained in the kennels of subterraneous fire. You let profligacy, whether it stagger into a lazaretto or sit on a commercial throne, whether it laugh in a faded shawl under the street gaslight or be wrapped in the finest array that foreign loom ever wrought or lapidary ever impearled, know right well that there is a volcano waiting for it, whether in domestic life, or social life, or political life, or in the foundations of the earth from which sprang out the devastations that swallowed the cities of the plain. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

But the dragoman was rejoiced when we had seen enough of this volcanic region of Palestine, and he gladly tightens the girths for another march, around the horses which are prancing and neighing for departure. We are off for the Jordan, only two hours away. We pass Bedouins whose stern features melt into a smile as we give them the salutation, Salaam Aleikhoum, "Peace be with you," their smile sometimes leaving us in doubt as to whether it is caused by their gladness to see us or by our poor pronounciation of the Arabic. O, they are a strange race, those Bedouins. Such a commingling of ruffianism and honor, of cowardice and courage, of cruelty and kindness. When a band of them came down upon a party in which Miss Whately was traveling, and were about to take pocketbooks and perhaps life, this lady, sitting on her horse, took out her note book and pencil and began to sketch these brigands, and seeing this composure the bandits thought it something supernatural and fled. Christian womanliness or manliness is all-conquering. When Martin Luther was told that Duke George would kill him if he went to Leipsic, Luther replied: "I would go to Leipsic if it rained Duke Georges nine days."

Now we come through regions where there are hills cut into the shape of cathedrals, with altar, and column, and arch, and chancel, and pulpit and dome, and architecture of the rocks that I think can hardly just happen so. Perhaps it is because God loves the church so well, He builds in the solitudes of Yellowstone Park, and Yosemite, and Switzerland, and Palestine these ecclesiastical piles. And who knows but that unseen spirits may sometimes worship there? "Dragoman, when shall we see the Jordan?" I ask. All the time we were on the alert, and looking through tamarisk and willows for the greatest river of all the earth. The Mississippi is wider, the Ohio is deeper, the Amazon is longer, the Hudson rolls amid regions more picturesque, the Thames has more splendor on its banks, the Tiber suggests more imperial procession, the Hyssus has more classic memories, and the Nile feeds greater populations by its irrigations; but the Jordan is the queen of rivers and runs through all the Bible, a silver thread strung like beads with heroics, and before night we shall meet on its banks Elijah, and Elisha, and David, and Jacob, and Joshua, and John, and Jesus.

At last, between two trees I got a glimpse of a river, and said: "What is that?" "The Jordan," was the quick reply. And all along the line, which had been lengthened by other pilgrims, some from America, some from Europe and some from Asia, the cry was sounded: "The Jordan! The Jordan!" Hundreds of thousands of pilgrims have chanted on its banks and bathed in its waters. Many of them dip a gown in the wave, and wring it out and carry it home for their own shroud. It is an impetuous stream and rushes on as though it were hastening to tell its story to the ages. Many an explorer has it whelmed, and many a boat has it wrecked. Lieutenant Molineux had copper-bottomed crafts split upon its shelvings. Only one boat, that of Lieutenant Lynch, ever lived to sail the whole length of it. At the season when the snows on Lebanon melt the rage of this stream is like the Conemaugh when Johnstown perished, and the wild beasts that may be near run for the hills, explaining what Jeremiah says: "Behold, he shall go up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan." No river more often changed its mind, for it turns and twists, traveling 200 miles to do that which in a straight line might be done in sixty miles. Among banks now low, now high, now of rocks, now of mud and now of sand, laving the feet of the terebinths and oleanders, and acacias, and reeds, and pistachios, and silver poplars. This river carries the Dead Sea to Lake Galilee, and did ever so rough a groom take the hand of so fair a bride?

This is the river which parted to let an army of 2,000,000 Israelites across. Here the skilled Major General of the Syrian hosts at the seventh plung drop his leprosy, not only by miraculous cure, but suggesting to all ages that water and plenty of it has much to do with the sanitary improvement of the world. You; from the bank of this river, Elijah took team and fire, showing that the most raging element is servant of the good, and that there is no need that a child of God fear any thing; for if the most destructive of all elements was that day fashioned into a vehicle for a departing saint, nothing can ever hurt you who trust in the Lord. I am so glad that that chariot of Elijah was not made out of any thing fatal, or any thing ordinarily pleasant, but out of fire, and yet he went up without having so much as to fan himself. When, stepping from amid the foliage of these oleanders and tamerisks on the banks of the Jordan, he put his foot on the red step of the red equipage, and took the red reins of vapor in his hands and spurred the flaming steeds toward the wide open gate of Heaven, it was a scene forever memorable. So the hottest afflictions of your life may roll you heavenward. So the most burning persecutions, the most fiery trouble may become uplifting. Only be sure that when you pull on the bits of fire you drive up toward God, and not down toward the Dead Sea. When Latimer and Ridley died at the stake they went up in a chariot of fire. When my friend, P. P. Bliss, the Gospel singer, was consumed with the rail train that broke through Astabula bridge and then took flame, I said: "Another Elijah gone up in a chariot of fire!"

But this river of baptisms. Christ was there baptized and John baptized many thousands. Whether on these occasions the candidate for baptism and the officer of religion went into this river, and then while both were standing the water was dipped in the hand of one and sprinkled upon the forehead of the other, or whether the entire form of the one baptized disappeared for a moment beneath the surface of the flood, I do not now declare. While I can not think without deep emotion of the fact that my parents held me in infancy to the baptismal font in the old meeting house at Somerville, and assumed vows on my behalf, I must tell you now of another mode of baptism, observed in the river Jordan on that afternoon in last December, the particulars of which I now for the first time relate.

It was a scene of unimaginable solemnity. A comrade in our Holy Land journey rode up by my side that day, and told me that a young man, who is now studying for the Gospel ministry, would like to be baptized by me in the river Jordan. I got all the facts I could concerning his earnestness and faith, and through personal examination made myself confident he was a worthy candidate. There were among our Arab attendants two robes not unlike those used for American baptisteries, and these we obtained. As we were to have a large group of different nationalities present I dictated to my daughter a few verses, and had copies enough made to allow all to sing. Our dragoman had a man familiar with the river wade through and across to show the depth and the swiftness of the stream, and the most appropriate place for the ceremony. Then I read from the Bible the accounts of baptisms in that sacred stream, and implored the presence of the Christ on those who had the dove descended at the Jordan. Then, as the candidate and myself stepped into the waters, the people on the banks sang in full and resounding voice:

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land
Where my possessions lie.

By this time we had reached the middle of the river. As the candidate sank under the floods and rose again under a baptism in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost, there rushed through our souls a tide of holy emotion such as we shall not probably feel again until we step into the Jordan that divides earth from Heaven. Will those waters be deep? Will those tides be strong? No matter, if Jesus steps in with us. Friends on this shore to help us off. Friends on the other shore to help us land. See! They are coming down the hills on the other side to greet us. How well we know their step! How easily we distinguish their voices! From bank to bank we hail them with tears and they hail us with palm branches. They say to us: "Is that you, father?" "Is that you, mother?" and we answer by asking: "Is that you, my darling?" How near they seem, and how narrow the stream that divides us.

Could we but stand where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Could fright us from the shore.

OUR DOCTORED CENSUS.

Startling Charges Made by an Influential New York Newspaper.

New York City has had a census of its own which shows the population to be about 180,000 greater than reported by the officers of the United States census.

This and other developments recently made still further shake public confidence in the work of Mr. Porter, and show it be valueless for any purpose whatever.

The New York Tribune was forced weeks ago to condemn the work of Mr. Porter. The figures announced for the country at large were of a character so startling that they could be explained on no other hypothesis than gross inefficiency, or a fraudulent purpose to advance political ends.

The Tribune adopted the first explanation, and made plain by its exhibits that the returns were utterly untrustworthy. Then Mr. Porter's health broke down, and with a certificate of character from Secretary Noble, he went to Europe for rest and recreation.

The New York World claims to have evidence of fraud of a most extraordinary character, and it declines to accept the plea of incapacity or ill health. A special to the journal from Washington makes specific charges of systematic mutilation of the census returns. The Washington correspondent writes:

"Astounded as the people of New York must be at the revelations of the police re-enumeration in that city, the people of the Republic at large must be prepared for a greater shock. If they will look over the country the honest men of all parties will discover that there is a method in the census reports. Investigations set on foot by the World more than a month ago confirm the most startling suspicions. The web of entangling evidence has already enmeshed a Congressman from Brooklyn, a trace of political managers in that city, and half a dozen clerks in various departments of the Census Office. The evidence so far adduced appears to show:

"First—That there is a deliberate purpose on the part of the leaders of the dominant party to retain the Congressional majority now in its grasp.

"Second—That a secret office was fitted up in Washington at 936 D street Northwest, where a gang of trusted clerks was detailed to alter the true census returns—by scaling down the totals or increasing the same—that the growth of Democratic States should not be honestly reported.

"Third—That an order was given by an official in the Census Office to scale down the population of New York City 180,000.

"Fourth—That Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Maine and Minneapolis were to be very liberally credited.'

"Fifth—Five Southern States were to be 'jumped upon.' States that had showed the greatest growth were to suffer to the extent of 14 to 16 per cent.

"When the researches of the World frightened the conspirators they moved the secret office from No. 936 D street, Washington, to Cathedral street, Baltimore, near the monument. A certain Mr. Morton organized the disgraceful work. The World has in its possession names of all the men who have been active in this work."

This is a matter that can not be lightly put aside. These conspirators are altering the basis of representation and destroying the confidence of the people in the integrity of Congress itself. The World must verify or withdraw its charges.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE ELECTIONS BILL.

An Explanation of the Unholy Measure Fathered by Hypocrite Lodge.

Although it is made very complex on paper, the force bill is a very simple and easily intelligible measure. Here are its provisions:

1. Full Federal control of Congressional elections in the States, with incidental control of the electoral votes of the States through the use of the same Federal machinery.

2. A system of Federal supervisors, returning boards and special deputy marshals in charge of the registration, the ballot boxes and the returns, with the United States army as a reserve to be called in if needed to support them against interference in any conflict with the citizens or authorities of the States.

This is as concise and simple a statement as we can make of the objects and methods of the bill. If it were now in force, any district in Illinois could be subjected to it. On demand for it, in any district, a "chief supervisor" would be appointed who would have absolute control of the election in the district. Supervisors appointed under him would manage the registration and would take charge of the polls. Any indefinite number—any number from 10 to 10,000 partisans could be sworn in as deputy marshals, and placed around the polls, armed and empowered to arrest citizens of the State, who would be held for trial in the Federal courts away from home, where they could neither give bail easily, nor easily establish their good character by the testimony of their neighbors. Any party thus commanding the polls, could command the result of the election, but the force bill goes further still. After all this, it provides Federal returning boards to do the counting and make the returns. The clerk of the House of Representatives is to be compelled under heavy penalties to reject returns of State officers and accept the returning board certificate as evidence of election.

Instead of being able to choose their own election judges as now, and to certify the result under their own law as now, the people of Illinois under this law would have every thing decided by the party in power in Washington. Partisan supervisors, partisan returning boards, and partisan deputy marshals by the hundred would decide the election. The ballots cast would not count.

It is declared that the law is intended only for Southern States. This is false. It can be put in operation in every Congressional district in the country. If the Republicans used it first in Southern States, what difference would it make, if by partisan force and fraud under it they control Congress and the electoral college which elects the President? The object of the bill is to perpetuate the power of the Northeastern corporations and of the Wall street speculators who control the supplies and the money of the country. If they steal the votes of South Carolina to control Illinois, the people of Illinois are as effectually oppressed as if the vote of their own State had been stolen. —St. Louis Republic.

QUAY AND BELKNAP.

One Was Ruined While the Other Unblushingly Conducts Campaigns.

The death of General W. W. Belknap, at one time Secretary of War, will call out from the press many reflections upon the deadly chill cast upon political hopes by political knavery, and the obscurity in which the fallen politician has passed his life since the days when the whisky ring dominated the Republican party will be noted, with criticism of those who at times despair of the future of democratic government blighted by corruption.

General Belknap flourished in the days when the lobby and the corruptionist were in full power in Washington and when Washington reeked with the ill odors of scandal. When exposure came his swift fall and his disgrace demonstrated that there was yet a conscience and a shame in the Republican party, though they did not prevent its leaders from allowing the guilty Secretary to escape the full penalty of his misdeeds.

One may for a moment look hopefully at that sign of decency in Washington then exclaiming, but how shall he keep erect his head when at the same moment he beholds a Ream, smirched even more foully than was Belknap, administering the duties of office unrebuked by the President and white washed by Congress, and a Quay, convicted as no other public man has been convicted of heinous offenses, yet retaining his seat in the United States Senate, unblushingly confronting the country with the shield of the apologies of his unsensitive partisans, conducting a campaign as the chief of the Republican party for the intrenchment in power of a privileged class, and welcomed at the White House, where lives a Republican President who makes an ostentatious parade of his church connections and his piety? One can afford in all charity to overlook and forget the shame of Belknap. It has become the virtue of the Republican leaders.—Chicago Times.

CLEVELAND HONORED.

What a Republican Leader Thinks of the Popular Ex-President.

At the banquet given to General Roger A. Pryor in New York City on October 9 Mr. Chauncey M. Depew introduced Mr. Cleveland in the following words:

"If I were asked to name the most forcible character in American life, the man who best represents the energy, the unswerving determination and the courage of the true American, the man who knows duty, and it alone, when public service commands it, the man who wars in war and is for peace in peace, I would name General W. T. Sherman; but if I am to name the typical American, the man who loves and believes in his country beyond every thing else, the man who, determining once in what direction his duty leads, can not be swerved from the path—the man who is doggedly persistent in what he believes to be right—the man who thinks not of self, but of his country and its needs, I would name Grover Cleveland. What he has accomplished is the very highest attribute to the possibilities of American citizenship. A country lawyer in the city of Buffalo, he shed luster upon the high profession which he had chosen. As the mayor of his native city he presented as his record a clean and economical administration. Coming into the highest position in the land without previous experience and with scarcely a precedent to guide him in the conditions which surrounded him, he won the affection of his party and commanded the respect and admiration of his opponents. I find myself in one of the proudest positions of my life in being permitted to present to you Grover Cleveland as the typical American."

PREVCAICATOR REED.

Probably the Most Audacious Falsehood Yet Uttered by the Autocrat.

The average Republican orator presumes a great deal, but perhaps not too much, upon the ignorance of his hearers. Speaking in Rochester, N. Y., the other day Strong Man Reed said: "The majority of Democrats live south of Mason and Dixon's line." What is the truth? At the last Presidential election the Democratic vote was as follows:

North.		**South.**	
California	117,799	Alabama	117,320
Colorado	57,567	Arkansas	85,962
Connecticut	74,993	Delaware	16,414
Illinois	348,278	Florida	39,561
Indiana	263,913	Georgia	102,490
Iowa	179,877	Kentucky	183,800
Kansas	102,745	Louisiana	85,032
Maine	63,481	Maryland	105,158
Massachusetts	151,855	Mississippi	85,471
Michigan	213,459	Missouri	261,974
Minnesota	104,385	N. Carolina	147,903
Nebraska	80,597	S. Carolina	63,825
Nevada	5,239	Tennessee	158,779
New Hampshire	43,232	Texas	234,883
New Jersey	151,493	Virginia	151,977
New York	635,757	West Virginia	78,671
Ohio	396,455		
Oregon	26,522	**Total**	1,992,944
Pennsylvania	446,633		
Rhode Island	17,530		
Vermont	16,788		
Wisconsin	155,232		
Total	3,617,989		

There are almost twice as many Democrats in the North as there are in the South, but a little thing like that makes no difference to a man who prides himself on his "business" methods and whose cardinal political principle is that the minority has no rights which the majority is bound to respect.—Chicago Herald.

CURRENT COMMENTS.

——Vermont's population, according to the Porter process, has increased only 81 in the last ten years. Vermont is a reliable Republican State.—Chicago Mail.

——The Treasury surplus will not be an issue in 1892. The Republican leeches have absorbed this issue completely. But the taxes have not been reduced, although the disposition of the money has been changed.—Chicago Mail.

——C. P. Huntington is to decorate his New York mansion with carved heads of the robber barons of the Rhine. McKinley ought to step in to prevent it and compel him to make use of the American product.—Chicago Times.

——The Republicans, for campaign purposes, have photographed the vacant Democratic seats in the House. If they want a void that aches right badly they might go right over to the Treasury and turn their camera loose on its vast and cavernous vaults.—Philadelphia Record.

——The McKinley bill will foreclose every farm mortgage, for it taxes our payment for one-fourth of the farm crop over 60 per cent.—or 15 per cent. of the full value of each farmer's crop. Farming can not pay this yearly tax and survive.—N. Y. World.

——The only reciprocity really understood by the Republican leaders is that which has been established between them and the manufacturers. The manufacturers provide the campaign funds and the Republican leaders reciprocate by taxing consumers to enrich the manufacturers.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

——Politics has become so vociferous down in Pennsylvania that Senator Don Cameron has contributed $100,000 to the Republican campaign fund. This is believed to be the largest individual campaign contribution ever made. Cameron is a candidate for re-election. The "floater" business bids fair to be very prosperous in Pennsylvania this year.—Buffalo Express.

——There is an increase in prices all along the line since the passage of the McKinley bill until labor is reached. There is no advance in the price of that commodity. More of it is required in exchange for other commodities since the passage of the bill, and this advantage to labor in exchange is the "protection" it receives.—Grand Rapids Democrat.

——The Democratic party is now and always will be for the little school-house, the big school-house, the public school, the private school, and the right of every parent to direct the education of his own child. That is settled. But it is not settled whether or not tariff robbers shall be squelched. The Democratic party proposes to sit down upon them, and sit down hard.—Chicago Globe.

Wanamaker and the Tariff.

From a Wanamaker advertisement in the Philadelphia Press:

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In view of this state of things we made some time since, a large purchase of kitchen tinware at what was a low price then, and would be far lower now in the face of two advances in makers' price lists.

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