A SUPREME TRIAL OF FAITH.

THE ANGELIC RESCUE OF ISAAC FROM BEING OFFERED A SACRIFICE.

Dr. Talmage Talks Eloquently on the Biblical Account of Abraham's Wonderful Experience Before the Sacrificial Altar.

New York, Oct. 13.—In his sermon for to-day Rev. Dr. Talmage chose for his subject Abraham's supreme trial of faith and the angelic rescue of Isaac from being offered by his father as a sacrifice. The text was Gen. xxii:7: "Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb?"

Here are Abraham and Isaac: the one a kind, old, gracious, affectionate father; the other a brave, obedient, religious son. From his bronzed appearance you can tell that this son has been much in the fields, and from his shaggy dress you know that he has been watching the herds. The mountain air has painted his cheek ruby-red. He is 20, or 25, or, as some suppose, 33 years of age; nevertheless a boy, considering the length of life to which people lived in those times, and the fact that a son never is anything but a boy to a father. I remember that my father tried to come into the house when the children were at home on some festive occasion, and say: "Where are the boys?" although "the boys" were 25 and 30 and 35 years of age. So this Isaac is only a boy to Abraham, and this father's heart is in him. It is Isaac here and Isaac there, if there is any festivity around the father's tent. Isaac must enjoy it. It is Isaac's walk and Isaac's apparel and Isaac's manners and Isaac's prospects and Isaac's prosperity. The father's heartstrings are all wrapped around that boy, and wrapped again, until nine-tenths of the old man's life is in Isaac. I can just imagine how lovingly and proudly he looked at his only son.

Well, the dear old man had borne a great deal of trouble, and it had left its mark upon him. In hieroglyphics of wrinkle the story was written from forehead to chin. But now his trouble seems all gone and we are glad that he is very soon to rest forever. If the old man shall get decrepit, Isaac is strong enough to wait on him. If the father shall get dim of eyesight, Isaac will lead him by the hand. If the father become destitute, Isaac will earn him bread. How glad we are that the ship that has been in such a stormy sea is coming at last into the harbor. Are you not rejoiced that glorious old Abraham is through with his troubles? No, no! A thunderbolt! From that clear eastern sky there drops into that father's tent a voice with an announcement enough to turn black hair white, and to stun the patriarch into annihilation. God said: "Abraham!" The old man answered: "Here I am." God said to him: "Take thy son, thy only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah, and offer him there as a burnt offering." In other words, slay him; cut his body into fragments; put the fragments on the wood; set fire to the wood, and let Isaac's body be consumed to ashes.

"Cannibalism! Murder!" says some one. "Not so," says Abraham. I hear him soliloquize: "Here is the boy on whom I have depended! Oh, how I loved him! He was given in answer to my prayer, and now must I surrender him? O, Isaac, my son! Isaac, how shall I part with you? But then it is always safer to do as God asks me to; I have been in dark places before and God got me out. I will implicitly do what God says, for though it is very dark, I can't see my way, but I know God makes no mistakes, and to Him I commit myself and my darling son."

Early in the morning there is a stir around Abraham's tent. A beast of burden is fed and saddled. Abraham makes no disclosure of the awful secret. At the break of day he says: "Come, come, Isaac, get up! We are going off on a two or three days' journey." The axes are being ground and splitting amid the wood until the sticks are made the right length and the right thickness, and then they are fastened on the beast of burden. They pass on—three or four of them—Abraham, the father; Isaac, the son; and two servants. Going along the road, I see Isaac looking up into his father's face, and saying: "Father, what is the matter? Are you not well? Has anything happened? Are you tired? Lean on my arm." Then turning around to the servants, the son says: "Ah, father is getting old, and he has had trouble enough in other days to kill him."

The third morning has come and it is the day of the tragedy. The two servants are left with the beast of burden, while Abraham and his son Isaac, as was the custom of good people in those times, went up on the hill to sacrifice to the Lord. The wood is taken off the beast's back and put on Isaac's back. Abraham has in one hand a pan of coals or a lamp, and in the other a sharp keen knife. Here are all the appliances for sacrifice, you say. No, there is one thing wanting—there is no victim—no pigeon, or heifer, or lamb. Isaac, not knowing that he is to be the victim, looks up into his father's face and asks a question which must have cut the old man to the bone: "My father!" The father said: "My son, Isaac, here I am." The son said: "Here is fire and the wood; but where is the lamb?" The father's lip quivered, and his heart fainted, and his knees knocked together, and his entire body, mind, and soul shivered in sickening anguish as he struggles to gain equipoise; for he does not want to break down. And then he looks into his son's face, with a thousand rushing tendernesses and says: "My son, God will provide Himself a lamb."

The twain are now at the foot of the hill, the place which is to be famous for a most transcendant occurrence. They gather some stones out of the field, and build an altar of three or four feet high. Then they take this wood off Isaac's back and sprinkle it over the stones, so as to help and invite the flame. The altar is done—it is all done. Isaac has helped to build it. With his father he has discussed whether the top of the table is even, and whether the wood is properly prepared. Then there is a pause. The son looks around to see if there is not some living animal that can be caught and butchered for the offering. Abraham tries to choke down his fatherly feelings and suppress his grief, in order that he may break to his son the terrific news that he is to be the victim.

Ah! Isaac never looked more beautiful than on that day to his father. As the old man ran his emaciated fingers through his son's hair, he said to himself: "How shall I give him up? What will his mother say when I come back without my boy? I thought he would have been the comfort of my declining days. I thought he would have been the staff of ages to come. Beautiful and lovely and yet to die under my own hand. O, is there not some other sacrifice than this? I do? Take my life, and spare this lad. Take my life, and save Isaac for his mother and the world!" But this was an inward struggle. The father controls his feelings and looks into his son's face, and says: "Isaac, must I tell you all?" His son said: "Yes, father, I thought you had something on your mind; tell it." The father said: "My son, Isaac, thou art the lamb!" "Oh," you say, "why don't that young man, if he was 20 or 30 years of age, smite into the face his feeble father? He could have done it." Ah! Isaac knew by this time that the scene was typical of a Messiah who was to come, and so he made no struggle. They fell on each other's necks, and wailed out the parting. Awful and matchless scene of the wilderness! The rocks echo back the breaking of their hearts. The cry: "My son! my son!" The answer: "My father! my father!"

Do not compare this, as some people have, to Agamemnon, willing to offer up his daughter, Iphigenia, to please the gods. There is nothing comparable to this wonderful obedience to the true God. You know that victims for sacrifice were always bound, so that they might not struggle away. Rawlins, the martyr, when he was dying for Christ's sake, said to the blacksmith who held the manacles: "Fasten those chains tight now, for my flesh may struggle mightily." So Isaac's arms are fastened his feet are tied. The old man, rallying all his strength, lifts him on to a pile of wood. Fastening a thong on one side of the altar, he makes it span the body of Isaac, and fastens the thong at the other side of the altar, and another thong, and another thong. There is the lamp flickering in the wind, ready to be put under the brush-wood of the altar. There is the knife, sharp and keen. Abraham—struggling with his mortal feelings on the one side, and the commands of God on the other—takes that knife, rubs the flat of it on the palm of his hand, cries to God for help, comes up to the side of the altar, puts a parting kiss on the brow of Isaac, takes a deep breath, thinks of mother and home, and then, lifting the glittering weapon for the plunge of the death-stroke—his muscles knitting for the work—the hand begins to descend. It falls! Not on the breast of Isaac, but on the arm of God, who arrests the stroke, making the wilderness quake with the cry: "Abraham! Abraham! lay not thy hand upon the lad, nor do him any harm!"

What is this sound back in the woods! It is a crackling as of tree branches, a bleating and a struggle. Go, Abraham, and see what it is. Oh, it was a ram that, going through the woods, has its crooked horns fastened and entangled in the brushwood, and could not get loose; and Abraham seizes it gladly, and quickly unloosens Isaac from the altar, puts the ram on in his place, sets the lamp under the brushwood of the altar, and as the dense smoke of the sacrifice begins to rise, the blood rolls down the sides of the altar, and drops hissing into the fire, and I hear the words: "Behold the Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world."

Well, what are you going to get out of this? There is an aged minister of the gospel. He says: "I should get out of it that when God tells you to do a thing, whether it seems reasonable to you or not, go ahead and do it. Here Abraham couldn't have been mistaken. God didn't speak so indistinctly that it was not certain whether he called Sarah, or Abimelech, or somebody else; but with divine articulation, divine intonation, divine emphasis, he said: 'Abraham!' Abraham rushed blindly ahead to do his duty, knowing that things would come out right. Likewise do so, ye orthodox."

There is a mystery of your life. There is some burden you have to carry. You don't know why God has put it on you. There is some persecution, some trial, and you don't know why God allows it. There is a work for you to do, and you have not enough grace, you think, to do it. Do as Abraham did, advance, and do your whole duty. Be willing to give up Isaac, and perhaps you will not have to give up anything. "Jehovah-Jireh—the Lord will provide." A capital lesson this old minister gives us.

Get yonder, in this house, is an aged woman, the light of heaven in her face, she is half way through the door; she has her hand on the pearl of the gate. Mother, what would you get out of this sermon? Well, she says, "I would learn that it is in the last pinch that God comes to the relief. You see the altar was ready, and Isaac was fastened on it, and the knife was lifted, and just at the last moment God broke in and stopped proceedings. See it has been in my life of seventy years. Why, sir, there was a time when the flour was all out of the house, and I set the table at noon and had nothing to put on it, but five minutes of 1 o'clock a loaf of bread came. The Lord will provide. My son was very sick, and I said: 'Dear Lord, you don't mean to take him away from me, do you? Please, Lord, don't take him away. Why, there are neighbors who have three or four sons; this is my only son; this is my Isaac. Lord, you won't take him away from me, will you?' But I saw he was getting worse and worse all the time; and I turned round and prayed until after awhile I felt submissive, and I could say, 'Thy will, O Lord, be done!' The doctors gave him up, and we all gave him up. And, as was the custom in those times, we had made the gravy clothes, and we were whispering about the last exercises, when I looked, and I saw some perspiration on his brow, showing that the fever had broken, and he spoke to us so naturally that I knew he was going to get well. He did get well, and that was Isaac, whom I thought was going to be slain and consumed of disease, was loosened from that altar. And bless your souls, that's been so for seventy years; and if I could see better, I could preach to you young people a sermon; for though I can't see much, I can see this: Whenever you get into a tough place, and your heart is breaking, if you will look a little farther into the woods you will see, caught in the branches, a substitute and a deliverance. 'My son, God will provide himself a lamb.'

Thank you, mother for that short sermon. I could preach back to you for a minute or two and say, never do you fear. I wish I had half as good a hope of heaven as you have. Do not fear, mother; whatever happens, no harm will ever happen to you. I was going up a long flight of stairs; and I saw an aged woman, very decrepit, and with a cane, creeping on up. She made very little progress, and I felt very exuberant; and I said to her: "Why, mother, that is no way to go upstairs;" and I threw my arms around her and I carried her up and put her down on the landing at the top of the stairs. She said: "Thank you, thank you; I am very thankful." O, mother, when you get through this life's work and you want to go upstairs and rest in the good place that God has provided for you, you will not have to climb up—you will not have to crawl up painfully. The two arms that were stretched on the cross will be flung around you, and you will be hoisted with a glorious lift beyond all weariness and all struggle. May the God of Abraham and the Isaac be with you until you see the Lamb on the hilltops.

Now, that aged minister has made a suggestion, and this aged woman has made a suggestion; I will make a suggestion: Isaac going up the hill makes me think of the great sacrifice. Isaac, the only son of Abraham. Jesus, the only Son of God. On those two "onlys" I build a tearful emphasis. O Isaac! O Jesus! But this last sacrifice was more tremendous even. When the knife was lifted over Calvary, there was no voice that cried "Stop!" and no hand arrested it. Sharp, keen and tremendous, it cut down through nerve and artery until the blood sprayed the faces of the executioners and the middle sun dropped a veil of cloud over its face because it could not endure the spectacle. O Isaac, of Mount Moriah! O Jesus, of Mount Calvary! Better could God have thrown all the redemption into annihilation a thousand worlds, than to have sacrificed His only Son. It was not one of ten sons—it was His only Son. If he had not given up Him, you and I would have perished. "God so loved the world that He gave His only—" I stop here, because I have forgotten the quotation, but because I want to think, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." Great God! break my heart at the thought of that sacrifice. Isaac the only, typical of Jesus the Only.

You see Isaac going up the hill and carrying the wood. O Abraham, why not take the load off the boy? If he is going to die so soon, why not make his last hours easy? Abraham knew that in carrying that wood up Mount Moriah, Isaac was to be a symbol of Christ carrying his own cross up Calvary. I do not know how heavy that cross was—whether it was made of oak, or acacia, or Lebanon cedar. I suppose it may have weighed one, or two, or three hundred pounds. That was the lightest part of the burden. All the sins and sorrows of the world were piled around that cross. The heft of one, the heft of two worlds; earth and hell were on his shoulders. O Isaac, carrying the wood of sacrifice up Mount Moriah. O Jesus carrying the wood of sacrifice up Mount Calvary, the agonies of earth and hell wrapped around that cross. I shall never see the heavy load on Isaac's back, that I shall not think of the crushing load on Christ's back. For whom that load? For you. For you. For me. For me. Would that all the tears that we have ever wept over our sorrows had been saved until this morning, and that we might now pour them out on the lacerated back and feet and heart of the Son of God.

You say: "If this young man was 20 or 30 years of age did he not resist? Why was it not Isaac binding Abraham instead of Abraham binding Isaac? The muscle in Isaac's arm was stronger than the muscle in Abraham's withered arm. No young man 25 years of age would submit to have his father fasten him to a pile of wood with intention of burning." Isaac was a willing sacrifice, and so a type of Christ who willingly came to save the world. If all the armies of heaven had resolved to force Christ out from the gate, they could not have done it. Christ was equal with God. If all the battalions of glory had armed themselves and resolved to put Christ forth and make him come out and save this world, they could not have succeeded in it. With one stroke he would have toppled over angelic and archangelic dominion.

But there was one thing that the Omnipotent Christ could not stand. Our sorrows mastered him. He could not bear to see the world die without an offer of pardon and help, and if all heaven had armed itself to keep him back, if the gates of life had been bolted and double barred, Christ would have flung the everlasting doors from their hinges and would have sprung forth, scattering the hindering hosts of heaven like chaff before the whirlwind, and he cried: "Lo! I come to suffer, Lo! I come to die." Christ—a willing sacrifice. Willing to take Bethlehem humiliation, and Sanhedrim outrage and whipping post maltreatment, and Golgotha butchery. Willing to be bound. Willing to suffer. Willing to die. Willing to save.

How does this affect you? Do not your very best impulses bound out toward this pale-struck Christ? Get down at his feet, O ye people. Put your lips against the wound on his right foot and help kiss away the pang. Wipe the foam from his dying lip. Get under his cross until you feel the baptism of his rushing tears. Take him into your heart with warmest love and undying enthusiasm. By your resistances you have abused him long enough. Christ is willing to save you. Are you willing to be saved? It seems to me as if this moment were throbbing with the invitations of an all-compassionate God.

I have been told that the cathedral of St. Mark's stands in a quarter in the center of the city of Venice and that when the clock strikes 12 at noon, all the birds from the city and the regions round about the city fly to the square and settle down. It came in this wise: A large hearted woman, passing one noonday across the square, saw some birds shivering in the cold; and she scattered some crumbs of bread among them. The next day, at the same hour, she scattered more crumbs of bread among them, and so on from year to year, until the day of her death. In her will she bequeathed a certain amount of money to keep up the same practice, and now, at the first stroke of the bell at noon the birds begin to come there, and when the clock has struck 12 the square is covered with them. How beautifully suggestive. Christ comes out to feed thy soul today. The more hungry you feel yourselves to be, the better it is. Come in flocks! Come as doves to the window! All the air is filled with the liquid chime: Come! Come! Come!

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TRIBUTES TO THE FIREMEN.

PAID ON THE OCCASION OF ALVIN E. CANADAY'S FUNERAL.

Rev. W. F. Richardson's Estimate of the Character of Those Who Risk Their Lives for Others—Many From the City Departments Present.

The body of Alvin E. Canaday, the member of Insurance Patrol No. 1, who was crushed to death beneath the falling walls of the old Theater Comique last Wednesday morning, was laid at rest in Forest Hill cemetery yesterday. The funeral services were held at the family home, 709 Wyandotte street, at 10 o'clock in the morning, conducted by Rev. W. E. Richardson, of the First Christian church.

The services were attended by a large number of the friends of the family, members of the Kansas City police department, and of the Kansas City and Kansas City, Kas., fire departments. The pallbearers were members of the Kansas City fire department. They were: James Gilpatrick, foreman of hose No. 2; Daniel Donovan, foreman of hook and ladder No. 3; George Hughes, foreman of hose No. 3; Andy Ryan, of hook and ladder No. 4; Captain Marvin, of Insurance Patrol No. 1; E. Cassidy, of Insurance Patrol No. 2; James Clinton, of Insurance Patrol No. 1.

The crowd at the house was so large that the members of the police and fire departments were forced to remain outside during the services. The room in which the services were held was banked with floral offerings, sent by members of the fire department. The services were opened by Miss Nellie McPherson, who sang "Jesus Lover of My Soul." Then came an address by Rev. Richardson, who said:

"The sudden and accidental death of a brave man, while in the discharge of his duty, is a cause of grief, not alone to the immediate family and our city, but it was while in the service of our city that our departed friend met with the accident we all deplore. It is fitting that public honors should be paid to his memory. The life of a fireman is one that should develop all that is noble in human character. Think of the elements that must enter into the making of a faithful and efficient member of a fire company. He must be prompt, for a moment is of countless value. He must be obedient, for only as the orders of his superior are obeyed can his work be efficient to save life or property. He must be brave, for danger walls on every step of his. He must be unselfish, for it is the goods or the life of others that he is seeking to save. He must be ready, at any own convenience; he must not ask whether the task is easy or difficult; he shirks not back because there is peril before him. It is his to serve others, and self must be forgotten. It seems to me that there is in the life of a faithful fireman all those qualities that make glorious in the public eye the career of the soldier. Watchfulness, promptness, obedience, courage and self-denial, all these he shares with the soldiers. His calling is one of saving, and not killing; of preserving, and not destroying. All honor, then, to the faithful public servants who are thus devoting themselves to our welfare, at any sacrifice, or ease or life that may be necessary.

"It seems to me that, above all other men, if possible, these who are so constantly facing danger ought to be Christian men, for all these attributes we have named belong to the Christian character. Besides, it ought to be possible for such men to realize the true meaning and use of life. Let us consider a few facts, that have a lesson in them for us all. The Psalmist says, 'Six score years is the common days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.' It is easy to number our days, for they are so few. Upon the coffin plate of our brother I read the words, 'Aged 27 years.' We might read forty or seventy years, and yet they would be few. At best, the human life is short. All the more need for us to make the best use of it. Then, too, this life is uncertain. We go forth in the morning to our daily task, knowing not but that we shall be called out of the world ere the sun shall set. 'Go to, ye that say, to-day or to-morrow we shall go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain; whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. For that ye ought to say, if the Lord will, we shall live, and do this, or that.' Again, our lives at the best are incomplete. Our hopes are never fully realized, our plans never entirely successful. We are never quite what he had purposed to be. If, therefore, we live for this life alone, we are foreordained to disappointment. Only the life hid with Christ in God, as this is in the Gospel can fully satisfy. That life is in short, for it is nothing else than eternal life, unmeasured by limits of days or years. It is certain, too, for the very life of God is pledged for its continuance. 'Because I live, ye shall live also.' This life is complete, for it brings us into possession of the fulness of God's favor and fellowship, transforming us into His likeness. 'We shall be satisfied, when we awake, with His likeness.' Let us grant that we may all aspire to realize this life.

At the close of the address Miss McPherson sang "Some Sweet Day," and the members of the fire department filed slowly by the coffin, to take a last look at the dead face cleansed of the grime of a few days before. Following them came the representatives of the Kansas City, Kas., department. They were: D. E. Bowden, W. H. Baker, J. Boggs, W. McConnell, James Langford, Thomas Herbert, James Hanson and George Ott. The Kansas City firemen were under the command of Assistant Fire Chief Henderson. Each apparatus was represented by one man, making a total of twenty-four, besides the pallbearers. The police squad numbered twenty-six men, commanded by Sergeant Snow.

In a few minutes after the funeral services were over the procession that was to escort the body to the grave formed. In front was the Battery B band; next came the policemen, the visiting firemen and the members of the fire department then the hearse, with the pallbearers beside it, and last the insurance patrol wagon No. 1, to which Canaday was attached, carrying the floral decorations, which were laid upon the grave. The wagon was driven by Bob Gray, who was to have driven the patrol in fire Wednesday morning. Behind the hearse there was a line of carriages extending for several blocks.

The sorrowful procession moved slowly southward, keeping time to the music of a funeral march played by the band. At Twentieth street and Grand avenue the firemen and policemen who were on foot dropped out of the line and only the mourning friends were at the graveside when the body was lowered to its last rest.

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TOPEKA INSANE ASYLUM.

TESTIMONY FROM AN INMATE AS TO THE TREATMENT OF PATIENTS.

No Truth in the Sensational Reports Made by Populist Newspapers as to Bad Management of the Institution—Remarkable Letter.

Topeka, Kas., Oct. 12.—(Special.) The Topeka bureau of the Journal is in receipt of a communication from one of the patients at the Topeka insane asylum in reply to the Populistic newspaper charge that the management of the asylum permits brutality upon the part of attendants and that the conduct of the institution generally is bad.

The patient asks that his name be not printed and gives as his reason an aversion to notoriety. He is an interesting personality, this writer from the insane asylum, and his own story is far more entertaining than the letter which he has written. He came to the asylum unattended some two years ago and furnished the superintendent with a property bond on commitment from the probate judge of his own county. He informed the superintendent he was suffering from melancholia, and this has developed to be the truth. He does not betray the slightest evidences of an unbalanced mind beyond the fact that he appears at all times plunged into the depths of a melancholy which has no measurement. He is a man of good circumstances, has an amiable and devoted family, and in all human judgment should be the happiest of men. He works in the office of the asylum and is a competent clerk. At one time he was probate judge of his county. He talks as rationally as any man could, knows why he is in the asylum, and, while he regrets the necessity, says it is the only proper place for him. Anyone who may peruse the well written letter from this remarkable man, which is presented below, will find nothing in it to suggest the vagaries of an unbalanced mind:

Topeka Insane Asylum, Oct. 12, 1895.

To the Kansas City Journal:

I have no desire to enter into any controversy over the management of any of the state institutions, but as there have been so many blood curdling stories set afloat of late of the bad management and the cruelties inflicted upon patients at the Topeka asylum, I think it is time that someone who can speak from experience, without prejudice, and from a non-partisan standpoint, should give, through the press, to the friends of those who are kept here, a true account of the conditions at this place. I have been here about two years and about an equal time under each administration. I have been on parole twenty-three months, and have assisted the officers, clerks and other employees in their work such as I am thought fitted to do, and think I should be as well equipped to give to the public a fairly good description of conditions here as a patient is likely to be able to. I write without the knowledge of any of the authorities here and entirely for the benefit of the patients, their friends at home and the public generally. I have been treated here with as much kindness and consideration, since the hour I came here, as any man could wish. The rules that govern the attendants employed here are furnished with printed instructions governing their treatment of patients, in which they are especially instructed to be kind to them at all times. It is true that there are attendants employed here at times who are not suited to the position and who are not as mindful of the welfare of the patients as they should be, and who are sometimes rough and cruel to them, but I am sure it was the aim of Dr. Graham, who came here and has been of Dr. Eastman since he came back, to discharge that class of attendants as soon as the facts were known.

There are plenty of patients who always, when opportunity occurs, denounce the management in the bitter terms for keeping them here, but they also denounce all the parties who had anything to do with sending them here, and frequently have lawsuits in contemplation for heavy damages, but I have never heard cruelty charged to Dr. Eastman by patients who are quite capable of such a thing, and believe, too, that he is a careful, considerate, capable and just man and a very expert man, not only in his profession, but in everything pertaining to this institution, and that his reputation as an expert in his line of work extends far beyond the confines of Kansas. As proof that my estimate of him is correct, I will cite you to the fact that the Populists called him back here to take charge because of his efficiency, and not because of his politics; a thing not to be thought of.

The frequent reference made by some newspapers to the "Maner affair" I regard as very unfortunate, for while it will not add to the patients' position here, it undoubtedly created in the minds of some of the friends of the patients a uncertainty as to the treatment of those friends. The friends of Maner had abundant opportunity to investigate that affair and I understand expressed themselves as entirely satisfied and spoke very highly of the management.

If the cooking done here for the patients is so very bad, as represented, it is a little singular that the employees do not complain, for of the 125 employees, 115 have their meals prepared by the same parties who prepare the food for the patients. Nearly half of these employees eat in the same room with and at the same time as the patients, and their bill of fare is not very different.

We have the same cooks that we have had for two years, and there has been no material change perceptible in the manner of living. Under Dr. McCleery's management we got more chicken and pork and less fruit and berries than we have under the present management, and believe our fare is fully as good as that of the average farmer in the best farming regions of Kansas; and I believe that most of the patients are living better here than they are used to, and they are infinitely more exempt from cruel treatment than they would be if kept in most places in their present condition. It has been suggested to me that there are not more incurables here than there should be shown, for there are patients here having the appearance ordinarily of being sane, who are very aggravating and insulting at times to those who have charge of them.

The money brought here by patients usually in small quantities, and that which is sent by their friends for their use is all placed to their credit on a book kept expressly for that purpose, and a regular bank account kept with each one, in which he is given credit for what he deposits, no matter how small, and charged with what he draws out for his personal use. This account is kept by the doctor, who circulates most amongst the patients and who knows most about their wants.

What I have written here I am sure is true, and hope it is fair to all.

PATIENT.

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Two through daily trains to Chicago and St. Louis, making direct connection for all points East and South.

All through trains composed of Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars, chair cars (seats free) and coaches.

For information as to routes, rates, etc., address ticket agent, No. 823 Main street, 1041 Union avenue, or H. C. ORR, A. G. P. A., Kansas City, Mo.

New Fast California Train.

On October 29th the Santa Fe Route will inaugurate new and strictly limited first class service to Southern California.

The California Limited will leave Kansas City at 9:30 a. m. daily, reaching Los Angeles and San Diego in two and a half days and San Francisco in three days, thus reducing the time half a day.

Equipment will consist of superb new vestibuled Pullman Palace and compartment sleepers, chair car and dining car, through from Kansas City to Los Angeles without change. Entire train lighted by Pintsch gas.

This will be the fastest and most luxurious train via any line to California. The present train leaving Kansas City at 2:00 p. m. will be continued, carrying through palace sleeper and tourist sleeper to San Francisco and tourist sleeper to Los Angeles.

Full particulars can be obtained by addressing

GEO. W. HAGENBUCH, P. and T.A., Northeast cor. 10th and Main sts., Kansas City, Mo.

Through Sleepers to San Antonio Via the Rock Island Route.

A through Pullman sleeper leaves Kansas City via the Rock Island Route at 8:40 p. m. daily, arriving at Fort Worth at 5:30 p. m. next day, and San Antonio 8:30 a. m. second morning, making direct connection with through sleeper for the City of Mexico.

A. H. MOFFET, G. S. W. P. A.
JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. T. and P. A.

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Positively Restores Vitality.

Correct Orders. Will Cure You.

THE POWERFUL FRENCH REMEDY.

"Dr. DeLap's New Tonic Pills."

Produces the above result in 20 DAYS. NO LONGER. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cured others, will cure you. Young men will regain their lost manhood and old men will recover their youthful vigor. It quickly and positively cures NERVOUSNESS caused from excess, use of tobacco or other stimulants. Restores LOST POWER and VITALITY, IMPOTENCY, NIGHTLY EMISSIONS, FAILING MEMORY, WASTING DISEASES and All effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion which unfits one for marriage, business or study. It not only cures by striking at the seat of the disease, but it is a great NERVE TONIC and BLOOD PURIFIER. It brings back the PINK GLOW TO PALE CHEEKS and restores the FIRE OF YOUTH. Insist on your druggist giving you "DELAPS—no other is equal as this is prepared from the prescription of DR. DE LAP, the great French physician, who has had thirty years' practice, hospital and office, in Paris, on Nervous Diseases. Can be carried in vest pocket. $1.00 by mail (sealed), postage paid, $1.00 package, or SIX PACKAGES FOR $5.00, WITH A WRITTEN GUARANTEE TO POSITIVELY CURE OR REFUND THE MONEY.

For sale by

JOHNSON BROS., Druggists.

1107 Main street. Kansas City, Mo.

Chichester's English Diamond Brand.

PENNYROYAL PILLS

Original and Only Genuine. SAFE, ALWAYS RELIABLE. LADIES ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutions and imitations. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Square, Philada., Pa.

Sold by all Local Druggists.

BIG G. Trade Mark. Patented. CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents contagion. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A. $1.00

Big G is a non-poisonous remedy for Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Spermatorrhœa, Whites, unnatural discharges, or any inflammation, irritation or ulceration of mucous membranes. Non-astringent. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request.

The Journal delivered at your door for 10 cents a week.

WANTED—MALE HELP.

WANTED—A live salesman. Would you like a permanent position paying $1800 monthly? Particulars free; no peddling; goods entirely new. Address P. O. Box 278, Boston, Mass.

WANTED—Hotel clerk, office man and railroad news agent. Upstairs, 524 Main st.

WANTED—2 young men, $10 per week; news agents. 9 West 9th st., room 5.

WANTED—FEMALE HELP.

WANTED—Ladies to take fancy work to do at home in spare time; $1 to $2 easily made; no canvassing. Toilet Mfg. Co., 2271 Fulton st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES.

CANADIAN EMPLOYMENT OFFICE, furnished rooms, 1015 East 12th, cor. Walnut. Tel. 1175. The best place in K. C., Mo., to find help or situations, male or female; 14 years' experience. Ref., Omaha Nat. bank, Omaha; Citizens' bank, K. C.

WANTED—AGENTS.

WANTED—We don't want boys or loafers, but men of ability. $200 to $500 a month to hustlers. State and general agents. Salary and commission. Racine Fire Engine Co., Racine, Wis.

SITUATION WANTED—MALE.

WANTED SITUATION—By elderly man to care for horses, drive, gardener, work around house, milk, handy with tools, anything honest. Anderson, Central hotel, 26 Main street, city.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

BUSINESS CHANCE — Speculate in wheat. Anyone can make money by investing at present prices. Send for our large Red Book and Daily Market Bulletin. They contain all necessary information to enable anyone to deal in grain. Both free. Shaff & Co., Bankers and Brokers, Traders' bldg., Chicago.

BUSINESS CHANCE—We guarantee in each instance two dollars and 50 per cent profit upon all turf investments, exclusive of all charges. The inducements we offer are unexcelled. Write immediately for full particulars. L. Freeman & Co., Covington, Ky.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NOTHING renovates and invigorates and enriches the blood like Dr. Kay's Renovator. At H. C. Arnold's, 5th and Main sts.

CHRONOMETER, watch and clockmaker, J. P. Kenmuir, 6 East 10th st., bet. Main and Walnut.

WOOL dresses made for $3.50 for thirty days. Room 27, 521 Grand ave.

TO THE MERCHANTS.

WHO handles your drayage? Do you get quick, reliable service? Do your transfer company look out for your interests? If you have good reasons for a change, we would be pleased to hear from you. Furniture packed and shipped. General transfer business.

MIDLAND TRANSFER COMPANY.
'Phone 1517. 407 and 409 Wyandotte st.

BRUSH CREEK COAL.

RICH, oily and clean to handle; burns to a white ash and won't slack by exposure; a home industry. Now is the time to buy your coal. Tel. 2191 or 1072.

L. T. HERNDON, Agt. for Company, American Bank bldg.

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LADIES! Chichester's English Pennyroyal Pills (Diamond Brand), are the Best. Take no other. Send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter by Return Mail. Name paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Philada., Pa.

WANTED—TO PURCHASE.

WANTED—To buy small fruit, cigar and candy store; cheap rent. Address P 571 Journal office.

SAFES.

SAFES opened and repaired, bought and sold. Combination locks cleaned and changed. B. HARRIGAN, Expert, Telephone 1284. 519 East Tenth st.

CLAIRVOYANT.

MRS. L. JAMES, the well known clairvoyant and trance medium, may be consulted at 1209 Grand ave., parlors 39 and 40.

HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

HORSES WINTERED—$5 per month, sent for and returned. Calves raised. MARK S. SALISBURY, Independence, Mo.

ROOFING.

THE Kansas City Metal Roofing & Corrugating Co., 418 Delaware. Tel. 1369.

DIED.

GILWEE—Edna Gilwee. Age 7 years; daughter of Lawrence Gilwee. Burial Monday, 2:30 p. m.

TO RENT—HOUSES.

TO RENT—By JOSEPH PLUMB, Rental Agent since 1880, 205 New England building.

1921 Broadway, 8 room house	$ 15.00
2814 Merrell ave., 8 room house	8.00
1926 Cherry st., 6 room house	8.00
2516 Montgall ave., 8 room house	10.00
2518 Montgall ave., 8 room house	10.00
2521 Montgall ave., 8 room house	10.00
1108 Indiana ave., 8 room house	12.00
1111 East 11th st., 8 room house	14.00
256 Cherry st., 9 room brick	18.00
1625 Main st., 8 room brick	25.00
305 East 12th st., 8 room brick	25.00

TO RENT—216 West 16th st., near corner of Central st., the most desirable house for rent on the West side, nine rooms and bath; every modern convenience; newly decorated; south and east exposure; price, $35. MELLIER REALTY COMPANY, Tel. 1175. 818 Wyandotte st.

TO RENT—The elegant residence, n. w. cor. 8th and Jefferson, the finest home on the market to-day; modern; 11 rooms; steam heat, hot and cold water, electric bells and speaking tubes; large grounds; stable. Call on Dr. Henderson, 101 West Ninth street.

TO RENT—ROOMS.

TO RENT—Two very desirable office rooms, on second floor of Bunker building, 9th and Wall. Alex. Findlay, agent, room 5.

TO RENT—Large, nicely furnished front room; also small room; first-class board, steam heat. 800 Forest.

TO RENT—MISCELLANEOUS.

TO RENT—To lodges and dancing clubs, corner 15th and Brooklyn, a large hall, newly papered and painted; also 3 large reception rooms in connection with hall. Water and gas; all just furnished new and complete; will rent by the month or single night, reasonable; cars in all directions.

D. S. ORRISON, 502 Hall bldg.

TO RENT—Pianos and organs for rent at the most reasonable prices. Instruments sold on easy payments at Carl Hoffmann's, 1012-1014 Walnut st., Kansas City, Mo.; Chickering hall, Leavenworth, Kas.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—A handsome pair of white diamond earrings; loaned $200 on them; will sell for the amount of loan; this is a great chance for someone. Apply at room 40 Hall building.

TYPEWRITER Desks,