MANY ROOMS IN HEAVEN

Dr. Talmage Speaks of Grandeur of God's House.

WE MUST TAKE THE RIGHT PATH

Only the Clean Can Enter the Pearly Gates, and God Has Opened a Fountain Where Sins May Be Washed Away—The Reception Room, the Throne Room, and the Music Room, Where Only the Sweetest Strains Are Heard—At Local Churches.

Taking for his subject "Many Rooms in Heaven," text John, xiv:2: "In my Father's house are many rooms," Rev. T. De Witt Talmage said yesterday:

"Here is a bottle of medicine that is a cure-all. The disciples were sad, and Christ offered heaven as an alterative, a stimulant and a tonic. He shows them that their sorrows are only a dark background of a bright picture of coming felicity. He lets them know that though now they live on the lowlands, they shall yet have a house on the uplands. Nearly all the Bible descriptions of heaven may be figurative. I am not positive that in all heaven there is a literal crown or harp or pearly gate or throne or chariot. They may be only used to illustrate the glories of the place, but how well they do it! The favorite symbol by which the Bible presents celestial happiness is a house. Paul, who never owned a house, although he hired one for two years in Italy, speaks of heaven as a 'house not made with hands,' and Christ in our text, the translation of which is a little changed, so as to give the more accurate meaning, says 'In my Father's house are many rooms.'

"This divinely authorized comparison of heaven to a great homestead of large accommodations I propose to carry out. In some healthy neighborhood a man builds a very commodious habitation. He must have room for all his children. The rooms come to be called after the different members of the family. That is mother's room; that is George's room; that is Henry's room; that is Flora's room; that is Mary's room, and the house is all occupied. But time goes by, and the sons go out into the world, and build their own homes; and the daughters are married, or have talents enough singly to go out and do a good work in the world.

Parents Alone at Home.

"After a while the father and mother are almost alone in the big house, and seated by the evening stand, they say: 'Well, our family is no larger now than when we started together forty years ago.' But time goes still further by, and some of the children are unfortunate, and return to the old homestead to live, and the grandchildren come with them, and perhaps great-grandchildren, and again the house is full.

"Millennia ago God built on the hills of heaven a great homestead for a family innumerable yet to be. At first he lived alone in that great house, but after awhile it was occupied by a very large family, cherubic, seraphic, angelic. The eternities passed on, and many of the inhabitants became wayward and left, never to return, and many of the apartments were vacated. I refer to the fallen angels. Now these apartments are filling up again. There are arrivals at the old homestead of God's children every day, and the day will come when there will be no unoccupied room in all the house.

"As you and I expect to enter it and make there eternal residence, I thought you would like to get some more particulars about the many-roomed homestead. 'In my Father's house are many rooms.' You see, the place is to be apportioned off into apartments. We shall love all who are in heaven, but there are some very good people whom we would not want to live with in the same room. They may be better than we are, but they are of a divergent temperament. We would like to meet with them on the golden streets, and worship with them in the temple, and walk with them on the river banks, but I am glad to say that we shall live in different apartments. 'In my Father's house are many rooms.' You see, heaven will be so large that if one wants an entire room to himself or herself, it can be afforded.

A Room in Heaven for All.

"An ingenious statistician, taking the statement made in Revelations, twenty-first chapter, that the heavenly Jerusalem was measured and found to be 12,000 furlongs, and that the length and height and breadth of it are equal, says that would make heaven in size nine hundred and forty-eight sextillion, nine hundred and eighty-eight quintillion cubic feet; and then reserving a certain portion for the court of heaven and the streets, and estimating that the world may last a hundred thousand years, he ciphers out that there are over five trillion rooms, each room 17 feet long, 16 feet wide, 15 feet high. But I have no faith in the accuracy of that calculation. He makes the rooms too small. From all I can read, the rooms will be palatial, and those who have not had enough room in this world will have plenty of room at the last. The fact is that most people in this world are crowded, and though out on a vast prairie or in a mountain district people may have more room than they want, in most cases it is house built close to house, and the streets are crowded, and the cradle is crowded by other cradles, and the graves crowded in the cemetery by other graves, and one of the richest luxuries of many people in getting out of this world will be the gaining of unhindered and uncramped room. And I should not wonder if, instead of the room that the statistician ciphered out as only 17 feet by 16, it should be larger than any of the rooms at Berlin, St. James, or Winter Palace. 'In my Father's house are many rooms.'

Ascend the Golden Steps.

"Carrying out still further the symbolism of the text, let us join hands and go up to this majestic homestead and see for ourselves. As we ascend the golden steps, an invisible guardsman swings open the front door, and we are ushered to the right, into the reception-room of the old homestead. That is the place where we first meet the welcome of heaven. There must be a place where the departed spirit enters and a place in which it confronts the inhabitants celestial. The reception-room of the newly arrived from this world—what scenes it must have witnessed since the first guest arrived, the victim of the first fratricide, pious Abel! In that room Christ lovingly greets all new-comers. He redeemed them, and he has the right to the first embrace on arrival. What a minute when the ascended spirit first sees the Lord! Better than all we ever read about Him, or talked about Him, or sang about Him in all the churches and through all our earthly lifetime, will it be just for one second to see Him. The most rapturous idea we ever had of Him on sacramental days or at the height of some great revival, or under the uplifted baton of an oratorio is a bankruptcy of thought compared with the first flash of His appearance in that reception-room. At that moment when you confront each other, Christ looking upon you, and you looking upon Christ, there will be an ecstatic thrill and surging of emotion that beggars all description. Look! They need no introduction. Long ago Christ chose that repentant sinner and that repentant sinner chose Christ. Mightiest moment of an immortal history—the first kiss of heaven! Jesus and the soul. The soul and Jesus.

Our Missing Friends There.

"But now into that reception-room pour the glorified kinsfolk. Enough of earthly retention to let you know them, but without their wounds or their sicknesses or their troubles. See what heaven has done for them! So radiant, so gleeful, so transportingly lovely! They call you by name; they greet you with an ardor proportioned to the anguish of your parting and the length of your separation. Father! Mother! There is your child! Sisters! Brothers! Friends! I wish you joy. For years apart, together again in the reception-room of the old homestead. You see, they will know you are coming. There are so many immortals filling all the spaces between here and heaven that news like that flies like lightning. They will be there in an instant; though they were in some other world on errand from God, a signal would be thrown that would fetch them. Though you might at first feel dazed and overawed at their supernal splendor, all that feeling will be gone at their first touch of heavenly salutation, and we will say: 'Oh, my lost boy!' 'Oh, my lost companion!' 'Oh, my lost friend, are we here together?' What scenes in that reception-room of the old homestead have been witnessed! There met Joseph and Jacob, finding it a brighter room than anything they saw in Pharaoh's palace; David and the little child for whom he once fasted and wept; Mary and Lazarus after the heartbreak of Bethany; Timothy and grandmother Lois; Isabella Graham and her sailor son; Alfred and George Cookman, the mystery of the sea at last made manifest; Luther and Magdalene, the daughter he bemoaned; John Howard and the prisoners whom he gospelized; and multitudes without number who, once so weary and so sad, parted on earth but gloriously met in heaven. Among all the rooms of that house there is no one that more enraptures my soul than that reception-room. 'In my Father's house are many rooms.'

In the Throne Room.

"Another room in our Father's house is the throne room. We belong to the royal family. The blood of King Jesus flows in our veins, so we have a right to enter the throne room. It is no easy thing on earth to get through even the outside door of a king's residence. During the Franco-German war, one eventide in the summer of 1870, I stood studying the exquisite sculpturing of the gate of the Tuileries, Paris. Lost in admiration of the wonderful art of that gate, I knew not that I was exciting suspicion. Lowering my eyes to the crowds of people, I found myself being closely inspected by the government officials, who, from my complexion, judged me to be a German, and that for some belligerent purpose I might be examining the gates of the palace. My explanation in very poor French did not satisfy them, and they followed me long distances until I reached my hotel, and were not satisfied until from my landlord they found that I was only an inoffensive American. The gates of earthly palaces are carefully guarded, and, if so, how much more the throne room! A dazzling place is it for mirrors and all costly art. No one who ever saw the throne room of the first and only Napoleon will ever forget the letter N embroidered in purple and gold on the upholstery of chair and window, the letter N gilded on the wall, the letter N chased on the chalices, the letter N flaming from the ceiling. What a conflagration of brilliance the throne room of Charles Immanuel of Sardinia, of Ferdinand of Spain, of Elizabeth of England, of Boniface of Italy, of Alexander of Russia. But the throne room of our Father's house hath a glory eclipsing all the throne rooms that ever saw scepter wave, or crown glitter, or foreign ambassador bow, for our Father's throne's is a throne of grace, a throne of mercy, a throne of holiness, a throne of justice, a throne of universal dominion.

Princes and Princesses.

"We need not stand shivering and cowering before it, for our Father says we may yet one day come up and sit on it beside him. 'To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne.' You see we are princes and princesses. Perhaps now we move about incognito, as Peter the Great in the garb of a ship carpenter at Amsterdam, or as Queen Tirzah in the dress of a peasant woman seeking the prophet for her child's cure; but it will be found out after awhile who we are when we get into the throne room. Aye! we need not wait until then. We may by prayer and song and spiritual uplifting this moment enter the throne room. O King, live forever! We touch the scepter and prostrate ourselves at Thy feet.

"The crowns of the royal family of this world are tossed about from generation to generation, and from family to family. There are men comparatively young in Berlin who have seen the crown on three Emperors. But wherever the coronets of this world rise or fall, they are destined to meet in one place. And I look and see them coming from north and south and east and west, the Spanish crown, the Italian crown, the English crown, the Turkish crown, the Russian crown, the Persian crown, aye, all the crowns from under the great archivolt of heaven; and while I watch and wonder, they are all flung in rain of diamonds around the pierced feet.

> "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
> Does His successive journeys run,
> His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
> Till sun shall rise and set no more.

Oh, that throne room of Christ! 'In my Father's house are many rooms.'

The Music Room.

"Another room in our Father's house is the music room. St. John and other Bible-writers talk so much about the music of heaven that there must be music there, perhaps not such as on earth was thrummed from trembling string or evoked by touch of ivory key, but if not that, then something better. There are so many Christian harpists and Christian composers and Christian organists and Christian choristers and Christian hymnologists that have gone up from earth, there must be for them some place of especial delectation. Shall we have music in this world of discords, and no music in the land of complete harmony? I cannot give you the notes of the first bar of the new song that is sung in heaven. I cannot imagine either the solo or the doxology. But heaven means music, and can mean nothing else. Occasionally that music has escaped the gate. Dr. Fuller, dying at Beaufort, S. C., said: 'Do you not hear?' 'Hear what?' exclaimed the bystanders. 'The music! Lift me up! Open the windows?' In that music room of our Father's house, you will some day meet the old masters, Mozart and Handel and Mendelssohn and Beethoven and Doddridge, whose sacred poetry was as remarkable as his sacred prose; and James Montgomery, and William Cowper, at last got rid of his spiritual melancholy; and Bishop Heber, who sang of 'Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand;' and Dr. Raffles, who wrote of 'High in yonder realms of light;' and Isaac Watts, who went to visit Sir Thomas Abney and wife for a week, but proved himself so agreeable a guest that they made him stay thirty-six years; and side by side Augustus Toplay, who has got over his dislike for Methodists, and Charles Wesley, freed from his dislike for Calvinists; and George W. Bethune, as sweet as a song maker as he was great as a preacher and the author of 'The Village Hymns;' and many who wrote in verse or song, in church or by eventide cradle; and many who were passionately fond of music, but could make none themselves.

Gabriel and the Trumpet.

"The poorest singer there more than any earthly prima donna, and the poorest players there more than any earthly Gottschalk. Oh, that music room, the headquarters of cadence and rhythm, symphony, and chant, psalm and antiphon! May we be there some hour when Haydn sits at the keys of one of his own oratorios, and David the psalmist fingers the harp, and Miriam of the Red Sea banks claps the cymbals, and Gabriel puts his lips to the trumpet and the four and twenty elders chant, and Lind and Parepa render matchless duet in the music room of the old heavenly homestead. 'In my Father's house are many rooms.'

"Another room in our Father's house will be the family room. It may correspond somewhat with the family room on earth. At morning and evening, you know, that is the place we now meet. Though every member of the household have a separate room, in the family room they all gather, and joys and sorrows and experiences of all styles are there rehearsed. Sacred room in all our dwellings! whether it be luxurious with ottomans and divans, and books in Russian lids standing in mahogany case, or there be only a few plain chairs and a cradle. So the family room on high will be the place where the kinsfolk assemble and talk over the family experiences of earth, the weddings, the births, the burials, the festal days of Christmas and Thanksgiving reunion. Will the children departed remain children there? Will the aged remain aged there? Oh, no; everything is perfect there. The child will go ahead to glorified maturity, and the aged will go back to glorified maturity. The rising sun of the one will rise to meridian, and the descending sun of the other will return to meridian.

Meet in Our Father's House.

"However much we love our children on earth, we would consider it a domestic disaster if they stayed children, and so we rejoice at their growth here. And when we meet in the family room of our Father's house, we will be glad that they have grandly and gloriously matured; while our parents, who were aged and infirm here, we shall be glad to find restored to the most agile and vigorous immortality there. If forty or forty-five or fifty years be the apex of physical and mental life on earth, then the heavenly childhood will advance to that, and the heavenly old age will retreat to that. When we join them in that family room we shall have much to tell them. We shall want to know of them, right away, such things as these: Did you see us in this or that or the other struggle? Did you know when we lost our property, and sympathize with us? Did you know we had that awful sickness? Were you hovering anywhere around us when we plunged into that memorable accident? Did you know of our backsliding? Did you know of that moral victory? Were you pleased when we started for heaven? Did you celebrate the hour of our conversion? And then, whether they know it or not, we will tell them all. But they will have more to tell us than we to tell them. Ten years on earth may be very eventful, but what must be the biography of ten years in heaven? They will have to tell us the story of coronations, story of news from all immensity, story of conquerors and hierarchs, story of wrecked or ransomed planets, story of angelic victory over diabolic revolts, of extinguished suns, of obliterated constellations, of new galaxies kindled and swung, of stranded comets, of worlds on fire, and story of Jehovah's majestic reign.

Much to Tell Each Other.

"If in that family room of our Father's house we have so much to tell them of what we have passed through since we parted, how much more thrilling and arousing that which they have to tell us of what they have passed through since we parted. Surely, that family room will be one of the most favored rooms in all our Father's house. What long lingering there, for we shall never again be in a hurry! 'Let me open a window,' said an humble Christian servant to Lady Raffles, who, because of the death of her child, had shut herself up in a dark room, and refused to see anyone. 'You have been many days in this dark room. Are you not ashamed to grieve in this manner, when you ought to be thanking God for having given you the most beautiful child that ever was seen, and instead of leaving him in this world till he should be worn with trouble, has not God taken him to heaven in all his beauty! Leave off weeping, and let me open a window.' So, to-day I am trying to open upon the darkness of earthly separation the windows and doors and rooms of the heavenly homestead. 'In my Father's house are many rooms.'

"How would it do for my sermon to leave you in that family room to-day? I am sure there is no room in which you would rather stay than in the enraptured circle of your ascended and glorified kinsfolk. We might visit other rooms in our Father's house. There may be picture galleries penciled not with earthly art but by some process unknown in this world, preserving for the next world the brightest and most stupendous scenes of human history. And there may be lines and forms of earthly beauty preserved for heavenly inspection in something whiter, and chaster, and richer than Venetian sculpture ever wrought. Rooms beside rooms. Rooms over rooms. Large rooms, majestic rooms, opalescent rooms, amethystine rooms. 'In my Father's house are many rooms.'

Must Take Right Path.

"I hope none of us will be disappointed about getting there. There is a room for us, if we will go and take it, but in order to reach it it is absolutely necessary that we take the right way, and Christ is the way; and we must enter at the right door, and Christ is the door; and we must start in time, and the only hour you are sure of is the hour the clock now strikes, and the only second the one your watch is now ticking. I hold in my hand a roll of letters inviting you all to make that your home forever. The New Testament is only a roll of letters inviting you, as the spirit of them practically says: 'My dying, yet immortal, child in earthly neighborhood, I have built for you a great residence. It is full of rooms. I have furnished them as no palace was ever furnished. Pearls are nothing, emeralds are nothing, chrysoprasus is nothing, illumined panels of sunrise and sunset nothing, the aurora of the northern heavens nothing, compared with the splendor with which I have garnitured them. But you must be clean before you can enter there, and so I have opened a fountain where you may wash all your sins away. Come now! Put your weary but cleansed feet on the upward pathway. Do you not see amid the thick foliage on the heavenly hilltops the old family homestead? 'In my father's house are many rooms.'"

AN IMPORTANT DIFFERENCE.

To make it apparent to thousands, who think themselves ill, that they are not afflicted with any disease, but that the system simply needs cleansing, is to bring comfort home to their hearts, as a costive condition is easily cured by using Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all druggists.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

From the New York Press.

There would be a lot less trouble in the world if men could be born married and get old-bachelored.

Every man at times gets a sore spot in his heart that needs one woman to kiss it and make it well.

When we begin to feel that we no longer understand the young we ourselves are beginning to grow old.

When Gabriel blows his trumpet on judgment day all the women will hurry out under the impression that it is an auction.

When women are talking with each other about clothes, they never say much about the old things they wear around the house rainy days.

West Virginia Coal Interests Merged.

Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 4.—As the result of a combination effected by Eastern capitalists with J. M. Guffey, of this city, 50,900 acres of the richest coal lands in West Virginia, including a network of railroads from the mines, valued in all at $3,000,000, pass into the control of a company that will be one of the largest coal producing concerns in the United States. The land lies in Preston County, W. Va. The company will be formally incorporated next week, and operations will soon be commenced on a large scale.

Political Ornithology.

From Punch.

Hodge (after spelling through paper)—What's an Afrigander, missus?

Missus—Why, the 'usband of an Afrigoose, o' course.

Hodge—And what's an Afrigoose?

Missus—Why, a hostrich, o' course.

Polite.

From Life.

Head Waiter—Shall I send a waiter to wait on you, sir?

Guest (who has been waiting in vain for thirty minutes)—I am compelled to request this extreme privilege, even though I know it disturbs your system.

No Escape.

From the Detroit Journal.

"Rather than yield one cent to the fuel trust," he hissed, "I will perish of cold!"

"But the undertakers' trust!" faltered his wife, who had been shivering silently in the corner.

Blood Poison

W. R. Newman, Staunton, Va. says: "I was afflicted with Contagious Blood Poison, and the best doctors did me no good. In fact, I seemed to get worse all the while. I took almost every so-called blood remedy, but they did not reach the disease. At the advice of a friend, I then took S. S. S., and began to improve. I continued the medicine and it cured me completely, and for ten years I have never had a sign of the disease to to return."

S.S.S. For The Blood

(Swift's Specific) is the only remedy which can eradicate Contagious Blood Poison. It is guaranteed *purely vegetable.* Book on self-treatment mailed free by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

MONKEY AS A WITNESS

His Evidence Convicts Man and Wife of Murder.

A TRAGEDY OF THE MISSISSIPPI

H. N. Ackerman Was a Showman Who Traveled with Dogs, Ponies, and Monkey in Houseboat Along River—Man and Wife Helped Him—Ackerman Suddenly Disappeared, and Monkey's Dislike for Them Led to Their Arrest and Conviction.

"Louisiana has just furnished a sensation in jurisprudence that has never been equaled in modern history," said Julius McGreath, of New Orleans, to a Post reporter.

"What do you think of a monkey as a witness in a murder trial? Oh, that is not all of it, for his testimony led to the conviction of the man and woman charged with murdering his master. The man will be hanged unless Gov. Foster intervenes, and the woman has been sentenced to the penitentiary for life. The evidence in the case was all purely circumstantial—except that given by the monkey, for if ever an animal spoke that monkey did.

"It is simply one more tragedy of the old Mississippi, whose turgid waters have been reddened more than once with human blood. The story sounds more like a narrative of the ante-bellum days on the river, so replete is it with incidents reminding us of bygone times.

"Perhaps you know that the houseboat has not quite disappeared from the Mississippi. As a usual thing they start in below St. Louis, fitting out either at Memphis, Cairo, or some other point not too far from the scene of their operations. They are equipped with groceries, provisions, small farming implements, notions, calico prints, in fact everything which one would expect to find in the stock of a country store. They drift down the current of the river, stopping at hamlets and houses on the banks, driving shrewd bargains with the inhabitants, who sometimes find the inland store too far away, or too poorly stocked to get what they want.

Steered by Oars at Stern.

"Sometimes a rude sail is hoisted, when it is desired to cross the river, but this is not often done. The tub-like craft is steered and half-propelled by means of long 'sweeps,' or clumsy oars, from the stern. It is wonderful to see the evolutions the houseboat will perform when the sweep is in the hand of an experienced river-man. These traveling emporiums used to do a thriving business a good many years ago, but lately the railroads and other auxiliaries of civilization have forced them to the rear. It is a very rare thing to see one nowadays. They belong to a past epoch.

"A few months ago a man by the name of H. N. Ackerman, more frequently known as Bill Ackerman, came down the river in one of these house-boats. He was a shrewd fellow, and had realized that there was little profit in a mere huckstering enterprise. His scow contained a regular menagerie, consisting of trick ponies, performing dogs, a monkey, and a merry-go-round. I have forgotten where he came from, but he stopped at every town and village along the Mississippi, and he made money, for the country people have few amusements, and almost anything serves to furnish diversion for them.

"At one of the landings, about 100 miles above Baton Rouge, he picked up a man and woman who gave the name of Starr, claiming to be man and wife. Ackerman said that he needed help in his show, and agreed to give the pair a certain percentage of the profits, the woman to do the cooking and the man to help with the performance. The trio led a sort of Huckleberry Finn existence, going wherever they desired, stopping to fish, and tying up to the bank at night.

People Were Delighted.

"It would be hard for the average person to understand the attraction such an entertainment, poor at the best, would have for the simple-minded people who live along the banks of the stream. In many cases a railroad does not come within fifty miles of them, and about the only amusement they have is to watch the steam packets going up and down the river. The majority of them never saw a circus, and few of them have ever been inside the smallest theater. Ackerman's show, with its merry-go-round, its ponies and dogs capable of performing unheard-of tricks, set the rural denizens wild with delight. P. T. Barnum's name would not have been one-half as great a talisman as that of Ackerman. He absolutely owned the community wherever he went.

"The prize of the whole combination was Jocko, the monkey. Ponies and dogs were ordinary domestic animals, but this Simian, with its almost human face, was something irresistible. It furnished the people something to talk about for days to see him leap from his master's shoulder, take off his cap, and make his tour of collection. Jocko was devoted to Ackerman, and was his constant companion. Ackerman never left the boat without taking his pet with him, for Jocko would have been inconsolable in his master's absence. The monkey had more fidelity even than a dog, and was a most intelligent representative of his species.

Disappearance of Ackerman.

"The houseboat continued down the river and its approach was heralded by word of mouth, for Ackerman depended on a well-satisfied public as his advance agent. When the show left Devall's Landing in April Ackerman was with it, but he did not appear at the next stop. The people asked for him, and Starr said that he had gone North on a packet to attend to some business in Southern Illinois. Several people who had seen the show farther up the river came to see it again, and they pursued their inquiries, which were met with contradictory replies when it came to details. The actions of Starr and his wife grew more and more suspicious, and an investigation was made.

"Finally the suspected pair were arrested by the authorities of West Baton Rouge Parish, in which Devall's Landing is located. The evidence was purely circumstantial. It was true that Ackerman had not been heard of since he left the landing on that April night, and he certainly had not arrived at Cairo, whither Starr said that he was going. An ax with blood on it was found in the houseboat. Chips from the skiff which was towed behind the craft and a bush which grew near the water's edge, all of which had dark stains on them, were brought for inspection. They were examined and analyzed by Prof. Dosson, of Louisiana State University, and he said that all of them including the ax, were smeared with human blood.

"Sixteen persons gave testimony at the trial, which took place during the month of September. Their evidence was damaging, but it practically proved nothing.

Avenged His Dead Master.

"The main witness was the monkey. Had it not been for him it is doubtful if Starr and his wife would even have been arrested. He showed a tremendous aversion to the couple, and would not allow them to come near him. He chattered and uttered shrill cries whenever he saw them. He sometimes tugged furiously at his chain and gnashed his teeth in impotent rage when they were in his presence. Knowing the love Jocko had for Ackerman, the officials considered that his actions had the greatest significance, and some even averred that he had been a witness of the crime.

"To cap the climax of this strange proceeding, the monkey was locked up in a cell at the parish jail, the same as a human witness. He was kept there until the trial came off, and no one who was present at that time hesitates to say that his was the testimony that placed the noose around Starr's neck and condemned his female accomplice to a life term in prison. The poor little brute, handicapped by reason of his dumbness, did not fail to avenge his master. He was brought into the court room, dressed in his scarlet coat and cap, just as when he used to make the rounds taking pennies from the spectators in the show days on the river. It was all the sheriff could do to restrain him from leaping on Starr and his wife as soon as his little eyes rested on them.

"These actions decided the case. The jury listened to the arguments of the counsel for both sides until late at night, and went to the room for the night. They surprised all by returning a verdict of 'guilty as charged' within a few minutes. The judge convened the court on the following day and pronounced sentence. The man was sentenced to be hanged, and the woman was given a life term in the penitentiary.

"A son-in-law of Ackerman came down from the North to attend the trial, and the estate of the murdered man was taken in charge by the probate court. The merry-go-round, the dogs, ponies, and the faithful monkey were disposed of at auction. I believe that Ackerman's son-in-law got the little fellow, but I am not certain of that. It seems rather strange that so remarkable a case should have attracted so little attention throughout the country."

DEFINITION OF A GENTLEMAN.

The Few Qualifications Most Useful in Social Life To-day.

From Scribner's.

The term "gentleman" always represents the total sum of a few qualifications which experience has proved to be most useful in the actual state of social life, and to-day it represents qualifications that, upon the whole, are not natural artistic qualifications. There are those who will refuse to admit that the conception of what a gentleman is varies with different epochs and conditions. They will assert that the gentleman of a thousand years ago, of a hundred years ago, is a gentleman to-day and will be one to-morrow. As to large matters of ethics and conduct, yes; as to minor matters of behavior, no. We decide that a man is a gentleman by the manner in which he "wears" in daily existence; in its hap-hazard and promiscuous companionships and situations. And social life at present is an international affair. Its interests are not confined to the limited stages where they would formerly have been localized, but move over extended surfaces. The gentleman of to-day, therefore, is the individual who best adapts himself to prevailing circumstances by not stopping the general flow of things with an intrusion, when not strictly necessary, of his own personality. He is the individual who puts no oversensitive valuation on his personal standards, interferes little with others, has the silent courage of his own conduct, but no itch to explain it, or himself, or to impose either on a preoccupied world that has no time to attend and less patience. This, in any case, may pass as a definition of the social side of what the Anglo-Saxon calls a gentleman; and as the Anglo-Saxon race has spread over the face of the globe more extensively than any other and been brought in contact with the greatest number of peoples under the greatest diversity of circumstances, it may be fairly considered no bad judge of the way to get through that complicated thing, modern life, with the least irritability on all sides and the smallest friction. We of the English tongue, in short, believe at present that man most acceptable to his fellows, all round, who least obtrudes, in personal intercourse, the insistent personal note.

MARRIAGE AND CRIMINALITY.

Single Men Commit More Crimes Than the Benedicts.

From the Medical Journal.

F. Prinzing has contributed a statistical study of this subject. According to this study, property rights are more generally respected by the married than the single. The married man does not commit the graver offenses against property, such as robbery and fraud, so much as the less dangerous crimes, such as receiving stolen goods, breaking the laws of trade and public health, and bankruptcy. Men who are married at an early age (from eighteen to twenty-five) offend against property more often than the unmarried of the same age and than married men who are older. This is probably explained by the pressure of family expenses. Offenses against morality, except, of course, bigamy, and, for some reason, incest, are far more common among unmarried men—a fact that was to be expected. Offenses against human life are more frequent among the unmarried, though the disproprotion is not so great as in the matter of the rights of property.

It is interesting to note that the criminality of widowers decreases with advancing years, although this is probably true of all men. Widowers, however, contribute a greater share of crime between the ages of thirty and fifty than either of the other classes. This may be an argument either for or against marriage, according to the point of view. Widowers are especially prone to murder, incest, false accusation, and false witness. They stand first in all classes of crime, and their offenses against property are noteworthy. In extenuation of widowers it may be claimed that the loss of the wife leads to demoralization both in mind and in domestic affairs, and removes an influence that is evidently salutary in the majority of men. According to these statistics the longer a man is married the more law-abiding he becomes. This may be accounted for not only by the benign influence of matrimony, but also by the fact that the burden of married life, incident to the larger birth-rate at that time and the financial straits of the parents, is greater in the early years than it is later. This is indicated by the fact that the rate of offenses against property falls off rapidly with advancing years among the married.

ALL NEGROES BARRED OUT.

Mitchell County Residents Warn Them Not to Go There.

Special to The Post.

Raleigh, N. C., Nov. 5.—For many years it has been the boast of people residing in the Rock Creek section of Mitchell County, this State, that no negro can live there. Once a negro band was taken there from Asheville during a political campaign, but the bandsmen had to flee for their lives. News comes to-day of a serious state of affairs there. Work on the Ohio River and Charleston Railway has begun in Mitchell County, and several gangs of negro laborers have been either driven out or else met at the boundary of the Rock Creek district and told not to enter it under pain of death. A special says this has aroused intense feeling, and that blood will flow freely unless the State authorities protect these laborers. The situation is extremely perilous.

The railway authorities will appeal to Gov. Russell for protection. There are no negroes in Mitchell County, which gives a larger Republican majority than any other county in the State.

TWO DEATHS AT ROANOKE.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hanna and Glyndon Walker, Who Was Accidentally Shot.

Special to The Post.

Roanoke, Va., Nov. 5.—Mrs. Elizabeth Hanna, wife of Henry Hanna, died last night at her home, in this city, after a week's illness, the result of a paralytic stroke. Deceased was a native of Glasgow, Scotland. She leaves a husband and two sons. The funeral services will be held at St. Andrew's Catholic Church tomorrow morning, and the remains will be sent to Philadelphia for interment.

Glyndon, the three-year-old son of J. P. Walker, who was accidentally shot with a 22-caliber rifle about two months ago, died to-day from the effects of the wound.

The Horseless Age

From the Indianapolis Journal.

Tommy—Say, paw?

Mr. Figg—Well?

"What is the horseless age?"

"Eight. No horse ever gets past seven."

Change in Games.

From the Yonkers Statesman.

The Old One—There used to be a good deal more kicking in football when I was a boy than there is now.

The Young One—Well, the "kicking" is done in baseball now.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup Is the best remedy for bronchitis. It relieves the troublesome cough at once, effects an easy expectoration and cures in a few days. Price 25c. at all druggists.

MAKES LIQUID OZONE

Greater Discovery Than that of Liquid Air.

TRIUMPH OF ELECTRO-CHEMISTRY

Prof. H. Gibson O'Neill, of New York, Talks of His Achievement—The Greatest Oxidizer and Antiseptic Known, Stopping Hemorrhages Quickly and Promptly Deadening Severest Pains—Its Great Value in Tuberculosis and Diphtheria.

Philadelphia, Nov. 3.—The present year has given to the world liquid air on a commercial basis, although years ago Dewar demonstrated its possibility as a laboratory experiment. Now comes liquid ozone—an infinitely greater discovery, and one that is certain to revolutionize more than one important industry.

What liquid air has promised for mechanics, liquid ozone holds for surgery and medicine. Those two great destroyers, consumption and cancer, it seems probable, have at last met their conqueror. Many experiments have been conducted for some time with liquid ozone by Dr. Campbell White, of Columbia, and others, showing its value. No small measure of success has attended these experiments.

Meanwhile, Prof. H. Gibson O'Neill, the well-known scientist, who has for years been assiduously laboring from the standpoint of the electro-chemist with ozone, light, and electricity on pathological conditions, realizing the important part played by oxidation in the phenomena of life, conceived the idea of the production of liquid ozone. He believed that not only would such a product, if obtainable, accomplish all that is possible with liquid air in therapeutics, but vastly more, from the very nature of things.

As a result of his study and practical experimenting, liquid ozone is an accomplished fact. Prof. O'Neill is hailed by such men as Dr. William H. Greene, retired, formerly head demonstrator in chemistry at the University of Pennsylvania, as one of the coming men in the new field of electro-chemical therapeutics. Dr. Lenox Curtis, of this city, acknowledges his worth as a physician, as does Dr. William H. Wahl, secretary of the Franklin Institute, of Philadelphia, and head of its electrical section. Next month in Philadelphia a second series of observations of Prof. O'Neill's asepsis treatment for tuberculosis is to be begun under the auspices of a body of eminent local scientists.

Prof. Gibson O'Neill has always declined to be interviewed for non-scientific publications, but when seen at the Murray Hill Hotel he reluctantly consented to discuss liquid ozone, agreeing that inasmuch as the discovery had become known to the writer, it would be better to have an authoritative statement published rather than any inaccurate account of his invention and discoveries. The interview, as revised, is as follows:

Differs from Liquid Air.

"What is the difference between liquid air and liquid ozone, and their respective uses?"

"First, liquid air is not an antiseptic. Germs exposed to its action are, for the time being, rendered dormant, but, thawed out again, they regain their former virulence. I have made numerous tests and have definitely established this point by exposing them not alone to the spray of liquid air, but also by immersing them in liquid air. Many years ago it was conclusively demonstrated that freezing had merely a stagnating effect pro tempore upon germ life. The history of yellow fever epidemics in the South and elsewhere has established this. The first good frost stamped out the disease, rendering the germs dormant.

"It will appear, therefore, that liquid air is no more antiseptic than air in a free condition. In certain forms of skin disease and in cancer good results have followed its use, it is true. These are not, however, due to any germicidal action, but are probably the result of 'rapid local stimulation' and the arrest of 'lawless cell multiplication,' as Dr. White explains, due to the repeated application of a substance 400 degrees colder than the human body, causing a contraction of the pores and blood vessels to the last degree, that again as rapidly dilate as the liquid air is removed.

"Liquid ozone is a great oxidizer and powerful antiseptic. It is heavier than liquid air, that floats on, and is, therefore, lighter than water. It has a pale blue color. Its odor resembles more the air in a pine forest rather than that of ozone in a free state. While not quite as cold as liquid air, for all practical purposes it may be regarded as the same, the actual difference being but a few degrees.

"As a local anesthetic it is, like liquid air, most valuable, and more so on account of its antiseptic power. This quality renders it of great value in all surgical operations. It will in all cases dispense with the use of cocaine, and in many cases with ether and chloroform. Thus it will banish pain, eliminate danger, prevent loss of blood, greatly reduce the danger of blood poisoning, and tend to more rapid granulation and healing."

Value of Its Treatment.

"What about its application to cancerous growths?"

"It is rather too soon to express publicly any definite opinion, experience being too limited upon this point. Again, the etiology of cancer is yet somewhat obscure. Difference of opinion seems to exist. Some claim its origin is due to a micro-organism. Recently it has been claimed that this specific microbe has been discovered. Others say cancer is a disease due to an injury of the basement membrane. Dr. Weeds Hutchinson describes cancer as 'treason in the republic of the body,' or healthy tissue in the wrong place.

"Whatever may be the cause, I incline to the belief that liquid ozone will prove valuable in its treatment, not alone judging from the perfect and rapid cure effected in one case, but upon theoretical grounds. If of microbic origin, injections of liquid ozone will annihilate the germ. If the result of catabolism, general oxidization of the blood will promote metabolism of tissue, and the local applications will retard diseased cell multiplication. In the case experimented upon (a prominent gentleman of Pittsburg, by the way, who is now at Saratoga), which was successful in the highest degree, the pain and inflammation disappeared after a few applications, healthy granulation followed, and there remains barely a trace of the diseased surface.

"In this instance I administered vaporized liquid ozone, in addition to the hypodermic injections of the liquid.

"The effect of ozone inhalations at a very low temperature upon the blood is most marked. Blood counts revealed within ten days practically the same increase in the haemoglobin and number of the red blood cells that Cabot and other writers have shown to occur at high altitudes, both in diseased and healthy animals. The microscope proves, however, one great difference in this respect, namely, that while the increase in color value and red blood cells is equally great, yet under the influence of ozone—at this low temperature—the size of the red blood corpuscles is also increased; whereas at high altitudes it is decreased. Hypodermic injections of liquid ozone immediately allay pain in cancer or other diseased areas."

Applied to Tuberculosis.

"What about liquid ozone in the treatment of the tuberculosis bacillus?"

"In tuberculosis, I have made exhaustive experiments with liquid ozone with good results. The fever yields very soon to inhalations and night sweats disappear. The blood improves rapidly, as I said before, due to the oxidizing influences. The disagreeable odor of the breath, too, soon passes away."

"How have you used liquid ozone in consumption cases?"

"Well, the patient is placed within a chamber where the temperature is reduced below the freezing point. By this means pulmonary respiration is increased—the lungs become more active. Large quantities of ozone are inhaled at a temperature much lower than that of the body. The entire respiratory tract is disinfected. Resolution soon takes place in a consolidated lung. The cough soon diminishes, likewise the bacilli. Tissue metabolism follows upon this system of oxidization and nutrition follows."

"How about other tubercle ailments?"

"In case of tubercular laryngitis great benefit immediately follows the employment of liquid ozone. There is no reason why it should not prove of value in most pulmonary affections."

"But isn't there some danger in chilling the tender patient by putting him in the cold chamber?"

"No; the danger is eliminated owing to the extreme dryness of the vaporized liquid ozone. The effect is exhilarating—causing a tingling sensation, such as one feels on a cold, dry day in winter, and a good appetite results. In fact, the treatment grants immunity to a great extent from cold. Just as in the arctic regions colds are unknown. The exercise of the lungs produced by respiration under these circumstances is very beneficial. But it should be borne in mind that in tuberculosis the condition of the skin as an organ of elimination is of very great importance. Hence, from time to time, the patient is subjected to the action of powerful actinic rays of light. The skin is thus vivified and tissue respiration is increased. In various neuralgias it affords immediate relief to take the liquid ozone treatment."

"How do you produce liquid ozone?"

How Liquid Ozone Is Produced.

"Having produced a supply of pure oxygen I pass it through a series of coils immersed in liquid air, so as to lower its temperature. It is then subjected to a pressure of several atmospheres in an insulated chamber, from which the air has been previously withdrawn. In this chamber electrical oscillations are passed through the compressed oxygen. Ozone is thus formed, not entirely free from oxygen, both in a free and atomic form.

"This mixture is then compressed gradually in a series of cylinders that are surrounded by liquid air, and, finally, under great pressure and favored by the low temperature, liquefaction takes place—resulting in a powerful oxidizer and antiseptic."

"Have any spectacular experiments been made, as Mr. Tripler did with liquid air?"

"No, nothing theatrical has been attempted. But as an example of the oxidizing power of liquid ozone, one drop of it will flatten out a pound of mercury, the liquid metal losing its mobility through oxidation, not freezing. Then, the liquid produces the well-known chemical tests for ozone. In some respects chlorine produces the same reactions, but the blood tests under the microscope that reveals a bluish ring around the red cells is convincing. Under ordinary conditions ozone is a very unstable product, its tendency being to burst back into its original condition. As a liquid it has greater stability and may be kept for days unchanged."

"How is it possible to maintain this compound as a liquid, considering its intensely low temperature and the heat of the surrounding atmosphere?"

"Evaporation is prevented to a great extent by a system of insulation that approaches perfection, and also by the utilization of the cold incident to the slight vaporization that is unavoidable in the nature of things."

"Do you consider that liquid ozone has the same commercial field as liquid air?"

"By no means. In medicine and surgery will be found its chief field of usefulness, where, as a local anaesthetic, oxidizer, cautery, tonic, and antiseptic, it will stand unrivaled. In many chemical manipulations it certainly will be invaluable; but I would rather not discuss that."

"How does the expense of liquid ozone compare with that of liquid air?"

More Expensive Than Air.

"It is greater, of necessity, as the cost of oxygen is greater than air. And yet for the purposes for which it is intended, its cost will be merely nominal in proportion to the service rendered."

"Isn't there considerable danger in handling liquid ozone?"

"None whatever, if the receptacle is provided with a vent that would act as a safety valve, rendering explosion impossible."

"Has ozone ever been liquefied before?"

"No, I presume for two reasons. First, because there has been no way of producing ozone in commercial quantities until the introduction of my apparatus; and, second, for the reason that much depends upon the use of liquid air (that is only now a commercial product) for its success. Again, I am not aware of any field of utility having been suggested hitherto, notwithstanding the great need in medicine and surgery for such an anaesthetic and antiseptic."

"Have your experiments been conclusive as to its germicide power?"

"Absolutely. I have tested it in the form of a spray upon the baccillus and spores of anthrax, the largest and most resistant of pathogenic organism; also on the tubercle bacilli, the Klebs-Loeffler bacillus (or diphtheria germ) and the typhoid bacillus, with the same result—the decomposition of the germ in each instance. Culture tests have confirmed this conclusively."

"Are there any other uses in medicine or surgery to which it is applicable?"

"Oh, yes, the treatment of skin diseases of germ origin and the removal of fungus growths. It will interest all women and most men, I fancy, to know that moles and warts and the like may be painlessly and immediately removed without bleeding. In addition, it should prove a specific in diphtheria, at once relieving pain, destroying the germs and odor and removing the false membrane. Acting so energetically and with such oxidizing powers, this treatment should prevent the disagreeable after effects incident to the ptomaines that result from the Klebs-Loeffler bacillus."

Prof. Gibson O'Neill has treated patients brought to him by some of the most eminent practitioners in New York and Philadelphia, and for several months last winter conducted a series of experiments at one of the largest hospitals in this country with a view to scientifically demonstrating the value of the asepsis treatment for tuberculosis diseases. He is a tall, white-haired, square-shouldered man of perhaps forty-five years. Electro-chemistry his been his hobby for more than twenty years.

He is singularly averse to public notice, and has time and again declined to be interviewed or write out his observations for newspapers or magazines, but to physicians and scientists he has always courteously extended the freedom of his laboratory and sanitarium, besides granting permission to examine the histories of his patients, as they have been collated, tabulated, and verified. He has not selfishly patented his discoveries, either, although strongly urged to do so, and only consented to discuss liquid ozone when assured that public mention was bound to be made of it in one form or another very soon.

CHAUNCEY S. S. MILLER.

Our Mother the Sea.

> Long ropes of pearls the Mother Sea flings down
> To the winged emerald daughters of her heart,
> Who run in laughter and in laughter part
> Upon the beach, though clouds to westward frown;
> Low thunders from the sunset sudden drown
> The light sea laughter, and the wavelets dart
> Back to the mother breast, again to start,
> And weave the pearl ropes in a glittering crown!
> White foam, green waves, such virtue in you lies
> That, as you move, new essence is unrolled
> To him who, like the palm 'neath sunsick sky,
> For silver coolness and sweet gayness sighs—
> O strong, great mother, made to God's own mold!
> Who does not long to kiss thee ere he die?
> —Maurice Francis Egan, in November Lippincott's.

"Adversity flattereth no man," but the pains of dyspepsia turn his attention to Hood's Sarsaparilla and in its use he finds a cure. (6)

FARM WANTED—Give particulars, price, &c. Address A. H. Russell, Akron, O. no6-wit