GOD RULES ALL THINGS

"Settled in Heaven" Subject of Dr. Talmage's Sermon.

NOTHING IS EVER LEFT TO CHANCE

Definite Purpose in All the Events that History Records and in All the Happenings that Go to Make Up the Life of the Individual—Preordination of Everything that Transpires in the World—The Triumph of Christ—Whole Earth Redeemed.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage yesterday took as the subject of his sermon "Settled in Heaven." His text was taken from Psalms, cxix.89: "Forever, O Lord, Thy word is settled in heaven." He said:

"This world has been in process of change ever since it was created. Mountains born, mountains dying, and they have both cradle and grave. Once this planet was all fluid, and no being, such as you or I have ever seen, could have lived on it a minute. Our hemisphere turns its face to the sun, and then turns its back. The axis of the earth's revolution has shifted. The earth's center of gravity is changed. Once flowers grew in the arctic and there was snow in the tropic. There has been a redistribution of land and sea, the land crumbling into the sea, the sea swallowing the land. Ice and fire have fought for the possession of this planet. The chemical composition of the air is different now from what it once was. Valcanoes once terribly alive, are dead, not one throb of fiery pulse, not one breath of vapor. The ocean changing its amount of saline qualities. The internal fires of the earth are gradually eating their way to the surfaces. Upheaval and subsidence of vast realms of continent.

"Moravians in Greenland have removed their boat poles because the advancing sea submerged them. Linnaeus records that in eighty-seven years a great stone was 100 feet nearer the water than when he wrote. Forests have been buried by the sea, and the land that was cultured by farmer's hoe can be touched only by sailor's anchor. Loch Nevis, of Scotland, and Dingle Bay, of Ireland, and the fjords of Norway, where pleasure boats now float, were once valleys and glens. Many of the islands of the sea are the tops of sunken mountains. Six thousand miles of the Pacific Ocean are sinking. The diameter of the earth, according to scientific announcement, is 189 miles less than it was. The entire configuration of the earth is altered. Hills are denuded of their forests. The frosts and the waters and the air bombard the earth till it surrenders to the assault. The so-called "everlasting hills" do not last. Many railroad companies cease to build iron bridges because the iron has a life of its own, not a vegetable or an animal life, but a metallic life, and when that life dies the bridge goes down. Oxidation of minerals is only another term for describing their death. Mosses and seaweeds help destroy the rocks they decorate.

Symbolic of Moral Changes.

"The changes of the inanimate earth only symbolize the moral changes. Society ever becomes different for better or worse. Boundary lines between nations are settled until the next war unsettles them. Uncertainty strikes through laws and customs and legislation. The characteristic of this world is that nothing in it is settled. At a time when we hoped that the arbitration planned last summer at The Hague, Holland, would forever sheathe the sword and spike the gun and dismantle the fortress, the world has on hand two wars which are digging graves for the flower of English and American soldiery. From the presence of such geological and social and national and international unrest, we turn with thanksgiving and exultation to my text, and find that there are things forever settled, but in higher latitudes than we have ever trod. 'Forever, O Lord, Thy word is settled in heaven.'

"High up in the palace of the sun at least five things are settled—that nations which go continuously and persistently wrong perish; that happiness is the result of spiritual condition and not of earthly environment; that this world is a schoolhouse for splendid or disgraceful graduation; that with or without us the world is to be made over into a scene of arborescence and purity; that all who are adjoined to the unparalleled One of Bethlehem and Nazareth and Golgotha will be the subjects of a supernal felicity without any taking off.

"Do you doubt my first proposition, that nations which go wrong perish? We have in this American nation all the elements of permanence and destruction. We need not borrow from others any trowels for upbuilding or torches for demolition. Elements of ruin: Nihilism, infidelity, agnosticism, Sabbath desecration, inebriety, sensuality, extravagance, fraud. They are all here. Elements of safety: God-worshiping men and women by the scores of millions, honesty, benevolence, truthfulness, self-sacrifice, industry, sobriety, and more religion than has characterized any nation that has ever existed. They are all here. The only question is as to which of the forces will gain dominancy. The one class ascendant, and this United States government, I think, will continue as long as the world exists. The other class ascendant, and the United States goes into such small pieces that other governments would hardly think them worth picking up.

Cemetery of Nations.

"Have you ever noticed the size of the Cemetery of Dead Nations, the vast Greenwood and Pere la Chaise, where mighty kingdoms were buried? Open the gate and walk through this cemetery and read the epitaphs. Here lies Carthage, born 100 years before Rome, great commercial metropolis on the Bay of Tunis, a part of an empire that gave the alphabet to the Greeks, and their great language to the Hebrews; her arms the terror of nations, commanding at one time 16,000 miles of coast; her Hamilcar leading forth thirty myriads, or 300,000 troops; her Hannibal carrying out in manhood the oath he had taken in boyhood to preserve eternal enmity to Rome, leaving costly and imposing monuments, at Agrigentum a ghastly heap of ruins. Carthage! Her colonies on every coast, her ships plowing every sea. Carthage! Where are her splendors now? All extinguished. Where are her swords? The last one broken. Where are her towers and long ranges of magnificent architecture? Buried under the sands of the Bagradas. As ballast of foreign ships much of her radiant marble has been carried away to build the walls of trans-Mediterranean cathedrals, while other blocks have been blasted in modern times by the makers of the Tunis railway. And all of that great and mighty city and kingdom that the tourist finds to-day is here and there a broken arch of what was once a fifty-mile aqueduct. Our talented and genial friend, Henry M. Field, in one of his matchless books of travel, labors hard to prove that the slight ruins of that city are really worth visiting. Carthage buried in the Cemetery of Dead Nations. Not one altar to the true God did she rear. Not one of the Ten Commandments but she conspicuously violated. Her doom was settled in heaven when it was decided far back in the eternities that the nation and kingdom that will not serve God shall perish.

"Walk on in the Cemetery of Nations and see the long lines of tombs: Thebes, and Tyre, and Egypt, and Babylon and Medo-Persian, and Macedonian, and Roman, and Saxon heptarchy—great nations, small nations, nations that lived a year, and nations that lived 500 years.

"Our own nation will be judged by the same moral laws by which all other nations have been judged. The judgment day for individuals will probably come far on in the future. Judgment day for nations is every day. Every day weighed, every day approved, or every day condemned. Never before in the history of this country has the American nation been more surely in the balances than it is this minute. Do right and we go up. Do wrong and we go down. I am not so anxious to know what this statesman or that warrior thinks we had better do with Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippines, as I am anxious to know what God thinks we had better do. The destiny of this nation will not be decided on yonder Capitoline hill, or at Manila, or at the Presidential ballot-box, for it will be settled in heaven.

Happiness Not an Earthly Gift.

"Another thing decided in the same high place is that happiness is the result of spiritual condition and not of earthly environment. If we who may sometimes have a thousand dollars to invest find it such a perplexity to know what to do with it, and soon after find that we invested it where principal and interest have gone down through roguery or panic, what must be the worriment of those having millions to invest, and whose losses correspond in magnitude with their resources! People who have their three or four dollars a day wages are just as happy as those who have an income of five hundred thousand dollars a year. Sometimes happiness is seated on a footstool and sometimes misery on the throne. All the gold of earth in one chunk cannot purchase five minutes of complete satisfaction. Worldly success is an atmosphere that breeds the maggots of envy and jealousy and hate. There are those who will never forgive you if you have more emoluments or honor or ease than they have. To take you down is the dominant wish of most of those who are not as high as you are. They will spend hours and days and years to entrap you. They will hover around newspaper offices to get one mean line printed depreciating you. Your heaven is their hell.

"A dying President of the United States said many years ago, in regard to his lifetime of experience: 'It doesn't pay.' The leading statesmen of America, in letters of advice, warn young men to keep out of politics. Many of the most successful have tried in vain to drown their trouble in strong drink. On the other hand, there are millions of people who on departing this life will have nothing to leave but a good name and a life insurance, whose illumined faces are indices of illumined souls. They wish everybody well. When the fire bell rings they do not go to the window at midnight to see if it is their store that is on fire, for they never owned a store; and when the September equinox is abroad they do not worry lest their ships founder in a gale, for they never owned a ship; and when the nominations are made for high political office they are not fearful that their name will be overlooked, for they never applied for office. There is so much heartiness and freedom from care in their laughter that when you hear it you are compelled to laugh in sympathy, although you know not what they are laughing about.

The World a School-house.

"When the children of that family assemble in the sitting-room of the old homestead to hear the father's will read they are not fearful of being cut off with a million and a half dollars, for the old man never owned anything more than the farm of seventy-five acres, which yielded only enough plainly to support the household. They have more happiness in one month than many have in a whole lifetime. Would to God I had the capacity to explain to you on how little a man can be happy and on how much he may be wretched! Get your heart right and all is right. Keep your heart wrong and all is wrong. That is a principle settled in heaven.

"Another thing decided in that high place is that this world is a schoolhouse or college for splendid or disgraceful graduation. We begin in the freshman class of good or evil, and then pass into the sophomore, and then into the junior, and then into the senior, and from that we graduate angels or devils. In many colleges there is an 'elective course,' where the student selects what he will study—mathematics, or the languages, or chemistry, or philosophy; and it is an elective course we all take in the schoolhouse or university of this world. We may study sin until we are saturated with it, or righteousness until we are exemplifications of it. Graduate we all must, but we decide for ourselves the style of graduation. It is an elective course. We can study generosity until our every word and every act and every contribution of money or time will make the world better, or we may study meanness until our soul shall shrink up to a smallness unimaginable. We may, under God, educate ourselves into a self-control that nothing can anger, or into an irascibility that will ever and anon keep our face flushed with wrath and every nerve aquiver. Great old schoolhouse of a world, in which we are all being educated for glory or perdition!

"Some have wondered why graduation day in college is called 'commencement day,' when it is the last day of college exercises, but graduation days are properly called commencement day. To all the graduated it is the commencement of active life, and our graduation day from earth will be to us commencement of our chief life, our larger life, our more tremendous life, our eternal life. But what a day commencement day on earth is! The student never sees any day like it—at any rate, I never did. Old Niblo's Theater in New York comes back to me. The gowned and tassel-hatted professors behind us, and our kindred and friends before us and above us, and the air redolent with garlands to be thrown us. What a commencement day it was for all of us about to graduate! But mightier day will it be when we graduate from this world. Will it be hisses of condemnation or handclapping of approval? Will there be flung to us nettles or wreaths? Will it be a resounding 'Come,' or a reverberating 'Depart.'

Death a Commencement.

"In the real college, before graduation and commencement comes examination day, and before our graduation and commencement will come examination. It will be asked what we have been doing, what we have learned under the tutelage of years of joy and sorrow, and under the teaching of the Holy Ghost are we educated for heaven. Have we done our best with the curriculum of study put before every mortal and immortal? Oh! this world is not the terminus of a journey. It is not a theater on whose stage we are enacting the tragic or comic. It is a schoolhouse for splendid or disgraceful graduation, and death is commencement. All that is settled in heaven.

"Another thing decided in the high places of the universe is that this world, with or without us, will be made over into a scene of arborescence and purity. Do not think that such a consummation depends upon our personal fidelity. It will be done anyhow. God's cause does not go a-begging. If all the soldiers of Jesus Christ now living should become deserters and go over to the enemy, that would not defeat the cause. A large part of the Bible is taken up with telling us what the world will be. There is a large army, human and angelic, now in the field, but God's reserve forces are more numerous and more mighty than those now at the front. And if He could in Gideon's time rout the Midianites with a crash of crockery, and if He could in Shamgar's time overcome a host with an ox-goad, and if in Samson's time He could defeat an army with a bleached jawbone, and if the walls of Jericho went down under a blast of perforated ram's horn, and if in Christ's day blind eyes were cured by ointment of spittle, then God can do anything He says He will do. As yet, He has taken only one sword out of a whole armory of weapons. Do not get nervous, as if the Lord were going to be defeated. The redemption of these hemispheres was settled in heaven, and Isaiah and Ezekiel and Habakkuk and Malachi and St. John only reported what the Lord God Almighty had decided upon. My only fear is that our regiment will not get into the fight to do something worthy of the Christ who redeemed us, and we be left in lazy encampment at Tampa, when we ought to have been at Santiago.

"Oh, that coming day of the world's perfection! The earth will be so changed that the sermonology will be changed. There will be no more calls to repentance, for all will have repented. No more gathering of alms for the poor, for the poor will have been enriched. No hospital Sunday for disjointed bones will have been set and the wounds all healed, and the incurable diseases of other times will have been overcome by a materia medica and a pharmacy and a dentistry and a therapeutics that have conquered everything that afflicted nerve or lung or tooth or eye or limb. Healthology complete and universal. The poultice and the ointment and the panacea and the catholicon and the surgeon's knife and the dentist's forceps and the scientist's X-ray will have fulfilled their mission.

Social Life Will Be Perfect.

"The social life of the world will be perfected. In that millennial age I imagine ourselves standing in front of a house lighted for a levee. We enter among groups filled with gladness, and talking good sense, and rallying each other in pleasantries, and in every possible way forwarding good neighborhood. No looking askance; no whispered backbiting; no strut of pretension; no oblivion of some one's presence because you do not want to know him. Each one happy, determined on making some one else happy. Words of honest appreciation instead of hollow flattery. Suavities and genialities, instead of inflations and pomposities. Equipage and upholstery and sculpture and painting paid for. Two hours of mental and moral improvement. All the guests able to walk as steadily down the steps of that mansion as when they ascended them. No awaking next morning with aching head and bloodshot eye, and incompetent for the day's duties. The social life as perfect as refinement and common sense, and culture, and prosperity, and religion can make it. The earth made better than it was at the start. And all through gospelizing influences, directly or indirectly.

"I suppose the greatest tidal wave that ever rolled the seas was that which in 1868 was started by the Peruvian earthquake. At Arica, Peru, the wave was fifty feet high, and swung warships a mile forward on the land. At San Pedro, Cal., the wave was sixty feet high. It moved on to the Sandwich Islands and submerged some of them, and beat against the shores of New Zealand, and rolled up the beach of Japan, and stopped not until it had encircled the entire globe. Oh, what a wave! But the earthquake that shook the mountain where our Lord died started a higher and swifter and mightier tidal wave that will roll round and round the earth until all rebellions and abominations have gone under.

Whole Earth Redeemed.

"That was an exciting scene after the battle of Bosworth, which was fought between Richard III and the Earl of Richmond, the king falling and the earl triumphing, when Lord Stanley brought the crown and handed it to the earl, seated on horseback, while the dying and the dead of the battle were lying all around. But it is a more thrilling spectacle as we look forward through the centuries and see the last armed and imperial iniquity of the world slain and the crown of universal victory put upon the Conqueror on the white horse of the apocalypse, and all nations 'hail the power of Jesus' name.' That the whole earth will be redeemed is one of the things long ago settled in heaven.

"Another thing decided in that high place is that all who are adjoined to the unparalleled One of Bethlehem and Nazareth and Golgotha will be the subjects of a supernal felicity without any taking off. The old adage says that 'beggars must not be choosers,' and the human race in its depleted state had better not be critical of the mode by which God would empalace all of us. I could easily think of a plan more complimentary to our fallen humanity that that which is called the 'plan of salvation.' If God had allowed us to do part of the work of recovery, and He do the rest; if we could do three-quarters of it and He do the last quarter; if we could accomplish most of it and He just put on the finishing touches, many could look with more complacency upon the projected reinstatement of the human family. No, no! We must have our pride subjugated, our stubborn will made flexible, and a supernatural power demonstrated in us at every step. A pretty plan of salvation that would be, of human draughting and manufacturing! It would be a doxology sung to ourselves. God must have all the glory. Not one step of our heavenly throne made by earthly carpentry. Not one string could we twist of the harp of our eternal rejoicing. Accept all as an unmerited donation from the skies, or we will never have it at all.

Irrelevant Objections.

"'Now,' says some one, 'if Christ is the only way, what about the heathen, who have never heard of Him?' But you are not heathen, and why divert us from the question of our personal salvation? Satan is always introducing something irrelevant. He wants to take it out of a personality into an abstraction. Get our own salvation settled and then we will discuss the salvation of other people. 'But,' says some one, 'what percentage of the human race will be saved? What will be the comparative number saved and lost?' There Satan thrusts in the mathematics of redemption. He suggests that you find out the mathematical proportion of the redeemed. But be not deceived. I am now discussing the eternal welfare of only two persons, yourself and myself. Get ourselves right before we bother ourselves about getting others right. O Christ, come hither and master our case! Here are our sins, pardon them; our wounds, heal them; our burdens, lift them; our sorrows, comfort them. We want the Christ of Bartimeus to open our blind eyes, the Christ of Martha to help us in our domestic cares, the Christ of Olivet to help us preach our sermons, the Christ of Lake Galilee to still our tempests, the Christ of Lazarus to raise our dead. Not too tired is He to come, though He has on His whipped shoulders so long carried the world's woe and on his lacerated feet walked this way to accept our salutation.

"By the bloody throes of the mountain on which Jesus died, and by the sepulcher where His mutilated body was inclosed in darkened crypt, and by the Olivet from which He arose, while astonished disciples clutched for His robes to detain Him in their companionship, and by the radiant and omnipotent throne on which He sits, waiting for the coming of all those whose redemption was settled in heaven, I implore you bow your head in immediate and final submission. Once exercise sorrow for what you have done, and exercise trust in Him for what He is willing to do, and all is well for both worlds. Then you can swing out defiance to all opposition, human and diabolic. In conquering His foes He conquered yours. And have you noticed that passage in Colossians that represents Him, 'having despoiled principalities and powers, He made a show of them, openly triumphing,' so bringing before us that overwhelming spectacle of a Roman triumph?

The Triumph of Christ.

"When Pompey landed at Brindisi, Italy, returned from his victories, he disbanded the brave men who had fought under him and sent them rejoicing to their homes, and entering Rome, his emblazoned chariot was followed by princes in chains from kingdoms he had conquered, and flowers, such as only grew under those Italian skies, strewed the way, and he came under arches inscribed with the names of battle-fields on which he had triumphed, and rode by columns which told of the 1,500 cities he had destroyed, and the 12,000,000 people he had conquered or slain. Then the banquet was spread, and out of the chalices filled to the brim they drank to the health of the conqueror. Belisarius, the great soldier, returned from his military achievements, and was robed in purple, and in the procession were brought golden thrones and pillars of precious stones, and the furniture of royal feasts, and amid the splendors of kingdoms overcome he was hailed to the hippodrome by shouts such as had seldom rung through the capital. Then also came the convivialities.

"In the year 274 Aurelian made his entrance to Rome in triumphal car, in which he stood, while a winged figure of victory held a wreath above his head. Zenobia, captive Queen of Palmyra, walked behind his chariot, her person encircled with fetters of gold, under the weight of which she nearly fainted, but still a captive. And there were in the procession 200 lions and tigers and beasts of many lands, and 1,600 gladiators, excused from the cruel amphitheater that they might decorate the day, and Persian and Arabian and Ethiopian ambassadors were in the procession, and the long lines of captives—Egyptians, Syrians, Gauls, Goths, and Vandals. It was to such scenes that the New Testament refers when it speaks of Christ 'having despoiled principalities and powers, he made a show of them, openly triumphing.' But, oh, the difference in these triumphs! The Roman triumph represented arrogance, cruelty, oppression, and wrong, but Christ's triumph meant emancipation and holiness and joy. The former was a procession of groans accompanied by a clank of chains, the other a procession of hosannas by millions set forever free. The only shackled ones of Christ's triumph will be Satan and his cohorts tied to our Lord's chariot wheel, with all the abominations of all the earth bound for an eternal captivity. Then will come a feast, in which the chalices will be filled 'with the new wine of the kingdom.' Under arches commemorative of all the battles in which the bannered armies of the church militant through thousands of years of struggle have at last won the day, Jesus will ride, Conqueror of earth and hell and heaven. Those armies, disbanded, will take palaces and thrones. 'And they shall come from the East and the West and the North and the South, and sit down in the kingdom of God,' and may you and I, through the pardoning and sanctifying grace of Christ, be guests at that royal banquet!"

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TOOK FIVE HOURS TO KILL HIM.

Fusillade of Spanish Man-of-warsmen at Santa Cruz.

Baltimore, Md., Nov. 12.—Capt. McCarthy, of the British steamer Trunkby, which arrived here to-day from Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, brings a story of a tragedy that occurred a few days before his arrival there from England.

A Brazilian bark, named the Juliana Schoorer, had arrived from Rio Janeiro with old railroad iron for Genoa, Italy. Having reached as far north as the Azores against contrary winds, and having run short of provisions, she put into Santa Cruz to replenish. The health authorities inquired from the master why there were but fifteen persons on board, when the articles named seventeen as leaving Rio Janeiro.

The captain said the others had died from yellow fever. When the vessel was released from quarantine and provisioned one of the crew stated to one of the customs guard that the man in charge was not the master of the ship, but was the mate, and that he had murdered the real master and his wife on the voyage.

Learning of this, the authorities sent boat crews from a small Spanish man-of-war in the harbor to bring the mate and crew ashore. The mate, who was a Swede, had suspected something, and he armed himself with a revolver and defied the whole of the five boats' crew of Spanish man-o'-warsmen to take him. The sailors, under orders of their officers, fusilladed the man and the vessel for five hours, during which time, it is said, 800 shots had been fired. The mate was found dead at last, he having been shot several times. During the firing the crew jumped overboard, and were rescued by the warship's boats. In their excitement the Spaniards set fire to the bark, but as soon as they found the Swede dead they extinguished the fire.

Before the Trunkby left Santa Cruz the bark was towed up to a beach near the steamer, and remained there with a crew of man-o'-warsmen in charge. The bark was held as a pirate, but under protest from the Brazilian consul.

Capt. McCarthy is sure the first name of the bark was Juliana. She had previously hailed from Oporto, Portugal, which had been painted out. There is no such name as Julia Schoorer in the vessels of any nationality as given in the British Lloyds register for 1899. There is a bark Julia III, of Oporto, and it is probable the murderer of the master and his wife has changed the name, and claimed Brazil as the vessel's nation. The matter had not been settled when the Trunkby sailed for Baltimore.

ADMIRAL DEWEY AS GODFATHER.

He and His Son Attend a Staten Island Christening.

New York, Nov. 12.—Nothing more interesting than acting as godfather to the child of the daughter of an old friend of his occurred in the life of Admiral Dewey to-day. Shortly after breakfast Admiral Dewey was joined by his son George, and the two left the Waldorf Astoria. They strolled over to the elevated road and took a train for South Ferry. Few people recognized them as they walked along the street, and there were no such demonstrations as occurred on Friday and Saturday morning, which caused the Admiral to announce that he would leave the city unless the enthusiasm was controlled. When they entered the elevated train a number of persons recognized the Admiral and his son and passed through the car in which he sat, but did not appear to annoy him.

At South Ferry they took a ferry boat for Tompkinsville, S. I. They reached there after noon, and went at once to the residence of Frederick Harriman, of St. George. Mrs. Harriman is a daughter of an old friend of the Admiral, and the baptism of her son, Frederick, jr., was made something of a social event. The Admiral left for New York shortly after 2 o'clock.

On the way over there were about 200 people on the boat, and when some one passed around the word that Admiral Dewey was on board, every one made a rush for his part of the boat. The Admiral did not seem to like it, and some one was thoughtful enough to suggest that the Admiral did not like too close friendship, and the crowd seemed to take the cue. When the boat reached her slip the people rushed off ahead of the Admiral and lined the passageway on both sides as he and his son passed between the two lines.

Admiral Dewey went straight home to the Waldorf Astoria, and he and his party dined in their apartments at 8 o'clock. Mrs. Dewey and an acquaintance of hers from Washington left the apartments in the afternoon, when they went for a drive in Central Park and along Riverside Drive.

Illinois Monuments at Chickamauga.

Special to The Post.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Nov. 12.—Col. Edgar D. Swain, of Chicago, member of Illinois' Chickamauga National Park Commission, arrived here to-day to make arrangements for dedication of Illinois monuments November 23. Col. Swain says that he has assurances that both Secretary of War Root and Adjt. Gen. Corbin will be present and participate in the dedication ceremonies. Secretary Root will remain two or three days inspecting the Chickamauga Park, with the view of establishing an army post here, and will then go to Nashville to assist in welcoming the First Tennessee Regiment. Col. Swain says there will be 2,000 Illinoisans here at the dedication.

Body of Another Ferry Victim.

New York, Nov. 12.—The body of E. G. Haviland, of Brooklyn, was found in North River to-day. He was drowned on the ferryboat Chicago, and his is the fourth body recovered.

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HARD BATTLE WITH PAREDES

Former Army Commander Surrenders to Gen. Castro.

Town of Porto Cabello Devastated, and Upward of 650 Persons Killed or Wounded During the Fierce Fighting at that Point.

Porto Cabello, Venezuela, Nov. 12.—Gen. Paredes, a former commander in the army of ex-President Andrade, who had refused the demand made upon him by Gen. Cipriano Castro and the de facto authorities to surrender the town, even when this was re-enforced by the request of the British, American, French, German, and Dutch commanders, surrendered this morning at 10 o'clock, after a terrible battle. The aspect of the city is one of ruin and devastation, and it is estimated that upward of 650 persons were killed or wounded during the fight.

Dr. Braisted, of the United States cruiser Detroit, and the other surgeons of the various warships in the harbor are ministering to the wants of the wounded.

Gen. Ramon Guerra began a land attack upon the town and upon the position of Gen. Paredes on Friday night. Desultory fighting continued until Saturday morning about 4, and then a fierce struggle ensued. Gen. Paredes made a stubborn defense, but Gen. Guerra forced an entrance into the town at 5 o'clock yesterday.

As early as 8 o'clock Saturday morning the fleet arrived and began a bombardment, but the range was too great and the firing proved ineffective. Gen. Paredes held the fort on the hill and Fort Libertador until this morning.

OPERATOR'S ACCURATE AIM.

A Chicagoan Fired Three Shots, One of Which Was Fatal.

Chicago, Nov. 12.—Frank Giles, a police telegraph operator, was attacked by two men last night. He killed one, wounded the second, and the third bullet from his revolver struck a pedestrian in the calf of the leg, inflicting a slight wound.

The body of the supposed robber was identified to-day as Frank Doyle, a brother of John Doyle, of the firm of John Doyle & Co., wealthy contractors. The decedent's mother is also said to be well to do, and the hold-up theory is scouted by Doyle's friends, who declare his mother kept him well supplied with funds, and that he had no occasion to resort to robbery to secure money. Giles is practically under arrest awaiting an investigation.

FRAUD IN MINING SHARES.

Peculiar Charges Made Against Marvin A. Fuller in Chicago.

Chicago, Nov. 12.—Marvin A. Fuller, who, it is alleged, has for some time carried on a business under the name "The Alaska Commercial Mining Company," was arrested by post-office detectives yesterday. Fuller is charged with using the mails for purposes of fraud.

It is claimed he watched the newspapers for death lists, and, upon learning the name of decedent, communicated with the heirs, stating that mining shares belonging to them had been turned over to him. He claimed that $50 or more was due on the stock. In many cases, it is alleged, the heirs, thinking the shares of possible great value, paid the assessment only to receive mining stock of no value. The case will be heard November 21.

Veteran's Life Sentence Brief.

Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 12.—Ransom Wiltse, the Soldiers' Home veteran who murdered Mrs. Maria Edgar last June by placing poison in a can of beer, and who was found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment Saturday last, was found dead in his cell at the county jail to-day. A post mortem was held, the physicians deciding that death was due to natural causes.

Baxter to Speak for Roosevelt.

Elmira, N. Y., Nov. 12.—Col. Archie E. Baxter, clerk of the assembly, left tonight for Philadelphia, at the request of Gov. Roosevelt, to make the address which the governor was to have delivered at the National Export Exposition tomorrow, which is set apart as New York Day.

One White and Five Navajos Killed.

Flagstaff, Arizona, Nov. 12.—One white man and five Navajo Indians killed, and two whites and one Navajo wounded was the result of an attempt of a deputy sheriff to arrest a Navajo yesterday, ten miles south of Walnut station, news of which has just reached here.

AIMED AT TRADES' UNIONS.

Campaign Inaugurated by Chicago Contractors and Architects.

Chicago, Nov. 12.—To break up the present trades' unions, to stamp out completely the arbitrary power of walking delegates, arbitrators, and professional organizers, and, after this has been accomplished, to invite workingmen to form new unions that will co-operate with employers, is the plan of campaign of Chicago contractors and architects. Not until the unions are broken up and a new co-operative association of employers and workingmen has been formed will the contest cease, it is asserted.

The first active step in the campaign to destroy the existing unions was taken yesterday, when fourteen manufacturers of sheet metal locked out from their factories over 400 employes. Several of the manufacturers issued letters to their men, declaring that their action has been forced by the unjust demands of the union made to a roofing company. The trouble with the company originated last spring, when six metal workers were taken to Moline, Ill., to work in that city. When the men had been working ten weeks in Moline the new union wage scale went into effect, and as the company refused to raise their wages, the men struck, and the union was obliged to pay their fare back. Since then the union has refused to consider any proposition until the company agreed to pay the ex-employes full wages for the time that they had been on strike and pay the expenses that the union had incurred during the strike.

TRIO OF WOMAN SUSPECTS

Brass Knuckles and Knock-out Drops in Their Possession.

Officers Who Arrested the Women Think They Are from the West—Many Pawn Tickets Were Found in Their Apartments.

New York, Nov. 12.—Police Capt. Delaney, of the East Thirty-fifth street station, to-day arrested three young women whom he believes to be Western women who have been working this city for some time past. They were registered at the station-house as Miss Mabel Ray, alias Mrs. James Bell, alias Mrs. J. W. Crouch, twenty-two years old, No. 187 East Ontario street, Chicago; Miss Mary Doris, twenty-four years old, Evansville, Ind.; Miss Nettie Nelson, alias Mrs. Mollie McClure, twenty-six years old, of Memphis, Tenn.

Capt. Delaney discovered the women last Friday. He was on his way up town in a surface car when he overheard the women telling of their recent coming to the city. They used so many expressions peculiar to the criminal class that he followed them to their boarding-house. He had the house watched until to-day, when he and five other officers surrounded the house and arrested the three women. In searching their rooms the police found brass knuckles, a revolver, and a large number of pawn tickets, ranging in sum from $10 to $50. The latter were for diamonds, rings, watches, gold and silver plate. A bottle of "knock-out drops" was also found.

A large collection of clippings from Chicago newspapers was found, telling of the arrest and conviction of James Bell, the husband of one of the women, and of crimes of other Western criminals.

When questioned at the station-house the Nelson woman said her home was in Roland, Mo., and the Ray woman said she came from Sedalia, Mo. The women were sent to police headquarters as suspicious persons, and Capt. McClusky telegraphed to the Chicago police for full information.

Supt. Gomer Jones Deposed.

Hazelton, Pa., Nov. 12.—Gomer Jones, superintendent of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company's workings at Audenried and Honey Brook, where the famous strike culminated in the Latimer shooting two years ago, and at which mines there have since been numerous strikes, has been superseded by William Mack, of Wilkesbarre. Last evening several thousand men, of whom Jones had charge, paraded and gave expression of their delight over their old superintendent's deposition.

Crew and Captain Rescued.

New York, Nov. 12.—The schooner Mary C. Stewart, Capt. Alwood Powben, from Philadelphia for Portland, Me., with a cargo of coal, stranded at about 6 o'clock this morning two miles southeast of Point Lookout Life-saving Station. The crew and captain, numbering five men, were rescued and taken ashore in a surf boat.

WILL OF MONTANA MAN

Queer Development in Estate of Millionaire Davis.

DOCUMENT LOST FOR NINE YEARS

Generous Bequests to Relatives and to Mary C. Wilson Likely to Renew a Notable Legal Contest Before the Montana Courts—Purports to Have Been Executed a Few Months Before His Death—Affidavits Produced at Previous Trials.

Omaha, Neb., Nov. 12.—A long-lost will has come to light, and with it the prospect that the immense estate of the late Andrew J. Davis, the Montana millionaire, will again burden the reports of the Montana Supreme Court. There is a woman in the case, and she is after her share of the Davis millions. Her name is Mary C. Wilson, and her home is in Chicago, but the case takes its origin in Omaha, as W. A. Saunders, an Omaha lawyer, leaves here in a few days for Butte, Mont., to file the will for probate.

Andrew J. Davis was one of the most conspicuous of the wealthy men of Montana, and when he died, March 11, 1890, he left an estate valued at from $5,000,000 to $7,000,000. No will was to be found other than a document executed in 1884, and aspiring heirs immediately plunged into litigation that was drawn out into a half dozen years.

During the trials of the various cases that grew out of the contest affidavits were filed to show that other and later wills than the one of 1884 had been made by the decedent, but none of them appeared. The document that has now turned up purports to have been executed in October, 1889, some five months prior to the death of Andrew J. Davis.

Bequest to the City of Butte.

Its first bequest is $100,000 to the city of Butte for a public library, and the second is a similar amount to "My beloved friend, Mary C. Wilson, of Chicago." Other bequests are $100,000 to Henry A. Root, a nephew; a like amount to Mary Louise Dunbar, a niece; a like amount to Diana Davis, a sister; $50,000 each to Harriet, Sarah, and Elizabeth, three other sisters; $150,000 to Erwin, a brother; $200,000 to Calvin, another brother, and the remainder of the estate to John A. Davis, a third brother.

Erwin Davis and Henry A. Root are residents of New York City. John A. Davis has since died. Calvin is supposed to be somewhere in California, and Diana Davis, an elderly spinster, and the niece, Mary Louise Dunbar, reside near Springfield, Mass.

The story of the will has to do with the alleged relations of an old man, who had already reached the age of three score and ten, and an exceptionally prepossessing young woman, not yet thirty years old, placed in custody of the millionaire's last will and testament.

Miss Wilson, it is stated, did not know of Davis' death until some time afterward, but no reason is assigned why her claim was not pressed until this time.

TWO DAYS' FIGHT WITH YAQUIS.

Mexicans Have a Hot Engagement at Fort Angostura.

Guaymas, Mex., Nov. 12.—With restoration of telegraphic communication between Gen. Torres' headquarters, at Torin, and Guaymas, comes a dispatch conveying news of a two days' fight between Mexican troops and the Yaqui Indians. The Indians attacked the garrison in Fort Angostura and were repulsed. Later re-enforcements were sent from Torin and Potam.

The troops attacked the town of Vicam and routed the Indians, with considerable loss to the latter. Thursday the troops again engaged the Indians at Locobampo and scattered them, the Yaquis losses being heavy. The casualties of the Mexicans are given as four killed and twelve wounded.

Badly Hurt in Football Game.

St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 12.—John Allen was fatally injured in a football game here yesterday. In a mix-up Allen fell with half a dozen players on top of him, receiving a concussion of the brain. Up to a late hour last night efforts to resuscitate him were unavailing.

"Doing nothing is doing ill." Impure blood neglected will become a serious matter. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla at once and avoid the ill. (I)