SPRINGFIELD GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

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SPRINGFIELD, O., MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 1 1886.

PRICE TWO CENTS.

WEATHER FACTS.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—Indications for the Ohio Valley and Tennessee—Fair weather, colder in eastern portion, stationary, followed by slowly rising temperature in the western portion, winds becoming variable, preceded in the Ohio valley by westerly winds.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 1, 1886.

IT ISN'T A PEPPERY TALE.

Ready-made or to measure, we know of no place where Clothing or Furnishing Goods can be got with equal advantage. We know of no place where the truth about the stuffs sold is told more freely; and we know no place where so little money buys so much of good things to wear, and, understand, that any bargain made can be unmade the next minute, next day, next week, next year, if the goods are not soiled. What is done with such security is done with confidence. What is done with confidence is quietly done.

Did we say that Neckwear was dull? and that we had three large cases full? and do you know what we do with anything dull? We sharpen it.

Five hundred Scarf Ties go down, 50 to 25 cents, $1 to 50 cents, and the ties are as good as ever. Nothing wrong about them only that they wouldn't go fast enough. They have got to move. What are they here for? The first five hundred will get the scarfs.

It isn't all loss, though. If you come for ties, you're likely to buy collars. If you look for collars you're apt to price other goods which haven't been sharpened.

Boys' knee pant suits at $3.00, which were fresh from our factory yesterday, need no sharpening. They need to be seen, though; hence the mention.

Whatever is wanted for boys' wear, modest, tasteful styles, good materials, and serving, with all the points of use and elegance thought of, come to this the quiet, sunny department of our store.

Little Overcoats are in this corner; so are separate Pants, Shirt, Waists and long Stockings.

OWEN BROTHERS

The great Clothing Manufacturers and Retailers at Wholesale Prices.

N. B.—A quantity of large and medium dry goods boxes for sale cheap.

AT THE

ARCADE GROCERY

Roquefort Cheese.

Sea Foam Wafers.

Graham Wafers.

Oaten Flake Wafers.

Novel Tea Wafers.

Albert Biscuits.

Sugar Wafers.

Arcade Grocery

13 East High.

J. M. NIUFFER.

$500 PIANO TO BE GIVEN AWAY!

DR. SMALLEY gives for each dollar paid him for dental work a numbered ticket which will have equal chance in the drawing of an elegant Piano, which is now in his dental rooms, 8 and 10 Market St. Call and see it. This piano is new, with a five year guarantee, just bought of Brandom & Co., of this city. All dental operations at lowest prices.

THE MARRIAGE RING.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon on "Husband and Wife in Harmony and Out of Time."

A Brilliant Sermon Preached in the Tabernacle Yesterday Morning—Chunks of Wisdom Told in a Plain Way—Advice for Everybody and Not Only "For the Other Fellow."

Special to the GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 31.—This morning fully six thousand persons were present inside the Tabernacle and as many vainly attempted to enter the building, representing the usual attendance when the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., is at home. The musical exercises were exceedingly interesting, and included a performance on the organ of Thiele's Concert-Satz No. 1, in C minor, by Prof. Henry Eyre Browne. The congregation sang the hymn beginnidg:

"Joy to the world the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her king."

Dr. Talmage founded his remarks on the subject: "Husband and Wife in Harmony or Out of Tune," on Amos Ch. 3. v. 3: "Can two walk together, except they be agreed?" He said:

No, Amos, they cannot. They will be tripping each other up, or pushing each other down. Married life under such circumstances will be the sounding of perpetual warwhoop. In this course of sermons on "The Marriage Ring," I will today speak of the mutual duties of husband and wife, preparatory to discourses on their individual duties.

A church within a church, a republic within a republic, a world within a world, is spelled by four letters—Home! If things go right there, they go right everywhere; if things go wrong there, they go wrong everywhere. The door-sill of the dwelling-house is the foundation of Church and State. A man never gets higher than his own garret or lower than his own celler. In other words, domestic life overarches and undergirds all other life. The highest house of congress is the domestic circle; the rocking-chair in the nursery is higher than a throne. George Washington commanded the forces of the United States, but Mary Washington commanded George. Chrysostom's mother made his pen for him. If a man should start out and run seventy years in a straight line, he could not get out from under the shadow of his own mantelpiece. I therefore talk to you this morning about a matter of infinite and eternal moment when I speak of your home.

As individuals we are fragments. God makes the race in part, and then He gradually puts us together. What I lack, you make up; what you lack I make up; our deficits and surplusses of character being the cog-wheels in the social mechanism. One person has the patience, another has the courage, another has the placidity, another has the enthusiasm; that which is lacking in one is made up by another, or made up by all. Buffalos in herds, grouse in broods, quails in flocks, the human race in circles. God has most beautifully arranged this. It is in this way that he balances society; this conservative and that radical keeping things even. Every ship must have its mast, cutwater, taffrail, ballast. Thank God, then, for Princeton and Andover, for the opposites. I have no more right to blame a man for being different from me than a driving-wheel has a right to blame the iron shaft that holds it to the center. John Wesley balances Calvin's Institutes. A cold thinker gives to Scotland the strong bones of theology; Dr. Guthrie clothes them with a throbbing heart and warm flesh. The difficulty is that we are not satisfied with just the work that God has given us to do. The water-wheel wants to come inside the mill and grind the grist, and the hopper wants to go out and dabble in the water. Our usefulness and the welfare of society depend upon our staying in just the place that God has put us, or intended we should occupy.

For more compactness, and that we may be more useful, we are gathered in still smaller circles in the home group. And there you have the same varieties again: brothers, sisters, husband and wife; all different in temperaments and tastes. It is fortunate that it should be so. If the husband be all impulse, the wife must be all prudence. If one sister be sanguine in her temperament, the other must be lymphatic. Mary and Martha are necessities. There will be no dinner for Christ if there be no Martha; there will be no audience for Jesus if there be no Mary. The home organization is most beautifully constructed. Eden has gone; the bowers are all broken down; the animals that Adam stroked with his hand that morning when they came up to get their names have since shot forth tusk and sting, and growled panther at panther; and mid-air, iron beaks plunge till with clotted wing and eyeless sockets the twain come whirling down from under the sun in blood and fire. Eden has gone, but there is just one little fragment left. It floated down on the river Hiddekel out of Paradise. It is the marriage institution. It does not, as at the beginning, take away from man a rib. Now it is an addition of ribs.

This institution of marriage has been defamed in our day, and influences are abroad trying to turn this earth into a Turkish harem or a great Salt Lake City. While the pulpits have been comparatively silent, novels—their cheapness only equaled by their nastiness—are trying to educate, have taken upon themselves to educate, this nation in regard to holy marriage, which makes or breaks for time and eternity. Oh, it is not a mere question of residence or wardrobe! It is a question charged with gigantic joy or sorrow, with heaven or hell. Alas for this new dispensation of George Sands! Alas for the mingling of the nightshade with the marriage garlands! Alas for the venom of adders spit into the tankards! Alas for the white frosts of eternal death that kill the orange blossoms! The Gospel of Jesus Christ is to assert what is right and to assert what is wrong. Attempt has been made to take the marriage institution, which was intended for the happiness and elevation of the race, and make it a mere commercial enterprise; an exchange of houses and lands and equipage; a business partnership of two stuffed up with the stories of romance and knight errantry, and unfaithfullness and feminine angelhood. The two after a while have roused up to find that, instead of the paradise they dreamed of, they have got nothing but a Van Amburgh's menagerie, filled with tigers and wild cats. Eighty thousand divorces in Paris in one year preceded the worst revolution that France ever saw. It was only the first course in that banquet of hell; and I tell you what you know as well as I do, that wrong notions on the subject of Christian marriage are the cause at this day of more moral outrage before God and man than any other cause.

There are some things that I want to bring before you. I know there are those of you who have had homes set up for a great many years; and, then, there are those here who have just established their home. They have only been in it a few months or a few years. Then, there are those who will, after a while, set up for themselves a home, and it is right that I should speak out upon these themes.

My first counsel to you is, have Jesus in your new home, if it be a new home; and let Him who was a guest at Bethany be in your household; let the Divine blessing drop upon your every hope and plan and expectation. Those young people who begin with God and with heaven. Have on your right hand the engagement ring of the Divine affection. If one of you be a Christian, let that one take a Bible and read a few verses in the evening-time, and then kneel down and commend yourselves no him who setteth the solitary in families. I want to tell you that the destroying angel passes by without touching or entering the door-post sprinkled with blood of the everlasting covenant. Why is it that in some families they never get along well? I have watched such cases, and have come to a conclusion. In the first instance, nothing seemed to go pleasantly, and after a while came devastation, domestic disaster, or estrangement. Why? They started wrong. In the other case, although there were hardships and trials, and some things that had to be explained, still went on pleasant until the very last. Why? They started right.

My advice to you in your home is, to exercise to the very last possibility of your nature the law of forbearance. Prayers in the household will not make for everything. Some of the best people in the world are the hardest to get along with. There are people who stand up in prayer-meetings and pray like angels, who at home are cranky and uncompromising. You may not have everything just as you want it. Sometimes it will the duty of the husband and sometimes of the wife to yield; but both stand punctiously on your rights, and you will have a Waterloo with no Blucher coming up at nightfall to decide the conflict.

Never be ashamed to apologize when you have done wrong in domestic affairs. Let that be a law of your household. The best thing I ever heard of my grandfather, whom I never saw, was this: that having unrighteously rebuked one of his children, he himself having lost his patience, and, perhaps, having been misinformed of the child's doings, found out his mistake, and in the evening of the same day gathered all his family together, and said, "Now, I have one explanation to make, and one thing to say. Thomas, this morning I rebuked you very unfairly. I am very sorry for it. I rebuked you in the presence of the whole family, and now I ask your forgiveness in their presence." It must have taken some courage to do that. It was right, was it not? Never be ashamed to apologize for domestic inaccuracy. Find out the points: what are the weak points, if I may call them so, of your companion, and then stand aloof from them. Do not carry the fire of your temper too near the gunpowder. If the wife be easily fretted by disorder in the household, let the husband be careful where he throws his slippers. If the husband come home from the store with his patience all exhausted, do not let the wife unnecessarily cross his temper; but both stand up for your rights, and I will promise the everlasting sound of the warwhoop. Your life will be spent in making up, and marriage will be to you an unmitigated curse. Cowper said:

"The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear:
And something every day they live,
To pity, and perhaps forgive."

I advise, also, that you make your chief pleasure circle around about that home. It is unfortunate when it is otherwise. If the husband spend the most of his nights away from home, of choice, and not of necessity, he is not the head of the household; he is only the cashier. If the wife throw the cares of the household in the servant's lap, and then spend five nights of the week at the opera or theater, she may clothe her children with satins and laces and ribbons that would confound a French milliner, but they are orphans. Oh, it is sad when a child has no one to say its prayers to because mother has gone off to the evening entertainment. In India they bring children and throw them to the crocodiles, and it seems very cruel; but the jaws of New York and Brooklyn dissipation are swallowing down more little children today than all the monsters that ever crawled upon the banks of the Ganges!

I have seen the sorrow of the godless mother on the death of a child she had neglected. It was not so much grief that she felt from the fact that the child was dead as the fact that she had neglected it. She said: "If I had only watched over and cared for the child, I know God would not have taken it." The tears came not; it was a dry, blittering tempest—a scorching simoon of the desert. When she wrung her hands, it seemed as if she would twist her fingers from their sockets; when she seized her hair, it seemed as if she had, in wild terror, grasped a coiling serpent with her right hand. No tears! Comrades of the little one came in and wept over the coffin; neighbors came in, and the moment they saw the still face of the child, the shower broke. No tears for her. God gives tears as the summer rain to the parched soil; but to all the universe the driest and hottest, the most scorching and consuming thing is a mother's heart if she has neglected her child, when once it is dead. God may forgive her, but she will never forgive herself. The memory will sink the eyes deeper into the sockets, and pinch the face and whiten the hair, and eat up the heart with vultures that will not be satisfied, forever plunge deeper their iron beaks. Oh, you wanderers from your home, go back to your duty! The brightest flowers in all the earth are those which the garden of a Christian household, clambering over the perch of a Christian home.

I advise you also to cultivate sympathy of occupation. Sir James Mackintosh, one of the most eminent and elegant men that ever lived, while standing at the very height of his eminence, said to a great company of scholars, "My wife made me." The wife ought to be the advising partner in every firm. She ought to be interested in all the losses and gains of shop and store. She ought to have a right—she has a right—to know everything. If a man goes into a business transaction that he dare not tell his wife of, you may depend that he is on the way either to bankruptcy or moral ruin. There may be some things which he does not wish to trouble his wife with; but if he dare not tell her, he is on the road to discomfiture. On the other hand, the husband ought to be sympathetic with his wife's occupation. It is no easy thing to keep house. Many a woman that could have endured martyrdom as well as Margaret, the Scotch girl, has actually been worn out by house management. There are a thousand martyrs of the kitchen. It is very annoying, after the vexations of the day around the stove or a table, or in the nursery or parlor, to have your husband say, "You know nothing about trouble; you ought to be in the store half an hour." Sympathy of occupation! If the husband's work cover him with the soot of the furnace, or the odors of leather or soap factories, let not the wife be easily disgusted at the begrimed hands or unsavory aroma. Your gains are one, your interests are one, your losses are one; lay hold of the work of life with both hands. Four hands to fight the battles; four eyes to watch for the danger; four shoulders on which to carry the trials. It is a very sad thing when the painter has a wife who does not like pictures. It is a very sad thing for a pianist when she has a husband who does not like music. It is a very sad thing when a wife is not suited unless her husband has what is called "genteel business." So far as I understand a "genteel business," it is something to which a man goes at ten o'clock in the morning, and from which he comes home at two or three o'clock in the afternoon, and gets a large amount of money for doing nothing. That is, I believe, a "genteel business;" and there has been many a wife who has made the mistake of not being satisfied until the husband has given up the tanning of the hides, or the turning of the banisters, or building of the walls, and put himself where he has nothing to do but smoke cigars and drink wine, and get himself into habits that upset him, going down in the maelstrom, taking his wife and his children with him. There are a good many trains running from earth to destruction. They start all the hours of the day, and all the hours of the night. There are the freight trains; they go very slowly and very heavily; and there are the accommodation trains going on toward destruction, and they stop very often, and let a man get out when he wants to. But genteel idleness is an express train; Satan is the stoker, and Death is the engineer; and though one may come out in front of it, and swing the red flag of "danger," or the Lantern of God's Word, it makes just one shot into perdition, coming down the embankment with a shout and a wail and a shriek—crash, crash! There are two classes of people sure of destruction: first, those who have nothing to do; secondly, those who have something to do, but are too lazy or too proud to do it.

I have one more word of advice to give to those who would have a happy home, and that is, let love preside in it. When your behavior in the domestic circle becomes a mere matter of calculation, when the caress you give is merely the result of deliberative study of the position you occupy, happiness lies stark dead on the hearthstone. When the husband's position as head of the household is maintained by loudness of voice, by strength of arm, by fire of temper, the republic of domestic bliss has become a despotism that neither God nor man will abide. Oh, ye who promised to love each other at the altar, how dare you commit perjury? Let no shadow of suspicion come on your affection. It is easier to kill that flower than it is to make it live again. The blast from hell that puts out that light leaves you in the blackness of darkness forever.

Here are a man and wife; they agree in nothing else, but they agree they will have a home. They will have a splendid house, and they think if they have a house, they will have a home. Architects make the plan, and the mechanics execute it; the house to cost one hundred thousand dollars. It is done. The carpets are spread; lights are hoisted; curtains are hung; cards of invitation sent out. The horses in gold-plaited harness prance at the gate; guests come in and take their places; the flute sounds; the dancers go up and down; and with one grand whirl the wealth and the fashion and the mirth of the great town wheel amidst the pictured walls. Ha! this is happiness. Float it on the smoking viands; sound it in the music; whirl it in the dance; cast it on the snow of sculpture; sound it up the brilliant stairway; flash it in chandeliers! Happiness, indeed! Let us build on the center of the parlor floor a throne to happiness, let all the guests, when come in, bring their flowers and pearls and diamonds, and throw them on this pyramid, and let it be a throne; and then let happiness, the queen, mount the throne, and we will stand around, and, all chalices lifted, we will say, "Drink, O queen! live forever!" But the guests depart, the flutes are breathless, the last clash of the impatient hoofs is heard in the distance, and the twain of the household come back to see the queen of Happiness on the throne amidst the parlor floor. But, alas! as they come back, the flowers have faded, the sweet odors have become the smell of a charnel-house, and instead of the Queen of Happiness there sits there the gaunt form of Anguish, with bitten lip and sunken eye, and ashes in her hair. The romp of the dancers who have left seems rumbling yet, like jarring thunders that quake the floor and rattle the glasses of the feast, rim to rim. The spilled wine on the floor turns into blood. The wreaths of plush have become wriggling reptiles. Terrors catch tangled in the canopy that overhangs the couch. A strong gust of wind comes through the hall and the drawing-room and the bed-chamber, in which all the lights go out. And from the lips of the wine-bekers come the words, "Happiness is not in us!" And the arches respond, "It is not in us!" And the silenced instruments of music, thrummed on by invisible fingers, answer, "Happiness is not in us!" And the frozen lips of Anguish break open, and, seated on the throne of wilted flowers, she strikes her bony hands together, and groans, "It is not in me!"

That very night a clerk with a salary of a thousand dollars a year—only one thousand—goes to his home, set up three months ago, just after the marriage-day. Love meets him at the door; love sits with him at the table, love talks over the work of the day; love takes down the bible, and reads of Him who came our souls to save; and they kneel, and while they are kneeling—right in that plain room on that plain carpet—the angels of God build a throne, not out of flowers that perish and fade away, but out of garlands of heaven, wreath on top of wreath, amaranth on amaranth, until the throne is done. Then the harps of God sounded, and suddenly there appeared one who mounted the throne, with eye so bright and brow so fair that the twain knew that it was Christian Love. And they knelt at the terone, and, putting one hand on each head, she blessed them, and said, "Happiness is with me!" And that throne of celestial bloom withered not with the passing years; and the queen left not the throne till one day the married pair felt stricken in years—felt themselves called away, and knew not which way to go, and the queen bounded from the throne, and said "Follow me, I will show you the way up to the realm of everlasting love." And so they went up to sing songs of love, and walk on pavements of love, and to live together in mansions of love, and to rejoice forever in the truth that God is love.

Death of Mrs. Rankin.

BOWLUSVILLE, Feb. 1.—Mrs. Chas. Rankin, an old and respected lady of near this place, died suddenly, at her home, Sunday evening, January 31, at 11:45 p. m. She was born May 19, 1819, being 66 years 8 months and 11 days old. She has suffered a great deal during the past few years. She departed her earthly career calm and peaceful. Interment at Green Mound cemetery, Springfield, Ohio, Wednesday, February 3, at 10 a. m. Funeral will be preached at the house. All friends are cordially invited to attend.

NEW CARLISLE.

NEW CARLISLE, Feb. 1.—The New Carlisle Council, No. 30, held a regular communication last Saturday evening, and conferred the R. and S. M. degree upon one candidate. State Lecturer Goodale was expected to be present to confer the S. E. degree upon a number of R. and S. M. members, but failed to be here. An ample supper was served by the ladies in the G. A. R. hall, which was kindly tendered by the "boys in blue." Comrades J. M. Cary, Robert Bruce and I. H. Kelly, of Springfield, were present....All enjoyed the work, as well as the repast served by the ladies... Mr. Jarrett, of Springfield, has been here in the interest of the Union Central Life Insurance Company, and has worked up considerable business the last few days.... The schools will give an entertainment about the 22d of February, the proceeds of which will be used to buy carpets for the platforms of the different school rooms in the new scool building.... The New Carlisle Sun has a decidedly business look about it, under its new editor, which shows that he was not thrown into the newspaper business by circumstances, but that he is a practical newspaper man....Any personal or other news items which anyone might want put into the GLOBE-REPUBLIC will be gladly received and sent in by the correspondent.... Miss Cliffie Mitchell has been sick for the past few days, and in consequence was kept out of her class in the schools....The spelling match was not very well attended last Saturday evening, but still a very handsome sum was realized after paying for the prize, which was a fine morroco bound bible. Dr. J. H. Cook received the prize, and Miss Minnie Hysner stood second....

Rev. Dr. Van Cleve is carrying on a protracted meeting at the M. E. church and expects to continue several days yet....We are having a clock show in town now. The dimes are coming in rapidly and everybody goes away satisfied....Chas. Sayler has purchased the match pony team from C. H. Webb. By the way, this is the most sprightly team in the burg.

Steamboat Burned.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 1.—The large side-wheel upper-coast steamboat John B. Maude, caught fire Saturday morning at the wharf near the head of Delachaise street and was completely destroyed, the hull sinking after the flames had done their work. The boat was owned by Captain D. H. Silver and was valued at $25,000. She was laid up temporarily and was about to resume her trip to Plaquemine. She had been recently refitted, repainted and overhauled. All her furniture and fixtures will prove a total loss. The boat was insured, but her agents are unable to state for how much. The total loss to boat and fixtures will not fall short of $30,000.

If a large waterfall is called a cataract, is little one a kittyract?

WASHINGTON.

Determined to Stand by the President in His Refusal to Give the Papers Relative to Removals.

Conflict Between Messrs. Hoar and Harrison in the Senate—The Wife of Secretary of State Bayard Dead—Capital Notes.

A BITTER CONTEST PROBABLE.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—The Democratic members of the Senate held a caucus Saturday morning and decided to stand by the President in his refusal to give the papers relative to the removal of Republicans from office, as embodied in the resolution of Senator Edmunds on the subject of the change of the District Attorneyship of Southern Alabama. What course the Republicans are expected to follow will probably be outlined at a caucus which is likely to be held to-day. Some are inclined to think that there will be a long and bitter contest, others that the Republicans, having put the President on record, will agree to confirm his appointments, letting the responsibility for bad selections rest wholly upon his shoulders.

Business in either branch of Congress is insufficiently crystallized to insure a very high degree of accuracy in a forecast.

The House to-day, after the call of the States and committees for the introduction of bills and the suspension of rules, will resume consideration of the bill increasing the pension of widows and dependent relatives of deceased soldiers and sailors from eight to twelve dollars a month, which is unfinished business.

Tuesday is to be devoted to eulogies upon the late Mr. Hendricks and one of the days later in the week to the bill now on the calendar restoring Fitz-John Porter to the rolls of the army.

The Committee on Expenditures on the War Department will report a resolution calling upon the Secretary of War for information relating to the accounts of the chief signal officer; also authorizing the committee to conduct an investigation into the accounts and empowering it to send for persons, papers, etc.

There seems to be a conflict pending between Messrs. Hoar and Harrison in the Senate over the consideration of their respective measures. Mr. Hoar asks very earnestly that his bill fixing the day for the meeting of the Electors of President and Vice President and to provide for and regulate the counting of the electoral vote, which is unfinished business for to-day, be taken up in its order, while Mr. Harrison, who yielded the floor a number of times during the past two or three weeks, realizes the necessity of continuing discussion of his bill providing for the admission of Dakota, which is also unfinished business. It is generally believed that the latter measure will be taken up, and that it will occupy the Senate after two o'clock each afternoon for several days. If it comes up to-day Mr. Logan will speak first upon it, and he will be followed by Mr. Harrison and probably Senators Blackburn, Morgan, Voorhees and others.

The House Committee on Agriculture Saturday began the consideration of the bills intended to prevent the spread of pleuro-pneumonia among domestic animals. The committee was addressed by Mr. Wilson, of Iowa; Representative Breckenridge, of Kentucky; Mr. Curtis, of Montana; Commissioner Colman, of the Department of Agriculture; Dr. Salmon, of the Bureau of Animal Industry; Mr. Lloyd, of Missouri, and Mr. Towers, of Kansas City. Dr. Salmon explained the nature of pleuro-pneumonia. He said that the flesh of infected animals was not injurious as food and no bad effects had been known to result from its use. The disease, he said, was communicable to animals within a period of fifteen months after infection, therefore the quarantine should be extended to a period of eighteen months at least.

The Senate Committee on Public Lands has completed a bill for the repeal of the pre-emption and timber culture laws, and the measure will be reported to the Senate to-day. It repeals the two mentioned laws outright, amends the desert land act so as to give the claimant 360 acres on condition that he shall make it his permanent residence, and shall irrigate one-half of it, patent to issue five years from the date of filing the claimant's notice of intention. It also repeals the commutation feature of the Homestead law and limits the time within which the Government can attack a patent to five years.

At the last session of Congress an appropriation was made for the erection of a statue to the memory of Lafayette for the distinguished services he rendered this country in its struggle for independence. It is proposed to remove the famous equestrian statue of Jackson in Lafayette Square to some other site and place the new statue in its present place.

Mrs. Louisa Lee Bayard, the wife of Secretary Bayard, died at her residence at half-past eight o'clock yesterday morning of congestion of the brain. This is the second time within the brief space of two weeks that death has visited the household of the Secretary. Mrs. Bayard has been in feeble health for several years and the death of her daughter, two weeks ago, completely prostrated her, from which prostration she has never rallied. Late Saturday night her physician said her death was imminent, and so the public here were in a measure prepared for the sad news. Mrs. Bayard's remains will be taken to Wilmington, Del., this afternoon. There will be no funeral services in Washington. The interment will take place at the old Swedes church, where Miss Bayard was buried two weeks ago.

Several members of the Cabinet are expected to go to Wilmington and attend the funeral. Expressions of condolence are heard on all sides for the Secretary in his great affliction. Political and personal friends and men whose intercourse with him was limited are alike sincere in their regrets for the sorrowful events which have crowded upon him during the past two weeks. The President, Cabinet officers, members of foreign legations, Senators and many public men during the day either called at the Secretary's house or sent messages of condolence to him. The President has recalled his invitations for the dinner to the Supreme Court, which was announced for next Thursday night, and a number of prominent social events which were to have taken place this week have been postponed.

Mayor's Proclamation Ignored.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 1.—The proclamation issued by Mayor Smith at the request of the Sabbath Association, enforcing the law of 1794 forbidding the carrying on of business on Sunday, was generally ignored yesterday by shopkeepers and others. Cigar stores, barber shops and small shops and newspaper carriers continued to do business as usual. The main entrance of saloons were closed, but a thriving business was done by the side doors.

Destructive Fire.

TRACKVILLE, Pa., Feb. 1.—The Reading Railroad Company's engine house at the head of Mohaney-Plane was burned Saturday entailing a loss, direct and consequential, of nearly a million dollars. It will take a year to replace the building and machinery and meanwhile all the coal from the North Schuylkill fields must go via Tamaqua at much greater expense than the Plane route would have involved.

Fish Taken to New York Again.

NEW YORK, Feb. 1.—James D. Fish, ex-president of the Marine Bank, arrived at the Murray Hill Hotel Saturday night from Auburn prison. He is brought here to testify in the suit brought by Walter L. Johnson, receiver of the Marine Bank, against the Chicago & Atlantic Railroad and the Erie, relative to the mortgage bonds of the former company which Grant & Ward hypothecated.

E. H. Townsend, Springfield, O.:—The Howard Baker bought of your agent is all that was recommended to me.

MRS. DAVID BURNS, City.

THREATENED NEGRO UPRISING.

Mayersville, Miss., Excited Over a Threatened Uprising—A Militia Company Sent to the Place, but Found Everything Quiet.

MAYERSVILLE, Miss., Feb. 1.—This town has been greatly excited during the past two days over a threatened negro uprising. So great were the fears of the white people that assistance of military was asked from Vicksburg. A company of militia was immediately sent, but on arriving yesterday morning found everything quiet. Ebenezer Fowler, a negro bar-keeper, who stood well with the white and colored people recently, was discovered to have been intimate with a respectable widow who stood high in the community.

Threats were made to tar and feather him, but older men said the woman was as guilty as he was and nothing should be done with him unless both were driven out of town. Finally the widow gave birth to a child and disappeared. Fowler continued his business and a few days ago went to the house of Mrs. Weir, whose husband is absent, and handed her a note containing insulting propositions. The lady seized a revolver and told him to leave the house. He demanded the return of the note but the plucky woman refused. She then gave the note to the district attorney and preferred charges against Fowler.

When the officers went to arrest him he attempted to draw a revolver, but was prevented. Upon entering the court room Fowler turned upon the guard and attempted to seized the revolver. In the scuffle that ensued the weapon was discharged and slightly wounded the Mayor. Instantly a volley of bullets were poured into Fowler and he was instantly killed. The affair created great excitement among the negroes, who threatened to avenge his death, but the more cool-headed men among them quieted them.

LABOR TROUBLES.

Locomotive Engineers Refuse to Move Boycotted Goods—Affairs in the Coke Region Quiet.

TROY, N. Y., Feb. 1.—The boycott placed by the Knights of Labor upon the goods of the Fuller & Warren Company, owners of the Clinton stove foundry, threatens to involve the Locomotive Engineers' Brotherhood. Seven cars loaded with Fuller & Warren's goods, consigned to various branch houses of the concern, are on the side-track at Green Island. The Delaware & Hudson engineers, who are brotherhood men and Knights of Labor, refuse to pull the cars out because they contain boycotted goods, and their refusal has been reported to the railroad company. It is feared that there will be trouble, as it is understood that if an engineer is discharged for refusing to move the cars all the others will strike.

SCOTTDALE, Pa., Feb. 1.—Everything throughout the coke region remains quiet. Serious trouble is anticipated, however, if the threatened eviction of tenants from the company's houses is carried out this week. There are evidences that the operators are becoming uneasy. E. A. Humphreys, who owns and operates the furnace ovens at this place, called his men together yesterday, for the second time, and wanted to compromise by paying the price demanded, asking the men to take half their wages in company store orders. This they refused to do, and Humphreys yielded to their demand in toto. This victory causes much enthusiasm and a more hopeful feeling among the strikers is exhibited.

THE SALVATIONISTS.

Religious Excitement in Joliet, Ill., at a Fever Heat—A Cry of Religious Persecution Raised.

JOLIET, Ill., Jan. 31.—Religious excitement in this city has been raised to a fever heat by the difficulty between the Salvation Army and the civil authorities. The Mayor, chief of police, and a majority of the councilmen are Catholics, and, because the members of the army have been nightly arrested under a city ordinance for disturbing the peace, a cry of religious persecution has been raised. On Thursday night six of the Salvationists were arrested and locked up over night, but City Attorney Bennett who is a Protestant, refused to prosecute the case. The action of the city's legal adviser caused Mayor Kelly to call a special council meeting Friday night, when, by an unanimous vote, the Mayor's action was sustained.

Jacob Johnson and Thomas Stillwell, two members of the army, who were arrested, the former having been clubbed by a policeman while resisting arrest, have filed suits against Mayor Kelly, Chief of Police Murray and two policemen for $10,000 damages each. The board of supervisors have further complicated matters by granting the Salvationists the freedom of the court house square for the purpose of holding open-air meetings.

OHIO LEGISLATURE.

Senate Adjourns Until Tuesday—Members of Conference Committee Not Very Sanguine of a Compromise.

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 31.—The Senate met at ten o'clock Saturday morning, and immediately adjourned until four o'clock Tuesday. Most of the members then left for their homes. The conference committee is busy discussing the several propositions, and, although but little headway is made, the discussion is carried on without any evidence of a war spirit.

Senators O'Neill, Van Cleaf, Pavey and Rannels, a sub-committee of the Conference Committee, were in session all day, trying to agree upon rules to govern the trial of the contest cases. The members are not very sanguine in their hopes of effecting a compromise.

Owing to some witnesses failing to appear Friday, the Payne bribery investigation was adjourned until Tuesday.

Failed to Find the Dispatches.

NEW YORK, Jan. 31.—Mr. W. C. Prime, custodian of General McClellan's official papers, states in a card published Saturday, that he has failed to find any such dispatches between Halleck and McClellan, in regard to General Grant being drunk, as was alleged by a recent letter to the New York Sun to be in existence. In connection with Mr. Prime's card, a letter is published from General G. W. Cullom, who was Halleck's chief of staff in 1861-2, in which he declares that Halleck always had confidence in Grant. General Cullom says that Halleck recommended Grant for a Major Generalship before he proposed C. F. Smith's promotion, notwithstanding the assertion of General Grant and Colonel Grant that Smith's name was sent in first. Grant's commission is dated February 16, 1862, and Smith's March 21, 1862.

Trouble Between Cowboys and Mexican Herders.

DURANGO, Col., Jan. 31.—The mail carrier from Farmington, N. M., reports that a protracted fight recently occurred between Carlisle's cowboys and some Mexican sheep-herders, on the lower San Juan river, near the Navajo reservation. The trouble grew out of an effort of both parties to occupy the same range. The sheep-herders drove their flocks where the cattle were feeding, and the cowboys attempted to drive them off. The Mexicans proved the stronger party and forced them to take refuge in a cabin. They then burned all the other buildings belonging to the cowmen and held the latter, as prisoners, in the cabin for two days, during which time they drove their sheep away and then left. One Mexican was killed during the shooting.

Frank James Doesn't Believe the Charges.

NEVADA, Mo., Jan. 31.—Frank James, who is clerk in a store here, says he is satisfied that Governor Crittenden never instructed the Ford boys to kill Jesse James. They doubtless misunderstood his remarks that it was necessary to break up the gang at all hazards. Frank thinks the men who make the biggest outcry now against that affair would have taken the lives of himself and Jesse in a moment if they had had a chance to do so.

HORRIBLE MURDER.

A Drunken Brute of a Husband Beats the Brains Out of His Wife and Her Companion,

And Then Cuts His Throat From Ear to Ear and Lies Down on the Bed Beside His Victims—He Will Recover.

FULL PARTICULARS.

CLEVELAND, O., Feb. 1.—One of the bloodiest tragedies ever perpetrated in this city was discovered Sunday morning in room 36 Crocker Block, on Superior street. The murderer and probable suicide was Alfred Smith, a profligate fellow, who has been in trouble for some time, and his victims were his wife, Mrs. Althadine Smith, the clairvoyant, and a companion, Mrs. Louisa Jane Wilson, who had but recently come to live at the Smith rooms.

Mrs. Smith has lived for some time past in constant dread of her husband, who abused her at every opportunity that presented, and made her life almost unbearable by his constant sprees. Last Thursday, resolved to bear his abuse no longer, she applied for a divorce. When Smith learned of his wife's action he came at once to her and, it is said, endeavored to effect some sort of a compromise, but she refused to listen to his entreaties.

Later Saturday evening Smith returned to the rooms partially intoxicated, but left after staying a short time. As he went out the two defenseless women bolted the doors to prevent his return, but about ten o'clock, it is supposed, he raised one of the windows opening off the hall and forced an entrance into the room. The women greeted his entrance with cries of fright and fled into an adjoining room, where he followed and heaped curses and insults upon their heads until it became necessary to call in Patrolman John Carroll to quiet the row.

About 8:30 Sunday morning Mrs. Hattie Wright, the janitress of the building, went down to the Smith room and knocked repeatedly and attempted to force the door, but to no avail. Hearing groans inside she called out, "What is the matter?" but receiving no reply returned to her rooms and, securing a step-ladder, mounted it and looked over the transom and saw blood.

She notified her husband, who summoned others in the block and broke into the room and discovered the three bodies lying on the bed, the women with their heads beaten to a jelly and the murderer lying between them with his throat cut from ear to ear.

It is supposed that the murder was committed some time between three and five o'clock Sunday morning. Smith, who had been sleeping in an adjoining room, rose from his bed and going into the sleeping apartment of the women, dragged his wife from bed first, and armed with a hammer, pounded the half-awakened woman on the head. She resisted and struggled, evidently, to free herself, but the infuriated brute hit her again and she fell to the floor.

Mrs. Wilson was probably awakened during the struggle, and to add to the fearful evidence of his fiendishness, the bloody butcher seized her and, raising the hammer aloft, brought it down with terrific force on her head. She probably put up her hand to ward off the blow, for the set was broken from her ring. Not satisfied with what he had done, Smith evidently struck both women on the head with the hammer after they had fallen to the floor. Picking up the bodies, he placed both on the bed as they were afterwards found, and went into the adjoining room. In there he seized a razor, and grasping it in his bloody hand, he drew it across his throat. With the blood streaming from the gash, he returned to the scene of his butcheries and threw himself beside the bloody bodies with his arm across his wife.

The apartment in which the bloody crime was committed were in the third floor of the Crocker Block. Two rooms faced on Superior street, and the other, a small, dark apartment, was to the rear of the others, with no windows except those opening on the hallway. It was in this latter room that the fiend used the murderous hammer.

The bodies were lying upon the bed, with nude and bloody limbs projecting over the side and feet resting in the great clotted pools of blood which besmeared the carpet. Mrs. Smith, the wife of the author of the atrocity, was lying flat upon her back across the foot of the bed with barely a stitch of clothing upon her person. Her head rested against the wall and her bloody, battered face mutilated beyond recognition, was turned upward toward the ceiling. Little shreds of flesh hung from her cheeks, the nose was broken, crushed and flattened, the skull was crushed in and there was not the hundredth part of an inch of space on her head that did not bear the cruel, brutal marks of the deadly hammer.

Smith was taken to the Huron street hospital in the ambulance. The terrible struggle which the man had just passed through no doubt weakened his determination and swerved his aim when he came to killing himself. The razor blade passed through the skin of the neck, making a gash extending almost from ear to ear, but not deep enough to sever either the jugular or smaller important veins, or the wind-pipe. The wound bled fearfully and the great loss of blood is that which endangers Smith's life. One cut was stitched together by physicians and everything done to bring back life. When taken from the room the suicide had not regained consciousness, but occasionally writhed his body as if in pain. Several times he partially unclosed his eyes. The physicians are of the opinion that he has a chance to recover. Smith is considered under arrest by the police.

Mrs. Althadine Smith, the murdered wife, was a woman intellectually the superior of her husband. Her maiden name was Althadine Fisk, and she was reared in New York State by parents who made it their aim to give their daughter a good education. She was an ardent Spirit