THE GREAT STRIKE

Bids Fair to Continue with Increased Bitterness,

By Reason of the General Managers' Association Declining to Consider Any Proposition From the Railway Union Leaders.

CHICAGO, July 13.—Eugene V. Debs, who ordered the great railway strike, made one more ineffectual attempt looking to a settlement to-day. He drew up a formal proposition to the general managers agreeing to have the men return to work at once provided they be reinstated in their former positions without prejudice. He made an exception in the case of any man who has been convicted of a crime, but offered to have all others go back immediately. He said that the proposition was inspired by a desire to subserve the public good, as the strike, small and unimportant in its inception, has extended until "it now involves or threatens not only every public interest but the security and prosperity of our common country."

This proposition was signed by Debs, Howard and Keliher, the principal officers of the American Railway union. It was taken for them by Mayor Hopkins to the General Managers' association. The association was not in session, but after the individual members had been consulted, it was returned to Mayor Hopkins without answer, and with the information that no communication whatever from Debs, Howard and Keliher could be received or considered by the managers' association.

This action of the strike leaders was taken, they claim, not because of impending defeat, but in order that they should be in harmony with the suggestion President Cleveland made in announcing that he would appoint a commission on arbitration.

The refusal of the general managers to even consider the proposition which would necessitate the dismissal of all men engaged to fill the strikers' places and would place them again in the power of the organization which had paralyzed their lines for days, was a decided set-back to the union.

Following it came the result of the two days' deliberations of the conference of labor leaders called by Samuel Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor. The leaders of all the big organizations, outside of the American Railway union and the Knights of Labor, decided not to involve the men they represent in any local or general strike. They expressed sympathy with the Pullman employes, but declared a strike at this time of general business depression an act of folly.

Early in the day the action of President Cleveland had been hailed by the labor men as a victory for organized workingmen, as they claim to have obtained, for the first time, a recognition of the principle of arbitration by the president of the United States. The great strike had been ordered for the reason that the Pullman company refused arbitration with its employes, and now the national government, which had been bitterly denounced for sending federal troops to the aid of railroad corporations, had officially declared for arbitration. The strike leaders then looked for a settlement.

The failure of their mode of settlement leaves them only unconditional surrender or a fight to the bitter end. They choose the latter and claim the strike is on as strong as ever in spite of what the railway managers say. They claim to be able to make it still more effective here and declare that to-day's action of the managers will solidify their men who are out and send out many who have been undecided.

Meetings were held to-night in half a dozen halls and strong talk was indulged in. Danger of a resort to violence by some of the more excitable of the strikers or their sympathizers still exists.

A change in the methods of the federal troops on duty at the subtreasury indicates apprehension among those in authority. The guard line was to-day extended into the street, and no one was allowed on the sidewalk adjacent to the building.

The railways operated their principal passenger trains to-day as they have been doing for several days past, and moved some freight. No change was made in the national and state troops guarding the lines, but United States Marshal Arnold began reducing his force of deputies.

Judge Grosscup gave the federal grand jury additional instructions today, advising them that in case evidence was presented showing that the mails were delayed and interstate commerce interfered with, as a result of an agreement by railway officials or others in order to create public sympathy, it constituted a conspiracy, and no matter how high in position the individuals may be they are not exempt from indictment and trial. This charge is supposed to be the result of statements made by strike leaders, which have been published, accusing the General Managers' association of entering into a conspiracy and refusing to remove trains without Pullmans. So far as can be learned, the evidence which the attorneys of the American Railway union claim to have has not yet been presented to the grand jury.

The labor leaders were disappointed in the obduracy of their opponents, and now propose to make the compromise through Mayor Hopkins' office.

This failing, they will declare the strike in full effect and seek corroboration in the decision of the trades and labor unions.

But the error has been made by the labor leaders themselves; it is recognized by the public and the obstinate railway managers are quick to take advantage of it.

The fight may be continued for some days, but the result is already foreshadowed.

Gov. Stone at the Seat of Trouble.

JACKSON, Miss., July 14.—Adjt.-Gen. Henry has returned from Meridian. Gov. Stone is still there. Citizens think his presence is necessary to keep the strikers quiet and in check, who so far have attempted no extreme violence. They expressed great indignation because certain trains are being run with negroes, and are very sullen. All trains are now leaving Meridian on time, ample assistance having been found to take place of strikers. Gov. Stone will remain as long as he considers it necessary.

DUN'S COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

The Buoyancy of Business Under Trying Circumstances a Marvel to Observers of the Fact—Railroad Stocks Higher Than at the Beginning of the Great Boycott and Strike—Imports and Exports—A Falling Off in Failures.

NEW YORK, July 14.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade, issued today, says:

When circumstances are duly weighed, the strength and soundness of business in this country during the past two weeks are amazing. With the second city in the country in the hands of a lawless and murderous mob, besides many other cities and towns; with railway traffic almost entirely stopped over the vast area between Toledo and the Pacific; with presidential proclamations declaring the existence of an insurrection and the passionate answer ordering half a million men to stop work; with a prolonged strike of coal miners not fully ended in many states, and with differences between the house and senate on the tariff question so wide that duties affecting mining and manufactures cannot be anticipated, industries and trade have, nevertheless, gone on with sublime confidence that the people and their government would soon restore order. The shrinkage of business and the depression of values have been unexpectedly small, the failures relatively few and unimportant, and there are even signs in industries of actual progress toward recovery from previous troubles. It is a good foundation for hope that firm and wise action by the government has been upheld by the loyal people; that order has been generally restored and the blockade of transportation has nearly ceased, and the wage-earners have, in the main, refused to arrest industries at the dictation of leaders.

The tonnage east-bound from Chicago, the principal seat of the trouble, was reduced from 65,000 to 11,000 tons the first week in July, but the decrease in payments through banks of that city is only 11 per cent. Many railroads have not yet reported earnings for the first part of July, and those reported are 25.7 per cent. less than last year, but the decrease in exchanges at all the principal clearinghouses has been only 11.7 per cent. this week compared with last year, and only 23.2 per cent. compared with 1892.

Stocks have recovered a little with restoration of order, and are slightly higher than a week or two ago. This, in spite of the unfavorable returns for June, earnings in that month being 27 per cent. smaller than last year. For the first half of 1894, wholly or in part, the earnings of 187 roads, operating 129,261 miles in the United States, were $369,822,436, a decrease of 17 per cent., and if six Canadian and Mexican roads are added, the earnings for the year thus far as $377,959,778, and the decrease 16.5 per cent.

Speculation in products has been tame, with great uncertainty as to delivery of shipments. Wheat is slightly lower in profound disregard of the government returns, reporting a yield of less than 400,000,000 bushels, and as the official estimate of yield in 1893 was more than 100,000,000 bushels short of actual exports and consumption, it is readily assumed that another discrepancy as large may spring from similar causes. Receipts and exports in the present disturbed condition of business are not significant. Corn has advanced a little, though accounts indicate a large yield. Cotton has declined an eighth, with more favorable information as to conditions, and the year's records have so discredited official and other estimates that little attention is now paid them. With stocks of American abroad about as large as a year ago, and the demand for cotton goods visibly narrowing, weakness is natural.

The output of iron, which dropped from 115,120 tons to 92,517 weekly because of the miners' strike, had only recovered to 85,950 tons July 1, and it is uncertain whether it is larger now, for numerous western works have been stopped by the railroad blockade. Actual consumption in June was larger by 95,782 tons than figures of production indicate, unsold stocks having been thus reduced, and the Iron Age reports production in the first half of 1894 as 2,450,000, against 2,561,934 in the last half of 1893, and 4,769,688 in the first half of last year.

Foreign trade does not gain, exports being 11.4 per cent. less and imports 40 per cent. less than last year.

The number of failures during the past week has been 237 in the United States, against 374 last year, and in Canada 40, against 25 last year.

FIRED TO KILLL.

Battery L Gets a Chance to Avenge the Death of Their Murdered Comrades.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., July 14.—The killing of four members of Battery L, Fifth artillery, in the train wreck at the trestle two miles from Sacramento on Wednesday last was in a measure avenged by the regulars belonging to the same company yesterday, two men, both, however, claiming not to be strikers, being shot, one of whom lies mortally wounded and cannot long survive.

Shortly before 11 o'clock Division Superintendent Wright ordered a switching engine and flat car to clear the track along Front street contiguous to the headquarters of the strikers. Fearing that an attempt would be made to shoot the engineer and fireman, Capt. Roberts and Lieut. Skerrett, of Battery L, with a number of men went along in the flat car.

When the train reached the freight sheds of the railroad company near I street a crowd gathered there was ordered to disperse by Capt. Roberts. The men jeered at the soldiers and Roberts ordered his men to charge them with bayonets.

Just then several shots were fired, but whether from the crowd or from the roof of the freight sheds, occupied by a number of men, it is not positively shown. But this was just the moment the regulars had been waiting for and they returned the fire with zest. As the reports of their rifles rang out the crowd fell back and two men dropped to the ground.

As soon as the firing was heard the first United States marine corps, under Capt. Berryman, started on a double-quick for the scene of the shooting and charged the crowd with fixed bayonets, causing them to quickly disperse.

The victims of the shooting were at once taken to the hospital, where they gave the names of John Stewart and Frank Buckley. Stewart, who was, until recently, a sailor on the U. S. S. Alliance, was shot in the back, the bullet tearing through the abdomen, inflicting a fatal wound. Buckley, who is an anarchist, was shot through the right arm and shoulder and will probably recover.

NEARLY WIPED OUT.

New Berlin, Ill., Falls a Prey to the Flames.

CHICAGO, July 14.—The suburban town of New Berlin, 10 miles west of Springfield, is reported to have been almost wiped off the face of the earth.

Four city blocks, banks, business houses and residences are in ashes, entailing a loss of over $250,000.

The fire was of incendiary origin, and there is no clew to perpetrators.

Many families are rendered destitute, and aid has been asked for the succor and protection of the homeless.

AN ANARCHIST PLOT

To Burn the New French Iron-Clad Caraot Foiled.

TOULON, July 14.—While the new French iron-clad Carnot was being launched at the navy yards here Thursday, flames burst from her. The fire was quickly extinguished when a quantity of matches and a bottle of turpentine were discovered to have been the cause of the fire. It is stated that a workman has been arrested for causing the fire and has confessed himself an anarchist and disclosed the name of several accomplices.

HARRISON AVENGED.

Prendergast, the Murderer of Carter Harrison, Hanged—He Went Stoically to His Death Apparently Nerving Himself to Meet the Fate He Had Courted Without Collapse—The Execution Devoid of Exciting Incident.

CHICAGO, July 14.—A crime against the state was expiated on the gallows of the Cook county jail this morning. Nearly nine months have elapsed since the bullet of an assassin deprived Chicago of her chief executive, the state of one of her most illustrious citizens and the country at large of a statesman and a patriot.

To-day the crime was avenged and Patrick Eugene Prendergast suffered an ignominous death at the hands of the hangman. The execution was devoid of incident, for the assassin went to his death like an ox going to the shambles.

A HEARTY BREAKFAST—HOPE TO THE LAST.

Prendergast partook of a hearty breakfast of porterhouse steak, sliced tomatoes and cucumbers, French fried potatoes and hot biscuit, washed down with copious draughts of chocolate, of which he seemed inordinately fond.

Up to the last moment the hope of interposition from some source did not desert him, although he was fully cognizant of the fact that all efforts in both state and federal courts and in the executive chamber had been exhausted. When it came to the end he nerved himself for a supreme effort, and paid the penalty of his crime without a whimper and without a word.

THE DREAD PRELIMINARIES.

At 10 o'clock Sheriff Gilbert entered the cell and read the death warrant. Prendergast made no direct response to the official, but remarked in a side voice to Father Barry: "We may yet hear from the governor." Meanwhile the physicians composing the jury, the members of the grand jury now in session and about 200 ticket-holders had been admitted to what is now known in the jail as the "death corridor."

THE WALK TO THE SCAFFOLD.

At 11:40 the deputy sheriff on the scaffold raised his hand to command silence and one minute later the procession rounded the upper corridor and came into view. Sheriff Gilbert led the way with Father Berry close behind. Prendergast walked between two deputy sheriffs and a half a dozen deputies brought up the rear. It was apparent to everyone that while the condemned man was on the verge of collapse he was nevertheless determined to present a nervy front. He looked neither to the right nor left, but straight ahead and seemed unconscious of

THE SEA OF FACES BEFORE HIM.

As he advanced to the front of the scaffold he made a sign of the cross upon his breast and upon his forehead. Father Barry repeated a prayer in an undertone while the deputies adjusted the straps at his knees and fastened his arms behind him. Just as the white shroud was being tied around his neck he took a long breath and everyone imagined he was about to make a speech. In a second, however,

HE HAD SET HIS TEETH TOGETHER,

while his face grew red and white by turns. The two deputies led him to the center of the trap, quickly adjusted the noose and drew the white cap over his head. His limbs seemed to tremble for a second, and then there was a movement from under the white robe as though he were bracing himself. The signal was given to

THE UNSEEN EXECUTIONER,

the trap shot downward, the body swung round and round, there was one brief convulsive struggle, and the murder of Carter Harrison had been avenged. The body was surrounded by the jury of physicians, and as soon as life had been pronounced extinct it was cut down.

FATAL WRECK.

The New York Express On the Big Four Thrown in the Ditch at Fontanet, Ind., Presumably by Vicious Miners—The Engineer and Fireman Killed and Two Mail Clerks Injured—None of the Passengers Hurt.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., July 14.—The New York express train on the Big Four, west-bound, was wrecked at Fontanet, this county, at 2 o'clock this morning, and the engineer and fireman killed. The engineer was named Moehrman, of Indianapolis, and the fireman, Fleick, was from Mattoon. They were instantly killed and their bodies were found under the wreckage mangled out of semblance to human forms. The train was running at a high speed when it struck a misplaced switch. The engine, baggage, postal and express cars and a coach were piled in a ditch. Two postal clerks were injured, but not so severely that they could not get about. No passengers were injured. The two Wagner sleepers and the ladies' coach did not leave the track, and were run back to Carbon. It was noon or later before the track was cleared.

All day Thursday the company met with serious obstructions at Fontanet, which is a large mining settlement. The freight blockade had been lifted here early in the day, and freight trains made up by new switchmen and with non-union firemen were sent out for the first time in a week.

While there is no evidence that the miners threw the switch, and thereby caused the wreck, yet it is generally believed it was done by miners.

Fontanet is the place where 1,000 miners boarded a freight train during the miners' strike and insisted on being carried to Pana, Ill., to get the miners there to join the strike.

Engineer Moehrman leaves a widow and family in Indianapolis. He was a member of the Brotherhood of Engineers and had been with the St. Louis division of the Big Four road for many years, being accounted one of their most reliable men.

Fleick was a single man and lived at Mattoon, where he was soon to have been married to a Miss Timmons. He was a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, his lodge being the Golden Eagle, at Sedalia, Mo., where his mother and sister had lived until recently. He was running as an extra firemen, and this was his first trip out the run.

Fatal Wreck On the Kansas City, Pittsburg & Gulf Road.

PITTSBURG, Kas., July 14.—Meager details of a bad freight wreck on the Kansas City, Pittsburg & Gulf railroad have reached the division headquarters in this city in which an engine and five freight cars were demolished. The north-bound train had passed a stub switch at McElhaney, Mo., and found the track all right. When the local freight, No. 16, was running by the switch a short time later, the switch had been opened by some one and the engine and cars ran off with the above result.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Laughter of Sunshine and the Laughter of Midnight.

The Laugh of Skepticism, the Laugh of Spiritual Exultation, the Laugh of Sinful Merriment and Heaven's Laugh of Triumph.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now in Australia, selected the following sermon for publication this week. Its subject is "Laughter," the text being:

Then was our mouth filled with laughter.—Psalm cxxvi., 2.

Thirty-eight times does the Bible make reference to this configuration of the features and quick expulsion of breath which we call laughter. Sometimes it is born of the sunshine, and sometimes the midnight. Sometimes it stirs the sympathies of angels, and sometimes the cachinnation of devils. All healthy people laugh. Whether it pleases the Lord or displeases Him, that depends upon when we laugh and at what we laugh. My theme to-day is the laughter of the Bible, namely: Sarah's laugh, or that of skepticism; David's laugh, or that of spiritual exultation; the fool's laugh, or that of sinful merriment; God's laugh, or that of infinite condemnation; Heaven's laugh, or that of eternal triumph.

Scene: An oriental tent; the occupants, old Abraham and Sarah, perhaps wrinkled and decrepit. Their three guests are three angels—the Lord Almighty one of them. In return for the hospitality shown by the old people, God promises Sarah that she shall become the ancestress of the Lord Jesus Christ. Sarah laughs in the face of God; she does not believe it. She is affrighted at what she has done. She denies it. She says: "I didn't laugh." Then God retorted with an emphasis that silenced all disputation: "But thou didst laugh." My friends, the laugh of skepticism in all ages is only the echo of Sarah's laughter. God says He will accomplish a thing, and men say it can not be done. A great multitude laugh at the miracles. They say they are contrary to the laws of nature. What is a law of nature? It is God's way of doing a thing. You ordinarily cross a river at one ferry. To-morrow you change for one day, and you go across another ferry. You made the rule. Have you not the right to change it? You ordinarily come in at that door of the church. Suppose that next Sabbath you should come in at the other door? It is a habit you have. Have you not a right to change your habit? A law of nature is God's habit—His way of doing things. If He makes the law, has He not a right to change it at any time He wants to change it? Alas! for the folly of those who laugh at God when He says: "I will do a thing," they responding: "You can't do it." God says that the Bible is true—it is all true. Bishop Colenso laughs; Herbert Spencer laughs; Stuart Mill laughs; great German universities laugh; Harvard laughs—softly! A great many of the learned institutions, with long rows of professers seated on the fence between Christianity and infidelity, laugh softly. They say: "We didn't laugh." That was Sarah's trick. God thunders from the heavens: "But thou didst laugh." The Garden of Eden was only a fable. There never was an ark built; or, if it was built, it was too small to have two of every kind. The pillar of fire was only the northern light; the ten plagues of Egypt only a brilliant specimen of jugglery. The sea parted because the wind blew violently a great while from one direction. The sun and moon did not put themselves out of the way for Joshua. Jacob's ladder was only horizontal and picturesque clouds. The destroying angel smitting the first born in Egypt was only cholera infatum become epidemic. The gullet of the whale, by positive measurement, too small to swallow a prophet. The story of the immaculate conception a shock of all decency. The lame, the dumb, the blind, the halt, cured by mere human surgery. The resurrection of Christ's friend only a beautiful tableaux, Christ and Lazarus and Mary and Martha acting their parts well. My friends, there is not a doctrine or statement of God's holy word that has not been derided by the skepticism of the day. I take up the book of King James' translation. I consider it a perfect Bible; but here are skeptics who want it tore to pieces. And now, with this Bible in my hand, let me tear out all those portions which the skepticism of the day demands shall be torn out. What shall go first? "Well," says some one in the audience, "take out all that about the creation, and about the first settlement of the world." Away goes Genesis. "Now," says someone, "take out all that about the miraculous guidance of the children of Israel in in the wilderness." Away goes Exodus. "Now," says someone else in the audience, "there are things in Deuteronomy and Kings that are not fit to be read." Away go Deuteronomy and the Kings. "Now," says someone, "the Book of Job is a fable that ought to come out." Away goes the Book of Job. "Now," says someone, "those passages in the New Testament which imply the divinity of Jesus Christ ought to come out." Away go the Evangelists. "Now," says some one, "the Book of Revelation—how preposterous! It represents a man with the moon under his feet and a sharp sword in his hand." Away goes the Book of Revelation. Now there are a few pieces left. What shall we do with them? "Oh," says some man in the audience, "I don't believe a word in the Bible, from one end to the other." Well, it is all gone. Now you have put out the last light for the nations. Now it is the pitch darkness of eternal midnight. How do you like it?

But I think, my friends, we had better keep the Bible a little longer intact. It has done pretty well for a many. Then there are old people who find it a comfort to have it on their laps, and children like the stories in it. Let us keep it for a curiosity, anyhow. If the Bible is to be thrown out of the school, and out of the court-room, so that men no longer swear by it, and it is to be put in the dark corridor of the city library, the Koran on one side and the writings of Confucius on the other, then let us each one keep a copy for himself, for we might have trouble, and we would want to be under the delusions of its consolations; and we might die, and we would want the delusion of the exalted residence of Gods's right hand which it mentions. O! what an awful thing it is to laugh in God's face, and hurl His revelations back at him. After awhile the day will come when they will say they did not laugh. Then all the hypercriticisms, all the caricatures, and all the learned sneers in the "Quarterly Reviews," will be brought to judgment; and amid the rocking of everything beneath and amid the flaming of everything above, God will thunder: "But thou didst laugh!" I think the most fascinating laughter at Christianity I ever remember was a man in New England. He made the word of God seem ridiculous, and he laughed on at our holy religion until he came to die, and then he said: "My life has been a failure—a failure domestically; for I have no children; a failure socially, for I am treated in the streets like a pirate; a failure professionally, because I know but one minister that has adopted my sentiments." For a quarter of a century he laughed at Christianity; and ever anim. Christianity has been laughing a into a Now, it is a mean thing to g; but I man's house and steal his go glary ever tell you the most gigantic b on to steal invented is the propos holy religion. these treasures of ou The meanest laugh e uttered is the laugh of the skptic

The next laugh r mentioned in the Bible is David's aughter, or the expression of spi al exultation. "Then was our mo ch filled with laughter." He got ve much down sometimes; but there are other chapters where for four or five times he calls upon the people to praise and exult. It was not a mere twitch of the lips; it was a demonstration that took hold of the whole physical nature. "Then was our mouth filled with laughter." My friends, this world will never be converted to God until Christians cry less, and laugh and sing more. The horrors are a poor bait. If people are to be persuaded to adopt our holy religion, it will be because they have made up their mind it is a happy religion. They don't like a morbid Christianity. I know there are moral people who enjoy a funeral. They come early to see the friends take leave of the corpse; and they steal a ride to the cemetery; but all healthy people enjoy a wedding better than they do a burial. Now, you take the religion of Christ sepulchral and hearselike, and you make it repulsive. I say, plant the rose of Sharon along the church walks, and columbine to clamber over the church wall; and have a smile on your lip, and have the mouth filled with holy laughter. There is no man in the world, except the Christian, that has the right to feel an untrammeled glee.

The next laughter mentioned in the Bible that I shall speak of is the fool's laughter, or the expression of sinful merriment. Solomon was very quick at simile; when he makes a comparison we all catch it. What is laughter of a fool like? He says: "It is the crackling of thorns under a pot." The kettle is swung, a bunch of brambles is put under it, and the torch is applied to it, and there is a great noise, and a big blaze, and a sputter and a quick extinguishment. Then it is darker than it was before. Fool's laughter. The most miserable thing on earth is a bad man's fun. There they are—ten men in a bar room; they have at home wives, mothers, daughters. The impure jest starts at one corner of the bar room, and crackle, crackle, crackle, it goes all around. In five hundred such guffaws there is not one item of happiness. They all feel bemeaned, if they have any conscience left. Have nothing to do with men or women who tell immoral stories. I have no confidence either in their Christian character or their morality. So, all merriment that spring up out of the defects of others—caricature of a lame foot, or a curved spine, or a blind eye, or a deaf ear—will be met with the judgment of God, either upon you, or upon your children. Twenty years ago I knew a man who was particularly skillful in imitating the lameness of a neighbor. Not long ago, the son of the skillful mimic had his leg amputated for the very defect which his father had mimicked years before. I do not say it was a judgment of God; I leave you to make your own inference.

The next laughter that I shall mention as being in the Bible, is the laugh of God's condemnation: "He that sitteth in the Heavens shall laugh." Again: "The Lord will laugh at him." Again: "I will laugh at his calamity." With such demonstration will God meet every kind of great sin and wickedness. But men build up villanies higher and higher. Good men almost pity God, because He is so schemed against by men. Suddenly a pin drops out of the machinery of wickedness, or a secret is revealed, and the foundation begins to rock; finally, the whole thing is demolished. What is the matter? I will tell you what the matter is: That crash of ruin is only the reverberation of God's laughter. In the money market there are a great many good men, and a great many fraudulent men. A fraudulent man there says: "I mean to have my millions." He goes to work reckless of honesty, and he gets his first one hundred thousand dollars. He gets after awhile his two hundred thousand dollars. After awhile he gets his five hundred thousand dollars. "Now," he says, "I have only one more move to make, and I shall have my million." He gathers up all his resources; he makes that one last grand move, he falls and loses all, and he has not enough money of his own left to pay the cost of the car to his home. People can not understand this spasmodic revulsion. Some said it was a sudden turn in Erie railway stock, or in Western Union, or in Illinois Central; some said on thing and some another. They all guessed wrong. I will tell you what it was: "He that sitteth in the heavens laughed." A man in New York said he would be the richest man in the city. He left his honest work as a mechanic, and got into the city councils some way, and in ten years stole $15,000,000 from the city government. Fifteen million dollars! He held the legislature of the state of New York in the grip of his right hand. Suspicions were aroused. The grand jury presented indictments. The whole land stood aghast. The man who expected to put half the city in his vest pocket goes to Blackwell's island; goes to Ludlow Street jail, breaks prison, and goes across the sea; is rearrested and brought back, and again remanded to jail. Why? "He that sitteth in the heavens laughed." Rome was a great empire. She had Horace and Virgil among her poets; she had Augustus and Constantine amongst her emperors. But what means the defaced Pantheon, and the Forum turned into a cattle market, and the broken-walled Coliseum, and the architectural skeleton of her great aqueducts? What was that thunder? "Oh," you say, "that was the ar of the battering-rams against walls." No. "Oh," What was that qu tramp of you say, "that was the he quiver hostile legions." No, outbursts of and the roar were th om the defied Omnipotent laughter s. Rome defied and insulted hea her down. Thebes God, and He laug laughed her down. defied God, and God, and He laughed Nineveh defi bylon defied God, and He her down. down. There is a great laughed between God's laugh and His differen His smile is eternal beatitude. He smile smiled when David sang, and M iam clapped the cymbals, and Hannah made garments for her son, and Paul preached, and John kindled with apocalytic vision, and when any man has anything to do and does it well. His smile! Why, it is the 15th of May, the apple orchards in full bloom; it is morning breaking on a rippling sea; it is Heaven at high noon, all the bells beating the marriage peal. But His laughter—may it never fall on us! It is a condemnation for our sin; it is a wasting away. We may let the satirist laugh at us, and all our companions may laugh at us, and we may be made the target for the merriment of earth and hell; but God forbid that we should ever come to the fulfillment of the prophecy against the rejectors of the truth: "I will laugh at your calamity." But, my friends, all of us who reject Christ and the pardon of the Gospel must come under that tremendous bombardment. God wants us all to repent.

The other laughter mentioned in the Bible, the only one I shall speak of, is Heaven's laughter, or the expression of eternal triumph. Christ said to His disciples: "Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh." That makes me know positively that we are not to spend our days in Heaven singing long-meter psalms. The formalistic and stiff notions of Heaven that some people have would make me miserable. I am glad to know that the Heaven of the Bible is not only a place of holy worship, but of magnificent sociality. "What," say you, "will the ringing laugh go around the circles of the saved?" I say, yes: pure laughter, cheering laughter, holy laughter. It will be a laugh of congratulation. When we meet a friend who has suddenly come to a fortune, or who has got over some dire sickness, do you not shake hands, do we not shake hands, do we not laugh with him? And when we get to Heaven and see our friends there, some of them having come up out of great tribulation, why we will say to one of them: "The last time I saw you you had been suffering for six weeks under a low intermittent fever;" or, to another we will say: "You for ten years were limping with the rheumatism, and you were full of complaints when we saw you last. I congratulate you on this eternal recovery." We shall laugh. Yes; we shall congratulate all those who have come out of great financial embarrassments in this world, because they have become millionaires in Heaven. Ye shall laugh. It shall be a laugh of reassociation. It is just as natural for us to laugh when we meet a friend we have not seen for ten years as anything is possible to be natural. When we meet our friends from whom we have been parted ten, or twenty, or thirty years, it will not be with infinite congratulation? Our perception quickened, our knowledge improved, we will know each other at a flash. We will have to talk over all that has happened since we have been separated, the one that has been ten years in Heaven telling us all that has happened in the ten years of his heavenly residence, and we telling him in return all that has happened during the ten years of his absence from earth. Ye shall laugh. I think George Whitefield and John Wesley will have a laugh of contempt for their earthly collisions; and Toplady and Charles Wesley will have a laugh of contempt for their earthly misunderstandings; and the two farmers who were in a law suit all their days will have a laugh of contempt over their earthly disturbance about a line fence. Exemption from all annoyance. Immersion in all gladness. Ye shall laugh. Christ says so. Ye shall laugh. Yes, it will be a laugh of triumph. Oh! what a pleasant thing it will be to stand on the wall of Heaven and look down at Satan, and hurl at him defiance, and see him caged and chained, and we forever free from his clutches. Aha! Yes, it will be a laugh of royal greeting. You know how the Frenchmen cheered when Napoleon came back from Elba; you know how the English cheered when Wellington came back from Waterloo; you know how Americans cheered when Kossuth arrived from Hungary; you remember how Rome cheered when Pompey came back victor over nine hundred cities. Every cheer was a laugh. But, oh! the mightier greeting, the gladder greeting, when the snow-white cavalry troop of Heaven shall go through the streets, and, according to the Book of Revelation, Christ, in the red coat, the crimson coat, on a white horse, and all the armies of Heaven following on white horses. Oh! when we see and hear that cavalcade, we shall cheer, we shall laugh. Does not your heart beat quickly at the thought of the great jubilee upon which we are soon to enter? I pray God that when we get through with this world and are going out of it, we may have some such vision as the dying Christian had when he saw written all over the clouds in the sky the letter "W;" and they asked him, standing by his side, what he thought that letter "W" meant. "Oh!" he said, "that stands for welcome." And so may it be when we quit this world. "W" on the gate, "W" on the door of the mansion, "W" on the throne. Welcome! Welcome! Welcome! I have preached this sermon with five prayerful wishes: That you might see what a mean thing is the laugh of skepticism, what bright thing is the laugh of spiritual exultation; what a hollow thing is the laugh of sinful merriment, what an awful thing is the laugh of condemnation; what a radiant, rubicund thing is the laugh of eternal triumph. Avoid the ill; choose the right. Be comforted. "Blessed are ye that weep now—ye shall laugh, ye shall laugh.

—Mr. Gladstone once said: "The older I grow the more confirmed I am in my faith and religion. I have been in public life fifty-eight years, and forty-seven in the cabinet of the British government, and during those forty-seven years I have been associated with sixty of the master minds of the country, and all but five of the sixty were Christians."

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HOW SLATE IS MINED.

Wonderful Skill of Those Who Cut It Up for Various Purposes.

The manner in which slate is mined and cut up for purposes to which it is applied is a process that is known to only a few people because slate is not found in many places in this country, its principal sources being in upper New England and eastern Pennsylvania. It is not taken out of shafts, but it is quarried out of big holes in the earth. Some time ago when the writer was at Bangor, Pa., he was invited to go down into one of these quarries, about two hundred feet deep, and over-hand on a rope, but he declined the invitation, as I think most inexperienced persons would do. The slate is blasted out in huge blocks and is hoisted out by steam and turned over to the men who know how to reduce it to the proper size. Huge blocks of it are taken in hand by these workmen, who cut a notch into one end of each piece. Then they take a chisel and a mallet, and they are so skillful in directing their blows that they can split the blocks of slate in almost any way they please. If you watch the slab on which one of them is working you will see a little hair line running through it, and presently the block will fall apart on either side of this mark. The workman will make this line go straight through the middle or to either corner just as he likes. I do not know just how he does it, but he invariably accomplishes what he sets out to do.

The smaller pieces thus produced are taken in hand by another set of men, who split them up into sheets of the proper thickness for roofing slate. This they do with a long-bladed instrument about the shape of a putty-knife, but many times larger, and if you saw them do it you would marvel how they got the sheets off without breaking them and also how they could split them so thin. Some of these men can take a sheet of slate only one inch thick and split it thirty-two times. The usual number of divisions is sixteen. The sheets are taken and cut into squares by machinery.

Wherever there are slate quarries you will find a great many Welshmen or the best slaters come from Wales. Boys follow the trades of their fathers, and there are whole families and settlements who know no other means of earning a living.—N. Y. Advertiser.

Dainties for the Sick.

In providing dainties for sick people it should be remembered that sweet things are seldom as tempting to the sick as they would be if the person were in health. Tart sweets, such as crab-apple jelly or currant jelly, are generally acceptable, but strawberry preserves or jelly will sicken. They belong to the cloying sweets. As a general thing salty things taste best to the convalescent; a weak bouillon, rather salt, or a bit of nice, sweet ham, with some butter toast tasting of the salty butter, a soft-boiled egg well salted, a slice of bacon, with dry toast—all these will be eaten by a sick person who would not want to touch them if well. One prime requisite in catering to sick people is to be neat about it, and serve things daintily.—Medical News.

—Black Bad Luck.—Mr. Mokeby Coon (solemnly)—"I'se not sooperstishus, needer does I b'leeve in signs; but does yer remember de odder night at der club, w'en dar was thirteen niggers at dat table?" Mr. Yallerby (in horror)—"Oh, Lordy! yes; who's daid?" Mr. Mokeby Coon—"No one, yo' fule! But me an' every niggah dar played 1-3-13, an' it nebber come out!"—Puck.