

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE STAR WORMWOOD" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"There Fell a Great Star from Heaven, Burning as It Were, and It Fell Upon the Third Part of the Rivers, Etc."—Rev. 8: 10.

Patrick and Lowth, Thomas Scott, Matthew Henry, Albert Barnes and some other commentators say that the star Wormwood of my text was a type of Attila, king of the Huns. He was so called because he was brilliant as a star, and, like wormwood, he embittered everything he touched. We have studied the Star of Bethlehem, and the Morning Star of Revelation, and the Star of Peace, but my subject calls us to gaze at the star Wormwood, and my theme might be called Brilliant Bitterness.

A more extraordinary character history does not furnish than this man, Attila, the king of the Huns. The story goes that one day a wounded heifer came limping along through the fields, and a herdsman followed its bloody track on the grass to see where the heifer was wounded, and went on back, further and further, until he came to a sword fast in the earth, the point downward as though it had dropped from the heavens, and against the edges of this sword the heifer had been cut. The herdsman pulled up that sword and presented it to Attila. Attila said that sword must have dropped from the heavens from the grasp of the god Mars, and its being given to him meant that Attila should conquer and govern the whole earth. Other mighty men have been delighted at being called liberators, or the Merciful, or the Good, but Attila called himself, and demanded that others call him, "The Scourge of God."

At the head of seven hundred thousand troops, mounted on Cappadocian horses, he swept everything, from the Adriatic to the Black sea. He put his iron heel on Macedonia and Greece and Thrace. He made Milan and Pavia and Padua and Verona beg for mercy, which he bestowed not. The Byzantine castles, to meet his ruinous levy, put up at auction massive silver tables, and vases of solid gold. When a city was captured by him the inhabitants were brought out and put into three classes: The first class, those who could bear arms, must immediately enlist under Attila or be butchered; the second class, the beautiful women, were made captives to the Huns; the third class, the aged men and women, were robbed of everything and let go back to the city to pay a heavy tax.

It was a common saying that the grass never grew where the hoof of Attila's horse had trod. His armies reddened the waters of the Seine and the Moselle and the Rhine with carnage, and fought on the Catalonian plains the fiercest battle since the world stood—300,000 dead left on the field. On and on until all those who could not oppose him with arms lay prostrate on their faces in prayer; then a cloud of dust was seen in the distance, and a bishop cried, "It is the aid of God;" and all the people took up the cry, "It is the aid of God." As the cloud of dust was blown aside, the banners of reinforcing armies marched in to help against Attila, "The Scourge of God." The most unimportant occurrences he used as a supernatural resource. After three months of failure to capture the city of Aquileia, when his army had given up the siege, the flight of a stork and her young from the tower of the city was taken by him as a sign that he was to capture the city; and his army, inspired with the same occurrence, resumed the siege and took the walls at a point from which the stork had emerged. So brilliant was the conqueror in attire that his enemies could not look at him, but shaded their eyes or turned their heads.

Slain on the evening of his marriage by his bride, Ildico, who was hired for the assassination, his followers bewailed him, not with tears, but with blood, cutting themselves with knives and lances. He was put into three coffins, the first of iron, the second of silver, and the third of gold. He was buried by night, and into his grave was poured the most valuable coins and precious stones, amounting to the wealth of a kingdom. The grave diggers and those who assisted at the burial were massacred, so that it would never be known where so much wealth was entombed.

The Roman empire conquered the world, but Attila conquered the Roman empire. He was right in calling himself a scourge, but instead of being "the Scourge of God," he was the scourge of hell.

Because of his brilliancy and bitterness, the commentators might well have supposed him to be the star Wormwood of the text. As the regions he devastated were parts most opulent with fountains and streams and rivers, you see how graphic my text is: "There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters, and the name of the star is called Wormwood."

Have you ever thought how many embittered lives there are all about us, misanthropic, morbid, acrid, saturnine? The European plant from which wormwood is extracted, Artemisia absinthium, is a perennial plant, and all the year round it is ready to exude its oil. And in many human lives there is a perennial distillation of acrid experiences. Yea, there are some whose whole work is to shed a baleful influence on others. There are Attilas of the home, Attilas of the social circle

continue to advance until the world shall reach the millennium era. Our only safety is in righteousness toward God and justice toward man. If we forget the goodness of the Lord to this land, and break his Sabbaths, and improve not by the dire disasters that have again and again come to us as a people, and we learn saving lesson neither from civil war nor raging epidemic, nor drought, nor mildew, nor scourge of locust and grasshopper; if the political corruption which has poisoned the fountains of public virtue, and belittled the high places of authority, making free government at times a hissing and a byword in all the earth; if the drunkenness and licentiousness that stagger and blaspheme in the streets of our great cities as though they were reaching after the fame of a Corinth and a Sodom, are not repented of, we will yet see the smoke of our nation's ruin; the pillars of our National and State Capitols will fall more disastrously than when Samson pulled down Dagon; and future historians will record, upon the page bedewed with generous tears, the story that the free nation of the West arose in splendor which made the world stare; it had magnificent possibilities. It forgot God. It hated justice. It hugged its crimes. It halted on its high march. It reeled under the blow of calamity. It fell. And as it was going down, all the despots of earth, from the top of bloody thrones, began to shout: "Aha! so would we have it!" while struggling and oppressed peoples looked out from dungeon bars, with tears and groans, and cries of untold agony, the scorn of those, and the woe of these, uniting in the exclamation: "Look yonder! There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters; and the name of the star is called Wormwood!"

Birds circle round and round and round before they swoop upon that which they are aiming for. And if my discourse so far has been swinging round and round, this moment it drops straight on your heart, and asks the question, Is your life a benediction to others, or an embitterment, a blessing or a curse, a balsam or a wormwood? Some of you, I know, are morning stars, and you are making the dawning life of your children bright with gracious influences, and you are beaming upon all the opening enterprises of philanthropic and Christian endeavor, and you are heralds of that day of Gospelization which will yet flood all the mountains and valleys of our sin-cursed earth. Hail, morning star! Keep on shining with encouragement and Christian hope!

Some of you are evening stars, and you are cheering the last days of old people; and though a cloud sometimes comes over you through the querulousness or unreasonableness of your aged father and mother, it is only for a moment, and the star soon comes out clear again and is seen from all the balconies of the neighborhood. The old people will forgive your occasional shortcomings, for they themselves several times lost their patience with you when you were young, and perhaps whipped you when you did not deserve it. Hail, evening star! Hang on the darkening sky your diamond coronet.

What is true of individuals is true of nations. God sets them up to revolve as stars, but they may fall wormwood. Tyre—the atmosphere of the desert, fragrant with spices coming in caravans to her fairs; all seas cleft into foam by the keels of her laden merchantmen; her markets rich with horses and camels rom Togamah; the bazaar filled with upholstery from De dan, with emerald and coral and agate from Syria, with mines from Helbon, with embroidered work from Ashur and Chilmad. Where now the gleam of her towers? where the roar of her chariots? where the masts of her ships? Let the fishermen who dry their nets where once she stood; let the sea that rushes upon the barrenness where once she challenged the admiration of all nations; let the barbarians who set their rude tents where once her palaces glittered, answer the questions. She was a star, but by her own sin turned to wormwood, and has fallen.

Hundred-gated Thebes—for all time to be the study of antiquarian and hieroglyphist; her stupendous ruins spread over twenty-seven miles; her sculptures presenting in figures of warrior and chariot the victories with which the now forgotten kings of Egypt shook the nations; her obelisks and columns; Karnac and Luxor, the stupendous temples of her pride! Who can imagine the greatness of Thebes in those days, when the hippodrome rang with her sports and foreign royalty bowed at her shrines, and her avenues roared with the wheels of processions in the wake of returning conquerors? What dashed down the vision of chariots and temples and thrones? What hands pulled upon the columns of her glory? What ruthless hands defaced her sculptured wall and broke obelisks and left her indescribable temples great skeletons of granite? What spirit of destruction spread the lair of wild beasts in her royal sepulchers, and taught the miserable cottagers of today to build huts in the courts of her temples, and sent desolation and ruin skulking behind the obelisks and dodging among the sarcophagi, and leaning against the columns, and stooping under the arches, and weeping in the waters which go mournfully by, as though they were carrying the tears of all ages? Let the mummies break their long silence and come up to shiver in the desolation, and point to fallen gates and shattered statues and defaced sculpture, responding: "Thebes built not one temple to God. Thebes hated righteousness and loved sin. Thebes was a star, but she turned to wormwood and has fallen."

From the persecutions of the Pilgrim Fathers and the Huguenots in other lands, God set upon these shores a nation. The council-fires of the aborigines went out in the greater light of a free government. The sound of the war-whoop was exchanged for the thousand wheels of enterprise and progress. The mild winters, the fruitful summers, the healthful skies, charmed from other lands a race of hardy men, who loved God and wanted to be free. Before the woodman's axe forests fell, and rose again into ship's masts and churches' pillars. Cities on the banks of the lakes began to rival cities by the sea. The land quakes with the rush of the rail car, and the waters are churned white with the steamer's wheel. Fabulous bushels of Western wheat meet on the way fabulous tons of Eastern coal. Furs from the North pass on the rivers fruits from the South. And trading in the same market are Maine lumberman, and South Carolina rice merchant, and Ohio farmer, and Alaska fur dealer. And churches and schools and asylums scatter light and love and mercy and salvation upon seventy millions of people.

I pray that our nation may not copy the crimes of nations that have perished; that our cup of blessing turn not to wormwood and we go down. I am by nature and by grace an optimist, and I expect that this country will

continue to advance until the world shall reach the millennium era. Our only safety is in righteousness toward God and justice toward man. If we forget the goodness of the Lord to this land, and break his Sabbaths, and improve not by the dire disasters that have again and again come to us as a people, and we learn saving lesson neither from civil war nor raging epidemic, nor drought, nor mildew, nor scourge of locust and grasshopper; if the political corruption which has poisoned the fountains of public virtue, and belittled the high places of authority, making free government at times a hissing and a byword in all the earth; if the drunkenness and licentiousness that stagger and blaspheme in the streets of our great cities as though they were reaching after the fame of a Corinth and a Sodom, are not repented of, we will yet see the smoke of our nation's ruin; the pillars of our National and State Capitols will fall more disastrously than when Samson pulled down Dagon; and future historians will record, upon the page bedewed with generous tears, the story that the free nation of the West arose in splendor which made the world stare; it had magnificent possibilities. It forgot God. It hated justice. It hugged its crimes. It halted on its high march. It reeled under the blow of calamity. It fell. And as it was going down, all the despots of earth, from the top of bloody thrones, began to shout: "Aha! so would we have it!" while struggling and oppressed peoples looked out from dungeon bars, with tears and groans, and cries of untold agony, the scorn of those, and the woe of these, uniting in the exclamation: "Look yonder! There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters; and the name of the star is called Wormwood!"

WITH APPENDICITIS.

She Suffered, but Announced There Was a Cure in Sight.

A woman from near Sabatis came into Lewiston after a doctor to go out and visit her daughter, who was ill in bed, as she said, the other night. The woman explained that once a week as sure as a certain night came around, the daughter was taken ill and went to bed with all the symptoms of appendicitis, as soon as supper time came. The doctor didn't like going out to Sabatis in the cold, but went. The woman said that her daughter didn't know that she was coming in after the doctor. She had gone to bed and locked the door of her room. When there the doctor warmed himself while the lady went up to tell her daughter that the doctor was there. In a little while the woman came down, and, with a scared face, said that the door was locked and she could not arouse the girl. The doctor went up and tried to shake open the door, but it would not shake. So the father of the young lady put his shoulder to the door and forced it open. There was no one in the room, and the bed had not been tumbled. That they were startled is putting it light. They adjourned to the kitchen, and finally went out to search for the girl. Nothing was found of her, and the next morning they were talking of it at breakfast time when down she came from the bedroom as if she had been asleep in her bed all night. The consternation on their faces showed that she had been going to dances once a week; and that instead of being ill when she went to bed, she went out her window, and in that way found her way to the street, where a beau waited for her. "But I am going to be married now, and it will not make much difference whether I go to the dance with your consent or not," she said.—Lewiston Journal.

MEXICO'S SIGN LANGUAGE.

Its Shadings and Suggestions Are Beyond All Translation.

Mexico is a land of many tongues; but above the Indian dialects and Spanish there is one universal language, the language of signs, says Modern Mexico. It is the most expressive of all; the Mexican eye and hand are eloquent members. It is capable of infinite variation; its shadings and suggestions are beyond all translation. But there are certain gestures that have a fixed meaning, a significance well understood to every nation and every tribe from Guatemala to Texas. A general upward movement of the body, shoulders shrugged, eyebrows raised, lips pouted, the palms outspread vary in meaning from "I don't know and I don't care" to a most respectful, "Really, sir, I do not understand you." The index finger moved rapidly from right to left, generally before the face, means, "No more," or simply "No." To move the right hand palm outward from the body toward another person means, "Just wait; I'll be even with you yet." The index finger on the temple, moved with a boring twist means, "He's drunk." The right hand held to the lips three fingers doubled, thumb and little finger erect, varies from "He drinks" to "Have one with me." To move the open hand over the cheek in imitation of a razor has reference to the idiom "playing the barber" and means "to flatter." All four fingers and the thumb held points together and moved toward the mouth means "to eat." The right hand held before the face, the two middle fingers moving rapidly, is a familiar salutation.

Two commercial travelers were comparing notes. "I have been out three weeks," said the first, "and I have only got four orders." "That beats me," said the other. "I have been out four weeks, and have only got one order, and that's from the firm to come home."

"By direction of the president you will, upon the arrival of the Roamania with the remains of the soldiers who were killed or have died at Santiago and Porto Rico, give a fitting salute, order all flags half-masted and detail a sufficient guard of honor to the caskets taken off the ship and expressed to their former homes."

THE REBELS IN RETREAT

Wheaton's New Brigade Advances on the Enemy.

INSURGENTS PLAN OF ATTACK FAILS

They Find It Harder and More Comfortable to Stay in Trenches—No Outbreak Is Apprehended in Manila—City Well Policed, but Presence of Women, However Is Discouraged—Work for the Twenty-Second

MANILA, March 13.—General Wheaton's newly formed divisional brigade advanced at 7 a. m. from San Pedro Macati for the purpose of corraling the enemy. It is now moving on Pasig, meeting with but slight resistance.

The rebels are in full retreat. A kumboot is clearing the jungle along the river banks, which have been carried as far as Guadalupe. The purpose of the move is to clear the country to Laguna de Bay.

The Filipinos apparently had planned an attack upon the lines of General Otis and General Hale this morning, but their courage seemed to fail them, though they fired signals and afterwards kept up the fusillade along the American front for an hour. Our troops, in obedience to orders, refrained from shooting, with the exception of two companies of newly arrived men, which replied until they had suppressed a regiment of Aguinaldo's Red brigade. This body of rebels seemed under better order than the others. A white man was seen among the officers, endeavoring to lead them to the attack, but apparently all efforts to induce them to leave the trenches were futile.

The American authorities in Manila say the city is now so effectually policed that a serious outbreak is impossible. They believe that the natives are cowed.

The presence of the families of officers is discouraged, and many are leaving on board the United States transports, some going to Japan for temporary residence. General Otis has remarked: "Manila is no place for women. This is a war, not a picnic."

The British cruiser Narcissus has sailed for various ports in the island of Luzon on a cruise to take on British subjects who desire protection. This afternoon the Twentieth and Twenty-second infantry and several companies of the Oregon volunteers marched to San Pedro Macati to join General Wheaton's new divisional brigade, which is to consist of the Twentieth and Twenty-second infantry, eight companies of the Washington volunteers, seven companies of the Oregon volunteers, three troops of cavalry, mounted, and a battalion of light artillery.

Although the rain which fell this morning has cooled the temperature to 82 degrees, many dropped from the ranks, overcome by the heat. Several soldiers were sunstruck in the streets of Manila this morning. Brigadier General Charles King has recovered from his indisposition and resumed command at the San Pedro Macati north of the river, though not doing any firing just now.

In all probability the current week will see the beginning of an active campaign on a scale hitherto unknown to the Filipinos. For the last few days there has been unusual activity at headquarters and there is every indication of reorganization of the entire corps in the near future.

Since the arrival of the American reinforcements several changes have been made, the most important being the appointment of a divisional brigade under General Wheaton, consisting of the Twentieth and Twenty-second regulars, eight companies of the Washington and seven companies of the Oregon volunteers; three mounted troops of cavalry and a battalion of light artillery. All the troops have been disbanded. A battalion of the Fourth regular infantry is already on the firing line, assigned to General MacArthur's division. The others have been held in reserve and are encamped on the Luneta parade ground. A battalion of the Seventeenth regulars has been assigned to provost guard duty, relieving the Oregon volunteers.

Danger of a Rupture.

HAVANA, March 13.—(New York World Cablegram.)—It is now an open secret that the relations between General Fitzhugh Lee and General Brooke are not of the most amicable character. Several incidents have recently occurred indicating this. Among the officers of the Seventh army corps it is believed that little would be required to produce an open rupture. Lee's resignation has more than once been considered probable, it having been thought he would take this method to publicly mark his protest against what he feels to be the petty assumption of authority by the chief of the military government.

It now appears likely that General Lee will be removed from his present command and appointed military governor of Santa Clara province, with a regular army rank of brigadier general. General Brooke will shortly resign. His place as governor general will more than likely be taken by General Leonard Wood, now military governor of Santiago province.

Honor to the Dead Heroes.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 13.—The secretary of war has sent the following order to Major General Wesley Merritt at Governor's Island, New York:

"By direction of the president you will, upon the arrival of the Roamania with the remains of the soldiers who were killed or have died at Santiago and Porto Rico, give a fitting salute, order all flags half-masted and detail a sufficient guard of honor to the caskets taken off the ship and expressed to their former homes."

SUDDENLY SUMMONED.

Congressman Greene, of Nebraska, Dies in Omaha.

OMAHA, March 13.—While on his way to the Burlington depot in a carriage Saturday evening Congressman W. L. Greene of the Sixth district died suddenly of heart failure.

With the congressman at the time were J. B. Donovan, F. B. Prince and J. C. Reeves, all residents of Madison in Madison county, this state. Mr. Greene expired without a word or a moan, and the three gentlemen did not know of it until they left the carriage at the doorway of the depot.

When removed from the vehicle no signs of life could be discerned by those around him. He was borne to the opposite doorway leading out upon the platform, but at this point it became evident that he was either dead or desperately sick. He was then placed on the floor and a young medical student who was near at hand pronounced him dead.

In the hope that he might still be alive, word was at once sent to Dr. S. H. Smith, and his companions worked his arms backward and forward, but to no purpose.

When it was certain that Congressman Greene was dead, coroner Swanson was informed and he went at once to the depot. He decided to hold an immediate investigation and a private room on the first floor of the depot was used for that purpose by the coroner. Meantime the body was removed to the coroner's undertaking establishment at Seventeenth and Cuming streets.

Coroner Swanson requested the men from Madison county to remain in the city until an inquest could be held. This they readily agreed to do, and returned to the Arcade hotel. Mr. Donovan then wired Senator Allen of Mr. Greene's death and the Burlington officials sent word to Kearney, the congressman's home.

Congressman Greene left Kearney Friday morning and arrived at the Arcade hotel in this city early Friday evening. He came to look after some business in South Omaha. This was concluded Saturday afternoon, and he was on his way home when he died.

William L. Greene of Kearney was born on a farm in Pike county, Indiana, October 3, 1849, and moved with his parents to Dubois county in the same state, where during his early youth, he worked on a farm in the summer months and attended school in the winter, thus acquiring an education which fitted him to enter the academy at Ireland, Ind., which institution he attended for three years.

He engaged in the profession of teaching, which vocation he followed until he began the study of law. In 1876 he was admitted to the bar in Bloomington, Ind., and began a successful practice in the Indiana courts. In 1883 he removed with his family to Kearney, where they now reside, and resumed the practice of his profession; as a practitioner he has been very successful and made for himself more than a state reputation as a criminal lawyer; in politics he was originally a democrat, but in 1890 he cast his lot with the populist party, being one of the founders of that organization. In 1892, without solicitation on his part, he was brought out before the state legislature as candidate for United States senator and came within two votes of being elected, his supporters at his instance going to Mr. Allen and assuring that gentleman's election. In 1895 he was elected judge of the Twelfth judicial district. He was elected to the Fifty-fifth congress as a populist, receiving 19,378 votes against 14,841 for A. E. Cady and 436 votes for A. D. George, prohibition. In 1897 he was elected to the Fifty-sixth congress over Norris Brown, republican.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 13.—The death of Representative Greene of Nebraska adds one more to an unusually prolific death list for the Fifty-fifth congress and created a painful impression, for while the late Nebraska member occupied a somewhat unique position as one of a party with comparatively small representation, his ability was generally recognized as far above the average and second to no populist on the floor of the house.

OMAHA, March 13.—John T. Matlack, Norris Brown, C. W. Hoxie, C. B. Scott and Mayor D. B. Hostetter, all of Kearney, came in yesterday morning at 6:30 and left two hours later on the Union Pacific with the body of Congressman Greene, who died suddenly at the Burlington depot Saturday night.

Greene's Remains at Home.

KEARNEY, Neb., March 13.—The remains of Congressman Greene arrived here yesterday in charge of an escort and were met at the depot by members of the Kearney bar and a large crowd of sympathizing citizens. A funeral procession of carriages, several blocks in length followed the remains to the home of the family. The flags in public and private buildings are floating at half mast. The Kearney bar met and appointed a committee to confer with the family in reference to the funeral arrangements and also a committee consisting of ex-Judges Gaslin, Hamer, Standaer and Mr. Marston to draft resolutions of condolence to be presented at the session of court March 20. The funeral services will be held Tuesday at 3 o'clock at the residence of the deceased State officials, members of congress and other prominent officials are expected.

Casualties of Revolution.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., March 13.—Minister Sampson at Quito has reported to the state department that in the battle that ended the revolution in Ecuador 600 were killed and several hundred mortally wounded and 400 prisoners taken.

Kipling Is Convalescing.

NEW YORK, March 13.—Rudyard Kipling passed a restless night on account of suffering a good deal of pain. Today, however, he was much better. As yet no one outside his attendants and his family has been permitted to see him. Today Mr. Kipling saw his two children for a short time. His little girl, Elsie, is now sufficiently recovered from her sickness to run about, although she has not yet been outside the hotel. The physicians have decided that within two weeks the patient will be well enough to remove to some pleasant spot.

GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

Judge Ambrose A. Ranney, former congressman from the Third Massachusetts district and a member of the law firm of Ranney & Clark, is dead in Boston, aged 77 years. He served as a member of the Forty-seventh, Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth congresses.

The officials of the navy department are feeling grateful for the small measure of relief extended by congress in the increase of the force of enlisted men, though the total is still inadequate under sound practice for the needs of the navy. Congress authorized the increase of the force to 17,500 men.

A cablegram from General Otis, at Manila, received in Washington, indicates the satisfactory and agreeable reception accorded to the American troops which recently landed at the island of Negros. They were sent there by General Miller, at Iloilo, in command of Colonel Smith to take formal possession for the United States, which they did without trouble.

The welcome announcement was made by the financial secretary of the treasury, Mr. R. W. Hanbury, in the house of commons, that the government has decided to introduce competition in the telephonic service of the country. He asked for a credit of \$10,000,000 as a start in order to enable the postoffice department to develop the telephonic communication of London.

Miss Mary Pomeroy, of Acushnet, Mass., who has just celebrated her 105th birthday, is probably the oldest woman in Massachusetts. She is entitled to the distinction of having lived in three different towns without having changed her residence. By alterations in the boundary lines of the towns the Spooner homestead has been first in New Bedford, then in Fairhaven, and finally in Acushnet.

The British Railway association has arranged to send five prominent railway officials to the United States to investigate the facts upon which the government bases the bill compelling the adoption of automatic couplings—a measure which would give the holder of trade power, five years from its adoption, to compel British railroads to supply the whole of their rolling stock with this device at an estimated cost of £10,000,000.

A statement compiled in the adjutant general's office shows the number of deaths from disease at Camp Thomas. The figures are taken from the muster rolls of each regiment or battery. Upon these every death and its cause is entered. The total deaths from disease, from the first occupation of the camp, the middle of April, to its abandonment, the middle of September, and including the four battalions which remained to January 1, were 341, the percentage being a little less than 1/2 of 1 per cent.

The plans for the three battleships authorized by the naval appropriation bill just passed are being worked out. The battleships will be a thousand tons larger than the Maine and Missouri class, though laid on almost the same basis as the former, with a total displacement of 13,500 tons, making them by far the largest ships in the American navy and about equal in dimensions to the best type of battleships now being constructed abroad under the new practice. They will carry four twelve-inch guns in turrets.

Although General Wade Hampton is more than 80 years old, he performed a feat the other morning that proved him to be still active and vigorous. Discovering that the roof of his house in Columbia, S. C., was on fire, without permitting any of the household to be awakened, he hastened out and himself proceeded to climb to the roof. Reaching the blaze, he managed to extinguish the flames. It was not until the breakfast hour that members of the household were aware of the fire or of the aged soldier's risky but effective climb upon the roof.

Chief Justice Fuller rendered an opinion sustaining the validity of the state law of Arkansas, requiring the road companies operating in the state to pay employees when discharged and fixing a penalty for failure. The law allows the amount of wages for sixty days as such penalty. In the present case Charles Paul, a discharged day laborer on the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern railway, brought suit for \$21, a part of which was on account of penalty earned under the law. The railroad company resisted the suit in the state courts and in this court on the ground that the law provided for taking property without due process of law and was therefore repugnant to the constitution. The supreme court of the state declined to accept this view of the case and held the law to be valid.

LIVE STOCK AND PRODUCE.

Omaha, Chicago and New York Market Quotations.

OMAHA.	
Butter—Creamery separator...	20 a 21
Butter—Choice fancy country...	14 a 16
Eggs—Fresh, per doz...	27 a 28
Chickens—dressed per pound...	6 1/2 a 7
Turkeys, dressed...	10 a 11
Pigeons—live, per doz...	3 7/8 a 4 5/8
Lemons—Per box...	2 50 a 3 50
Oranges—Per box...	2 50 a 3 50
Strawberries—Jersey per bushel...	6 1/2 a 7 1/2
Apples—Per barrel...	1 75 a 2 25
Honey—Choice, per pound...	12 1/2 a 13
Onions—Per bushel...	10 a 12
Beans—Hand-picked navy...	1 30 a 1 40
Potatoes—Per bushel new...	60 a 65
Hay—Upland per ton...	5 00 a 6 00

SOUTH OMAHA.	
Hogs—Choice light...	3 00 a 3 65
Hogs—Heavy weights...	2 85 a 3 50
Beef steers...	3 35 a 6 15
Bulls...	2 75 a 4 10
Stags...	3 20 a 6 55
Cows...	5 00 a 5 50
Western feeders...	2 75 a 3 00
Cows...	4 15 a 4 18
Heifers...	3 25 a 4 18
Stockers and feeders...	3 00 a 4 25
Sheep—Lamb...	4 00 a 4 85
Sheep—Western wethers...	4 15 a 4 25

CHICAGO.	
Wheat—No. 2 spring...	69 a 72
Corn—Per bushel...	30 a 36 1/2
Oats—Per bushel...	27 a 28
Barley—No. 2...	42 a 51
Rye—No. 2...	56 a 59 1/2
Timothy seed, per bu...	6 25 a 8 50
Pork—Per cwt...	9 25 a 9 50
Lard—Per 100 pounds...	5 20 a 5 22
Cattle—Western fed steers...	4 15 a 4 70
Cattle—Native best steers...	1 30 a 1 40
Hogs—Mixed...	3 35 a 3 77
Sheep—Lamb...	4 00 a 5 00
Sheep—Western wethers...	2 75 a 4 00

NEW YORK MARKET.	
Wheat—No. 2, red winter...	85 1/4 a 87
Corn—No. 2...	45 a 46
Oats—No. 2...	34 1/4 a 35

KANSAS CITY.	
Wheat—No. 2, spring...	66 a 67
Corn—No. 2...	33 a 37
Oats—No. 2...	29 1/4 a 29
Sheep—Muttons...	3 50 a 4 75
Hogs—Mixed...	4 10 a 4 85
Cattle—Stockers and feeders...	4 00 a 4 50