THE OLD DOMINION.

A Day's Happenings As Told By the Wires.

THE ROANOKE RIOT

Good Pay But Little Work.—Horses Swept Away in the Flood.—Collapse of a Grand Stand in Newport News.—Sudden Death in Chesterfield.

The special grand jury, A. M. Nelson, foreman, which was in session for three weeks, concluded their labors by returning the following indictments:

For lynching the negro Smith on the morning of the 21st of September; Walter S. Boone; Edward Page and Frank Shepherd, with J. F. Terry and A. H. Griffin, as accessories before the fact.

For inciting a riot and attempting to break into the jail; Walter Davis, D. D. Kennedy, A. Perry, Thomas Bugg, James G. Richardson, S. W. Fuqua, and Brown Myers.

The burning of the body and attempt to break open the jail are classed as misdemeanors. The alleged lynchers are indicted for murder in the first degree.

The grand-jury report accompanying the indictment is a document of seven or eight pages of legal cap, and is in substance as follows: They say after examining 200 witnesses they find it difficult to reach a satisfactory conclusion in many cases. They then give an account of the negro Thomas Smith's assault and robbery of Mrs. Bisbop, of his capture and confinement in the city jail; and tell how the Judge of the Hustings Court in order to insure a speedy trial at once summoned a special grand jury to investigate the crime. Notwithstanding this a large number of persons not disposed to allow the law to take it's course, assembled in front of the jail, and staid there all day, in a threatening attitude. To protect the prisoner and sustain the law, Mayor Trout called out the military company.

Between 7 and 8 o'clock in the evening the crowd, augmented it was said by parties from the country, forced the picket line, and was so turbulent that the Mayor and others, who had mingled with them warning them to desist, had to retire into police headquarters. Notwithstanding the crowd had been warned that the guns of the soldiers were loaded with powder and ball, and that they would shoot, the mob made an attack on the side door of the jail, shattering it badly.

Finding their efforts to make them desist were answered by jeers and missiles the order was given to the military to fire. The mob continued to crowd towards the building until the military on the north end (front) of the jail were forced to fire. In the confusion and darkness it was impossible for the military to distinguish spectators, who had elected to stay there at their own peril, from riotous law-breakers, and while some spectators may have been killed, a portion of the killed and wounded were taking an active part in the attempt to break in the jail.

Although Mayor Trout, after being wounded, was urged by his friends to leave the jail, the grand jury are of the opinion that the ends of justice could have been attained if the jail had been held. The prisoner never should have been taken out of jail. With the spectators absent, as they would have been in a second attack, the mob would have been much less formidable and easier dealt with. The police force, the grand jury says, was in a demoralized condition. After the Mayor was taken away they could have removed the prisoner to a safe place, and the city would have been spared the digraceful scenes of that night and of the following day, when it had no protection and was absolutely given over to mob law. There were no means for good citizens to get together to aid in restoring order.

The riotous speeches then made cannot be censured too severely. The attempt to drag the dead negro through the streets, and the burning of his body was an exhibition of brutality hardly ever exhibited in a civilized country, and the brave men who, in the face of an angry mob, resisted this, deserve the highest commendation. In conclusion, the grand jury says if trials for crime were hastened, the law would be vindicated, and the public would be content to let the culprit receive his punishment legally. Judge Woods thanked the grand jury for the care and fidelity with which they had discharged their duty, and dismissed them from further service.

Good Pay, Little Work.

A feature connected with the appointment of the successor of the late Hugh L. Bond which is of interest to the people of Richmond is the clerkship of the United States Circuit Court. This position is now and has been for many years past been filled by Mr. Mat F. Pleasants. There is an impression that the clerk holds office during his lifetime or good behavior. The Revised Statues of the United States, section 619, provide that the judge shall appoint the clerks of his court unless otherwise provided for. An exception is made in the case of the western district of Virginia. The statutes provide that there the circuit and district judges shall appoint four clerks, who shall reside at different points in the district. Lawyers who investigated the matter say that Judge Bond's successor can at any time he choses appoint a clerk in Richmond, or he can, if he wishses, retain the old one. The clerkship pays $5 per day while the court is in session, besides fees. It is worth, probably $1,500 or $2,000 per year. The work is light.

Horses Swept Off.

During one of the recent storms Mr. M. C. Parkins, of lower Stafford, lost his only pair of horses by drowning. The rapid rise of water in the Rappahannock river and a tributary surrounding the pasture on three sides closed on the horses escape, and also before any one could get at them, and in a few hours the animals were swept off in the raging torrents. Mr. Judson Sale, of this county, another Rappahannock farmer, also lost several horses and a number of sheep and hogs by the same storm Several prosperous young farmers, along the watercourses have been reduced to proverty by the unprecedented storms of this fall.

Collapse of a Grand Stand'

The grand stand on the ground of the Newport News Turf Association fell in while 150 people were on it. Mrs. Wingfield, the only lady on the stand was injured in the head and back. Others hurt were Captain George Montgomery and G. B. A. Boyker. Editor Merchant of the Register, had just stepped from under the structure when the crash came. None of the persons named were seriously injured.

Sudden Death in Chesterfield.

Mr. J. J. R. Robertson, a well-known citizen of Chesterfield county, went out to his stables to feed his live stock. Some time later he was found in an unconscious condition and was removed to his house and a physician summoned. He never rallied, however, and died in a short time. It is supposed that he died of heart affection. He leaves a widow and six children.

Titus Garnett Killed by Foul Gas.

A most unfortunate accident happened at Stevensville, Mr. W. F. Bagby was having some repairs made to his pump. Titus Garnet, a very worthy colored man, went down into the well and was overcome with the foul gas, and before he could be gotten out life was extinct. Every known means was exhausted to try to resuscitate him, but to no effect.

Augusta's Paying Apple Crop.

The season's apple crop of Augusta county will add no little to the farmers' bank account. Thousands of bushels of the savory fruit are being housed by the farmers, and already a brisk market is found in Staunton for the orchard's product.

Wagon-load after wagon-load are seen on our streets each day. Large wareroons have been opened by buyers for the northern and western trade, and one firm of coopers have already made 18,000 barrels for the shipments. Prices range from $1.50 to $2 per barrel.

VIRGINIA ITEMS.

The Latest News Gleaned From Various Parts of the State

THE Welsh Colony Road is building from a point on the Buckhannon River Branch of the West Virginia and Pittsburgh Railroad to Pembro, Webster county, which will be completed in a few days. The road is about fifteen miles in length and is building by the members of the Welsh colony, which was organized about five years ago and which has prospered in Webster county.

MORRIS HOPKINS, colored, who killed Henry S. Parsons, a white man, near the suburbs of Richmond in June last, and who has been a fugitive from justice since that time, was delivered over to the authoritives of Henrico county by his father and brother. Hopkins claims that the killing was in self-defense.

CHARLES THOMPSON, fell from a freight train on the Richmond and Alleghany Road, near Lynchburg, and was run over and killed by the cars. He was on his way home to be married when the fatal accident occurred.

AT Kenova, on the Norfolk and Western Railroad, Henry Murray, the night baggagemaster, shot and killed Eli Smith, who had assaulted him without provocation

As a freight train was pulling out of the Chesapeake and Ohio yards at Charlottsville the engine "side wiped" the rear of another train that was standing on a side track. Three coaches loaded with merchandise were demolished and the engine badly damaged.

WM. ROGERS, who killed W. C. Woods in Tazewell county in 1889 and made his escape, was captured in East Tennessee and returned to Tazewell jail.

A HANDSOME summer residence has just been completed for Mr. Henry Daingerfield on his farm, near Springfield Station, in Fairfax county.

Spain has decided upon a plan of campaign that involves sending 12,000 regular troops against the rebellious tribesmen. It is thought that the country around Melilla will be annexed.

AN American admirer of John Stuart Blackie says the later "has the bluest eyes he ever saw, the brain of a scholor and the heart of a little lad.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Mr. W. C. Allen,

Of Atlanta, Georgia, testifies that he was afflicted with **Flying Rheumatism**, the intense pain going from one part of the body to another. After taking seven bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla he was in good health. In two months he increased from 122 to 145 pounds in weight. It is certainly true that

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Stands at the head in the medicine world, admired in prosperity and envied in merit by thousands of would-be competitors. It has a larger sale than any other medicine. Such success could not be won without positive merit.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable. 25 cents.

"German Syrup"

Two bottles of German Syrup cured me of Hemorrhage of the Lungs when other remedies failed. I am a married man and, thirty-six years of age, and live with my wife and two little girls at Durham, Mo. I have stated this brief and plain so that all may understand. My case was a bad one, and I shall be glad to tell anyone about it who will write me. PHILIP L. SCHENCK, P. O. Box 45, April 25, 1890. No man could ask a more honorable, business-like statement.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

Do Not Be Deceived

with Pastes, Enamels and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron and burn red.

The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Unsafe Lifeboats.

TEXT: *"Then the soldiers cut off the ropes of the boat and let her fall off."*—Acts xxvii., 32.

While your faces are yet somewhat bronzed by attendance on the international boat contest between the Vigilant and the Valkyrie I address you. Good things when there is no betting or dissipation, those outdoor sports. We want more fresh air and breeziness in our temperaments and our religion. A stale and slow and lugubrious religion may have done for other times, yet will not do for these. But my text calls our attention to a boat of a different sort, and instead of the Atlantic it is the Mediterranean, and instead of not wind enough, as the crews of the Vigilant and the Valkyrie the other day complained, there is too much wind and the swoop of a Euroclydon.

I am not calling your attention so much to the famous ship on which Paul was the distinguished passenger, but to the lifeboat of that ship which no one seems to notice. For a fortnight the main vessel had been tossed and driven. For that two weeks, the account says, the passengers had "continued fasting." I suppose the salt water, dashing over, had spoiled the sea biscuit, and the passengers were seasick anyhow.

The sailors said, "It is no use; this ship must go down," and they proposed among themselves to lower the lifeboat and get into it and take the chances for reaching shore, although they pretended they were going to get over the sides of the big ship and down into the lifeboat only to do sailors' duty. That was not sailorlike, for the sailors that I have known were all intrepid fellows and would rather go down with the ship than do such a mean thing as those Jack Tars of my text attempted.

When on the Mediterranean last June the Victoria sank under the ram of the Camperdown, the most majestic thing about that awful scene was that all the sailors staid at their posts doing their duty. As a class all over the world sailors are valorous, but these sailors of the text were exceptional and pretended to do duty while they were really preparing for flight in the lifeboat. But these "marines" on board—sea soldiers—had in especial charge a little missionary who was turning the world upside down, and when these marines saw the trick the sailors were about to play they lifted the cutlasses from the girdle and chop! chop! went those cutlasses into the ropes that held the lifeboat, and splash! it dropped into the sea.

My text describes it, "The soldiers cut off the ropes of the boat and let her fall off." As that empty lifeboat dropped and was capsized on a sea where for two weeks winds and billows had been in battle I think that many on board the main vessel felt their last hope of ever reaching home had vanished. In that tempestuous sea a small boat could not have lived five minutes.

My subject is "Unsafe Lifeboats." We cannot exaggerate the importance of the lifeboat. All honor to the memory of Lionel Lukin, the coach builder of Long Acre, London, who invented the first lifeboat, and I do not blame him for ordering put on his tombstone in Kent the inscription that you may still read there:

"This Lionel Lunkin was the first who built a lifeboat and was the original inventor of that principle of safety by which many lives and much property have been preserved from shipwreck, and he obtained for it the king's patent in the year 1785."

All honor to the memory of Sir William Hillary, who, living in the Isle of Man, and after assisting with his own hand in the rescue of 305 lives of the shipwrecked, stirred the English Parliament to quick action in the construction of lifeboats. Thanks to God for the sublime and pathetic and divine mission of the lifeboat. No one will doubt its important mission who has read of the wreck of the Amazon in the Bay of Biscay, of the Tweed running on the reefs of the Gulf of Mexico, or of the Ocean Monarch on the coast of Wales, or of the Birkenhead on the Cape of Good Hope, or of the Royal Charter on the coast of Anglesea, or of the Exmouth on the Scotch breakers, or of the Cambria on the Irish coast, or of the Atlantic on the rocks of Nova Scotia, or of the Lexington on Long Island Sound.

To add still further to the importance of the lifeboat, remember there are at least 3,000,000 men following the sea, to say nothing of the uncounted millions this moment ocean passengers. We "land-lubbers," as sailors call us, may not know the difference between a marline spike and a ringbolt, or anything about heaving a log, or rigging out a flying jibboom, or furling a topsail, but we all realize to greater or less extent the importance of a lifeboat in every marine equipment.

But do we feel the importance of a lifeboat in the matter of the soul's rescue? There are times when we all feel that we are out at sea, and as many disturbing and anxious questions strike us as waves struck that vessel against the sides of which the lifeboat of my text dangled. Questions about the church. Questions about the world. Questions about God. Questions about our eternal destiny. Every thinking man and woman has these questions, and in proportion as they are thinking people do these questions arise.

There is no wrong in thinking. If God had not intended us to think and keep on thinking, He would not have built under this wheelhouse of the skull this thinking machine, which halts not in its revolutions from cradle to grave. Even the midnight does not stop the thinking machine, for when we are in dreams we are thinking, although we do not think as well. All of us who are accustomed to thinking want to reach some solid shore of safety and satisfaction, and if any one has a good lifeboat that we may honorably take I wish he would unswing it from the davits and let us get into it and put for the shore.

But I give you fair notice I must first examine the lifeboat before I risk my soul in it or advise you to risk your soul in it. All the splendid Ramsgate lifeboats, and Margate lifeboats, and South Shield lifeboats, and American lifeboats were tested before being put into practical use as to their buoyancy and speed and stowage and self-righting capacity. And when you offer my soul a lifeboat I must first test it.

Here is a splendid new lifeboat called Theosophy. It has only a little while been launched, although some of the planks are really several thousand years old, and from a worm eaten ship, but they are painted over and look new. They are really fatalism and pantheism of olden time. But we must forget that and call them theosophy. The Grace Darling of this lifeboat was an oarswoman by the name of Mme. Blavatsky, but the oarswoman now is Annie Besant. So many are getting aboard the boat it is worthy of examination, both because of the safety of those who have entered it and because we ourselves are invited to get in.

Its theory is that everything is God. Horse and star and tree and man are parts of God. We have three souls—an animal soul, a human soul, a spiritual soul. The animal soul becomes, after awhile, a wandering thing, trying to express itself through mediums. It enters beasts or enters a humam being, and when you find an effeminate man it is because a woman's soul has got into the man, and when you find a masculine woman it is because a man's soul has taken possession of a woman's body.

If you find a woman has become a platform speaker and likes politics, she is possessed by a dead politician, who forty years ago made the platform quake. The soul keeps wandering on and on, and may have fifty or innumerable different forms, and finally is absorbed in God. It was God at the start and will be God at the last. But who gives the authority for the truth of such a religion? Some beings living in a cave in central Asia. They are invisible to the naked eye, but they cross continents and seas in a flash.

My Baptist brother Dr. Haldeman says that a theosophist in New York was visited by one of these mysterious beings from central Asia. The gentleman knew it from the fact that the mysterious being left his pocket handkerchief, embroidered with his name and Asiatic residence. The most wonderful achievement of the theosophists is that they keep out of the insane asylum. They prove the truth of the statement that no religion ever announced was so absurd but it gained disciples.

Societies in the United States and England and other lands have been established for the promulgation of theosophy. Instead of needing the revelation of a Bible you can have these spirits from a cave in central Asia to tell you all you ought to know, and after you leave this life you may become a prima donna, or a robin, or a gazelle, or a sot, or a prize fighter, or a Herod, or a Jezebel, and so be enabled to have great variety of experience, rotating through the universe, now rising, now falling, now shot out in a straight line and now describing a parabola, and on and on, and up and up, and down and down, and round and round. Don't you see? Now, that theosophic lifeboat has been launched. It proposes to take you off the rough sea of doubt into everlasting quietude. How do you like the lifeboat? My opinion is you had better imitate the mariners of my text and cut off the ropes of that boat and let her fall off.

Another lifeboat tempting us to enter is made of many planks of good works. It is really a beautiful boat—almsgiving, practical sympathies for human suffering, righteous words and righteous deeds. I must admit I like the looks of the prow, and of the rowlocks and of the paddles, and of the steering gear, and of many who are thinking to trust themselves on her benches. But the trouble about that lifeboat is it leaks. I never knew a man yet good enough to earn heaven by his virtues or generosities.

If there be one person here present on this blessed Sabbath all of whose thoughts have been always right, all of whose actions have always been right, and all of whose words have always been right, let him stand up, or if already standing let him lift his hand, and I will know that he lies. Paul had it about right when he said, "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified." David had it about right when he said, "There is none that doeth good, no not one."

The old book had it about right when it said, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Let a man get off that little steamer called The Maid of the Mist, which sails up to the foot of Niagara Falls, and then climb to the top of the falls on the descending floods, for he can do it easier than any man ever will be able to climb to heaven by his good works.

If your thoughts have always been exactly right, and your words exactly right, and your deeds always exactly right, you can go up to the gate of heaven, and you need not even knock for admittance, but open it yourself and push the angels out of your way and go up and take one of the front seats. But you would be so unlike any one else that has gone up from this world that you would be a curiosity in heaven and more fit for a heavenly museum than for a place where the inhabitants could look at you free of charge.

No, sir, I admire your good works, and the lifeboat you are thinking of trusting in is handsomer than any yawl or pinnace or yacht or cutter that ever sped out of a boathouse or hoisted sail for a race. But she leaks. Trust your soul in that, and you will go to the bottom. She leaks. So I imitate the mariners of the text, and with a cutlass strike the ropes of the boat and let her fall of.

Another lifeboat is Christian Inconsistencies. The planks of this boat are composed of the split planks of shipwrecks. That prow is made out of hypocrisy from the life of a man who professed one thing and really was another. One oar of this lifeboat was the falsehood of a church member, and the other oar was the wickedness of some minister of the Gospel, whose iniquities were not for a long while found out. Not one plank from the oak of God's eternal truth in all that lifeboat. All the planks, by universal admission, are decayed and crumbling and fallen apart and rotten and ready to sink.

"Well, well," you say, "no one will want to get into that lifeboat." Oh, my friend, you are mistaken. That is the most popular lifeboat ever constructed. That is the most popular lifeboat ever launched. Millions of people want to get into it. They jostle each other to get the best seat in the boat. You could not keep them back though you stood at the gunwales with a club, as on our ship Greece in a hurricane, and the steerage passengers were determined to come up on deck, where they would have been washed off, and the officers stood at the top of the stairs clubbing them back. Even by such violence as that you could not keep people from jumping into the most popular lifeboat, made of church member inconsistencies.

In times of revival when sinners flock into the inquiry room the most of them are kept from deciding aright because they know so many Christians who are bad. The inquiry room becomes a World's Fair for exhibition of all the frailties of church members, so that if you believe all is there told you you would be afraid to enter a church lest you get your pockets picked or get knocked down.

This is the way they talk: "I was cheated out of $500 by a leader of a Bible class." "A Sunday-school teacher gossiped about me and did her best to destroy my good name." "I had a partner in business who swamped our business concern by his trickery and then rolled up his eyes in Friday night prayer meeting, as though he were looking for Elijah's chariot to make a second trip and take up another passenger."

But what a cracked and water logged and gaping seamed lifeboat the inconsistencies of others! Put me on a shingle mid-Atlantic and leave me there rather than in such a yawl of spiritual confidence. God forbid that I should get aboard it, and lest some of you make the mistake of getting into it I do as the mariners did on that Mediterranean ship when the sailors were about to get into the unsafe lifeboat of the text and lose their lives in that way. "Then the soldiers cut off the ropes of the boat and let her fall off."

"Well," says some one, "this subject is very discouraging, for we must have a lifeboat if we are ever to get ashore, and you have already condemned three." Ah, it is because I want to persuade you to take the only safe lifeboat. I will not allow you to be deceived and get on to the wild waves and then capsize or sink. Thank God, there is a lifeboat that will take you ashore in safety, as sure as God is God and heaven is heaven. The keel and ribs of this boat are made out of a tree that was set up on a bluff back of Jerusalem a good many years ago. Both of the oars are made out of the same tree. The rowlocks are made out of the same tree.

The steering gear is made out of the same tree. The planks of it were hammered together by the hammers of executioners who thought they were only killing a Christ, but were really pounding together an escape for all imperiled souls of all ages.

It is an old boat, but good as new, though it has been carrying passengers from sinking ships to firm shore for ages and has never lost a passenger. These old Christians begin to smile because it is dawning upon them what I mean. The fact is that in this way years ago they got off a wreck themselves, and I do not wonder they smile. It is not a senseless giggle that means frivolity, but it is a smile like that on the face of Christians the moment they leave earth for heaven—yea, like the smile of God Himself when He had completed the plan for saving the world.

Right after that big tumble of the Atlantic Ocean six or seven weeks ago on the beach at East Hampton I met the captain of the life saving station and said, "Captain, do you think a lifeboat could live in a sea like that?" Although the worst of it was over, the captain replied, "No, I do not think it could." But this lifeboat of which I speak can live in any sea and defies all breakers, and all cyclones, and all equinoxes, and all earth, and all hell. In twenty years the life saving apparatus along our Atlantic coast saved the lives of over 45,000 of the shipwrecked, but this lifeboat that I commend has saved in twenty years hundreds of millions of the shipwrecked. Like those newly invented English lifeboats, it is unsubmergible, self righting and self bailing.

All along our rocky American coast things were left to chance for centuries, and the shipwrecked crawled up on the beach to die unless some one happened to walk along or some fisherman's hut might be near. But after the ship Ayrshire was wrecked at Squan Beach, and the Powhattan left her 300 dead strewn along our coast, and another vessel went on the rocks, 400 lives perishing, the United States Government woke up and made an appropriation of $200,000 for life stations, and life lines from faking box are shot over the wild surf, and hawsers are stretched from wreck to shore and what with Lyles's gun and six oared surfboat, with cork at the sides to make it unsinkable, and patrolmen all night long walking the beach until they meet each other and exchange metal tickets, so as to show the entire beach has been traversed, and the Coston light flashes hope from shore to sufferer, and surfmen, incased in Merriman life saving dress, and life car rolling on the ropes, there are many probabilities of rescue for the unfortunate of the sea. But the government of the united heavens has made better provision for the rescue of our souls. So close by that this moment we can put our hand on its top and swing into it is this gospel lifeboat. It will not take you more than a second to get into it.

But while in my text we stand watching the marines with their cutlasses, preparing to sever the ropes of the lifeboat and let her fall off, notice the poor equipment. Only one lifeboat. Two hundred and seventy-six passengers, as Paul counted them, and only one lifeboat. My text uses the singular and not the plural, "Cut off the ropes of the boat." I do not suppose it would have held more than thirty people, though loaded to the water's edge.

I think by marine law all our modern vessels have enough lifeboats to hold all the crew and all the passengers in case of emergency, but the marines of my text were standing by the only boat, and that a small boat, and yet 276 passengers. But what thrills me through and through is the fact that though we are wrecked by sin and trouble and there is only one lifeboat, that boat is large enough to hold all who are willing to get into it. The gospel hymn expresses it:

All may come, whoever will;
This Man receives poor sinners still.

But I must haul in that statement a little. Room for all in that lifeboat, with just one exception. Not you—I do not mean you, but there is one exception. There have been cases where ships were in trouble, and the captain got all the passengers and crew into the lifeboats, but there was not room for the captain. He, through the sea trumpet, shouted: "Shove off now and pull for the beach. Good-by!" And then the captain, with pathetic and sublime self-sacrifice, went down with the ship. So the Captain of our salvation, Christ the Lord, launches the gospel lifeboat and tells us all to get in, but He perishes.

"It behooved Christ to suffer." Was it not so, ye who witnessed His agonizing expiration? Simon of Cyrene, was it not so? Cavalry troops, whose horses pawed the dust at the crucifixion, was it not so? Ye Marys who swooned away with the sun of the midday heavens, was it not so? "By His stripes we are healed." By His death we live. By His sinking in the deep sea of suffering we get off in a safe lifeboat. Yes, we must put into this story a little of our own personality. We had a ride in that very lifeboat from foundered craft to solid shore.

Once on the raging seas I rowed.
The storm was loud: the night was dark
The ocean yawned and rudely blow'd
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

But I got into the gospel lifebout and I got ashore. No religious speculation for me. These higher criticism fellows do not bother me a bit. You may ask me fifty questions about the sea, and about the land, and about the lifeboat that I cannot answer, but one thing I know, I am ashore, and I am going to stay ashore, if the Lord by His grace will help me. I feel under me something so firm that I try it with my right foot, and try it with my left foot, and then I try it with both feet, and it is so solid that I think it must be what the old folks used to call the Rock of Ages.

And be my remaining days on earth many or few I am going to spend my time in recommending the lifeboat which fetched me here, a poor sinner saved by grace, and in swinging the cutlasses to sever the ropes of any unsafe lifeboat and let her fall off. My hearer, without asking any questions, get into the gospel lifeboat. Room! and yet there is room! The biggest boat on earth is the gospel lifeboat. You must remember the proportion of things, and that the shipwrecked craft is the whole earth, and the lifeboat must be in proportion.

You talk about your Campanias, and your Lucanias, and your Majestics, and your City of New Yorks, but all of them put together are smaller than an Indian's canoe on Schroon Lake compared with this gospel lifeboat that is large enough to take in all Nations. Room for one and room for all. Get in! "How? How?" you ask.

Well, I know how you feel, for summer before last on the sea of Finland I had the same experience. The ship in which we sailed could not venture nearer than a mile from shore, where stood the Russian palace of Peterof, and we had to get into a small boat and be rowed ashore. The water was rough, and as we went down the ladder at the side of the ship we held firmly on to the railing, but in order to get into the boat we had at last to let go.

How did I know that the boat was good and that the oarsmen were sufficient? How did I know that the Finland Sea would not swallow us with one opening of its crystal jaws? We had to trust, and we did trust, and our trust was well rewarded. In the same way get into this gospel lifeboat. Let go! As long as you hold on to any other hope you are imperiled, and you get no advantage from the lifeboat. Let go! Does some one here say, "I guess I will hold on a little to my good works, or to a pious parentage, or to something I can do in the way of achieving my own salvation." No, no, let go! Trust the Captain, who would not put you into a rickety or uncertain craft.

For the sake of your present and everlasting welfare, with all the urgency of an immortal addressing immortals, I cry from the depths of my soul and at the top of my voice, Let go! Last summer the life saving crew at East Hampton invited me to come up to the life station and see the crew practice, for twice a week they are drilled in the important work assigned them by the United States Government, and they go through all the routine of saving the shipwrecked. But that would give little idea of what they would have to do if some midnight next winter, the wind driving beachward, a vessel should get in the grasp of a hurricane.

See the lights flare from the ship in the breakers, and then responding lights flaring from the beach, and hear the rockets buzz as they rise, and the lifeboat rumbles out, and the gun booms, and the life line rises and falls across the splintered decks, and the nawser tightens, and the life car goes to and fro, carrying the exhausted mariners, and the ocean, as if angered by the snatching of the human prey from the white teeth of its surf and the stroke of its billowing paw, rises with increased fury to assail the land. So now I am engaged in no light drill, practicing for what may come over some of your souls. It is with some of you wintry midnight, and your hopes for this world and the next are wrecked.

But see! See! The lights kindled on the beach! I throw out the life line. Haul in, hand over hand! Ah, there is a lifeboat in the surf, which all the wrath of earth and hell cannot swamp, and its Captain with scarred hand puts the trumpet to His lips as He cries, "Oh, Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in Me is thy help." But what is the use of all this if you decline to get into it? You might as well have been a sailor on board that foundering ship of the Mediterranean when the mariners cut the ropes of the boat and let her fall off.

CHRISTIAN WHITE CAPS.

Women Take the Law Into Their Own Hands in Nebraska.

Eleven prominent women occupying felon's cells in the Polk county jail, five young ladies badly bruised and one dangerously injured, and fifteen hundred people excited, is the result of the vigorous efforts of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, of Osceola, Neb., to introduce radical reforms in the social ethics of that city. For some time the better class of women of Osceola, including the members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, have felt that the name of the city was being scandalized by the action of certain young ladies in company with male companions. A secret meeting of the society was held. Summary action was determined on to teach the young ladies how to behave themselves.

A committee was appointed who prepared a number of notes to the girls purporting to come from their lovers, requesting a meeting in an obscure portion of the town The female White Cap committee selected a grove adjacent to the city in which the girls were accused of meeting their lovers.

The girls were unsuspicious of the approaching danger, and all kept their appointments. The W. C. T. U. White Caps, to the number twelve, those composing the committee appointed by the order to perform the work, secreted themselves in the grove. All were disguised with pillow cases thrown over their heads. As the girls appeared in the grove they were seized and bound and kept quiet in concealment until all had been captured.

Then the committee commenced a vigorous flogging of their victims. Some of the girls resisted chastisement. Two of them broke their bonds and fought, and finally managed to escape into town. Their clothing was torn, and they were almost nude. The White Caps continued their work in the grove.

One of the girls fainted and was left lying on the ground. Finally the White Caps dispersed to their homes. Early next morning eleven of the White Caps who took part in the outrage were arrested for assault and battery and disturbing the peace.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

SHOULD be used wherever yeast has served heretofore. Yeast acts by fermentation and the destruction of part of the gluten of the flour to produce the leavening gas. Royal Baking Powder, through the action of its ingredients upon each other in the loaf while baking, itself produces the necessary gas and leaves the wholesome properties of the flour unimpaired.

It is not possible with any other leavening agent to make such wholesome and delicious bread, biscuit, rolls, cake, pastry, griddle-cakes, doughnuts, etc.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Lord Norbury.

While practicing at the bar, Toler became a master of repartee. He acquired facility by constant practice, as he never lost an opportunity of firing off a joke, good, bad, or indifferent. When Lord Redesdale, a dull Sassenach, was made Lord Chancellor of Ireland, he gave a dinner to the Irish bar, whose members he had heard were extremely witty. Being totally guiltless of wit himself, he determined to be at least entertaining. Accordingly he related some of his best bar stories, which, however, were not up to the high standard of his audience.

At length skating became a subject of conversation, and his lordship said that in his boyhood all danger was avoided, for before they began to skate they always put blown bladders under their arms, so if the ice happened to break they were buoyant and saved.

"Ay, my lord," said Toler, "that's what we call blather-am-skate in Ireland."—All the Year Round.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Beware of the man or woman whom a child will not love.

For Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Stomach disorders, use Brown's Iron Bitters—the Best Tonic. It rebuilds the Blood and strengthens the muscles. A splendid medicine for weak and debilitated persons.

The best preparation for behaving right is to think right.

In Olden Times

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally know that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time but finally injure the system.

Ugliness has this advantage over beauty—it never fades.

Malaria cured and eradicated from the system by Brown's Iron Bitters, which enriches the blood, tones the nerves, aids digestion. Acts like a charm on persons in general ill health, giving new energy and strength.

It it human nature to hate him whom you have injured.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

If you don't want to be detested don't be a chronic growler.

Beecham's Pills cure indigestion and constipation. Beecham's—no others. 25 cts. a box.

Choose rather to punish your appetites than to be punished by them.

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of treating Colds and Coughs were based on the idea of suppression. We now know that "feeding a cold" is good doctrine.

Scott's Emulsion

of cod-liver oil with hypophosphites, a rich fat-food, cures the most stubborn cough when ordinary medicines have failed. Pleasant to take; easy to digest.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

MERCURIAL Mr. J. C. Jones, of Fulton, Arkansas, says of **S.S.S.** "About ten years ago I contracted a severe case of blood poison. Leading physicians prescribed medicine after medicine, which I took without any relief. I also tried mercurial and potash remedies, with unsuccessful results, but which brought on an attack of mercurial rheumatism that made my life one of agony. After suffering **RHEUMATISM** four years I gave up all remedies and began using S. S. S. After taking several bottles I was entirely cured and able to resume work.

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Congress ought to git a patent on its Confidence Restorer.

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ALL RUN DOWN.

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Amsterdam, N. Y. June 9, 1893.

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Gentlemen:—I ought to have written you long ago of the great good your **Swamp-Root** has done for me. For a long time I had been troubled with a

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