

THE INDEPENDENT.

PLYMOUTH, INDIANA.

HIS POWDER FLASHED

AMATEUR CHEMIST STRIKES THE RIGHT COMBINATION.

Incidentally He Blows a Building to Bits—Over Five Hundred Millions Subscribed for Bonds—Despondent Chicaguan Wipes Out His Family.

Two People Severely Hurt. While experimenting with a new flashlight powder invented by George Lawrence, a Chicago photographer, F. T. Dunning, an employe, caused an explosion which wrecked the building, severely injured Dunning and Mrs. Lawrence, wife of the photographer, and shattered windows in several structures adjacent to the studio. The explosion occurred in a room in the second story, where Dunning was engaged in making powder used in making flashlight pictures. He had completed the work of compounding the material, and was putting it into small boxes, each calculated to contain two ounces, when without apparent cause the powder exploded.

TO GIVE CUBANS RIGHTS.

Senate Committee on Foreign Relations Resolves Regarding the Insurgents.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations agreed upon a substitute for the resolution heretofore reported on the question of the recognition of Cuba and Senator Morgan reported it to the Senate, saying it met with his full approval. The substitute is in the shape of a concurrent resolution. As reported it is as follows: "Resolved, By the Senate, the House of Representatives concurring, that in the opinion of Congress a condition of public law exists between the Government of Spain and the Government proclaimed and for some time maintained by force of arms by the people of Cuba; and that the United States of America should maintain a strict neutrality between the contending powers and accord to each all the rights of belligerents in the ports and territory of the United States." Senator O'Hall gave notice that he would call up the resolution as soon as he could secure the attention of the Senate. The Foreign Affairs Committee also voted to make an effort to take up the Cuban question in the Senate as soon as the urgent deficiency bill and the resolution for the distribution of the appropriation bills can be disposed of.

ETERNITY FOR SEVEN.

Richard Klattke, a Chicago Carpenter, Kills His Parents, Children, Wife, and Himself. Chloroform and a revolver were the agents with which Richard Klattke, a carpenter of Chicago, slew his entire family of six; then, turning the revolver upon himself, he committed suicide. When residents in the vicinity burst into the home, early Wednesday morning, they found seven corpses, and a superficial examination showed that each of Klattke's victims had been shot through the brain and that he himself had died in a similar manner. No evidence of struggle existed, and an empty chloroform bottle would indicate use of that anesthetic before the shooting. Klattke was despondent. The members of his family were cold and hungry. Since Christmas he had been out of work and he ended his troubles just as relief was sighted. Wednesday morning his next-door neighbor, Adolph Schmidt, called at the cottage with the joyful news that he had found a job for Klattke. At the same time Mr. Brown arrived on a similar errand. They came too late, just how much no one knows, for the bodies were cold when discovered.

LOAN A GREAT SUCCESS.

Good Price Realized, and Uncle Sam's Credit Considered Gilt-Edged.

Washington dispatch: The public gets from \$200,000,000 to \$400,000,000 of the \$100,000,000 popular loan, and the Pierpont Morgan syndicate secures the remainder on a bid of 110.0877 for \$190,000,000. Scattering bids were received from banks and investors above that figure for about the sum first mentioned. The Morgan bid shuts out the combination bidding engineered by John T. Stewart, Russell Sage, and a half dozen trust companies under their leadership. Not less than \$125,000,000 was bid for by these concerns and their customers at the uniform price of 110.075. The total number of bids was 4,610, representing a total subscription of \$550,000,000, not counting a bogus bid of \$100,000,000 from a Michigan doctor, and another from a Texas humorist for \$16,000,000. The net price realized by the Government for the whole issue will be very close to 23% per cent. The Morgan bid is fractionally above that figure—about 37.16.

Levas is Broken.

A Fort Worth, Texas, dispatch says: At last accounts the Brazos River was still rising an inch an hour. The levee at Stone plantation, near Hempstead, is broken. The crevasse is forty feet wide and growing wider, and the water is rushing over the surrounding country. The entire valley will be inundated. At Richmond and Velasco the river is still rising and flooding the valley. In Washington County the Nequa River is out of its banks and thousands of acres are flooded. Besides the loss of property farming operations will be delayed by the protracted rains.

Apaches Again on the Rampage.

The San Carlos Apaches are again on the rampage. Sam Hinton, a cow man, while riding along the reservation, was fired upon from ambush near San Carlos agency. All settlers are confidently expecting an attack in the near future.

Naval Officer Sued for Divorce.

Lieut. Newmann of the United States man-of-war Charleston has been sued at Perry, O. T., for divorce by his wife. They were married in Baltimore and have lived in New York and Washington. She is a daughter of Capt. Dawson of the United States Army.

Prof. Dowd Declared Insane.

Prof. Daniel L. Dowd, inventor of Dowd's exerciser, which is now in many gymnasiums in New York, and who is well known as an exponent of physical and social culture, was declared insane.

THE ONE RIGHT ROAD

REV. DR. TALMAGE POINTS IT OUT TO LIFE'S TRAVELERS.

He Shows the Road of Righteousness to Be Safe, Plain, Pleasant, Broad, Smooth, and with a Glorious Terminus at Last.

Sermon at the Capital.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's sermon in Washington last Sunday was a picture of the road that many have traveled and others are trying to get on and is no more appropriate for the capital of the nation than for all places. The text chosen was Isaiah XXXV, 8, 9, 10: "And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness. The meek shall not pass over it, but it shall be for those; the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there, but the redeemed shall walk there, and the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

There are hundreds of people in this house who want to find the right road. You sometimes see a person halting at cross roads, and you can tell by his looks that he wishes to ask a question as to what direction he had better take. And I stand in your presence conscious of the fact that there are many of you here who realize that there are a thousand wrong roads, but only one right one, and I take it for granted that you have come in to ask which one it is. Here is one road that opens widely, but I have not much faith in it. There are a great many expensive tollgates scattered all along that way. Indeed at every rod you must pay in tears, or pay in gentleness, or pay in flagellations. On that road, if you get through it at all, you have to pay your own way, and since this differs so much from what I have heard in regard to the right way, I believe it is the wrong way.

Here is another road. On either side of it are houses of sinful entertainment and invitations to come in and dine and rest, but from the looks of the people who stand on the piazza I am certain it is the wrong house and the wrong way. Here is another road. It is very beautiful and most admired. The horses' hoofs clatter and ring, and they who ride over it spin along the highway, until suddenly they find that the road breaks over an embankment, and they try to halt, and they seize the bit in the mouth of the fiery steed and cry: "Ho! Ho!" But it is too late, and, crash! they go over the embankment. We shall turn and see if we cannot find a different kind of road. You have heard of the Appian way. It was 350 miles long. It was 24 feet wide, and on either side of the road was a path for foot passengers. It was made out of rocks cut in hexagonal shape and fitted together. What a road it must have been! Made of smooth, hard rock, 350 miles long. No wonder that in the construction of it the treasures of a whole empire were exhausted. Because of invaders, and the elements, and time—the old conqueror who tears up a road as he goes over it—there is nothing left of that structure but a ruin. But I have to tell you of a road built before the Appian way, and yet it is as good as when first constructed. Millions of souls have gone over it. Millions more will come.

The King's Highway.

First, this road of the text is the king's highway. In the diligence you dash on over the Bernard pass of the Alps, mile after mile, and there is not so much as a pebble to jar the wheels. You go over bridges which cross chasms that make you hold your breath, under projecting rock, along by dangerous precipices, through tunnels adrip with the meltings of the glaciers, and perhaps for the first time learn the majesty of a road built and supported by governmental authority. Well, my Lord and King decided to build a highway from earth to heaven. It should span all the chasms of human wretchedness. It should tunnel all the mountains of earthly difficulty. It should be wide enough and strong enough to hold 50,000,000,000,000 of the human race, if so many of them should ever be born. It should be blasted out of the "Rock of Ages," and cemented with the blood of the cross, and be lifted amid the shouting of angels and the exclamation of devils. The King sent his Son to build that road. He put head and hand and heart to it, and after the road was completed waved his blistered hand over the way, crying, "It is finished!" Napoleon paid 15,000,000 francs for the building of the St. Ann road that his cannon might go over for the devastation of Italy, but our King at a greater expense has built a road for a different purpose that the banners of heavenly dominion might come down over it. Being a king's highway, of course it is well built. Bridges splendidly arched and abutressed have given way and crushed the passengers who attempted to cross them. But Christ the King would build no such thing as that. The work done, he mounts the chariot of his love and multitudes mount with him, and he drives on and up the steep of heaven amid the plaudits of gazing worlds! The work is done—well done—gloriously done—magnificently done.

A Clean Road.

Still further, this road spoken of is a clean road. Many a fine road has become mire and foul because it has not been properly cared for, but my text says the unclean shall not walk on this one. Room on either side to throw away your sins, indeed, if you want to carry them along, you are not on the right road. That bridge will break, those overhanging rocks will fall, the night will come down, leaving you at the mercy of the mountain bandits, and at the very next turn of the road you will perish. But if you are really on this clean road of which I have been speaking, then you will stop ever and anon to wash in the water that stands in the basin of the eternal rock.

A Pleasant Road.

Still further, the road spoken of is a pleasant road. God gives a bond of indemnity against all evil to every man that reads it. "All things work together for good to those who love God." No weapon formed against them can prosper. That is the bond, signed, sealed and delivered by the president of the whole universe. What is the use of your fretting, O child of God, about food? "Behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them." And will he take care of the sparrow, will he take care of the raven, will he take care of the hawk and let you die? What is the use of your fretting about clothes? "Consider the lilies of the field, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" What is the use of worrying for fear something will happen to your home? "He blisseth the habitation of the just." What is the use of your fretting lest you will be overcome of temptations? "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." Oh, this King's highway! Trees of life on either side, bending over until their branches interlock and drop midway their fruit and shade. Houses of entertainment on either side the road for poor pil-

grims. Tables spread with a feast of good things, and walls adorned with apples of gold in pictures of silver. I start out on this King's highway, and I find a harper, and I say, "What is your name?" The harper makes no response, but leaves me to guess as with his eyes toward heaven and his hand upon the trembling strings this tune comes rippling on the air: "The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life. Of whom shall I be afraid?" I go a little farther on the same road, and meet a trumpeter of heaven, and I say, "Have you got some music for a tired pilgrim?" And, wiping his lips and taking a long breath, he puts his mouth to the trumpet and pours forth this strain: "They shall hunger no more, neither shall they thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." I go a little distance farther on the same road, and I meet a maiden of Israel. She has no harp, but she has cymbals. They look as if they had rusted from sea spray, and I say to the maiden of Israel: "Have you no song for a tired pilgrim?" And, like the clang of Miriam's shields, the cymbals clap as Miriam begins to discourse: "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously. The horse and the rider hath he thrown into the sea." And then I see a white-robed group. They come bounding toward me, and I say, "Who are they? The happiest, and the brightest, and the fairest in all heaven—who are they?" And the answer comes, "These are they who came out of great tribulations and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

The Terminus.

I pursue this subject only one step farther. What is the terminus? I do not care how fine a road you put me on, I want to know where it comes out. My text declares it: "The redeemed of the Lord come to Zion." You know what Zion was. That was the king's palace. It was a mountain fastness. It was impregnable. And so heaven is the fastness of the universe. No howitzer has long enough range to shell those towers. Let all the batteries of earth and hell blaze away. They cannot break in those gates. Gibraltar was taken, Sevastopol was taken, Babylon fell, but those walls of heaven shall never surrender either to human or satanic besiegement. The Lord God Almighty is the defense of it. Great capital of the universe! Terminus of the King's highway!

A Safe Road.

Still further, the road to heaven is a safe road. Sometimes the traveler in those ancient highways would think himself perfectly secure, not knowing there was a lion by the way, burying his head deep between his paws, and then, when the right moment came, under the fearful spring the man's life was gone, and there was a mangled carcass by the roadside. But, says my text, "No lion shall be there." I wish I could make you feel your entire security. I tell you plainly that one minute after a man has become a child of God he is as safe as though he had been 10,000 years in heaven. He may slip, he may slide, he may stumble, but he cannot be destroyed; kept by the power of God, through faith, unto complete salvation, everlastingly safe. The severest trial to which you can subject a Christian man is to kill him, and that is glory. In other words, the worst thing that can happen a child of God is heaven. The body is only the old slippers that he throws aside just before putting on the sandals of light. His soul, you cannot hurt it. No fires can consume it, no floods can drown it, no devils can capture it.

Firm and unmoved are they.

Who rest their souls on God: Fixed as the ground where David stood, Or where the ark abode.

His soul is safe.

His reputation is safe. Everything is safe. "But," you say, "suppose his store burns up?" Why, then it will be only a change of investments from earthly to heavenly securities. "But," you say, "suppose his name goes down under the hoof of scorn and contempt?" The name will be so much brighter in glory. "Suppose his physical health fails?" God will pour into him the floods of everlasting health, and it will not make any difference. Earthly subtraction is heavenly addition. The tears of earth are the crystals of heaven. As they take rags and tatters and put them through the paper mill, and they come out beautiful white sheets of paper, so often the rags of earthly destitution, under the cylinders of death, come out a white scroll upon which shall be written eternal emancipation. There was one passage of Scripture the force of which I never understood until one day at Chamounix, with Mont Blanc on one side and Montanvert on the other, I opened my Bible and read, "As the mountains are around about Jerusalem, so the Lord is around about them that fear him." The surroundings were an omnipotent commentary.

Though troubles assail and dangers a-fright.

Though friends should all fail and foes all unite, Yet one thing secures us, whatever be tide, The Scripture assures us the Lord will provide.

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RAILROADS IN CHINA.

THE GOVERNMENT WILL ALLOW THEIR CONSTRUCTION.

One Will Be Built from Tien-Tsin to Lu Kou Bridge, Eight Miles West of Pekin—Great Opportunity for American Railroad Builders.

Invaded by the Iron Horse.

The Chinese Government has at length turned its attention to the construction of railroads, and, according to United States Minister Deuby, has appointed Chih-Ah on a provincial judge to superintend the building of a railroad from Tien-Tsin to Lu Kou bridge, eight miles west of Pekin, which is as near the sacred precincts of royalty as Chinese etiquette will permit the road to approach at present. The cost of the seventy miles of road is estimated at \$2,000,000. It is to be finished in one year. The degree of the work also requires Chinese merchants to form stock companies to build other railroads, for the Government is determined to exclude foreign capital and foreign control of the roads, although there is reason to believe it will ultimately yield these points, when practical trial has shown the magnitude of the undertaking, and the lack of ability, owing to the inexperience of the Chinese managers. In this case there will be a great field for foreign railroad enterprise, and Mr. Deuby, who has lost no opportunity of setting out the pre-eminence of Americans as railroad managers and contractors and stock builders, urges that this market should not be allowed to pass without an effort, into European hands.

FIRE IN THE GILSEY HOUSE.

Guests of a New York Hotel Routed Out of Bed at an Early Hour.

At New York fire that started in the drying-room in the basement of the Gilsey House caused great excitement among the 224 guests in the house, many of whom became hysterical, while others fell downstairs in their efforts to escape from the building. The hallways were filled with smoke, and there was every indication that the building would be consumed. The fire was discovered while the guests were still asleep. The watchmen touched off the automatic signals which communicated with the various rooms to alarm the guests, and then hurried to the nearest alarm box and turned in the fire alarm. On the arrival of the engines in response to the first alarm the smoke was so thick that a second alarm was sent in. In a short time the fire was extinguished and the guests fled back to their apartments. The total damage will not amount to more than \$500.

MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.

Its Business Last Year Not Up to the Expectations.

The great Manchester ship canal is not doing much business, according to the figures for last year's operations transmitted to the State Department by United States Consul Grinnell at Manchester. He says only small cross-channel boats carry out full cargoes, and efforts of the company to attract the India and China trade have been attended by disappointment. Although last year merchandise was sent to the United States to the value of \$14,156,444, yet not one package was shipped direct to New York since the canal opened. Although there were at least two recent opportunities for such shipments, the steamers both left in ballast.

Glut in the Fruit Market.

Last December more fruit was exported from Sicily to the United States than ever before in that month, the aggregate being 375,000 boxes of green fruits, 160,000 of which were oranges. Now the markets both in America and England are glutted and the prices offered are not sufficient to cover the expenses, to say nothing of the cost of the fruit.

May Name the Arbitrator.

The Federal council has authorized the President of the Swiss republic to accept the proposal tendered by the Governments of Great Britain and the United States that, in the event of a disagreement as to the choice of an arbitrator for the Canadian sealers' claims, the President of Switzerland shall designate an arbitrator.

Society Girls Drive Street Cars.

The society young women of Pierre, S. D., have been driving street car miles. The ladies established a rescue home and the street car company turned the line over to them for an afternoon. The fair drivers and conductors secured a good sum for the home.

Bomb Scare in Lisbon.

At Lisbon, a bomb was exploded in the residence of the physician who certified to the lunacy of the man who threw a stone into the king's carriage a short time ago. Much damage was caused by the explosion. Ten arrests have been made.

Coffee Crop Reduced.

Owing to a two-years' drought on the Pacific side of Nicaragua the coffee crop has been much reduced and, instead of the 200,000 expected, it is not now believed that the crop will exceed 100,000 quintals.

Steamer St. Paul is Afloat.

The steamer St. Paul of the International Navigation Company's line, which went ashore on the sandbar of Long Branch a week ago, has been floated.

Free Coinage Substitute.

The Finance Committee of the Senate has agreed to report for the tariff bill a substitute providing for the free coinage of silver.

Will Mine Under Butte.

It has long been known that the city of Butte, Mont., is located over one of the greatest mineral deposits in the world. A company has just been organized by J. A. Coran, C. H. Palmer and others for the purpose of mining under the city. They will drive tunnels in every direction.

Farmers' Alliance Meets.

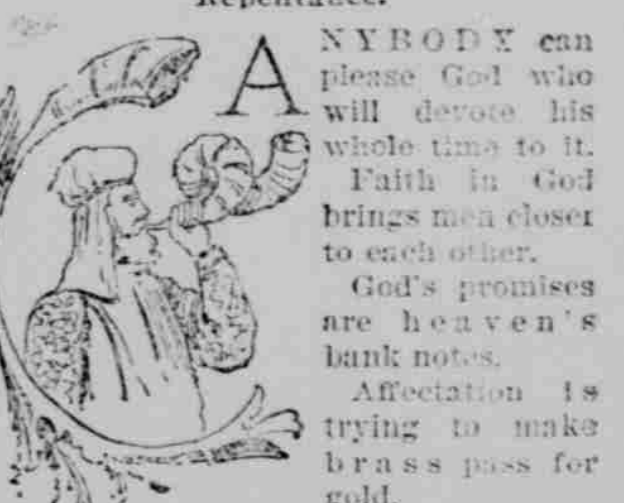
The National Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union met in Washington, D. C., at the National Hotel. Each State was entitled to from one to two delegates and nearly every State was represented.

Mrs. Davidson Kisses the Attorney.

Mrs. Davidson, who was on trial at Lebanon, Ind., charged with assault with intent to kill his wife by shooting at her, was found guilty of assault only and fined \$30. When the verdict was read, Mrs. Davidson threw her arms about Attorney Reagan's neck and kissed him.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



NOBODY can please God who will devote his whole time to it. Faith in God brings men closer to each other. God's promises are heaven's bank notes. Affectation is trying to make brass pass for gold. The devil is not doing all his work in the devil's name. A lie never stops running when truth is on its track. Truth often knocks at the door of him who has ears to hear. It is still as safe to trust God as it was in the days of Job. When we measure others we make ourselves the standard. It costs about as much to be stingy as it does to be extravagant. How easy it is for a lazy man to prove that luck is against him. When the world can't understand a man it calls him a crank. Character is something that stays when everything else is gone. Our trials do not weaken us. They only show us that we are weak. We sometimes pray for more grace, when what we need is more grit. The preacher who does not practice all he preaches, preaches too much. The devil hates a prayer meeting, but he likes the part some people take in it. High up among the things written on the gate of hell, is "Sacred Concert." To have a real revival of religion, the preaching must be clear cut against sin. A self-made man generally spoils his boy in trying to make him like himself. No man who gives as much as he ought to give, ever wants his money back. If the Christian will keep his light shining, God will put it where it can be seen. Don't try to stop the wind. Have your ship ready to be helped on its way by it. The things which do the most to make us happy cannot be had for money. It is just as true that little sins are real sins, as that little snakes are real snakes. The man who is not willing to serve God for nothing, is not willing to serve him at all. If you want your boy to stay on the farm don't make him work with the dulllest hoe. When one man is beating a furnace for another, he never thinks about the price of coal. What a bright world this would be if people were as ready to give gold as good advice. It is hard to understand why unassuming people are so apt to wear squeaking shoes. No man should engage in anything in which he cannot with confidence ask God to guide him. "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," means that both should be kept busy for God. If angels know what the saloons are doing, it must puzzle them to understand why God holds the judgment back. Our Thanksgiving dinner will taste all the better if we know that our poor neighbor also has some turkey on his plate. If there is joy in heaven over a sinner that repents, what do you suppose happens there when a boy goes into a saloon. The man who loves God with all his heart will be found doing something more to show it than talking nice in church. The man who goes around digging pits for others to fall into, will dig his own grave, sooner or later. In the devil's service trials are misfortunes, but in God's service they are blessings. Underfed Germans. How insufficiently the lower classes in Germany are fed with nourishing, wholesome food is well known. From the annual statistics of the forty-seven large German cities just published I gathered the following illustrative item: In Berlin the annual meat consumption a head of population has decreased from 85 kilos to 62 kilos, or just about 6 ounces of meat a day. An increase is shown in the consumption of horseflesh for human food, while dogs' meat has become a regular staple article for the poor man's diet. In Chemnitz and in Dresden especially this uninviting article of food has been increasing enormously. In Chemnitz some 327 dogs have been slaughtered and sold for human food, to the knowledge of the authorities, to say nothing of the many cases where the fact did not come to their knowledge. Isn't that a vivid illustration to the reason of Hauptmann's "Die Weber," the play called revolutionary here, but where the real life of the poor German weavers is but realistically portrayed? Scotch and American Beef. It is a notorious fact that much of the beef sold as "prime Scotch" is simply prime American. The British consumer, it is averred, is unable to detect either by eye or palate the origin of a side of beef or of the roast cut from it. Dr. Glade—Do you know anybody who has a horse for sale? Droyer—I reckon Hank Bitters has; I sold him one yesterday.—Truth. The dog-in-the-manger sentiment is the foundation in every love affair.