SUNDAY'S SERMON.

ONE OF REV. DR. TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES.

"The New Song of Heaven."

TEXT: "*And they sang a new song.*" Rev. v., 9.

Nearly all the cities of Europe and America have conservatories of music and associations whose object it is by voice and instrument to advance the art of sweet sounds. On Thursday night Exeter Hall, of London, used to resound with the music of first-class performers, who gave their services gratuitously to the masses, who came in with free tickets and buzzed at the entertainment. At Berlin at 11 o'clock daily the military band, with sixty or a hundred instruments, discourses at the Royal Opera House for the people. On Easter Sunday in Prague, to the boom of cannon and the ringing of bells bring multitudes to the churches to listen to the organ peals and the exciting sounds of trumpet and drum. When the great fair day of Leipsic comes the bands of music from far and near gather in the street and bewilder the ear with incessant playing of flute and horn, violin and bassoon. At Dusseldorf once a year the lovers of music assemble, and for three or four days wait upon the great singing festivals, and shout at the close of the choruses, and greet the successful competitors as the prizes are distributed—cups and vases of silver and gold. All our American cities at times resound with orchestra and oratorio. Those who can sing well or play skillfully upon instruments are greeted with vociferation and garlanded by excited admirers.

There are many whose most ecstatic delight is to be found in melodies, and all the splendor of celestial gates, and all the lusciousness of twelve manner of fruits, and all the rush of floods from under the throne of God would not make a heaven for them if there were no great and transporting harmonies. Passing along our streets in the hour of worship you hear the voice of sacred melody, although you do not enter the building. And passing along the street of heaven we hear, from the temple of God and the Lamb, the breaking forth of magnificent jubilate. We may not yet enter in among the favored throng, but God will not deny us the pleasure of standing a while on the outside to hear. John listened to it a great while ago, and "they sang a new song."

Let none aspire to that blessed place who have no love for this exercise, for although it is many ages since the thrones were set, and the harps were strung, there has been no cessation in the song, excepting once for about thirty minutes; and, judging from the glorious things now transpiring in God's world, and the ever wonderful prophecies of the Messiah, that was the last half hour that heaven will ever be silent.

Mark the fact that this was a new song. Sometimes I have thought that been cheated away upon some great choral, in which all our people seemed to mingle their voices, and I have, in the glow of my emotions, said: "Surely this is music good enough for heaven." Indeed, I do not believe that "Luther's Hymn," "Coronation," or "Old Hundred," or "Mount Pisgah" would sound ill if spoken by sainted lips or thrummed from seraphic harps. There are many of our fathers and mothers in glory who would be slow to shut heaven's gate against these old time harmonies. But this we are told is a new song. Some of our greatest anthems and chorals are compositions from other times—the sweetest parts of them gathered up into the harmony; and I have sometimes thought that this "new song" may be partly made up of sweet strains of earthly music mingled in eternal choral. But it will, after all, be a new song. This I do know, that in sweetness and power it will be something that I have never heard. All the skill of the oldest harpers of heaven will be flung into it. All the love of God's heart will ring from it. In its cadences the floods will clap their hands, and it will drop with the sunlight of everlasting day and breathe with odors from the blossoms of the tree of life. "A new song"—just made for heaven.

Many earthly songs are written by composers just for the purpose of making a tune, and the land is flooded with note books in which really valuable tunes are the exception. But once in a while a man is wrought up by some great spectacle, or moved by some terrible agony, or transported by some exquisite gladness, and he sits down to write a tune or a hymn in which every note or every word is a spark dropped from the forge of his own burning emotions. So Mendelssohn wrote, and so Beethoven, and so Charles Wesley. Cowper, depressed with misfortunes until almost insane, resolved on suicide, and asked the cab driver to take him to a certain place where he expected to destroy his own life. The cab driver lost his way, and Cowper began to think of his sin, and went back to his home, and sat down and wrote:

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,
He plants His footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Mozart composed his own requiem and said to his daughter Emily, "Play that." And while Emily was playing the requiem Mozart's soul went up to God to view of his own music into glory. Emily looked around and her father was dead.

This new song of heaven was not composed, because Heaven had nothing else to do, but Christ, in memory of cross and crown, of manger and throne, of earth and heaven, and wrought upon by the raptures of the great eternity, poured this from His heart, made it for the armies of heaven to shout in celebration of victory, for worshipers to chant in their temple services, for the innumerable home circles of heaven to sing in the houses of many mansions. If a new tune be started in church there is only here and there a person who can sing it. It is some time before the congregation learns a new tune. But not so with the new song of heaven. The children who went up to-day from the waters of the Ganges are now singing it. That Christian man or woman who a few minutes ago departed from this very street has joined it. All know it—those by the gates, those on the river bank, those in the temple. Not a feeling their way through it, or halting or going back, as if they never before had sung it, but with a full, round voice they throw their soul into this new song. If some Sabbath day a few notes of that anthem should travel down the air we could not sing it. No organ could roll its thunder. No harp could catch it trill. For up and around echoes its sweetness. Transfixed, lost, enchanted, dumb, we could not hear it—the faintest note of the new song. Yet while I speak heaven's cathedral quakes under it, and seas of glory bear it from beach to beach, and ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands sing it—"the new song."

Further, it is a commemorative song. We are distinctly told that it was in reference to past deliverance. Oh, how much have they to sing about. The sting of the darkness through which on earth they passed, and it is a night song. That one was killed at Yorktown, and with him it is a battle song. That one was imprisoned for Christ's sake, and with him it is a prison song. That was a Christian sailor boy who, in his ship broken on the ship's halyards, and with him it is a sailor's song. That one burned at Smithfield, and with him it is a fire song. Our Redeemed will say of those who suffered, of fires endured, of persecutions suffered, of grace extended! Song of hail! Song of sword! Song of hot lead! Song of axe! As when the organ pipes peal out some great harmony, there comes occasionally the sound of the tremulants, weeping through the cadences, adding exquisiteness to the performances, so amid the stupendous acclaim of the heavenly worshipers shall come tremulous remembrances of past endurance, adding a sweetness and glory to the triumphal strain. So the glorified mother will sing of the cradle that death robbed, and the enthroned spirit from the almhouse will sing of a lifetime of want. God may wipe away all the tears, but not the memory of the grief that started them!

Further, it will be an accompanied song. Some have a great prejudice against musical instruments; and even among those who like them there is an idea that they are unauthorized. I love the cymbals, for Israel clapped them in triumph at the Red Sea. I love the harp, for David struck it in praising the Lord. I love the trumpet, for we are told that it shall awake the dead. I love all stringed instruments and organs, for God demands that we shall praise Him on stringed instruments and organs. There is in such music much to suggest higher worship, for I read that when He had taken the book the four-and-twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them "harps," and "I heard the voice of the harpers harping with their harps," and if the Lamb had gotten the victory from the beast standing on the sea of glass, having the harps of God."

Yes, the song is to be accompanied. You say that all this is figurative. Then I say prove it. I do not know how much of it is literal and how much of it is figurative. Who can say but that from some of the precious woods of earth and heaven there may not be made instruments of celestial accord? In that worship David may take the harp, and Habakkuk the shigionoth; and when the great multitudes shall, following their own inclinations, take up instruments sweeter than Mozart ever fingered, or Schumann ever dreamed of, or Beethoven ever wrote for, let all heaven make ready for the burst of stupendous minstrelsy and the roll of the eternal orchestra!

Further, it will be an anticipative song. Why, my friends, heaven has hardly begun yet. If you had taken the opening piece of music to-day for the whole service you would not have made so great a mistake as to suppose that heaven is fully inaugurated. Festal choruses on earth last only a short while. The famous musical celebration at Dusseldorf ended with the forth day. Our holidays last only eight or ten days; but heaven, although singing for so many years, has only just begun "the song of the Lamb." Glorified inhabitants recount past deliverances they will also enkindle at glories to come. It at 9 o'clock, when the church opened, you had taken the few people who were scattered through it as the main audience, you would not have made so great a mistake as if you supposed that the present population of heaven are to be its chief citizenship. Although millions are already there, the inhabitants are only a handful compared with the future populations. All China is yet to be saved. All India is yet to be saved. All Borneo is yet to be saved. All Switzerland is yet to be saved. All Italy is yet to be saved. All Spain is yet to be saved. All Russia is yet to be saved. All England is yet to be saved. All America is yet to be saved. All the world is yet to be saved. After that there may be other worlds to conquer. I do not know but that every star that glitters in our nights is an inhabited world, and that from all those spheres a mighty host are to march into our heaven. There will be no gate to keep them out. We do not want to keep them out. We will want to keep them out. God will not want to keep them out.

I have sometimes thought that all the millions of earth put into four cars and that very small colony compared with the influx from the whole universe. God could build a heaven large enough not only for the universe but for 10,000 universes. I do not know just how it will be, but this I know—that heaven is to be constantly augmented, and that the song of glory is rising higher and higher and the procession is being multiplied. If heaven sang when Abel went up—the first soul that ever left earth—how it must it sing now when souls go up in flocks from all Christendom, hour by hour and moment by moment?

Our happy gatherings on earth are chilled by the thought that soon we must separate. Thanksgiving and Christmas days come, and the mail trains flying thither are crowded. Filial reunions take place. We have a time of great enjoyment. But soon it is "Good-by" in the hall, "Good-by" at the door, "Good-by" on the street, "Good-by" at the rail train, "Good by" at the steamboat wharf. We meet in church. It is good to be here. But soon the doxology will be sung, the benediction pronounced, and the audience will be gone. But there are no separations, no good-bys in heaven. At the door of the house of many mansions no good-bys. At the pearly gate no good-bys. The song will be more pleasant because we are always to sing it. Mightier song as our other friends come in. Mightier song as other garlands are set on the brow of Jesus. Mightier song as Christ's glories unfold.

I stayed a week at Niagara Falls, hoping thoroughly to understand it and appreciate it. But on the last day it seemed nower and more incomprehensible than on the first day. Gazing on the infinite rush of celestial splendors, where the oceans of delight meet and pour themselves into the great heart of God, how soon will we exhaust the song? Never! Never"

The old preachers, in describing the sorrows of the lost, used to lift up their hands and shout, "The wrath to come!" "The wrath to come!" To-day I lift up my hands, and looking toward the great future cry, "The joy to come!" "The bliss to come!" Oh, to wander on the banks of the bright river, and yet to feel that a little further down we shall find still brighter floods entering into it! Oh, to stand a thousand years, listening to the enchanting music of heaven, and then to find out that the harpers are only tuning their harps.

Finally, I remark that it will be a unanimous song. There will, no doubt, be some to lead, but all will be expected to join. It will be grand congregational singing. All the sweet voices of the redeemed! Grand music it will see when that new song arises. Luther sings it. Charles Wesley sings it. Lowell Mason sings it. Our voices now may be harsh and our ears uncultivated, but, our throats cleared and our ears put open, enlarged, you and I will not be ashamed to utter our voices as loudly as any of them.

Those nations that have always been distinguished for their capacity in song will lift up their voices in that melody. Those who have had much opportunity to hear the Germans sing will know what idea I mean to give when I say that the great German nation will pour their deep, full voices into the new song. Everybody knows the natural gift of the African for singing. No singing on this continent like that of the colored churches in the South. Everybody going to Richmond or to Charleston wants to hear the Africans sing. But when not only Ethiopia, but all that continent of darkness, lifts up its hands, and all Africa pours her great volume of voice into the new song—that will be music for you. Added to this are all the sixteen thousand millions of children that are estimated to have gone into glory, and the host of young and old that hereafter shall people the earth and inhabit the stars.

Oh! the new song! Gather it all up! Multiply it with every sweetness! Pour into it every harmony! Crown it with every gladness! Bem it with every splendor! Fire it with every glory! Toss it to the greatest height of majesty! Roll it to the grandest cycle of eternity!—and then you have but the faintest conception of what John experienced, when, amidst the magnificence of apocalyptic vision, he heard it—the new song!

God grant that at last we may all sing it. But if we do not sing the praise of Christ upon earth we will never sing it in heaven. Be sure that your hearts are now attuned for the heavenly worship. There is a cathedral in Europe with an organ at each end. Organ answers organ, and the music sweeps backward and forward with indescribable effect. Well, my friends, the time will come when earth and heaven will be but different parts of one great accord. It will be joy here and joy there! Jesus here and Jesus there! Trumpet to trumpet! Organ to organ! Hallelujah to hallelujah! "Until the day break and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether!"

Bestowing the Dead.

A morbid sentiment, growing out of the human affections, induces emotional beings to set the art of man against the operation of a law of nature—and man pays the penalty. Nature decrees not the death alone of all vegetable and animal creation, but the decomposition of the creatures thus disposed of. Nature, in its great work of reconstruction, has need of the materials thus gained.

Nature is building ceaselessly with the old material in new forms, and nature in its mighty processes demands that, its little race run, animal and vegetable creation shall be resolved to dust that the work of recreation may go steadily forward. Mother earth is the chemist. It does perfect work. Yet a little while and the body that has been consigned to it lives anew in the mighty forces of the globe we are permitted to inhabit for a span that, measured by the age of mountains, is in time the twinkling of an eye. Mankind, for the more part, is too poor to contend to thwart nature's law. The embalmer's art can be commanded only by the rich and powerful. A great man dies, a rich man leaves his millions. Reverence, affection, gratitude, or conventionality declares that decay shall not touch his poor remains. They must be kept. Kept for what? None but a morbid craving asks that the coffin lid once closed shall be opened anew. The remains are not saved, then, that they may be contemplated from time to time by reverent survivors. Why keep them? The ancient Egyptian saved his dead. For what? To be set up, when tombs are ruthlessly despoiled, in a modern dime museum as a raree-show, or to be stacked up like cord-wood to stoke a Nile steamer. Nature waits, but nature wins in the end. The mummy's ash enriches the earth at last. The body of a great merchant is embalmed only to become the spoil of trafficking ghouls. When Garfield's remains should have long mingled with the dust a detail of United States artillerymen were keeping their weary watch at his tomb lest the body, foolishly saved, be feloniously stolen. In its magnificence the mausoleum of a ferryman and a ferryman's son, the Vanderbilts, is but a glittering travesty upon poor human vanity. Sooner or later nature will take the bodies thus magnificently housed and do its will upon them. If a Rameses may be the sport of a mordern photographer what will not posterity do with the embalmed cadaver of a 19th century money king?

She Wasn't a Woman, but a Lady.

A certain New York lawyer has the reputation among his acquaintances of never losing his temper or allowing his language to stray from the path of propriety. He was desparately busy the other day when a female book canvasser entered his private office and, as she advanced from the door, announced her mission.

"I should like to show you a very valuable work——," she began.

"Madam," said the counselor, as he rose from his chair, "you must excuse me. I am very sorry, but at present I am engaged."

Evidently the agent had heard something of the kind before, for she didn't pause in her progress toward the lawyer's desk.

"Madam," he repeated, "I am engaged at present."

Still the agent came on.

"Madam!" cried the lawyer in desperation, "I am engaged—and if you don't go away you will force me to be what I have never been before—guilty of rudeness to a woman."

That settled the agent. Probably the very vagueness of threat helped to set her to retreating! But, like a true woman, she had the last word—and several of them—just as she vanished through the door.

"I ain't a woman," she said, "I'm a lady."—*Chicago Post.*

A WILL made by Frederick the Great in 1741, during the first Silesian war, is printed in the first volume of "The Wars of Frederick the Great," just published in Germany. It reads as follows: "I am only King so-long as I am free. If they kill me I wish my body to be burned in Roman fashion and my ashes to be inclosed in an urn at Rheinsburg. In this case Knobelsdorf [his architect] shall construct a monument for me like that of Horace of Tusculum."

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE most valuable metal in the world is said to be gallium, quoted at $3,250 an ounce. And yet the average man finds that gold is good enough for him, modestly remarking, "Let me have the gold of the country and I care not who bags the gallium."

PROBABLY the most unique strike on record is that of the Bombay barbers against the shaving of widows' heads. They say the practice is not enjoined in the Hindoo Scriptures, and they will be blamed if they do anything contrary to Scripture. At least that is the purport of their declaration. Any barber who shaves a widow's head is fined and boycotted.

THERE are 2,500 women physicians in the United States who hold diplomas from either American or foreign schools. The most promising field for a women who has a talent for surgery seems to be that of treating the eye. There are no really eminent female oculists and it is a profession requiring the delicacy of manipulation that belongs to women's fingers.

THE last of the Wyandotte Indians is dead, and the books of a once powerful and numerous tribe of red men are closed. How long will it be before the last tribe of Indians upon the continent shall have ceased to exist, as a tribe, and there will be grown men to whom the bloody story of the conflict between the red and white races will be merely a matter of history? Civilization, with its steaming locomotive rushing across the fenced-in prairies that were once his hunting grounds, is as fatal to the Indian as to the bison.

THE government of Belgium has instituted a system of instruction in agriculture and forestry in the army. It is intended to reach only such soldiers as are the sons of farmers and who expect to return to the farm at the expiration of their respective terms of enlistment. The scheme embraces the purchase of land near the principal garrison towns for experimental and practical purposes. Here the labors of the soldiers are expected to not only familiarize them with farming, but also to produce crops, and thus assist to bear the burdens of the army.

THE French aeronaut, Besancon, and the astronomer Hermite, propose to make a balloon expedition to the north pole, starting from Spitzenbergen. They will build a balloon lined with silk, thirty metres in diameter, and having a cubic capacity of 1,412 metres. It will be filled with pure hydrogen gas, and the car will be constructed on a novel plan, being especially adapted for Arctic exploration. It is estimated that the proposed journey will occupy four or five days. It will be begun at Spitzenbergen, and itis hoped that it will end happily in North America or on the icy shores of northern Asia.

ACCORDING to a writer in the New York Epoch, it is a moderate estimate to put the amount of money spent every year by the American people on horse-racing at $20,000,000. The amount invested in stock farms and horses thereon was carefully computed not long ago and the estimate submitted to some of the best-informed horsemen in the country and confirmed by them: the figures given were $8,000,000. The race-track property owned by the various associations is, at a moderate estimate, worth $9,000,000. The actual value of the horses in training is not less than $8,500,000. There is, therefore, invested to-day, in what we may call the "plant" of horse-racing, not less than $20,500,000. It may not be out of place to add right here that every racing association pays a dividend of at least 20 per cent. to its stockholders.

ALTHOUGH Lord Tennyson, who recently celebrated his eightieth birthday, is still hale and hearty; yet the London press is already engaged in discussing the rival merits of the various candidates for the post of Poet Laureate to the Queen, which will become vacant at his death. Tennyson himself has nominated "Owen Meredith," the other cognomen Lord Lytton, as his successor. The Earl is at present Ambassador to France, and was formerly Viceroy of India. The Queen favors the Earl of Rosslyn, of whom but few outside court circles have ever heard mentioned as a poet. The Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury, supports the claims of Alfred Austin, who is a frequent visitor at Hatfield House, and the Prince of Wales is supposed rightly or wrongly to favor William Morris. Swinburne is considered to have put himself out of running by his recent ode commending the plots to assassinate the Czar.

SAYS a trained observer who has lately been in the western part of Pennsylvania: "One of the remarkable results of the new general use of natural gas as a substitute for coal in producing steam in mills, foundries and manufactories in and about Pittsburg is the favorable effect upon the vegetation in the city and neighborhood, now quite noticeable. Everywhere one sees the past influence of the sulphur, poisonous gases and grime of the coal upon the trees and shrubs of any maturity. They are stunted and unhealthy and often imperfectly developed; many have died, and it has been hard work for others to survive. The fronts of stores and dwellings are taking on a more cheerful hue as the rain and wind continue to lend their kindly aid in the cleansing process. It is an interesting matter, too, to go into the boiler-room of some of these great establishments. The absence of the coal-heaver dripping with perspiration and begrimed with dirt is noticeable. The boiler-room is as clean as the engine-room, and on opening a furnace door you see a bright fire of great heat power, regulated with as much ease as one handles a water-tap. This gas is not considered altogether safe, however, for domestic purposes."

A LETTER was received in New York city recently from a gentleman who has been spending the summer on the Island of Guanahani, one of the Bahamas, states that the inhabitants have petitioned the English Government to erect a lighthouse on the coast at the spot where it is claimed Christopher Columbus first placed his feet upon the soil of the new world in the year 1492. Of the 2,000 people comprising the population of the island, every one of them and the white man has signed the prayer. They want either a lighthouse or a monument to mark a step in the greatest event in the world, but the former is most needed and could be constructed in the form of a monument. This action of the Guanahanis, or residents of the little strip of sand and luxuriant groves now known as Cat Island, has been taken partly because the neighboring island of Watling has been declared to be the only and old original "San Salvador" of Columbus, and consequently the spot where the great navigator first jumped ashore, and tried both Italian and a rather poor sort of Spanish on the wondering natives. Watling is a smaller island in north latitude 23 deg. 56. min. 7 sec., west longitude 74 deg. 28 min., and only eighteen miles long.

ACCORDING to the New York Sun, there is a living sermon read three times a day on the pier at East Twenty-sixth on occasion of the arrival and the departure of the steamboat Thomas S. Brennan. The dock belongs to the Commissioners of Charities and Correction, and at its foot lie Bellevue Hospital and the Morgue, while a mile up the river the gray walls on Blackwell's Island form a suggestive background to the scene. Just before the boat is due the White (but traditionally Black) Maria rattles down and disgorges its load of criminals and vicious to be transferred to the Penitentiary or workhouse. Then comes a group of the insane, some of them having their hands secured by leather straps, and others unbound, but more pitiable still in their idiotic glee. Singly or in pairs the sick who have passes for the hospital crawl or limp to the waiting rooms or are borne on stretchers or in wheeled chairs. It is the endless procession of the great city's suffering, sorrow and crime, and needs no preacher to enforce its text. When the boat comes in the parade is reversed, the penitentiary, hospital, and asylum pour forth their graduates. They have pallid faces, most of them, and the creases in their clothes, which have been put away during their terms of service or sickness, betray how long their stay on the island has been. Sadder even than this crumpled, pallid throng, is the anxious, trembling group of mothers, wives, sisters, and friends, who are waiting for the returning prodigals, prepared to welcome them home once more, hoping almost against hope that there will be no more parting by reason of sickness or that the lesson of sin and its sequence will not be needed again. A mother's love and a wife's devotion never have more pathetic illustration than on the rough boards of this commonplace East River wharf.

The Devil-fish Discovered.

In 1867 a very large cuttlefish, averaging about twenty feet in length in the body alone, was met by a French war vessel between Madeira and Teneriffe. Later on great squids were seen on the American coast, and chiefly in the north, whither possibly they may have been attracted by the prospects of suitable food in the cod. Actual measurements of some of these big squids, which, by the way, also occur off the Irish coast now and then, give bodies ranging from ten to twenty feet in length exclusive of the arms, which, as regards the two long ones at least, may be set down at thirty feet in length.

So that the realization of the zoologist's fantasy of the "Toilers of the Sea" has come in a very decided fashion indeed in the shape of the Newfoundland giant cuttles, whose powers of attack may be fully equal to those credited to the big devilfish of the great French novelist. Furthermore, it may be suggested that a huge cuttlefish rushing across the surface of the sea, propelled backward by its jets of water, with its head and arms, leaving a long "wash" behind, may very aptly appear as a fit representative of the sea serpent itself. From various accounts given of the "great unknown" of the deep, it seems pretty certain that what was seen was really a giant cuttlefish swimming swiftly through the water, its movements, and especially those of its arms, counterfeiting closely the motions of a serpentine form.—[New York Sun.

Killed By a Fly.

Mrs. Anna Beatty, who lived with her family in Bay View, Wis., died a most horrible death the other evening. About two weeks before a fly got into one of her nostrils, and it was some time before she was able to remove it, and when she did an icing sensation remained and her nose and throat began to swell. She became alarmed, and a week ago Sunday a physician was called. Since that time Mrs. Beatty had been suffering in a manner almost indescribable, and the doctors say a similar case is unknown to medical science. It is stated that soon after she was taken sick maggots were discovered in her nose and throat, and for several days Mrs. Beatty had been unable to swallow any thing like food. Her death was the cause of having been literally eaten up by maggots. She died in the greatest agony, and her affliction was a puzzle to the doctors. Upon examination of the body it was found that the partition of her nose was gone, a hole had been eaten through the roof of her mouth, the soft palate had disappeared, and the throat was frightfully eaten.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.

Never trade mules with a man who sells whistle

A TERRIBLE PRISON.

THE LOATHSOME "TORTURE HOUSE OF MACEDONIA.

Horrible Aspect of the Unfortunate Convicts—Chained to a Pillar and Tortured by Huge Red Ants—A Charnel House.

Very reluctantly, and with many misgivings, the Mushir of Uskub in Macedonia, Ahmed Ayoub Pasha, gave a correspondent of the London Daily News a letter of introduction to the chief of the gendarmery, who alone could give permission to inspect the large prisons. The Mushir inquired over and over again of the dragoman whether the correspondent had evinced friendly feelings toward the Turks, or whether he was an enemy. "The dragoman's ingenious replies," says the correspondent, "at last inspired him with sufficient confidence to allow him to grant my request. I went through the badly-paved and filthy streets of the town, and reached the residence of the commander of the gendarmery of the province of Uskub. He was quite as surprised as the Mushir when he heard that I wished to visit the prisons, declaring that since he had been in office no European had ever seen them, and that in the rare cases when a Consul representing a foreign power had wished to see them he had always given twenty-four hours' notice.

"Before entering I had to swear that I was not a Consul, and that I was what the dragoman had described me to be—a European hunting for antiquities. The fact that I was not a Consul, however, impressed the Turk more than anything, and he politely invited me to take coffee and to smoke a narghileh. While I was enjoying his hospitality he sent a number of men to the prisons to announce my visit and to give some special orders—the execution of which took some time, and I was kept drinking coffee and smoking for nearly an hour and a half. At last my host rose and invited me to follow.

"We soon entered the largest prison of the province, which is called 'Kurschumla,' or the House of Lead. It rises out of the River Warda, not far from the fortress, and occupies a vast area. Soldiers, presenting arms, formed two lines, which reached to the interior courtyard, where a number of prison officials were awaiting us. The courtyard is square, and surrounded on all sides by the building, which has three stories. A loggia, or covered balcony, runs all round on each story. The commander first showed me a great number of red inscriptions on the walls, which were supposed to have been made by Genoese or Venetian merchants in the seventeenth century, who, perhaps, erected the building as a warehouse for the Oriental goods which they sent to Europe. Of course, I affected great interest in these inscriptions to keep up my character as an antiquarian, and I noticed that the commander no longer distrusted me. After this we ascended the staircase to inspect the first story. There was scarcely room to pass on the steps, so covered were they with accumulations of dirt, which filled the air with a pestilential odor.

"In the so-called office I was shown the books, according to which the Kurschumla contains 149 prison cells and 1,811 prisoners. Those on the first and second floors are sentenced for slight offenses, and the time of detention varies from one to ten years. I do not believe that any prisoner has ever outlived the fifth year of imprisonment in those loathsome dark cells. In this respect the prison officials confirmed my suspicions by saying that the mortality was very great, and that very few prisoners lived to the end of their time. In a cell certainly not larger than two and a half yards square, and of about the same height, between fifteen and twenty prisoners are confined. All they can do by being friendly and making room for each other is to stand up and lie down again, and they are allowed half an hour's walk in the courtyard once in the day.

"But how shall I describe the pitiable aspect of these poor creatures? With hollow cheeks, the pallor of death upon their faces, and terrible protruding eyes, they writhe in continual agony on the floor, not only panting for air, but suffering from want of food. They receive absolutely nothing but bread and water, even if their sentence be for life. If their friends send them money, they are allowed to buy meat twice a week, but the prison officials brutally cheat them out of three-fourths of what is sent to them. Thus exposed to hunger and thirst, to the pestilence in the atmosphere, confined in these black holes without the possibility of moving about, and kicked and outraged by the brutal prison guards, no wonder that they succumb to their misery! The greater number of the prisoners are naked—from head to foot, with heavy iron rings and chains on their wrists and ankles. As I passed some of the cells, after looking through the loopholes in the doors, the prisoners within pushed through a stick to which a little leather bag was attached. I placed a franc piece in each, but I had my doubts as to whether the prisoners would benefit by my almsgiving, and thought it more likely that the greedy guard would take the money from them.

"The cells on the first and second floors are all alike. The degree of sickness and misery of the inmates alone varies. The cells in the underground portions, where the worst offenders expiate their crimes, are, however, far more terrible even than those I have described. Here every ray of light is excluded. In utter darkness the unhappy wretches lie chained to the reeking floor of the cell. They are totally unable to change their positions, and are released from their chains for two hours each day, lest death should afford them an escape from this hell. The official who conducted me with a cynical smile how this form of offenders is brought to confess. Hands and feet are bound together and the man is placed at a pillar to which his head is fastened. The victim is thus absolutely unable to move. The preparations completed, the torture begins. There is always a stock of large ants kept ready in little boxes, and of these about fifty are placed upon the body of the poor wretch. The tortures he endures from the bites of these insects seldom fail to make him confess, no matter whether guilty or innocent. Upon others the same effect is produced by chaining them to the pavement of the courtyard and exposing them for a whole day to the scorching rays of the sun without the power of moving a limb. Never in my life had I so fully appreciated the privilege of breathing fresh air as when I turned my back upon the prisons of Uskub, which, moreover, are but a specimen of what may be seen in every city of Macedonia."

A SHAVED COUNTRY.

Curious Appearance Old Mexico Takes on During the Dry Season.

The City of Mexico is 7,500 feet above sea level. During the day the temperature fluctuates between 70 and 90 degrees, but at night it never gets above the sixties, so the year around you cannot sleep without a cover. The rainy season lasts about three months during the summer. Then the country is verdant, the pampas grass flourishes on the great ranges and rich foliage covers mountain and valley along the rivers with mantles of green.

The dry season lasts about nine months, and before it ends things are pretty well burned up. But bounteous crops are harvested during the summer months and garnered for the dry season. After the rainy season the grass on the ranges is cured on the ground by the sun, the same as hay is cured by being mowed, and thus it furnishes food for the cattle. Before the dry season is ended, however, the grass is nibbled close to the sod, and then the whole face of the country looks as though it had been shaved. In some places the forests are heavy, but in others not a tree can be seen.

Mahogany, rosewood and pine flourish in abundance along the Monterey & Gulf Railroad, and for miles the trees are of mahogany. The gold and silver mines are but indifferently developed. Surface mining is about the only kind done. Prospectors expect to find coined dollars on the ground, and when they are disappointed they leave in disgust. Last year enough wheat was raised in Sonora to supply five other States. The people did not know what to do with it.

With their old-fashioned habits they did not know how to take advantage of their prosperity, and so lost much, but a great deal of it was shipped to New York and Europe. Every year the Mexican merchants visit Germany, France and England, and purchase a season's stock of merchandise, which is shipped to them in clipper ships by way of Cape Horn. This they do because the tariff of the United States prevents Mexico from making cheap purchases in the States.

Cheap Labor in Mexico.

The erect, military figure of D. W. Grubb, ex-Mayor of Indianapolis, was a prominent feature of the Palmer House rotunda in Chicago the other day. Mr. Grubb has been in Mexico for seven years, having conducted a bank in the mining district of Paral, Chihuahua, during that time. He had something interesting to say about immigration. "Mexico has always encouraged immigration," remarked Colonel Grubb, "but in the case of the proposed negro exodus from the United States the Mexican press has opposed it at every point. The country has enough cheap labor, it contends, and does not want any more. Capital will be welcome, but of negroes the country has enough.

"You see, even colored men and women from the South cannot compete with peon labor. If I had my papers here I could show you a letter from a representative Mexican, in which he contends that peons are paid enough when they get eighteen cents a day. The writer observes that all they want is six cents for beans, three cents for corn, three cents for candles and six cents for clothing and the support of their families. This letter was written by the owner of one of the largest haciendas, or plantations, and was intended in good faith."—[San Francisco Chronicle.

Queer Place for a Tree.

"One of the most unique things I have ever seen on my travels," said Arthur Thomas, of New York, "is the old Court-House in Greencastle, Ind. I was in the town the other day, and my attention was called to a full-grown tree. Now, the curious thing about this tree was that it didn't grow on terra firma but on the tower of the Court-House. The tree sprouted years ago from a crevice in the bricks of the tower, and it developed year after year until now it is a foot or more in circumference at the trunk. It is one of the most curious freaks of nature I have seen anywhere. I have to go soon, however, for the county is going to construct a new Court House. It seems a pity that it cannot be preserved, for it is a fine specimen of erratic tree growth."—[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

IN ANOTHER LIGHT.

Fond Young Mother—What a pity that babies can't talk!

Husband—I think it's a great blessing!

"Why, Harry, how can you talk so?"

"Well, if babies could talk I think they'd do a lot of swearing when half a dozen women got at them and teased them for hours at a time."—[Lawrence American.

LIFE FOR LIFE.

The Queer Workings of a Law of the Native of Alaska.

An Androscoggin County lady, who recently returned from Alaska, where her husband was employed by the United States Government as a teacher among the natives, gives some interesting particulars of the country and people. While at Chilcott the lady witnessed a tragedy and its consequences, which illustrates its peculiar code of justice among the natives.

A party of miners were at the supply agency preparing to start off on a prospecting tour to the Yukon or some other distant mining locality. Several Indians wanted to accompany them, but objections was raised by others. Liquor had been freely drunk, and bad blood was in the ascendant. An old chief much respected by the whites, excited the ire of a chief of another tribe, and the latter sought to vent his wrath by striking the other's son, who chanced to be present. The father retaliated by knocking the aggressor down. The latter thereupon drew his revolver and fired, the bullet penetrating the old chief's lungs.

Knowing that the custom of his countrymen demanded a life for a life, he at once darted from the scene of the affray and fled directly for the house in which the white lady was stopping, hoping, if he could only gain an entrance, to be enabled to secure immunity from punishment. She stood in the doorway as he approached, but he was destined never to enter. It appears that his dissipated, quarrelsome habits had already placed him in bad odor with his own tribe, and one of the fleet-footed young men intercepted him when almost at the threshold, and with a terrible cut with a huge knife almost severed his body in two.

Now comes the singular part that justice had to take in the affair. Instead of the actual murderer paying the penalty of the crime, according to their judicial code the life of the old chief, as the assumed prime cause of it, was to be forfeited, notwithstanding he had at first acted mainly on the defensive, and had already been perforated with the bullet of his enemy. He sought protection from his white friends, but, while they were heartily in sympathy with him, they did not deem it prudent to interfere in the matter. Seeing no hope in that direction he turned from them with the remark: "Me show you how brave Indian can die," and gave himself up to be shot.

After his wife had adjusted a black cap to his head a dozen or so men of his own tribe drew themselves up for the execution, but their hands trembled so, or they so disliked to shoot their beloved chief, that in firing the bullets that entered his person only mangled him, and did not at once prove fatal. He begged them to kill him outright, but they desisted, and he was carried to his hut to slowly die from his wounds. Thus he lingered for nearly two weeks, suffering the greatest agony. His wife would go to his bedside night after night and plunge a knife into his side to hasten death and his release, which seemed so long a time coming. During his suffering the lady visited him almost daily, and he seemed very grateful for her solicitude. Finally he died, and "justice" was satisfied.

To Owners of Horses.

Thousands of horses die yearly from colic. This need not be. Dr. Tobias's Venetian Horse Liniment will positively cure every case if given when first the animal is attacked. The cost is only a trifle.

Every owner of a horse should have a bottle of it in his stable ready for use.

This Liniment is no new remedy, but one that has been used and approved of upward of forty years by the first horsemen in the country.

Given to an over-driven horse it acts like magic.

The celebrated Hiram Woodruff, of trotting fame, used it for years; the late Col. Philo P. Bush, of the Jerome Race Course, gave a certificate, which can be seen at the Depot, stating that "after years of trial it is the best in the world." No one who has this valuable preparation will consider their stable complete without it.

Sold by druggists and saddlers throughout the United States.

Depot, 40 Murray st., N. Y.

An honest man cannot improve his situation by hurrying.

Gratifying to All.

The high position attained and the universal acceptance and approval of the pleasant liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, as the most excellent laxative known, illustrate the value of the qualities on which its success is based and are abundantly gratifying to the California Fig Syrup Company.

Book knowledge is only the means to an education.

Judicious Speculation.

Money invested in sums of from $1 to $5 weekly or monthly will make you a fortune. Write for information. Benj. Lewis & Co., Security Building, Kansas City, Mo.

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Money invested in choice one hundred dollar building lots in suburbs of Kansas City will treble in value in two years. Write for particulars. J. H. Bauerlein & Co., Kansas City, Mo.

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Guaranteed five year eight per cent. First Mortgages on Kansas City property, interest payable every six months; principal and interest collected when due and remitted without expense to lender. For sale by J. H. Bauerlein & Co., Kansas City, Mo. Write for particulars

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

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Lee Wah Chinese Restaurant, Topeka, Kansas, is effect, quick and positive in action. Sent prepaid on receipt of $1 per bottle. Adeler & Co., 522 Wyandotte st., Kansas City, Mo

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