THE RESURRECTION.

An Easter Discourse By Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.

The Saviour's Burial and the Lessons Drawn From It—Appropriateness of Floral Decorations—Easter Typical of Peace.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage preached to an immense audience at Brooklyn on Easter Sunday on the subject of the Resurrection, his text being from Matt. xxviii: 6; "Come, see the place where the Lord lay." He said:

Visiting any great city we are not satisfied until we have also looked at its cemetery. We examine all the styles of cenotaph, mausoleum, sarcophagus, crypt and sculpture. Here lies buried a statesman, yonder an orator, here a poet, out there an inventor, in some other place a great philanthrophist. But with how much greater interest and with more depth of emotion we look upon our family plot in the cemetery. In the one case it is a matter of public interest; in the other it is a matter of private and heartfelt affection. But around the grave at which we halt this morning there are gathered all kinds of stupendous interest. At this sepulchre, I have to tell you, in this sepulchre there were buried a King, a Conqueror, an Emancipator, a Friend, a Brother, a Christ. Monarch of the universe, but bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, and sorrow of our sorrow, and heart of our heart. "Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

It has for surroundings, the manor in the suburbs of Jerusalem, a manor owned by a wealthy gentleman by the name of Joseph. He was one of the court of seventy who had condemned Christ, but I think he had voted in the negative, or being a timid man had been absent at the time of the casting of the vote. He had laid out the parterre at great expense. It was a hot climate and I suppose there were broad branched trees and winding paths underneath them, while here the waters rippled over the rock into a fishpool, and yonder the vines and the flowers clambered over the wall, and all around there were the beauties of the kiosk and arboriculture.

After the fatigues of the Jerusalem court room how refreshing to come out in these suburbs botanical and pomological. I walk a little further on in the parterre and I come across a cluster of rocks, and I see on them the marks of the sculptor's chisel. I come still closer and I find that there is a subterranean recess, and I walk down the marble stairs, and come to a portico, over the doorway—and architecture of fruits and flowers chiselled by the hand of the sculptor. I go into the portico and on either side there are rooms, two or four, or six rooms of rock; in the walls, niches, each niche large enough to hold a dead body. One of these rooms of rock is especially wealthy with sculpture. It was a beautiful and charming spot. Why all this? The fact was that Joseph, the owner of the parterre, of that wealthy manor, had recognized the fact that he could not always walk those gardens, and he sought this as his own last resting place. What a beautiful plot in which to await for the resurrection!

Mark well the mausoleum in the rock. It is to be the most celebrated tomb in all the ages. Catacombs of Egypt, tomb of Napoleon, Mahal Taj of India, nothing compared with it. Christ had just been murdered and His body must be thrown out to the dogs and ravens as was customary with crucified bodies, unless there be prompt and effective hindrance. Joseph, the owner of the mausoleum, begs for the body of Christ, and he takes and washes the poor and mutilated frame from the blood and the dust, and shrouds it and perfumes it.

I think embalmment was omitted. When in olden times they used to embalm a dead body, the priest with some pretension of medical skill would show the point between the ribs where the incision was to be made. Then the operator would come and make the incision, and then run for his life, else he would be slain for violating the dead body. Then the other priests would come with salt of nitre and cassia, and wine of palm tree, and complete the embalment. But I think in this case embalmment was omitted lest there be more excitement and another riot.

The funeral advances. Present, Joseph, the owner of the mausoleum; Nicodemus, who brought the flowers, and the two Marys. Heavy burden on the shoulders of two men as they carry the body of Christ down the marble stairs and into the portico and lift the dead weight to the level of the niche in the rock, and push the body of Christ into the only pleasant resting place it ever had. These men coming forth close the door of rock against the recess. The government, afraid that the disciples would steal the body of Christ and play resurrection, put upon the door the seal of the Sanhedrim, the violation of that seal, like the seal of the United States government, or of the British government, always followed with severe penalties.

A regiment of soldiers from the tower of Antonio is detailed to guard that mausoleum. At the door of that tomb, a fight took place which decided the question of all graveyards and cemeteries. Sword of lightning against sword of steel. Angel of God against the military. The body in the crypt begins to move in its shroud of fine linen and slides down upon the pavement, moves through the portico, appears in the doorway, comes up the marble steps. Christ having left His mortuary attire behind him, comes forth in the garb of a workman as I take it, from the fact that the women mistook him for the gardener.

There and then was shattered the tomb so that it can never be rebuilt. All the trowels of earthly masonry can not mend it. Forever and forever it is a broken tomb. Death that day taking the side of the military received a horrible cut under the angel's spear of flame, and must himself go down at the last—the King of Terrors disappearing before the King of Grace. "The Lord is risen." Hosanna! Hosanna!

O, weep no more, your comforts slain,
The Lord is risen, He lives again.

When one of the old Christians was dying he said he saw on the sky the letter "V," and he said: "I cannot understand what that is I see against the sky; it is the letter 'V.'" A Christian standing beside him said: "I know what it means; that letter 'V' stands for 'victory.'" I gather up all these flowers to-day, and I strew them over the graves of your Christian dead in the letter "V" for "victory," "R" for "resurrection," "T" for "triumph," "H" for "Heaven." "The Lord is risen." Hosanna!

While standing around the place where the Lord lay I am impressed with the fact that mortuary honors can not atone for wrongs to the living. If they could have afforded Christ such a costly sepulchre they could have afforded Him a decent earthly residence. Will they give a piece of marble to the dead Christ when they might have given a soft pillow to the living Christ? If they had put half the expense of that mausoleum in the making of Christ's life on earth comfortable the story would not have been so sad. He wanted bread; they gave him a stone. Christ, like every other benefactor of the world, was better appreciated after He was dead. Westminster Abbey and monumental Greenwood are to a certain extent the world's attempt by mortuary honors to atone for neglects to the living. Poets' corner in Westminster Abbey, an attempt to pay for the sufferings of Grub street. I go into that Poets' corner of Westminster Abbey and there I find the grave of Handel, from whose music we hear today, as it goes down reverberating through the ages. While I stand at the costly tomb of Handel, I cannot forget the fact that his fellow musicians tried to destroy him with their discords. I go a little further in the poet's corner of Westminster Abbey and I find the grave of John Dryden, the great poet. Costly monument, great mortuary honors, but I cannot forget the fact that at 70 years of age he wrote about the oppressions of misfortune and that he made a contract for 1,000 verses at sixpence a line. I go a little further on in the Poet's corner and I find the grave of Samuel Butler, the author of "Hudibras." Wonderful monument, costly mortuary honors. Where did he die? In a garret. I move further on in the Poets' corner, and I find the grave of a poet of whom Waller wrote: "An old schoolmaster by the name of John Milton has written a tedious volume on the fall of man. If its length be no virtue, it has none." I go a little further on in the Poets' corner and I find the grave of Sheridan. Alas! for Sheridan. Poor Sheridan! Magnificent mortuary honors. What a pity it was he could not have discounted that monument for a mouthful of something to eat.

O, unfilial children, give your old parents less tombstone and more blankets, less funeral and more bedroom. Five per cent. of the money now expended at Burns' banquets would have made the great Scotch poet comfortable and kept him from being harried to death by the drudgery of an exciseman. Horace Greeley, outrageously abused while he lived—going out to his tomb was followed by the president of the United States and the leading men of the army and navy. Some people could not say bitter enough things about him while he lived; all the world rose up to do him honor when he died. Massachusetts at the tomb of Charles Sumner tried to atone for the ignominious resolutions with which her legislature denounced the living senator. It was too late. The costly monument at Springfield, Ill., cannot pay for Booth's bullet. Costly mortuary honors on the banks of Lake Erie—honors that cost between $200,000 and $300,000—cannot pay for the assassination of James A. Garfield. Do justice to the living. All the justice you do you will have to do this side the gates of the necropolis. The dead cannot wake up to count the number of carriages in the procession, or see the polish on the Aberdeen granite, or to read the words of epitaphal commemoration. Costly mausoleum of the gentleman in the suburbs of Jerusalem cannot atone for Bethlehem's manger and Calvarian cross and Pilate's ruffian judiciary.

Again! Standing in this place where the Lord lay, I am impressed with the fact that floral and sculptural ornamentation are appropriate for the places of the dead. We are all glad that in the short time of the Saviour's inhumation He lay amid flowers and sculpture. I cannot quite understand what I see in the newspapers where, amid the announcement of obsequies, the friends request "send no flowers." Why, there is no place so appropriate for flowers as the casket of the departed. If your means allow—I repeat, if your means allow—let there be flowers on the casket, flowers on the hearse, flowers on the grave. Put them on the brow; it means coronation. Put them in the hand; it means victory. Christ was buried in a parterre. Christ was buried in a garden.

Flowers are types of resurrection. Death is sad enough anyhow. Let conservatory and aboretum do all they can in the way of alleviation. Your little girl loved flowers while she was alive. Put them in her hands, now that she cannot go forth and pluck flowers for herself. On sunshiny days twist a garland for her still heart. Brooklyn has no grander glory than her Greenwood, nor Boston than her Mount Auburn, nor Philadelphia than her Laurel Hill, nor Cincinnati than her Spring Grove, nor San Francisco than her Lone Mountain. What shall I say of those country graveyards where the vines have fallen down and the slab is aslant, and the mound is caved in, and the grass in the pasture ground for the sexton's cattle. Are your father and mother of so little account you have no more respect than that for their bones? Some day gather together and straighten up the fence and lift the slab, and bank up the mound, and tear out the weeds and plant the shrubs. After a while, you yourself will want to lie down to the last slumber. If you have no regard for the bones of your ancestors, your children will have no deference for your bones. Do you say these relics are of no importance? You will see of how much importance they are when the archangel takes out his trumpet. Turn all your graveyards into gardens.

Standing in this place where the Lord lay, I am also impressed with the dignity of unpretending obsequies. Joseph that day was mourner, sexton, liveryman—had the entire charge of all the occasion. Four people only at the burial of the King of the universe. Let this be consolatory to those who, through small means, or lack of large acquaintance, have but little demonstration of grief at the grave of their dead. It is not necessary. Long line of glittering equipages, two rows of silver handles, casket of costly wood, pall bearers scarfed and gloved are not necessary. Christ looks out from Heaven at a burial where there are six in attendance and remembers there are two more than he had at his obsequies. Not recognizing this idea, how many small properties are scattered in the funeral rites, and widowhood and orphanage go out to the cold charity of the world. The departed left enough property to have kept the family together until they could take care of themselves, but it is all absorbed in the funeral rites. That went for crape which ought to have gone for bread. A man of small means can hardly afford to die in one of our great cities! Funeral pageantry is not necessary. No one was ever more lovingly and tenderly put into the grave than Christ, but there were only four in the procession.

Again, standing in the place where the Lord lay, I am impressed with the fact that you cannot keep the dead down. The seal of the Sanhedrim, a regiment of soldiers from the tower, or Antonio to stand guard, floor of rock, wall of rock, niche of rock, cannot keep Christ in the crypt. Come out and come up he must. Came out and came up he did. Prefiguration. The first fruits of them that sleep. Just as certainly as you and I go down in to the grave, just so certainly we will come up again. Though you pile on top of us all the boulders of the mountains, you cannot keep us down. Though we be buried under the coral of the deepest cavern of the Atlantic ocean, we will rise to the surface. Ah! my friends, death and the grave are not what they used to be to us, for now, walking around the spot where the Lord lay, we find vines and flowers covering up the tomb, and that which we called a place of skulls has become a beautiful garden. Yea, now there are four gardens instead of one: Garden of Eden, garden of the world's sepulchre, garden of earth's regeneration, garden of Heaven. Scriptural accounts say the work of grave breaking will begin with blast of trumpets and shouting; whence I take it that the first intimation of the day will be a sound from Heaven such as has never before been heard. It may not be so very loud, but it will be penetrating. There are mausoleums so deep that undisturbed silence has slept there ever since the day whe the sleepers were left in them. The great noise shall strike through them. Among the corals of the sea, miles deep, where the shipwrecked rest, the sound will strike. No one will mistake it for thunder, or the blast of earthly minstrelsy. There will be heard the voice of the uncounted millions of the dead, who come rushing out of the gates of eternity, flying toward the tomb, crying, "Make way. O, grave, give us back our body! We gave it to you in corruption; surrender it now in incorruption." Thousands of spirits arising from the field of Sedan, and from among the rocks of Gettysburg, and from the passes of South mountain. A hundred thousand are crowding Greenwood. On this grave three spirits meet, for there were three bodies in that tomb; over that family vault twenty spirits hover, for there were twenty bodies.

From New York to Liverpool at every few miles on the sea route a group of hundreds of spirits coming down to the water to meet their bodies. See that multitude—that is where the Central America sank. And yonder multitude—that is where the Pacific went down. Found at last! That is where the City of Boston sank. And yonder the President went down. A solitary spirit alights on yonder prairie—that is where a traveler perished in the snow. The whole air is full of spirits—spirits flying north, spirits flying south, spirits flying east, spirits flying west. Crash! goes Westminster Abbey as all its dead kings and orators and poets get up. Strange commingling of spirits searching among the ruins. William Wilberforce, the good, and Queen Elizabeth, the bad. Crash! go to the pyramids, and the monarchs of Egypt rise out of the heart of the desert. Snap! go to the iron gates of the modern vaults. The country graveyard will look like a rough plowed field as the mounds break open. All the kings of the earth, all the senators, all the great men, all the armies—victors and vanquished, all the ages—barbaric and civilized, all those who were chopped by guillotine, or simmered in a fire, or rotted in dungeons, all the infants of a day, all the octogenarians—all! all! Not one straggler left behind. All! all! And now the air is darkened with the fragments of bodies that are coming together from the opposite corners of the earth. Lost limbs finding their mate—bone to bone, sinew to sinew, until every joint is reconstructed, and every arm finds its socket, and the amputated limb of the surgeon's table shall be set again at the point from which it was severed. A surgeon told me that after the battle of Bull Run he amputated limbs, throwing them out of the window until the pile reached up to the window sill. All those fragments will have to take their places. Those who were born blind shall have eyes divinely kindled; those who were lame shall have a limb substituted. In all the hosts of the resurrected not one eye missing; not one foot clogged; not one arm palsied; not one tongue dumb; not one ear deaf.

Wake up, my friends, this day, this glorious Easter morning, with all these congratulations. If I understand this day, it means peace toward Heaven and peace toward earth. Great wealth of flowers! Bring more flowers. Wreath them around the brazen throat of the cannon, plant them in the desert until it shall blossom like the rose, braid them into the mane of the war charger as he comes back. No more red dahlias of human blood. Give us white lilies of peace. Strew all the earth with Easter garlands, for the resurrection we celebrate this morning implies all kinds of resurrection, a score of resurrections. Resurrection from death and sin to the life of the gospel. Resurrection of apostolic faith. Resurrection of commercial integrity. Resurrection of national honor. Resurrection of international good will. Resurrection of art. Resurrection of literature. Resurrection of everything that is good and kind and generous and just and holy and beautiful. Nothing to stay down, to stay buried, but sin and darkness and pain and disease and revenge and death. Let those tarry in the grave forever. "Glorp to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say.
Raise your songs and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight the battle won.
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

Scheming For a Meal.

Impecuniosity is a grindstone which will sharpen the dullest of wits. Mr. Impecune, whose polished coat testifies to the grinding process, has discovered a new method for simultaneously acquiring an appetite, a nickel, gratitude and a meal. Selecting any one of the numerous stand-up lunch places on Clark street when the noonday crowd is thickest, he stations himself behind the stool upon which a diner who is nearly through with his lunch is seated. Mr. Impecune is a unit of several layers of hungry, impatient men waiting for a bite, and he keeps a sharp eye out for a possible customer. He is sighted, and the beckoning finger brings him to the spot. There are whispered words, an exchange of places and Mr. Impecune is a nickel ahead. A few repetitions of this "I'll-give-you-my-place-for-a-nickel" arrangement and the ingenious tramp has made his dinner, after obtaining a huge appetite and the gratitude of half a dozen men. It's a great scheme.—Chicago News.

Railway Accidents of 1890.

More people were killed by the railways of the United States during 1890 than in any one of the three preceding years. There were 806 passengers, employes and trespassers killed and 2,812 injured. In 1889 the numbers were 493 and 1,772 respectively; in 1888 they were 667 and 2,204, and in 1887 they were 656 and 1,946. The number of passengers killed in 1890 was 172 against 108 in 1889, an increase of 59 per cent. An increase of 70 per cent. in the employes killed also marks the last year as compared with the preceding one, the numbers being 369 and 336 respectively. The three most serious accidents of the year were those at Oakland, Cal., in May; Quincy, Mass., in August, and Shoemakersville, Pa., in September, all of them being due to negligence. This record is by no means creditable to American railways.—America.

—A Modest Estimate.—Committeeman—"How long will your lecture be?" Lecturer—"It will take me about an hour and a half to deliver it." Committeeman—"But we want the entertainment to last two hours." Lecturer—"Well, it probably will, when you allow for the applause."—Chicago Saturday Herald.

—Euphemistic.—"See, Adolph, that is your tailor sitting over there." "I beg of you don't look that way, then, or he will recognize us." "And why not? Aren't you all right with him?" "H'm—yes, but he owes me a receipt for two suits."—Fliegende Blatter.

THE WESTERN CONGRESS.

Acceptances and Declinations—John Sherman's Pertinent Words.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., April 1.—Letters and telegrams in response to invitations to attend the western states congress continue to pour in upon Corresponding Secretary Ryerson Ritchie. Erastus Wiman, the great agitator of reciprocity with Canada, wired from New York that he accepted the invitation to speak on reciprocity. Hon. C. R. Breckinridge, of Arkansas, telegraphed that he would gladly accept the invitation to speak on taxation. Senator John Sherman wrote from Washington that he would be unable to attend. He said in the letter:

"The object of your meeting I consider as one of the very highest importance. There has been a depression among those engaged in agricultural pursuits not confined to the western states, or to our own country, but general throughout the world. Whether this is caused by increased production, by the cheapening of the mode of production, by the great changes in transportation or all combined it is certain that the farmers have not been as prosperous as most of those engaged in other pursuits. The causes of this depression, the remedy proposed and all the economic questions connected with it are worthy of the thoughtful and dispassionate consideration of intelligent men, and I would be glad, not only to contribute my opinion, but be instructed by the judgment of those engaged in agriculture, and would no doubt receive much more than I could impart. I would, therefore, accept your invitation were it not that other engagements which I cannot avoid will command my attention at the time you mention."

Letters accepting the invitation to attend were received from Congressman J. C. Burrows, of Michigan; O. Beeson, of Reno City, Ok.; John D. Miles, of Kingfisher, Ok.; R. M. Easly, of Hutchinson, Kan.; S. A. Thompson, of Duluth, Minn.; Albert Head, of Des Moines; Congressman Case Broderick, of Kansas; S. S. Kirkpatrick, of Fredonia, Kan., and Congressman John G. Otis, of Kansas. Declinations were received from William R. Morrison, Senator W. R. Allison and Postmaster-General John Wanamaker. The latter expressed the hope that practical results would follow.

Secretary of State Leigh, of Kentucky, wrote that in accordance with the resolution passed by the legislature the following senators and representatives had been selected as delegates to the convention: Senators John K. Hendrick, J. S. Wortham, Reuben Conners and Phil Roberts, and Representatives Tebbis Carpenter, Silas Allen, Meyer Well, W. W. Stephenson and A. M. Wallace.

WINTER WHEAT.

The Farmers' Review on the Good Prospect of Winter Wheat.

CHICAGO, April 1.—The Farmers' Review says: "Since our last report, March 4, there has been considerable change in the condition of the crop throughout the winter wheat states. This change has been by no means uniform, the condition having improved in some states and deteriorated in others. The crop has shown the greatest improvement in Indiana, Missouri and Kansas and the greatest deterioration in Illinois, where the condition is 8 per cent. poorer than a month ago. The average condition in the whole group of states shows a gain of five-ninths of 1 per cent. The summary by states, the percentage of condition compared with an average is as follows: Illinois 86 per cent., Indiana 92, Ohio 94, Michigan 91, Kentucky 94, Wisconsin 90, Iowa 88, Missouri 95, and Kansas 104.

"The prospects for spring plowing show that in Illinois, and especially in the southern part, plowing is progressing finely, while in the more northern counties the land will all be ready for the plowing in a few days. In Indiana very little plowing is being done. A week of sunshine will set the plows going all over the state. In Ohio a small amount of plowing is being done on the high lands, but the spring is backward. In Michigan some plowing is being done, but in much of the state snowbanks are still to be seen. In Kentucky plowing is going on though the ground is in poor condition in many places. In Wisconsin the snow is fast disappearing, but little plowing can be done before April 15. In the southern part of Iowa plows will be moving the first week in April. In Minnesota and the Dakotas plowing will be begun all the way from April 10 to May 1. In Kansas plowing is being done but snow is still covering a few northern counties."

MEXICAN NATURALIZATION.

A Surprising Few Foreigners Seek Citizenship in the Republic.

CITY OF MEXICO, April 1.—The foreign office has published a table showing the number of foreigners naturalized here since 1828, and it will occasion some surprise that the total in sixty-three years should not have exceeded 2,044. Of this number 1,147 were Spaniards. Other nations are as follows: French, 203; Germans, 172; Italians, 158; Americans, 146; Guatemalans, 37; other Central Americans, 30; English, 42 Swiss, 12, and a few each of Russians, Chilians, Austrians, Poles, Hungarians, Greeks, Turks and Chinamen. The greatest number of persons naturalized in any one year was in 1844, when 237 persons took out papers. Very few Frenchmen were naturalized during the period of the empire, and no Austrians. Since Gen. Diaz became president the average number of foreigners yearly becoming citizens has been higher than any previous period in the history of the republic.

George Dixon Champion.

TROY, N. Y., April 1.—The fight between Cal McCarthy, of Jersey City, and George Dixon, of Boston, took place here last night and was won by the latter. In the second round McCarthy was floored twice, and it was only the call of time that saved him from being knocked out. From the third to the twenty-first round each received a number of hard blows. The twenty-second round was opened by Dixon forcing the fighting and knocking McCarthy down as fast as he could get up. At the call of time the referee declared Dixon the winner. Six-ounce gloves were used.

Edwin Booth's Retirement.

BROOKLYN, April 1.—Edwin Booth, the eminent tragedian, to-day announces his retirement from the stage after this season. He has ordered his manager to cancel all dates made for him next year and states that his present engagement at the Brooklyn academy of music, which ends on Saturday of this week, will be his farewell.

Quiet in the Coke Regions.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., April 1.—Affairs in the coke region yesterday closed quieter and rather favoring the workers. Over 100 warrants have been issued for rioters.

Fatal Flames.

DALLAS, Tex., April 1.—The Georgia hotel was burned this morning at 4 o'clock. There were a dozen hair breadth escapes, five persons being badly hurt. James McAllaster, a plasterer formerly of St. Louis, was burned to death. He gave the alarm and remained in the building until all the guests had escaped.

A Dangerous Reservoir.

LIMA, O., April 1.—The Mercer county reservoir, which covers nearly 30,000 acres of land, is in great danger of breaking its embankment and flooding the surrounding country.

A STRANGE BODY OF WATER.

Lake Assal One of the Most Remarkable Sheets of Water in the World.

One of nature's remarkable curiosities is Lake Assal, a body of very salt water lying seven or eight miles inland from the Bay of Tadjoura, in the French possessions in East Africa. This is certainly one of the most remarkable little sheets of water in the world.

It comprises only about sixteen square miles. Its waters are salt to the point of saturation, and at its lowest level there is seen upon its banks a bed of nearly pure salt, over a foot thick.

The curious thing about this lake is, that for years nobody knew whence it derived its water. The lake is surrounded by a wonderful confusion of jagged mountains that descend to the water's edge, and it is almost impossible to travel around it. The few men who visited the lake were never able to ascertain that any stream flowed into it. Of course, it received water from somewhere, and it was supposed that it had subterranean affluents, but this theory was not demonstrated.

The mystery of Lake Assal was solved six years ago by Mr. Henry Audon, when he started on his interesting journey to Shoa. He carefully examined the shore of the lake, though he found it terribly difficult to advance a step. His hard work was at last rewarded by the murmur of a waterfall.

Guided by the sound, he approached the spot, and the solution of the enigma was before him. He found a large brook of crystalline water running over the stones and throwing itself impetuously into the lake. He tasted the water and found it to be as salt as the ocean, of which, indeed, it had been a part.—N. Y. Journal.

Our Convicts.

The number of convicts in the United States, as given by the recent census, is 45,233, an increase of thirteen to the millin as compared with the previous census. Of these the foreign born element furnished 14,725, the colored population 14,687, and the native whites 13,715. These figures are rather striking. By the census of 1880, and the same proportions still hold good, the native white population was in round numbers 37,000,000, and the foreign 7,670,000, and the colored 6,580,000. The foreign born and colored population, therefore, furnishes two-thirds of the convict class with only one-third as great numbers as the native white population. The latter, numbering 37,000,000, has but 13,715 convicts. The two former, numbering 13,250,000, has 29,412 of the convict population.—Toledo Blade.

Great Deeds

Are accomplished by vigorous men and women clear of brain, lithe of limb, with plenty of stamina. Only by promoting digestion and assimilation may that disability be overcome which disqualifies us from successful competition in the arena of life. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters not only confers vigor upon the weak, but remedies bilious, nervous, malarial, kidney and rheumatic ailments.

TOMMIE—"Papa, why do they call very rich men millionaires?" Papa—"That refers to the number of poor relatives who rise up to contest their wills."—N. Y. Herald.

"Now good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both." This natural and happy condition of the mind and body is brought about by the timely use of Prickly Ash Bitters. While not a beverage in any sense, it possesses the wonderful faculty of renewing to the debilitated system all the elements required to rebuild and make strong. If you are troubled with a headache, diseased liver, kidneys or bowels, give it a trial, it will not fail you.

THE man who is lonesome and wants to talk, nearly always meets the man who is tired and doesn't want to talk.—Atchison Globe.

A MEDICINE that will strengthen every part of the body, that will regulate and aid the various functions is essential to the young and middle age, who suffer from local and general weaknesses. If weak in any part of the body, use Dr. John Bull's Sarsaparilla. It is a great auxiliary to Nature, and thereby robust manhood and womanhood may be attained.

THE woman with a train is sure to have her dress described "at great length" by the society reporter.—Boston Bulletin.

Sore Eyes and Ears.

Home treatment $1.00. Send for question blank. $50.00 for a case we cannot cure. Dr. W. H. Kimberlin, Eighth and Grand avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

ADVERSITY is a jewel that shines brighter in our neighbor's crown than in our own.—N. Y. Herald.

Six Novels Free, will be sent by Cragin & Co., Philada., Pa., to any one in the U. S. or Canada, postage paid, upon receipt of 25 Dobbins' Electric Soap wrappers. See list of novels on circulars around each bar.

BY the time a man realizes that he is a fool it is usually too late to realize on his realization.—Indianapolis Journal.

TESTED BY TIME. For Bronchial affections, Coughs, etc., BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have proved their efficacy by a test of many years. Price 25 cts.

MAN takes with his right hand and gives with his left hand until he considers it more profitable to take with both.—Dallas News.

DO NOT suffer from sick headache a moment longer. It is not necessary. Carter's Little Liver Pills will cure you. Dose, one little pill. Small price. Small dose. Small pill.

MARKED dawn—the young man's mustache when it begins to be visible.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

NEARLY every little child needs Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers occasionally. These dainty candies never fail to do good.

ALTHOUGH the carpet purchaser is looking for good quality he wants one that can be beaten.—Binghamton Republican.

ANY one can take Carter's Little Liver Pills, they are so very small. No trouble to swallow. No pain or griping after taking.

"THIS is a tropical climb," said the monkey as he started after the cocoanut.—Washington Star.

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, April 6.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	$3 35	@	$5 55
Butchers' steers	3 00	@	4 50
Native cows	2 40	@	4 00
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	4 35	@	4 55
WHEAT—No. 2 red	90	@	1 00
No. 2 hard	90½	@	94
CORN—No. 2	64½	@	65½
OATS—No. 2	52	@	54
RYE—No. 2	76	@	77
FLOUR—Patents, per sack	2 15	@	2 25
Fancy	2 10	@	2 15
HAY—Baled	7 50	@	10 50
BUTTER—Choice creamery	28	@	31
CHEESE—Full cream	9½	@	10
EGGS—Choice	12½	@	13
BACON—Hams	8½	@	9½
Shoulders	4	@	4
Sides	7	@	7½
LARD	6½	@	7
POTATOES	1 00	@	1 20
ST. LOUIS.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 60	@	5 60
Butchers' steers	3 00	@	4 50
HOGS—Packing	4 00	@	4 30
SHEEP—Fair to choice	4 00	@	5 60
FLOUR—Choice	4 25	@	4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 04½	@	1 05
CORN—No. 2	66½	@	67
OATS—No. 2	52	@	52½
RYE—No. 2	80½	@	81
BUTTER—Creamery	32	@	34
PORK	12 50	@	12 75
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 60	@	6 70
HOGS—Packing and shipping	4 50	@	5 00
SHEEP—Fair to choice	4 00	@	5 65
FLOUR—Winter wheat	4 40	@	5 60
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 04½	@	1 05½
CORN—No. 2	68	@	68½
OATS—No. 2	54	@	54½
RYE—No. 2	80½	@	82
BUTTER—Creamery	25	@	31
PORK	12 25	@	12 50
NEW YORK.			
CATTLE—Common to prime	3 50	@	6 30
HOGS—Good to choice	5 35	@	5 50
FLOUR—Good to choice	4 10	@	5 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 12½	@	1 13½
CORN—No. 2	70½	@	70½
OATS—Western mixed	56	@	61
BUTTER—Creamery	31	@	35
PORK	12 75	@	14 00

APRIL WIDE AWAKE

Is noted for its great variety of contributions, from the frontispiece of white lilies to its amusing end-page drawing by Brisigman. "The Mysterious Choir Boy" is a beautiful story full of the Easter spirit, by Henry Kirke White, Jr. The jolly April First story, "Chollemyisses' Afflicted Holiday," is by the author of *Cape Cod Folks*; "Hong Wing's Sea Voyage," the fanciful tale by E. Cumings, offers the too-curious boy a lesson in a pleasant shape; "A Lost Story," by Anna Leach; "The Story of My Bank Book," by Louisa Trumbull Cogswell, and "The Cock of Sebastopol," are admirable short stories. The young people in Margaret Sidney's serial, "Five Little Peppers Grown Up," constantly get into all sorts of interesting trouble. The hero of "Cab and Caboose," Kirk Munroe's serial, shows his "clear grit." "Marietta's Good Times" are unique. In the line of articles, there is "Egg-rolling at the White House" on Easter Monday, by Prof. Mason, with picture of Baby McKee; "Easter Day Beyond the Sea," by Amanda B. Harris; "A Black Prince," by Walter Hough, of the Smithsonian Institution; "Concerning Bats," by Grant Allen; Mrs. Claflin's outspoken "Margaret-Patty Letters," Miss Rimmer's "Figure Drawing for Children," and "Men and Things." There is also a beautiful Mother-song, by Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Blake, and a Tuscan *Stornelli* by Mrs. Cavazza, with an exquisite picture by Irving R. Wiles.

WIDE AWAKE is $2.40 a year; 20 cents single number. D. Lothrop Company, Publishers, Boston.

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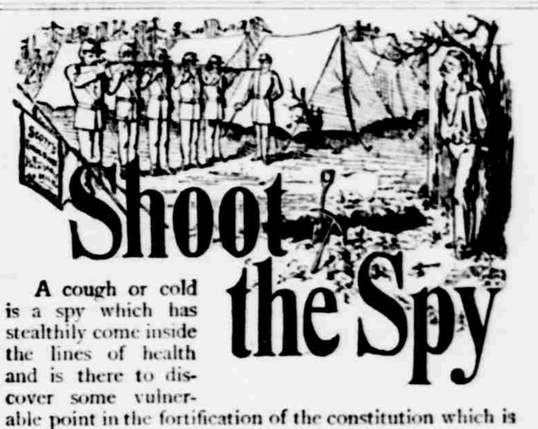

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