REPLIES TO HIS TRADUCER

GOV. HOLCOMB DENOUNCES A FILTHY POLITICIAN.

Uncle Silas Uses Vigorous Language in Giving to the Foul Mouth Heelers a Merited Rebuke.

Lincoln, Neb., March 15.—J. W. Johnson, who enjoys about the most unsavory reputation of any professional republican trickster in the state, and who is now filling the bill of political scavanger for the republican clique which has disgraced Nebraska, has received the following dressing down by Governor Holcomb.

The following has been given out to the press:

"On the editorial page today's Journal appears an article over the name of the notorious liar, J. W. Johnson, so full of malicious falsehoods that it ought not to go unchallenged. The truth regarding the matters spoken of is familiar to all. To give the article sanction and a prominent place in the columns of a newspaper that pretends to respectability, borders on the disreputable in journalism. It is quite apparent that the author of the article and probably the paper also, is over-anxious that the taxpayers of the state be defrauded and the boindsmen of Mr. Bartley escape their just, moral and legal responsibility. Moreover, it would doubtless be a cause of great rejoicing among these defenders and apologists of the plundering of the public treasury if Mr. Bartley himself were given another trial on his application now pending and another opporunity given them to roll under their tongue as a sweet morsel the false cry that the attorney general was incompetent to discharge his duties and that the governor was to blame because he did not at the time of approving Mr. Bartley's bond presume that he was a defaulter and a dishonest public official whom the republicans had elected to a second term as state treasurer.

"These men have not a word to say about an outrageous verdict that was neither supported by law or evidence, and can only be accounted for as a whim or freak of a jury which misunderstood its duty or was actuated through corrupt motives.

"The attorney general is to be damned by these same men if he resorts to every remedy open to him under the law to recover the money stolen from the taxpayers, and he would likewise have been damned had he resorted to but one remedy. Not one word of encouragement, not one act of assistance, can he expect from this large number of influential politicians who are beneficiaries indirectly and perhaps directly of the frauds and plundering perpetrated upon the taxpayers of the state and who, I doubt not, though they may not say it, are desirous that these bondsmen be released of their responsibility for fear of the exposure that would follow if the truth regarding these defalcations and the cause of them should be known by the whole people of the state.

SPECIFIES THE FALSEHOODS.

"It is but natural to expect that such willful and wicked falsehoods may find a person depraved enough to become their sponsor and a paper disreputable enough to publish them. The article so far as it concerns me speaks of three matters in connection with the Bartley suit, all of which are willful lies and which comprise the principal part of it.

"Lie No. 1: That the treasurer's books have not been thoroughly examined, and if they were it would be shown where and when the shortage of Mr. Bartley occurred. The fact is the treasurer's books have been most thoroughly and carefully investigated. Every well informed person knows this. The correctness of the books have been shown beyond controversy. These books have been examined most painstakingly from beginning to end and from them not a dollar is shown to have been lost during Bartley's first term of office, except that lost in depository banks and perhaps some interest because the depository law was not faithfully enforced, but neither of these matters, as questions of fact, are in dispute in this suit.

"Lie No. 2: That the evidence of the governor in the suit was uncertain and unwilling. That is an absolue falsehood and the writer knew it. Whatever may be said as to the method I adopted in requiring Mr. Bartley to account for the funds in his possession at the beginning of his second term of office there is no dispute and no uncertainty about what was actually done. The only testimony on the subject being by myself and Mr. Bartlett, the deputy state treasurer, and our evidence in this respect was in substantial accord, and the people of the state are perfectly familiar with it.

"Lie No. 3: And this is the most infamous and villainous falsehood in the entire article and one that an honorable man would not utter in the face of my specific denial heretofore made. There is not a circumstance, not a scintilla of evidence, not the slightest fact to base the falsehood and none but a dishonorable and disreputable creature unworthy to be called a man would make it. The writer says, in substance, that I secured from the state treasurer money for favorite banks and favors in the way of free passes. The statement is a lie made out of whole cloth. It is only a reiteration of similar falsehoods heretofore uttered by him and which I have branded as utterly false and without foundation in fact.

DENIAL FOR ALL TIME.

"I wish to say once more and I hope it may be the last time that I may be required to say it: That any statement, eighter by an individual or a newspaper, that I have directly or indirectly had the use of one dollar of state money, or have profited to the extent of one dollar of state money, wrongfully taken from the state treasury, of that Mr. Bartley favored me with railroad transportation, or that there were any other relations or dealings between us that were not perfectly proper or consistent with my duties as governor, is absolutely and unqualifiedly false, made without cause or justification, and I brand the author of such a statement as a malicious falsifier and devoid of truth or character.

"The language I have used herein may seem harsh, but the attack is so outrageous and villainous that I feel justified in using it."

Chicago, Ill., March 15.—Mrs. Lizzie K. Spaulding, wife of former Bank President Spaulding, now under sentence for embezzlement, was granted a divorce in less than five minutes after she had filed a cross bill to her husband's application for a divorce. The divorce was granted on the charge that Spaulding had been convicted of a felony. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Spaulding were present in court, and it is said the proceedings were by agreement.

Washington, D. C., March 15.—Secretary Alger Saturday received a dispatch informing him of the death of his sister, Mrs. A. K. Platt of Detroit, at New London, Conn., Saturday morning. Mrs. Alger will leave at once for Norwich, but the secretary is unable to accompany her on account of his health. Mrs. Platt has been ill for a long time.

FORTIFYING HAVANA.

Blanco is Preparing Havana For War.

New York, March 14.—A dispatch to the Tribune from Havana says: Many soldiers were among the people on the water front, who watched the Montgomery entering the harbor. The feeling was rather sullen, and an occasional utterance was heard against the Americans. This was especially the case when the salutes were fired. However, there were no open demonstrations. The officials have complied with all of Captain Sigsbee's requests regarding anchorage. He stated vigorously but courteously that the place originally selected was not satisfactory. The Montgomery is now anchored within a few hundred feet of the wreck of the Maine.

The naval board has substantially completed its investigation. Everything now is in the nature of cumulative testimony, strengthening the evidence that the Maine was blown up by an external explosion. The divers this week have been able to add little to what has previously been learned. In effect, the proof, from the condition of the hull and the keel, as well as the magazines, makes what might be called a complete case of structural evidence of external cause.

How far the board can determine the agency of the explosion, is very uncertain. Many accounts of conspiracies are sifted by it, without result. A digest and analysis of the testimony has been made. It is understood that this is on the way to Washington.

SPANISH DIVERS' WORK.

The Spanish divers are continuing their work intermediately and in a perfunctory manner. The superstructure of wreckage is now fairly well cleared away. Nothing definite can be learned regarding the Spanish admiralty board's intention to close its investigation. The Spanish authorities will do nothing until the American inquiry is closed.

Little publicity has been permitted for either the Lee episode or the talk of warships as a means of bringing provisions. The papers have published more from Madrid than from the United States on that subject. They have consisted of denials from Sagasta that the recall of Consul General Lee was demanded. At the same time, President McKinley's declaration, that Lee's course had been satisfactory to the government, and that under no circumstances would he be relieved, was published. This, with the statement that the consul general had been eulogized in congress, has had a good effect, and strengthens Lee's official influence. The ultra-Spanish now know it would be useless to make any further objections. General Blanco had no part in the movement against the consul general, but other official representatives of Spain did, as well as members of the autonomist cabinet.

General Lee was not informed of what had taken place, until the incident was closed. The commercial classes, who are yet hopeful of peaceful intervention of mediation by the United States, are pleased to have General Lee remain. They assure him that no outbreak against Americans will occur. The authorities apparently think a crisis in the relations with the United States is close, but do not believe the time is quite ripe for them to meet it.

HAVANA BEING FORTIFIED.

They are receiving information of the coming of American war vessels, and are pushing their own preparations for the defense of Havana harbor. This is in the face of semi-official statements from the captain general's confidential advisers that the diplomats will settle the questions growing out of the Maine disaster, and all other matters of dispute which may arise between the two governments. Nevertheless, every suggestion of intervention by the United States to end the present conditions in Cuba is resented with bitterness.

The Army Gazette publishes a map of the American coast, and points out where Spain's navy will strike effectively when war begins. The action of congress in voting $50,000,000 credit is published without a comment. Neither the officials nor the army officers seem to understand its meaning. Coincident with this action, many commercial houses have news further weakening credit, to the effect that the Spanish bank in Madrid is refusing government bills of exchange from Cuba.

The autonomist, or colonial, government, is in a state of collapse. The claims that the Cubans who have been arrested on charges of conspiracy are implicated in dynamite or similar plots, is false. They are held on political charges. No assurance can be had that they will have a trial before deportation. This is an illustration of the panicky feeling of the authorities. The autonomist cabinet is made to bear the odium of these arrests. Nobody heeds Madrid's proposals for modifying and broadening autonomy, or pays any attention to the long manifestos issued by the autonomist factions in Cuba. The sole topic now is the relations with the United States. The authorities cite the quiet prevailing this week, during the exciting reports, but this is not conclusive. The Havana population has been engaged in admiring the Spanish warships, and has known little of what was going on elsewhere.

BOILED DOWN.

Myrtle Storrer, a 16-year-old girl, residing near Fayetteville, Ark., has been arrested, charged with the murder of her father. Mr. Storrer objected to an admirer of Myrtle.

A dispatch from St. Johns, N. F., says that startling revelations have been made in the legislative assembly, showing alleged corruption and extravagance by the liberal government

I. G. Reed, a prominent Philadelphia newspaper man, while visiting at New York city, became violently insane. He is 45 years of age and a brother of Rev. J. S. Reed of San Francisco.

Mr. W. A. Platt of Colorado Springs, Colo., has been appointed receiver of the Commercial bank of Denver, in the place of Frank Adams, resigned, and also of the German National bank of Denver, in place of Z. T. Hill.

Ex-Chief of Police J. H. Jacks of Muskegon, Mich., has been held to the criminal court by a coroner's jury on the charge of killing Andy McGee.

A desperate battle was fought between United States marshals and moonshiners near Fayetteville, Ark., in which G. Phillips was killed and two others wounded.

Fire destroyed the town of Whittemore, Ia., causing a loss of $25,000.

Ike Warren, a joint keeper of Gatesville, Kan., has been convicted of the murder of Sheriff Lard.

John Dougherty, a life prisoner in jail at Newcastle, Del., for killing a Swede, escaped from his cell Saturday.

President Andrew Freedman of the New York base ball clug has signed the Brush blacklisting and suspension law.

President Schurman of Cornell university in the island has been enjoying through the west and will visit the University is now on a two weeks' tour pered with.

WAR IS ALMOST CERTAIN

PRESIDENT ADMITS THE GRAVITY OF THE SITUATION.

Maine Inquiry Portends Serious Termination—Consul General Lee Favors the Assemblage of Several Warships in Havana.

Washington, D. C., March 14.—There is not an intelligent man in Washington, in or out of congress, who does not believe that a war between the United States and Spain is almost certain to begin before the expiration of two weeks

So clear is it now to all that sharp work must come soon that the president himself, in a private conversation, throws aside the mask he has been wearing for the last two weeks.

He said to an intimate friend that the situation is one of gravity, and that in his opinion the prospect of settling the controversy with Spain without war was "very remote."

He said he has had in his possession for nearly a week full information of the causes which led to the disaster at Havana, and the circumstances are such as to render peaceful negotiations "exceedingly difficult." He admitted that war and navy departments are engaged on work intended to anticipate the direct result, and this result he saw little hope of escaping.

The president informed this gentleman that he would send to congress within the next few days a message which will convey to the public the findings of the "Sampson court of inquiry."

The president told his visitor that the Maine was blown up by a submarine mine under such conditions as surrounded the disaster with all that promised the gravest consequences.

He also explained that careful plans for war had been mapped out, but they would be manifestly improper subjects for discussion.

A plan of campaign strongly favored is this: The sending of the president's message to congress declaring that the blowing up of the Maine was an act of war, and the submitting of the report of the court of inquiry as a reason for this declaration.

This is to be followed by the movement of the fleet at Dry Tortugas upon Havana and the immediate bombardment of that city and the Spanish warships in its harbor.

This is not given as the probable method the president will pursue, but in the opinion of eight out of every ten intelligent men it is an entirely possible one. The situation should crystallize when Senator Proctor, who has been in Cuba as a quasi agent of the administration, arrives here.

It is suggested that the senator, who is accompanied by the second stenographer of the court of inquiry, may bear a copy of the court's report, which Judge Advocate Marix is to present to the secretary of the navy in person.

Consul General Lee favors the assemblage of several warships in Havana harbor as an object lesson to the Spaniards. This will not be done if the present intention is carried out.

When the warships appear before Havana they will be there for the purpose of demanding the surrender of that town and the evacuation of Cuba by the Spanish troops, to be followed by cannonading if refusal is made.

There was a state dinner at the White house Friday night. The president and vice president were there greeting foreign ambassadors with smiles and handshakes, while the young Belgian prince, in whose honor the dinner was being given, was the lion of this joyous occasion. And such are the necessities of diplomatic usage.

Contrast the scene at the White House with ones that occur each day—the grave president receiving reports from his cabinet officers, issuing orders to mobilize all the artillery regiments on the Atlantic seaboard, hurry orders being constantly given to manufacturers having ammunition contracts to complete the work at the earliest moment possible.

GENERAL NEWS.

The Empire Transportation company will operate steamers this summer between Seattle and Dawson, via St. Michaels.

John Daly, the pugilist, who has been on trial at St. Louis for the murder of Lulu Failes, was acquitted today. He cried aloud for joy.

Jack McClelland and "Yock" Henniger, lightweight pugilists, fought thirty-five rounds on a boat in the Ohio river, near Shannopin, Pa., to a draw.

Josef Hoffman, the young pianist, gave his second recital in Carnegie hall, New York, 5,000 being in attendance. No pianist ever captured a public more completely. He was recalled fifteen times.

Emil Devan has tried to kill himself and his four children by laudanum, at English, Ind. All are in a precarious condition. Mrs. Devan died nearly a year ago, and it is thought Devan's mind became unbalanced.

There is much dissatisfaction at San Francisco over Referee Green's decision in the Sharkey-Choynski fight.

Captain George Evans, Tenth cavalry, has been placed on the retired list, on account if disabilities incident to the service.

Ex-Postmoster James A. Aldeman of Newport, Neb., who died Tuesday, was buried by union comrades of 1861.

Mrs. L. K. Spaulding, wife of ex-Bank President Spaulding at Chicago, who is undergoing a sentence for embezzlement, has been granted a divorce.

The Southwestern Smelting and Refining company, which has just been incorporated, is about to commence the erection of a smelter in Los Angeles, Cal.

United States authorities are greatly excited over the discovery of a large number of counterfeit silver dollars. It is estimated that there $20,000,000 spurious coins in circulation. The discovery was made in Denver.

The Grand Pacific hotel, Chicago, noted until it was closed in the spring of 1895 for its annual game dinner, and as the stopping place of politicians of national reputations, was reopened under the management of ex-Alderman William R. Kerr and Albert E. Glennie.

The departure of Queen Victoria for Riviera, south of France, is regarded as indicative of a clearer foreign horizon.

The Pioneer Klondike Transportation company of St. Louis, Mo., proposes to grubstake 500 men to prospect in Alaskan gold fields.

George W. McCoy of Portland, Ore., has been arrested by the United States authorities, charged with using the mails for fraudulent purposes.

The directors of the Crete Chautauqua assembly have decided not to hold an assembly this year on account of the Trans-Mississippi exposition at Omaha.

The result of the parliamentary byelection Wednesday in the Stepney division, London, when the liberals were victorious, is charged to Salisbury's unfavorable foreign policy.

TALMAGES' SERMON.

Washington, D. C., March 13.—Dr. Talmage preached today from Acts 7:55-60: "Behold I see the heavens opened," etc.

Stephen had been preaching a rousing sermon, and the people could not stand it. They resolved to do as men sometimes would like to do in this day, if they dared, with some plain preacher of righteousness—kill him. The only way to silence this man was to knock the breath out of him. So they rushed Stephen out of the gates of the city, and with curse, and whoop, and bellow they brought him to the cliff, as was the custom when they wanted to take away life by stoning.

Having brought him to the edge of the cliff, they pushed him off. After he had fallen they came and looked down, and seeing that he was not yet dead, they began to drop stones upon him, stone after stone. Amid this horrible rain of missiles, Stephens clambers up on his knees and folds his hands, while the blood drips from his temples to his cheeks, from his cheeks to his garments, from his garments to the ground; and then, looking up, he makes two prayers—one for himself and one for his murderers: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit;" that was for himself. "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge;" that was for his assailants. Then, from pain and loss of blood, he swooned away and fell asleep.

I want to show you today five pictures. Stephen gazing into heaven. Stephen looking at Christ. Stephen stoned. Stephen in his dying prayer. Stephen asleep.

GAZING INTO HEAVEN.

First, look at Stephen gazing into heaven. Before you take a leap you want to know where you are going to land. Before you climb a ladder you want to know to what point the ladder reaches. And it was right that Stephen, within a few moments of heaven, should be gazing into it. We would all do well to be found in the same posture.

There is enough in heaven to keep us gazing. A man of wealth may have statuary in the hall, and paintings in the sitting room, and works of art in all parts of the house, but he has the chief pictures in the art gallery, and there hour after hour you walk with catalogue and glass and ever increasing admiration. Well, heaven is the gallery where God has gathered the chief treasures of his realm. The whole universe is his palace. In this lower room where we stop there are many adornments; tessellated floor and amethyst, and on the winding cloud stairs are stretched out canvases on which commingle azure, and purple, and saffron, and gold. But heaven is the gallery in which the chief glories are gathered. There are the brightest robes. There are the richest gowns. There are the highest exhilarations. John says of it: "The kings of the earth shall bring their honor and glory into it."

There is not a man in this house today so isolated in life but there is some one in heaven with whom he once shook hands. As a man gets older, the number of his celestial acquaintances very rapidly multiplies. We have not had one glimpse of them since the night we kissed them good by, and they went away; but still we stand gazing at heaven.

While you long to join their companionship, and the years and the days go with such tedium that they break your heart, and the viper of pain and sorrow and bereavement keeps gnawing at your vitals, you stand still, like Stephen, gazing into heaven. You wonder if they would recognize your face now, so changed has it been with trouble. You wonder if, amid the myriad delights they have, they care as much for you as they used to when they gave you a helping hand and put their shoulders under your burdens. You wonder if they look any older; and sometimes in the eventide, when the house is all quiet, you wonder if you should call them by their first name if they would not answer; and perhaps sometimes you do make the experiment, and when no one but God and yourself are there you distinctly call their names and listen, and sit gazing into heaven.

WONDERFUL INVITATION.

Pass on now, and see Stephen looking upon Christ. My text says he saw the son of man at the right hand of God. Just how Christ looked in this world, just how he looks in heaven, we cannot say. I have to tell you that unless you see and hear Christ on earth you will never see and hear him in heaven. Look! There he is. Behold the lamb of God. Can you not see him? They pray to God to take the scales off your eyes. Look that way—try to look that way. His voice comes down to you this day—comes down to the blindest, to the deafest soul, saying: "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved, for I am God, and there is none else."

Oh, wonderful invitation! You can take it today, and stand at the head of the darkest alley in any city, and say: "Come! Clothes for your rags, salve for your sores, a throne for your eternal reigning!" A Christ that talks like that, and acts like that, and pardons like that—do you wonder that Stephen stood looking at him? I hope to spend eternity doing the same thing.

I must see him; I must look upon that face once clouded with my sin, but now radiant with my pardon. I want to touch that hand that knocked off my shackles. I want to hear that voice which pronounced my deliverance.

Behold him, little children, for if you live to three score years and ten, you will see none so fair. Behold him, ye aged ones, for he only can shine through the dimness of your failing eyesight. Behold him, earth. Behold him, heaven. What a moment when all the nations of the saved shall gather around Christ! All faces that way. All thrones that way, gazing on Jesus.

His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him, too.

STEPHEN STONED.

I pass on now and look at Stephen stoned. The world has always wanted to get rid of good men. Their very life is an assault upon wickedness. Out with Stephen through the gates of the city. Down with him over the precipices. Let every man come up and drop a stone upon his head. But these men did not so much kill Stephen as they killed themselves. Every stone rebounded upon them. While these murderers were transfixed by the scorn of all good men, Stephen lives in the admiration of all Christendom. Stephen stoned, but Stephen alive. So all good men must be pelted. All who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution. It is no eulogy of a man to say that everybody likes him. Show me anyone who is doing all his duty to state or church and I will show you men who utterly abhor him.

When I see a man in some great moral or religious reform battling against grog shops, exposing wickedness in high places, by active means trying to purify the church and better the world's estate, and I find that some of the newspapers anathematize him, and men, even good men, oppose him and denounce him, because, though he does good, he does not do it in their way, I say: "Stephen stoned."

The world, with infinite spite, took after John Frederick Oberlin, and Paul, and Stephen of the text. But you notice, my friends, that while they assaulted him they did not succeed really in killing him. You may assault a good man, but you cannot kill him.

HIS FIRST CONCERN.

Pass on now and see Stephen in his dying prayer. His first thought was not how the stones hurt his head, nor what would become of his body. His first thought was about his spirit. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." The murderer standing on the trap door, the black cap being drawn over his head before the execution may grimace about the future, but you and I have no shame in confessing some anxiety about where we are going to come out.

You are not all body. There is within you a soul. I see it gleam from your eyes, and I see it irradiating your countenance. Sometimes I am abashed before an audience, not because I come under their physical eyesight, but because I realize the truth that I stand before so many immortal spirits.

The probability is that your body will at last find a sepulchre in some of the cemeteries that surround your town or city. There is no doubt but that your obsequies will be decent and respectful, and you will be able to pillow your head under the maple, or the Norway spruce, or the cypress or the blossoming fir; but this spirit about which Stephen prayed, what direction will that take? What guide will escort it? What gate will open to receive it? What cloud will be cleft for its pathway? After it has got beyond the light of our sun, will there be torches lighted for it the rest of the way? Will the soul have to travel through long deserts before it reaches the good land? If we should lose our pathway, will there be a castle at whose gate we may ask for the way to the city?

I do not care what you do with my body when my soul is gone, or whether you believe in cremation or inhumation. I shall sleep just as well in a wrapping of sackcloth as in satin lined with eagle's down. But my soul—before this day passes, I will find out where it will land. Thank God for the intimation of my text, that when we die Jesus takes us. That answers all questions for me. What though there were massive bars between here and the city of light, Jesus could remove them. What though there were great Saharas of darkness, Jesus could illumine them. What tho' I get weary on the way, Jesus could lift me on his omnipotent shoulder. What though there were chasms to cross, his hand could transport me. Then let Stephen's prayer be my dying litany: "Lord, Jesus, receive my spirit."

WOULD BE SWEET TO DIE.

We may be too feeble to employ either of these familiar forms; but this prayer of Stephen is so short, is so concise, is so earnest, is so comprehensive, we surely will be able to say that: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Oh, if that prayer is answered, how sweet it will be to die! This world is clever enough to us. Perhaps it has treated us a great deal better that we deserve to be treated; but if on the dying pillow there should break the light of that better world, we shall have no more regret about leaving a small, dark, damp house for one large, beautiful and capacious. That dying minister in Philadelphia, some years ago, beautifully depicted it, when in the last moment, he threw up his hands and cried out: "I move into the light!"

Pass on now, and I will show you one more picture, and that is Stephen asleep. With a pathos and simplicity peculiar to the scriptures, the text says of Stephen: "He fell asleep." "Oh," you say, "what a place that was to sleep! A hard rock under him, stones falling down upon him, the blood streaming, the mob howling. What a place it was to sleep!"

And yet my text takes that symbol of slumber to describe his departure, so sweet was it, so contented was it, so peaceful was it. Stephen had lived a very laborious life, his chief work had been to care for the poor. How many loaves of bread he distributed, how many bare feet he had sandaled, how many cots of sickness and distress he blessed with ministries of kindness and love, I do not know; but from the way he lived, and the way he preached, and the way he died, I know he was a laborious Christian.

HIS LABORS ENDED.

But that is all over now. He has pressed the cup to the last fainting lip. He has taken the last insult from his enemies. The last stone to whose crushing weight he is susceptible has been hurled. Stephen is dead! The disciples comes. They take him up. They wash away the blood from the wounds. They straighten out the bruised limbs. They brush back the tangled hair from the brow, and then they pass around to look upon the calm countenance of him who had lived for the poor and died for the truth. Stephen asleep!

I have seen the sea driven with the hurricane until the tangled foam caught in the rigging, and wave rising above wave seemed as if about to storm the heavens, and then I have seen the tempest drop, and the waves crouch, and everything become smooth and burnished as though a camping place for the glories of heaven. So I have seen a man, whose life has been tossed and driven, coming down at last to an infinite calm, in which there was the hush of heaven's lullaby.

Stephen asleep! I saw such an one. He fought all his days against poverty and against abuse. They traduced his name. They rattled at the door knob while he was dying, with duns for debts he could not pay; yet the peace of God brooded over his pillow, and when the world faded, heaven dawned, and the deepening twilight of earth's night was only the opening twilight of heaven's morn. Not a sigh. Not a tear. Not a struggle. Hush! Stephen asleep.

THE BLESSED SLEEP.

I have not the faculty to tell the weather. I can never tell by the setting sun whether there will be a drouth or not. I cannot tell by the blowing of the wind whether it will be fair weather or foul on the morrow. But I can prophesy, and I will prophesy what weather it will be when you, the Christian, come to die. You may have it very rouhg now. It may be this week one annoyance, the next another annoyance.

It may be this year one bereavement, the next another bereavement. Before this year has passed you may have to beg for bread, or ask for a scuttle of coal or a pair of shoes; but at the last Christ will come in and darkness will go out. And though there may be no hand to close your eyes, and no breast on which to rest your dying head, and no candle to lift the night, the odors of God's hanging garden will regale your soul, and at your bedside will halt the chariots of the king. No more rents to pay, no more agony because flour has gone up, no more struggle with "the world, the flesh and the devil;" but peace—long, deep, everlasting peace. Stephen asleep!

Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Uninjured by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus, far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.

You have seen enough for one morning. No one can successfully examine more than five pictures in a day. Therefore we stop, having seen this cluster of divine Raphaels—Stephen gazing into heaven; Stephen looking at Christ; Stephen stoned; Stephen in his dying prayer; Stephen asleep!

OUR AUXILIARY WARSHIPS.

In addition to the fifty regular cruisers of the United States navy there are some thirty odd vessels now employed in the merchant service which could be rapidly converted into cruisers and which should be taken into account in estimating the naval strength of the country. These ships would be unarmored and would carry a comparatively light complements of guns. It would be impossible for them to fight even a small warship, and they would not be expected to do so. Their special mission would be to prey on the enemy's commerce and to capture unarmed merchant vessels. For this they would be admirably adapted by their high speed and light armament.

In the navy department, where an exact list of these vessels is filed, they are officially known as auxiliaryor casual cruisers. Last year, when congress was considering the bill appropriating $850,000 for providing an armament for this auxiliary fleet, the chief of the bureau of ordnance reported thirty-three vessels as available for this kind of service.

Of these twenty-four are on the Atlantic coast and nine on the Pacific. Together they call for forty-six six-inch, twenty-seven fifty-four six-pounders, eight one-pounders and 112 machine guns, or a total armament of 351 guns of all clases.

The largest and best known of these are five-inch and 104 four-inch rapid-fire rifles, the four American line steamships—the New York, Paris, St. Louis and St. Paul. It is interesting to note the tranformation which one of these big passenger steamers would have to undergo in order to fit it for the work of an auxiliary cruiser. Just what changes would probably be made in converting one of these peaceful ocean liners into a warship was pointed out by Mr. G. C. Griscom, jr., of the International company in a talk with the correspondent the other day. Most persons will probably be surprised to learn how much of the biuld and fittings of an unarmored cruiser those big passenger boats now contain.

RIGHTS OF THE GOVERNMENT.

"There seems to be a general impression," said Mr. Griscom, "that some kind of contract or agreement exists between the United States government and the International Navigation company by which the latter are to turn over its boats to the service of the United States whenever needed. There is no such agreement because it is unnecessary. The United States has a perfect right to demand and take the property of the International Navigation company, just as it has the right to demand the property or services of any other of its citizens, and it would undoubtedly do so, with proper indemnification, should occasion arise."

What was done by the government when the postal subsidy act for the encouragement of American shipping was passed was to demand that, in consideration for the privileges granted by that act, certain plans should be followed in the construction of the vessels that were to benefit it. These requirements were, roughly, that the rudder and steering apparatus of the steamship should be under water, and that the vital parts of the ship should, so far as possible, be below the water line, where they would be less liable to injury from cannon shot.

"The plans for the American line steamers were inspected and approved by an officer of the government when the boats were built, and they satisfy at the New York you will see four white marks at regular intervals along each of her sides. Directly above these white marks, on the steamer's promenade decks, are the places where the six-inch guns would be located were she to be armed. You will notice, too, that the deck supports at these points are strengthened by an additional column. On the deck at this point is a round steel cap covering a manhole, intended for the passage of ammunition from below.

"These are the only marks indicating to the uninitiated any preparation for the placing of cannon; but there are other provisions. The deck platform and supports are strengthened at this point by additional girders and crossbeams, so as to sustain the weight of guns and carriages. There are also arrangements for the mounting of the smaller machine guns. Practically the only thing necessary to equip these vessels for use in war would be to run the gun carriages on board and mount the guns on them. There would probably be some alternations in their internal arrangements to provide quarters for seamen and marines, but those could be made within a very few days.

"Last year, when the English steamship Majestic was detailed to attend the naval celebration of the queen's jubilee, she arrived in Liverpool on Kednesday afternoon; on Saturday she sailed for Southampton, fully fitted out as an unarmored cruiser. The whole eulpment had been placed on board and put in position within three days. I see no reason why the New York or the Paris could not be fitted out within the same length of time, assuming that the guns were ready to be put on board.

"The theory of an unarmed cruiser is that she shall be fast enought to run away from any war ship and strong enough to overpower any merchant vessel. I think that our boats fully satisfy these requirements. You remember that when the Columbia made the trip across the Atlantic at a speed of about eighteen knots for the whole voyage it was hailed as a remarkable achievement. It was—for a warship. But our ships cross the ocean, year in and year out,v in the course of their regular business, at an ordinary speed of about twelve knots. No war vessel in existence, unless it was one of the small torpedo boats or torpedo boat catchers, could overhaul them. Of course a single shot from a modern battleship would go through their sides, but I think that it would take more than one to destroy them, because, as I have said, they were laid down on lines intended to guard against that."

Blasts From Ram's Horn.

The contented mind has a continual feast.

Wrongs never grow strong enough to right themselves.

No grave is deep enough to bury the good man's hopes.

Don't waste today's strength fighting tomorrow's battles.

Those who lean upon their dignity are in need of better support.

If all great deeds got into print the world would not hold the books.

Our names are given to us, but our lives give them their meaning.

There is no pathway through life that does not have some roses in it.

The more heart we put into a hard task the lighter our toil becomes.

Suspicion is a robber who conceals a drawn dagger under his cloak.