THE USES OF TROUBLE.

SERMON PREACHED BY DR. TAL-MAGE, SUNDAY, OCT. 27.

A Discourse Based Upon the Recent Affliction Suffered by the Congregation of the Popular Brooklyn Divine A Large Congregation Present.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 27, -The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached to an overflowing congregation at the Academy of Music today. THE COMING TABERNACLE.

Before preaching he said that a mistaken otion was abroad that the insurance on his destroyed church was enough to rebuild.
repetition of disasters left us in debt. have practically built three churches since I came to Brooklyn. First, the original Taber-nacle. Soon after that we made an enlargement that cost almost as much as a church. A few years after it all burned. Then we put up the building recently destroyed, and reared it in a time when the whole country was in its worst financial distress. It was ese repeated disasters that left us in debt. My congregation have done magnificently, but any church would be in debt after so many calamities. Now for the first time we are out of debt. But we need at least one nundred thousand dollars to build a church large enough, and we call on people of all creeds and all lands to help.

Before I help dedicate a new church we must have every dollar of it paid. I will never again be paster of a church in debt. It has crippled us in all our movements, and I shall never again wear the shackles. I have for the last sixteen years preached to about five thousand people sitting and stand-ing, twice a Sabbath, but everybody knows that we need a place that will hold eight thousand. I shall not be surprised if some man of wealth shall say: "Here are a bundred thousand dollars if you will put up a memorial structure, and call it after the name of my departed father or child whose smory I want put before all nations and or all time." And so it would be done.

ALL TEARS TO BE WIPED AWAY. Talmage's text was: "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."-Rev. vii, 17.

Riding across a western prairie, wild owers up to the hub of the carriage wheel, and while a long distance from any shelter, there came a sudden shower, and while the rain was falling in torrents, the sun was chining as brightly as ever I saw it shine; and I thought, what a beautiful spectacle this is! So the tears of the Bible are not midaight storm, but rain on pansied prairies in God's sweet and golden sunlight. You re-member that bottle which David labeled as containing tears, and Mary's tears, and Paul's tears, and Carist's tears, and the harvest of joy that is to spring from the sowing of tears. God mixes them. God rounds them. God shows them where to fall. God them. God shows them where to fall. God exhales them. A census is taken of them, and there is a record as to the moment when hey are born, and as to the place of their

Tears of bad men are not kept. Alexander, in his sorrow, had the hair clipped from his horses and mules, and made a great ado about grief; but in all the vases of heaven there his grief; but in all the vases of heaven there is not one of Alexander's tears. I speak of the tears of the good. Alas, no! they are falling all the time. In summer you sometimes hear the growling thunder, and you see there is a storm miles away, but you know from the drift of the clouds that it will not some anywhere near you. So, though it may be all bright around about us, there is a shower of trouble somewhere all the time.

have a perpetual nor'wester! Why, when a family is put together, not have them all stay. or if they must be transplanted to make other homes, then have them all live! the family record telling a story of marriages and births, but of no deaths. Why not have the harwests chase each other without fatiguing toil! Why the hard pillow, the hard crust, the hard trugglef It is easy enough to explain a smile, struggle? It is easy enough to explain a smile, or a success, or a congratulation; but, come mow, and bring all your dictionaries and all your philosophies and all your religions, and help me explain a tear. A chemist will tell you that it is made up of salt and lime, and other component parts; but he misses the chief ingredients—the acid of a soured life, the viperine sting of a bitter memory, the fragments of a broken heart. I will tell you what a

ear is; it is agony in solution.

Hear me, then, while I discourse to you of the uses of trouble. WE MUST LEAVE THIS WORLD.

First—It is the design of trouble to keep as world from being too attractive. Some-ning must be done to make us willing to thing must be done to make us willing to quit this existence. If it were not for trouble this world would be a good enough heaven for me. You and I would be willing to take a lease of this life for a hundred million years, if there were no trouble. The earth cushioned and upholstered and pillared and chandeliered with such expense, no story of other worlds could enchant us. We would say: "Let well enough alone. If you want to die and have your body disintegrated in the dust, and your soul go out on a celestial adventure, then you can go; but this world is good enough for me." You might as well go to a man who has just entered the Louvre at Paris and tell him to hasten off to the picture galleries of Venice or Florence.
"Why," he would say, "what is the use of my going there? There are Rembrandts and

the dust, and your soul go out on a celestial adventure, then you can go; but this world is good enough for me." You might as well go to a man who has just entered the Louvre at Paris and tell him to hasten off to the picture galleries of Venice or Florence.

"Why," he would say, "what is the use of my going there? There are Rembrandts and Rubens and Raphaels here that I haven't looked at yet." No man wants to go out of this world, or out of any house, until he has a better house. To cure this wish to stay here, God must somehow create a disgust for our surroundings. How shall he do it? He cannot afford to deface his horison, or to tear off a fiery panel from the sunset, or to subtract an anther from the water lily, or to banish the pungent aroms from the mignonette, or to drag the robes of the morning in the mire. You cannot expect a Christoin the mire. You cannot expect a Christo-pher Wren to mar his own St. Paul's cathepher Wren to mar his own St. Paul's cathedral, or a Michael Angelo to dash out his own "Last Judgment," or a Handel to discord his "Israel in Egypt;" and you cannot expect God to spoil the architecture and music of his own world. How, then, are we to be made g to leave. Here is where trouble in. After a man has had a good deal ouble he says: "Well, I am ready to go. If there is a house somewhere whose roof doesn't leak, I would like to live there."

If there is an atmosphere somewhere that does not distress the lungs, I would like to miles an hour cannot go sixty miles an hour. live there is no tittle-tattle, I would like to live there. If there is a home circle somewhere where I can find my lost friends, I would like to go there." He used to read the first part of the Bible chiefly, now he reads the last part of the Bible chiefly. Why has be changed Genesis for Revelation! Ah, he used to be auxious chiefly to know how this more and gets him well very soon. Now, some of you treat God just as that young man treated his mother. When you world was made, and all about its geological construction. Now he is chiefly anxious to the banker, you call on the broker, you call the b

'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," does not thrill him half as nuch as the other story, "I mw a new

beaven and a new earth."

The old man's hand trembles as he turns over his apocalyptic leaf, and he has to take out his handkerchief to wipe his spectacles. That book of revelation is a prospectus now of the country into which he is to soon immigrate; the country in which he has lots al-ready laid out, and avenues opened, and trees sted, and mansions built. The thought of that blessed place comes over me mightily, and I declare that if this house were a great ship, and you all were passengers on board it, and one hand could launch that ship into the glories of heaven, I should be tempted to take the responsibility, and launch you all into glory with one stroke, holding on to the side of the boat until I could get in myself.

And yet there are people here to whom this world is brighter than heaven. Well, dear souls, I do not blame you. It is natural. But, after a while, you will be ready to go. It was not until Job had been worn out with bereavements and carbancles and a pest of a wife that he wanted to see God. It was not until the prodigal got tired of living among the hogs that he wanted to go to his father's house. It is the ministry of trouble to make this world worth less, and beaven worth

OUR DEPENDENCE UPON GOD.

Again: It is the use of trouble to make us feel our complete dependence upon God. King Alphonso said that, if he had been present at the creation, he could have made a better world than this. What a pity he was not present. I do not know what God will do when some men die. Men think they can do anything until God shows them they can do nothing at all. We lay our great plans, and we like to execute them. It looks big. God comes and takes us down. As Prometheus was assaulted by his enemy, when the lance struck him it opened a great swelling that had threatened his death, and he got well. So it is the arrow of trouble that lets out great swellings of pride. We never feel our dependence upon God until we get trouble

I was riding with my little child along the road, and she asked if she might drive. I said "Certainly." I handed over the reins to her, and I had to admire the glee with which she drove. But after a while me met a team, and we had to turn out. The road was narrow, and it was sheer down on both sides. She handed the reins over to me and said, "I think you had better take charge of So we are all children, and on this road of life we like to drive. It gives one such an appearance of superiority and power. It looks big. But after a while we meet some obstacle, and we have to turn out, and the road is narrow, and it is sheer down on both sides, and then we are willing that God should take the reins and drive. Ah! my friends, we get upset so often because we do not hand over the reins soon enough.

Can you not tell when you hear a man pray whether he has ever had any trouble? can. The cadence, the phraseology indicate it. Why do women pray better than men!
Because they have had more trouble. Before
a man has any trouble his prayers are poetic, and he begins away up among the sun, moon and stars, and gives the Lord a great deal of omical information that must be highly gratifying. He then comes on down gradu-ally over beautiful tablelands to "forever and ever, amen." But after a man has had trouble, prayer is with him a taking hold of the arm of God and crying out for help. I have heard earnest prayers on two or three occasions that I remember.

Once, on the Cincinnati express train going at forty miles an hour, and the train jumped be all bright around about us, there is a shower of trouble somewhere all the time.

Tears! Tears!

What is the use of Niem anyhow! Why not substitute laughter! Why not make this a world where all the people are well and sternal strangers to pain and aches! What is the use of an angers to pain and aches! What is the use of an angers to pain and aches! What is the use of an angers to pain and aches! What is the use of an angers to pain and aches! What is the use of an angers to pain and aches! What is the use of an angers to pain and aches! What is the use of an angers to pain and aches! What is the use of an angers to pain and aches! What is the use of an angers to pain and aches! What is the use of an angers to pain and aches! What is the use of an angers to pain and aches! What is the use of an angers to pain and aches! What is the use of an angers to pain and aches the track, and we were near a chasm eighty the track, and the track, and the track, and the men who, a few minutes before, had been awearing and blaspheming God, began to pull and jerk at the bell rope, and the track, and the men who, a few minutes before, had been awearing and blaspheming God, began to pull and jerk at the bell rope, and got up on the backs of the seats, and cried out: "O, God, save us." There was last lifeboat had been split finer than kindling wood. They prayed then. Why is it you so often hear people, in reciting the last experi-ence of some friend, say: "He made the most beautiful prayer I ever heard?" What makes it beautiful? It is the earnestness of it. Oh, I tell you a man is in earnest when his stripped and naked soul wades out in the soundless, shoreless, bottomiess ocean of

It is trouble, my friends, that makes us feel our dependence upon God. We do not know our own weakness or God's strength until the our own weakness or God's strength until the last plank breaks. It is contemptible in us when there is nothing else to take hold of that we catch hold of God only. A man is unfortunate in business. He has to raise a great deal of money, and raise it quickly. He borrows on word and note all he can borrow. After awhile he puts a mortgage on his house. After awhile he puts a second mortgage on his house. Then he mus a lien on gage on his house. Then he puts a lien on his furniture. Then he makes over his life insurance. Then he assigns all his property. Then he goes to his father-in-law and asks

for help!

Well, having failed everywhere, completely failed, he gets down on his knees and says:

"O Lord, I have tried everybody and everything, now help me out of this financial trouble." He makes God the last resort instead of the first resort. There are men who have paid ten cents on a dollar who could have paid a bundred cents on a dollar if they had gone to God in time. Why, you do not know who the Lord is. He is not an autocrat seated far up in a palace, from which he

deceased father. No relief. He writes to an

deceased father. No relief. He writes to an old schoolmate, but gets no help.

Saturday night comes and he is moved to the hospital. Getting there he is frenzied with grief, and he borrows a sheet of paper and a postage stamp, and he sits down, and he writes home, saying: "Dear mother, I am sick unto death. Come." It is ten min utes of 10 o'clock when she gets the letter. At 10 o'clock the train starts. She is five minutes from the depot. She gets there in time to have five minutes to spare. She not distress the lungs, I would like to miles an hour cannot go sixty miles an hour. She rushes into the hospital. She says: "My there is no tittle-tattle, I would like to son, what does all this nean? Why didn't

get into a financial perplexity you call on the banker, you call on the broker, you call do Revelation ten times now and when you cannot get any help then you re he reads Geomis once. The o'd story, wat God You say, "Oh Lord, I come to

thee. Help me now out of my perplexity."

And the Lord comes, though it is the eleventh
hour. He says: "Why did you not send for
me before? As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." It is to throw us back upon an all comforting God that we have this ministry of tears.

TROUBLE MAKES US SYMPATRETIC. Again: it is the use of trouble to capacitate us for the office of sympathy. The priests under the old dispensation were set apart by having water sprinkled on their hands, feet and heads, and by the sprinkling of tears people are now set apart to the office of sym-pathy. When we are in prosperity we like to have a great many young people around us, and we laugh when they laugh, and we romp when they romp, and we sing when they sing; but when we have trouble we like plenty of old folks around. Why? They know how to talk. Take an aged mother, 70 years of age, and she is almost committeent in comfort. Why? She has been through it all. At 7 o'clock in the morning she goes over to comfort a young mother who has just lost her babe. Grandmother knows all about that trouble. Fifty years ago she felt it. At 19 o'clock of that day she goes over to comfort a widewed soul.

She knows all about that. She has been walking in that dark valley twenty years. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon some one knocks at the door wanting bread. She knows all about that. Two or three times in her life she came to her last loaf. At 10 o'clock that night she goes over to sit up with some one severely sick. She knows all about it. She knows all about fevers and pleurisies and broken bones. She has been doctoring all ner life, spreading plasters, and pouring out bitter drops, and shaking up hot pillows, and contriving things to tempt a poor appetite. Doctors Abernethy and Rush and Hosack and Harvey were great doctors, but the greatest doctor the world ever saw is an old Christian woman. Dear me! Do we not remember her about the room when we were sick in our boyhood? Was there any one who could ever so touch a sore without hurting it? And when she lifted her spectacles against her wrinkled forehead, so she could look closer at the wound, it was three-fourths healed.

And when the Lord took her home, although you may have been men and women 90, 40, 50 years of age, you lay on the coffin lid and sobbed as though you were only 5 or 10 years of age. O man, praise God, if you have in your memory the picture of an hon-est, sympathetic, kind, self sacrificing, Christlike mother. Oh, it takes these people who have had trouble to comfort others in trouble. Where did Paul get the ink with which to write his comforting epistle! Where did David get the ink to write his comforting psalms? Where did John get the ink to write his comforting Revelation? They got t out of their own tears. When a man has cone through the curriculum, and has taken a course of dungeons and imprisonments and shipwrecks, he is qualified for the work of

When I began to preach, my sermons on the subject of trouble were all poetic and in semi-blank verse; but God knocked the blank verse out of me long ago, and I have found out that I cannot comfort people except as I myself have been troubled. God make me the son of consolation to the people. I would rather be the means of soothing one perturbed spirit today, than to play a tune that would set all the sons of mirth reeling in the dance. I am an herb doctor. I put into the caldron the root out of dry ground without form or comeliness. Then I put in the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley. Then I put into the caldron some of the leaves from the Tree of Life and the Branch that was thrown into the wilderness Marah. Then I pour in the tears of Bethany and Golgotha; then I stir them up. Then I kindle under the caldron a fire made out of the wood of the cross, and one drop of that potion will cure the worst sickness that ever afflicted a human soul. Mary and Martha shall receive their Lazarus from the tomb. The damsel shall rise. And on the darkness shall break the morning, and God will wipe all tears from their eyes.

You know on a well spread table, the food comes more delicate at the last, I have fed you today with the bread of consolation. Let the table now be cleared, and let us set on the chalice of heaven. Let the King's cup bearers come in. Good morning, heaven! "Oh," says some critic in the audience, "the Bible contradicts itself. It intimates again and again that there are to be no tears in and again that there are to be no tears in heaven, and if there be no tears in heaven, how is it possible that God will wipe any away?" I answer, have you never seen a child crying one moment and laughing the next; and while she was laughing, you saw the tears still on her face! And perhaps you stopped her in the very midst of her resumed glee and wiped off those delayed tears.

So, I think, after the heavenly raptures

have come upon us, there may be the mark of some earthly grief, and while those tears are glittering in the light of the jasper sea, God will wipe them away. How well he can do that. Jesus had enough trial to make him sympathetic with all trial. The shortest verse in the Bible tells the story: "Jesus vept." The scar on the back of either hand, the scar on the arch of either foot, the row of cars along the line of the hair, will keep all neaven thinking. Oh, that great weeper is just the one to silence all earthly trouble and wipe out all stains of earthly grief. Gentle! Why, his step is softer than the step of the dew. It will not be a tyrant bidding you to

hush up your crying. It will be a Father who will take you on his left arm, his face gleaming into yours, while with the soft tips of the fingers of the right hand he shall wipe away all tears from your eyes. I have noticed when the children get hurt, and their mother is away from me, they go right past me and to her; I am of no account. So, when the goul come up into heaven out of the wounds of this life, it will not stop to look for Paul, or Moses, or David, or John. These did very well once, but now the soul shall rush past, crying: "Where is Jesus?" Dear Lord, what a magnificent thing to die if thou shalt thus wipe away our tears. Methink it will take us some time to get used to beaven; the fruits of God without one speck; the fresh pastures without one nettle; the orchestra without one snapped string; the river of gladness without one torn bank; the solferinos and the saffron of sunrise and sunset swallowed up in the eternal day that beams from God's countenance!

Why should I wish to linger in the wild When thou art waiting, Father, to receive thy

Sirs, if we could get any appreciation of what God has in reserve for us, it would make us so homesick we would be unfit for our everyday work. Professor Leonard, formerly of lows university, put in my hands a meteoric stone—a stone thrown off from some other world to this. How suggestive it was to me. And I have to tell you the best representations we have of heaven are only aerolites flung off from that world which rolls on bearing the multitudes of the med. We analyze these aerolites, and and them crystallizations of tears. No won-der, flung off from heaven! "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

YOU UNDERSTAND HEAVEN'S GLORIES? Have you any appreciation of the good and giorious times your friends are baving in heaven? How different it is when they get news there of a Christian's death from what it is here. It is the difference between er abackstles and coming into port. Everything

depends upon which side of the river you stand when you hear of a Christian's death. If you stand on this side of the river you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river you rejoice that they come. Oh, the difference between a funeral on earth and a jubilee in heaven—between requiem here and triumphal march there— parting here and reunion there. Together! Have you thought of it! They are together. Not one of your departed friends in one land, and another in another land; but together in different rooms of the same house-

the house of many mansions. Together! I never appreciated that thought so much as when we laid away in her last slumber my sister Sarah. Standing there in the village cemetery, I looked around and said: "There father, there is mother, there is grandfather, there is grandmother, there are whole circles of kindred;" and I thought to myself: Together in the grave-together in glory.' am so impressed with the thought that I do not think that it is any fanaticism when some one is going from this world to the next if you make them the bearer of dispatches to your friends who are gone, saying: "Give my love to my parents, give my love to my children, give my love to my old comrades who are in glory, and tell them I am trying to fight the good fight of faith, and I will join them after awhile."

I believe the message will be delivered; and believe it will increase the gladness of those who are before the throne. Together are they, all their tears gone. No trouble get-ting good society for them. All kings, queens, princes and princesses. In 1751 there was a bill offered in the English parliament proposing to change the almanac so that the 1st of March should come immediately after the 18th of February. But, oh, what a glorious change in the calendar when all the years of your earthly existence are

swallowed up in the eternal year of God!

My friends, take this good cheer home with Those tears of bereavement that course your cheek, and of persecution, and of trial, are not always to be there. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all away. What is the use, on the way to such a consumma tion-what is the use of fretting about anything! Oh, what an exhilaration it ought to be in Christian work. See you the pinnacles against the sky! It is the city of our God, and we are approaching it. Oh, let us be busy in the few days that shall remain for us. The Saxons and the Britons went out to battle. The Saxons were all armed. The Brit ons had no weapons at all; and yet history tells us the Britons got the victory. Why! They went into battle shouting three times, "Hallelujah!" and at the third shout of "Hallelujah" their enemies fled panic struck;

and so the Britons got the victory.

And, my friends, if we could only appreciate the glories that are to come, we would be so filled with enthusiasm that no power of earth or hell could stand before us; and at our first shout the opposing forces would begin to tremble, and at our second shout they would begin to fall back, and at our third shout they would be routed forever. There is no power on earth or in hell that could stand before three such volleys of hallelujah.

I put this balsam on the wounds of your heart. Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of, and that you have a prospect of so soon making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears, and exult at the thought that soon it is to be ended.

There we shall march up the heavenly street, And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.

A Parisian Joke.

The many acquaintances of Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, prominent members of the First Baptist church of this city, are telling an amusing story in which the two were the chief characters. The scene is laid in gay Paris. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds recently made a lengthy European trip. While in Paris they were patrons of a fashionable hotel. For several mouths previous to leaving for a story that tells of millions of dollars inapplied all her energies to studying the French language. She was an unusually apt scholar. When the time for leaving home came Mrs. Reynolds' teacher congratulated her upon the rapid manner in which she had mastered the language, and Mrs. Reynolds personally believed she was proficient enough to cope with the Parisians in their own tongue when the great metropolis should be

Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds spent many a pieas ant day in Paris, and only have in remem-brance one brief half day of agonizing misery. It happened this way: In Parisian hotels the attaches are suave and obliging. One afternoon Mr. Reynolds journeyed down town alone. When Mrs. Reynolds found herself ready to leave her apartments she turned to the bright eyed waiting maid, and, with the best French at her command, told the girl to tell her husband, when he returned to the room, that she had gone down into the public parlor, where she would wait for

"Oui, madame," replied the girl with knowing smile and a low courtesy. It was evident the girl had had such commands

Mrs. Reynolds passed down to the public parlor. She waited a full hour for her hus-band and by that time became very nervous over his non-appearance. She went upstairs and went out upon the veranda. nearly opposite her apartments she heard strange sounds from within. Passing quickly to the window she was thunderstruck to see her husband pacing the floor at a lively gait, gesticulating wildly with his hands and muttering savagely. Ever and anon he would try the door. It would not open. Mrs. Rey-nolds ran to his assistance; opened the door; the girl was found, and then followed general explanations. Mrs. Reynolds' French had tripped her up so to speak. The girl un-derstood her to say she should lock her husband in the room when she returned, and she obeyed orders. Both Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds afterward enjoyed the joke hugely.

Thereafter, however, Mrs. Reynolds insisted that the language of her forefathers was good enough for her. - Minneapolis Jour-

A Big Show Suggestion

The agitation in the newspapers of New York for suggestions for a grand central idea for the World's fair of 1802, with a reproduction of the Eiffel tower idea clear out of the question, has resulted in a let of chimerical ideas that would seemingly have emanated from Bedlam. The suggestion that a hole 1802 feet deep be dug, in which elevators could be placed, was no doubt the sarcastic effort of some one to get as far away as possible from the Eiffel tower idea. But one suggestion struck me as not only practicable, but in every way admirable, and that was with the results of recent archaeological researches in Arizona, New Mexico, Old Mexico and Yucatan in view, that an ancient Pueblo of the prehistoric American be constructed on a large tract of land surrounding a mammoth ideal Toltec temple, to be constructed on an iron framework of cement in imitation of stone, and utilized as a grand archmological museum, embracing the relies of Toltee, Aztec, mound builder and the red man of 700 years ago. Such an enterprise is feasible and distinctively American.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

To persecute the unfortunate is like throw ing stones on one fallen into a well.

EONARD W. JEROME'S POSITION. ills tieform of ttacing and Subsequent Fortunes and Misfortunes.

Special Corresp NEW YORK, Oct. 31 .- Leonard W. ferome has recently resigned the presidency of the New York Jockey clubthe new racing organization, which is said to have the finest course in the world-and was re-elected president of the Coney Island Jockey club. And thereby hangs a tale.

Leonard Jerome, brother of the late Larry Jerome-the greatest wit and practical joker this country has ever produced—and father of Lady Randolph hurchill, can fairly be termed the father of the American turf. While, of course, it cannot be claimed for him that he is the first man to have started running racing in America, yet it can e justly asserted that when this greatest of sports had lost its popularity through the chicanery which had de-bauched it, it was he who, unaided. lifted it again to the plane of its former espectability.

For a period of thirty years prior to he close of the civil war the turf was tabooed by decent people. It was the custom in those times to run races in heats, and it was not unusual for those who found that they had bet the wrong way to purchase the winner of the first heat efore he made his second trial.

For thirty years gentlemen sternly set their face against racing. Two attempts were made in New York to revive this sport as the pastime for respectable people, but the recollections of the past were too vivid, and two failures were the only results. It was while this dark cloud hovered over the turf that Leonard W. Jerome, then a man of immense wealth, and with the keen sporting proclivity of a true gentleman, determined upon a resurrection. There was no one to give him a helping hand, and so unaided on the 21st of September, 1864, at personal expenditure of more than \$500,000, he inaugurated the now famous Jerome Park track.

His determination was to make it a resort for ladies as well as gentlemen, to give it a club house surrounded with all the social rigidness of the most exclusive organization, and to make even the suspicion of fraud in the racing of horses not only so odious but so severely punishable as to remove all possibility of the slightest attempt at chicanery. It is needless now to narrate the successful result of that experiment. Doubting friends flocked around the master mind, ejaculating only, "We did not know you were going to do it this way." Fashion smiled upon the project. Money rolled into the new association's coffers. Racing was again made the foremost sport of America. The story of its subsequent strides-s

tale the narration of which is only made possible by Mr. Jerome's efforts-is told in New York having tracks at Monmouth park, at Coney Island, at Westchester, at Jerome park, at Brooklyn, at Elizabeth, at Linden, at Clifton and at H G. HANNA, Brighton beach, all within easy traveling distance of the metropolis: a story emphasized by successful courses at Saratoga, at Pimlico, at Ivy City, at Latonia, at St. Louis, at Chicago, at Lexington, at New Orleans and Minneapolis: vested in horseflesh, of millions of dollars wagered on horseffesh, and of hundrds of thousands of people shouting and gesticulating over the panting struggles of the noblest creatures God has made Fortune, however, has her whirligigs.

The Leonard Jerome of today is the same

true hearted gentleman and the same upright sportsman of twenty-five years ago. but he is not the same millionaire. The story of his financial shipwreck can be told in two words-Pacific Mail. Jerome Park today is only Jerome Park in name, for the foot of the stranger is upon it. It is this condition of affairs which has made Leonard W. Jerome's yearly salary of \$3,000 as president of the Coney Island Jockey club an item in his financial calculations which is not to be despised. That position he has occupied for many years past. Recently he, with many others, had good reason to believe that the famous Jerome track will be taken by the city of New York as the site for a new water reservoir. The then existing commissioners favored the con-

lemnation of the property. To John A. Morris, who has made a ortune of many millions by the manipulation of the Louisiana lottery scheme, Leonard Jerome expressed his belief that the Jerome track would be seized, and that a new track in that vicinity would be immensely profitable. Morris was quick to act upon the suggestion, and Mr. Jerome was made president of the new racing association, which was named the New York Jockey club. Work was begun at once, and as the result of an expenditure of between \$1,300,-000 and \$1,400,000 there was constructed what good authorities claim to be the finest racing track in the world.

But Mr. John Hunter, enjoying a year-

y salary of \$10,000 as the president of the Jerome Park association, did not look kindly upon the destruction of the enterprise of which he is the well paid head. Mayor Grant appointed new commissioners with different views concerning the reservoir site, and, as a result, when the new track was opened, Jerome Park still lingered as a rival and an obstacle to its financial prosperity. John A. Morris is human, and consequently John A. Morris is vexed. Rumor has it that he foolishly lays at Mr. Jerome's door the blame of his non-paying investment, and rumor stronger still says that, in return for more than a year of the most arduous labor given up to the creation of the new track, a work made more onerous by the accumulated years of Mr lerome, the father of the American turf as received, to use the exact language of one of the best known racing judges in this country. "Not one dollar and a

Fact, however truthful rumor may be, has it that Mr. Jerome was kindly formed recently by the directors of the Coney Island Jockey club that he must decide between it and its Westchester rival. His conclusion was prompt. instantly resigned the presidency of the new race track, and was again elected to watch over the destinies of the Coney

Island association. And this is the tale which hangs upon this action. LOUIS N. MEGARGEE.

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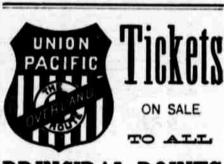
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