

HIS NARROW ESCAPE.

JOB DID IT "WITH THE SKIN OF HIS TEETH."

Dr. Talmage Chooses a Unique Text to Preach an Eloquent and Powerful Sermon—Encouragement for Those Who Consider Their Cases Hopeless.

Our Weekly Sermon. In this discourse of Dr. Talmage is mighty encouragement for many who consider their own case hopeless. His text is Job xix., 20. "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

Job had it hard. What with boils and bereavements and bankruptcy and a fool of a wife he wished he was dead, and I do not blame him. His flesh was gone and his bones were dry. His teeth wasted away until nothing but the enamel seemed left. He cries out, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

There has been some difference of opinion about this passage. St. Jerome and Schultens and Drs. Good and Poole and Barnes have all tried their forces on Job's text. You deny my interpretation and say, "What did Job know about the enamel of the teeth?" He knew everything about it. Dental surgery is almost as old as the earth. The mummies of Egypt, thousands of years old, were found to-day with gold filling in their teeth. Ovid and Horace and Solomon and Moses wrote about these important factors of the body. To other provoking complaints Job, I think, has added an exasperating toothache, and putting his hand against the inflamed face he says, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

A very narrow escape, you say, for Job's body and soul, but there are thousands of men who make just as narrow escape for their soul. There was a time when the partition between them and ruin was no thicker than a tooth's enamel, but, as Job finally escaped, so have they. Thank God! Thank God!

Paul expresses the same idea by a different figure when he says that some people are "saved as by fire." A vessel at sea is in flames. You go to the stern of the vessel. The boats have shoved off. The flames advance. You can endure the heat no longer on your face. You slide down on the side of the vessel and hold on with your fingers until the forked tongue of the fire begins to lick the back of your hand and you feel that you must fall, and the passengers say they think they have room for one more. The boat swings under you. You drop into it—you are saved. So some men are pursued by temptation until they are partially consumed, but after all get off—"saved as by fire."

But I like the figure of Job a little better than that of Paul, because the pulpit has not worn it out, and I want to show you, if God will help, that some men make narrow escape for their souls and are saved as "with the skin of their teeth."

It is as easy for some people to look to the cross for you to look to this pulpit. Mild, gentle, tractable, loving, you expect them to become Christians. You go over to the store and say, "Grandson joined the church yesterday." Your business comrades say, "That is just what might have been expected; he always was of that turn of mind." In youth this person whom I describe was always good. He never broke things. He never laughed when it was improper to laugh. At 7 he could sit an hour in church, perfectly quiet, looking neither to the right hand nor the left, but straight into the eyes of the minister, as though he understood the whole discussion about the eternal decrees. He never upset things nor lost them. He floated into the kingdom of God so gradually that it is uncertain just when the matter was decided.

Here is another one, who started in life with an uncontrollable spirit. He kept the nursery in an uproar. His mother found him walking on the edge of the house roof to see if he could balance himself. There was no horse that he dared not ride, no tree he could not climb. His boyhood was a long series of predicaments; his manhood was reckless, his middle very wayward. But now he is converted and you go over to the store and say, "Arkwright joined the church yesterday." Your friends say, "It is not possible! You must be joking." You say, "No; I tell you the truth. He joined the church." Then they reply, "There is hope for any of us if old Arkwright has become a Christian." In other words, we will admit that it is more difficult for some men to accept the gospel than for others.

I may be preaching to some who have cut loose from churches and Bibles and Sundays, and who have no intention of becoming Christians themselves, and yet you may find yourself escaping before you leave this house as "with the skin of your teeth." I do not expect to waste this hour. I have seen boats go off from Cape May or Long Branch and drop their nets and after awhile come ashore, pulling in the nets without having caught a single fish. It was not a good day or they had not the right kind of a net, but we expect no such excursion to-day. The water is full of fish, the wind is in the right direction, the gospel net is strong. O then who didst help Simon and Andrew to fish, show us how to cast the net on the right side of the ship.

Some of you in coming to God will have to run against skeptical notions. It is useless for people to say sharp and cutting things to those who reject the Christian religion. I cannot say such things. By what process of temptation or trial or betrayal you have come to your present state I know not. There are two gates to your nature—the gate of the head and the gate of the heart. The gate of your head is locked with bolts and bars that an archangel could not break, but the gate of your heart swings easily on its hinges. If I assaulted your body with weapons, you would meet me with weapons, and it would be sword stroke for sword stroke and wound for wound and blood for blood, but if I come and knock at the door of your house you open it and give me the best seat in your parlor. If I should come at you now with an argument, you would answer me with an argument; if with sarcasm you would answer me with sarcasm; if with blows, stroke for stroke, but when I come and knock at the door of your heart you open it and say, "Come in, my brother, and tell me all you know about Christ and heaven."

Listen to two or three questions: Are you as happy as you used to be when you believed in the truth of the Christian religion? Would you like to have your children travel on in the road in which you are now traveling? You had a relative who professed to be a Christian and was thoroughly consistent, living and dying in the faith of the gospel. Would you not

like to live the same quiet life and use the same peaceful death? I hold in my hand a letter sent me by one who has rejected the Christian religion. It says: "I am old enough to know that the joys and pleasures of life are evanescent and to realize the fact that it must be comfortable in old age to believe in something relative to the future and to have a faith in some system that proposes to save."

"I am free to confess that I would be happier if I could exercise the simple and beautiful faith that is possessed by many whom I know. I am not willingly out of the church or out of the faith. My state of uncertainty is one of unrest. Sometimes I doubt my immortality and look upon the deathbed as the closing scene, after which there is nothing. What shall I do that I have not done?" Ah, skepticism is a dark and doleful land. Let me say that this Bible is either true or false. If it be false, we are as well off as you. If it be true, then which of us is safer?

Let me also ask whether your trouble has not been that you confounded Christianity with the inconsistent character of some who profess it? You are a lawyer. In your profession there are mean and dishonest men. Is that anything against the law? You are a doctor. There are unskilled and contemptible men in your profession. Is that anything against medicine? You are a merchant. There are thieves and defrauders in your business. Is that anything against merchandise? Behold, then, the unfairness of charging upon Christianity the wickedness of its disciples! We admit some of the charges against those who profess religion. Some of the most gigantic swindlers of the present day have been carried on by members of the church. There are men standing in the front rank in the churches who would not be trusted for \$5 without good collateral security. They leave their business dishonesties in the vestibule of the church as they go in and sit at the communion. Having concluded the sacrament, they get up, wipe the wine from their lips, go out and take up their sins where they left off. To serve the devil is their regular work, to serve God a sort of play spell. With a Sunday sponge they expect to wipe off from their consciences all the past week's inconsistencies. You have no more right to take such a man's life as a specimen of religion than you have to take the twisted iron and split timbers that lie on the beach at Coney Island as a specimen of an American ship. It is time that we draw a line between religion and the frailties of those who profess it.

Do you not feel that the Bible, take it all in all, is about the best book that the world has ever seen? Do you know any book that has as much in it? Do you not think upon the whole that its influence has been beneficent? I come to you with both hands extended toward you. In one hand I have the Bible and in the other hand I have nothing. This Bible in one hand I will surrender forever just as soon as in my other hand you can put a book that is better.

I invite you back into the good old-fashioned religion of your fathers—to the God whom they worshiped, to the Bible they read, to the promises on which they leaned, to the cross on which they hung their eternal expectations. You have not been happy a day since you swung off. You will not be happy a minute until you swing back.

Again, there may be some who in the attempt after a Christian life will have to run against powerful passions and appetites. Perhaps it is a disposition to anger that you have to contend against, and perhaps, while in a very serious mood, you hear of something that makes you feel that you must swear or die. I know a Christian man who was once so exasperated that he said to a mean customer, "I cannot swear at you myself, for I am a member of the church, but if you will go down stairs my partner in business will swear at you." All your good resolutions heretofore have been torn to tatters by explosion of temper. Now there is no harm in getting mad if you only get mad at sin. You need to bridle and saddle those hot-breathed passions and with them ride down injustice and wrong. There are a thousand things in the world we ought to be mad at. There is no harm in getting red-hot if you only bring to the forge that which needs hammering. A man who has no power of righteous indignation is an imbecile, but be sure it is a righteous indignation and not a petulance that blurs and unravels and depletes the soul.

There is a large class of persons in middle life who have still in their appetites that were aroused in early manhood at a time when they prided themselves on being a "little fast," "high livers," "free and easy," "hard fellows well met." They are now paying in compound interest for troubles they collected twenty years ago. Some of you are trying to escape, and you will, yet very narrowly, "as with the skin of your teeth." God and your own soul only know what the struggle is. Omnipotent grace has pulled out many a soul that was deeper in the mire than you are. They line the beach of heaven, the multitude whom God has rescued from the thrall of suicidal habits. If you this day turn back on the wrong and start anew, God will help you.

Oh, the weakness of human help! Men will sympathize for awhile, and then turn you off. If you ask for their pardon, they will give it and say they will try you again; but, falling away again under the power of temptation, they cast you off forever. But God forgives seventy times seven; yea, seven hundred times; yea, though this be the ten thousandth time, he is more earnest, more sympathetic, more helpful this last time than when you took your first misstep.

If with all the influences favorable for a right life men make so many mistakes, how much harder is it when, for instance, some appetite thrusts its iron grapple into the roots of the tongue and pulls a man down with hands of destruction; if under such circumstances he breaks away, there will be no sport in the undertaking, no holiday enjoyment, but a struggle in which the wrestlers move from side to side and bend and twist and watch for an opportunity to get in a heavier stroke, until with one final effort, in which the muscles are distended and the veins stand out, and the blood starts, the swarthy habit falls under the knee of the victor—escaped at last as "with the skin of his teeth."

The ship Emma, bound from Gottenburg to Harwich, was sailing on, when the man on the lookout saw something that he pronounced a vessel bottom up. There was something on it that looked like a sea gull, but was afterward found to be a waving handkerchief. In the small boat the crew pushed out to the wreck and found that it was a capized vessel and that three men had been digging their way out through the bottom of the ship. When the vessel capsized, they had no means of escape. The captain took his penknife and dug away through the planks until his knife broke. Then

an old nail was found, with which they attempted to scrape their way up out of the darkness, each one working until his hand was well high paralyzed, and he sank back faint and sick. After long and tedious work, the light broke through the bottom of the ship. A handkerchief was hoisted. Help came. They were taken on board the vessel and saved. Did ever men come so near a watery grave without dropping into it? How narrowly they escaped—escaped only "with the skin of their teeth." There are men who have been capized of evil passions and capized midocean, and they are 1,000 miles away from any shore of help. They have for years been trying to dig their way out. They have been digging away and digging away, but they can never be delivered unless now they will hoist some signal of distress. However weak and feeble it may be, Christ will see it and bear down upon the helpless craft and take them on board, and it will be known on earth and in heaven how narrowly they escaped, "escaped as with the skin of their teeth."

There are others who in attempting to come to God must run between a great many business perplexities. If a man go over to business at 10 o'clock in the morning and come away at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, he has some time for religion, but how shall you find time for religious contemplation when you are driven from sunrise to sunset and have been for five years going behind in business and are frequently dunned by creditors whom you cannot pay, and when from Monday morning until Saturday night you are dinged with bills that you cannot meet? You walk day by day in uncertainties that have kept your brain on fire for the past three years. Some with less business troubles than you have gone crazy. The clerk has heard a noise in the back counting room and gone in and found the chief man of the firm a raving maniac, or the wife has heard the bang of a pistol in the back parlor and gone in, stumbling over the dead body of her husband—a suicide. There are men pursued, harassed, trodden down and scaped of business perplexities, and which way to turn next they do not know. Now God will not be hard on you. He knows what obstacles are in the way of your being a Christian, and your first effort in the right direction he will crown with success. Do not let Satan with set-on baubles and keys and horseheads and counters and stocks of unsalable goods block up your way to heaven. Gather up all your energies. Tighten the girdle about your loins. Take an agonizing look into the face of God and then say, "Here goes one grand effort for life eternal," and then bound away for heaven, escaping "as with the skin of your teeth."

Try this God, ye who have thought that God had forgotten you. Try him and see if he will not help. Try him and see if he will not pardon. Try him and see if he will not save. This world is a poor portion for your soul. O business man! Oh, find your peace in God! Make one strong pull for heaven.

Short Sermons.
Education.—Education is not merely in the master's word from his desk to the pupils seated in the forms before him. Education is in everything that tends to develop the human mind, to ennoble the human heart, to educate, to instruct and perfect man.—Father T. J. Conaty, Catholic, Washington, D. C.

Nature's Gifts.—How much of good the great and the lesser lights that we see in the heavens bring to us! The joy not only of the cheery day, but the mellow loveliness of the moonlit night, and the peace and profit of each in the economy of nature—these are good gifts.—Rev. C. A. Miller, Lutheran, New York City.

Matter.—What is true of matter, which we can see and handle, is true of that unseen matter, force. It can not be destroyed, it is never lost. It may be active in the waterfall or the sunbeam, or it may be dormant in the coal mine or the ice, but it is always present; it is never lost.—Rev. F. S. Schenck, Collegiate Church, New York City.

Men of Old.—Our old men dream dreams of the past, of the "good old days" when men were honest and manners were simple. Men who were breaking up the prairies and opening pathways through the forest might have great faults of character, and yet be preserved by their conditions from many of the temptations of our age.—Rev. S. C. Edsall, Episcopalian, Chicago, Ill.

For Young Women.—Young women, hold fast to your good spirits and good times. Never outwear or outlive the free, rippling laugh, the unconscious song or the happy face which makes your youthful life so beautiful. Bear to... sunshine and brightness of life to many a weary father and brother and many a jaded mother.—Rev. C. M. Southgate, Congregationalist, San Francisco, Cal.

Guilt.—Oh, conscience, the revisionary court, condemning or excusing! Where is the man in all this vast audience who never felt the pangs and pains of an outraged conscience? Oh, conscience, that something within me that will not let me eat betimes, though the table is richly loaded before me! Conscience, that something within me that will not let me sleep betimes, though the bed is soft and downy.—Rev. Sam. Jones, Evangelist, Hawkinsville, Ga.

Material and Spiritual.—Every human being is a twin. One of him is his material body, the other his spiritual body, which just fits the material one, and if it could be seen would be found to look just like it. The spiritual body is the lovable, important, eternal part of the twin personality. At death these two are separated, and the empty earthly shell falls in its tracks and molders back to earth and dust.—Rev. V. Marshall Law, Adventist, Oakland, Cal.

H. Rider Haggard, the novelist, was a pupil in Ipswich school, and is described as a tall, lank youth, with a thick crop of unkempt hair, sharp features, prominent nose, and eyes which had rather a wild look about them. In his classes he never took a high place, and both his schoolmates and his masters looked on him as a rather stupid boy.

IS NOT ROMANTIC.

Case of Evangelina Cisneros Not so Interesting.
WASHINGTON, Sept. 1.—Consul General Lee's investigation into the circumstances attending the arrest of the young Cuban girl, Evangelina Cisneros, have resulted in sweeping away a great deal of the romance that attached to her case. He cabled the state department yesterday from Havana that the girl is not the niece of the Marquese Santa Lucia, as has been publicly proclaimed, but is the daughter of a poor and respectable Cuban named Augustin Cisneros. Her mother's name being Cisneros, it was added to her own according to the Spanish custom. She is not an only daughter, nor has she been raised in wealth and luxury, but is one of five or six children.

HAVANA, Sept. 1.—General Linares, in the province of Santiago de Cuba, has been engaged with an insurgent force. The enemy lost two men killed and the troops lost thirteen men killed, including two Captains. The horse of General Linares was struck by two bullets and killed.

A Spanish column consisting of 1,200 men of all arms, under the command of General Luque and Colonel Sotomayor, recently left Holguin, province of Santiago de Cuba, with the intention of attacking an insurgent force which occupied a strongly fortified position at Sabana de Becorro. The troops camped nine miles from the enemy's position without being observed and during the night the Spanish commander ordered two guerrilla companies and three companies of Spanish infantry to surprise the enemy. The Spanish forces approached close to the insurgent camp and then rushed upon it, under a heavy fire upon two sides, and captured it. The insurgents were completely taken by surprise and fled in disorder with the loss of sixty men killed, according to the official report, and carried away their wounded.

Can't Practice in Indiana.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 1.—Federal Judge Jenkins has issued an order granting a temporary injunction as prayed for in the complaint of Don Sang, a Chinese doctor of Crown Point, against the State Medical Registration and Examination board, which refused to issue a license to Don Sang. The complaint sets forth that the law passed by the last legislature so far as it pertains to practicing physicians holding licenses under the prior law, is contrary to the constitution of the United States and beyond the power of the legislature. It also says that Don Sang is a descendant of one of a family that represents nine generations of practitioners, who were graduated from the Sang hospital, established in 1407, within six miles of the emperor's palace. The plaintiff asks that the case be tried early in November.

For-est Fires Cause Alarm.

ST. PAUL, Sept. 1.—An Anaconda Mont., special to the Dispatch says: A fierce forest fire is razing a few miles west of here and spreading with alarming rapidity toward this city. The fire has already burned over 10,000 acres of timber. A messenger from the burned district says that Georgetown and Silver Lake are both in the track of the fire and unless something is done to check the flames great loss of property and life may result. Near Georgetown a terrible fire has been generated and flames 100 feet high can be seen from the village. Much anxiety is felt here over the outcome, but no action to stay the fire has yet been taken.

Danger of Famine.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 1.—W. A. Ryan, one of the special correspondents of the Associated Press on route to Yukon gold fields, writes from St. Michaels under date of August 15, to the effect that there is grave danger of a famine on the Klondike this winter. According to all reports received from the upper country it will be impossible to land sufficient food at Dawson City to support the population already dependent upon that place of supplies.

R. T. Lyng, local agent for the Alaska Commercial company at St. Michaels, declares that there are already over 2,000 idle men in Dawson and new parties are arriving every day via Chilcoot pass, while the total amount of freight landed there this year will not exceed 4,000 tons, of which not more than three-fourths is provisions. Miners returning from Klondike, who left there in July, report that the food was running very low and it was disposed of as fast as discharged from the steamers. Old timers realize the situation and predict distress and death as a result of the Klondike craze.

William Ogilvie, Dominion land surveyor, who has been making topographic surveys of British possessions along the Klondike, has been recalled by the government for consultation as to important matters affecting the new gold fields and is now en route to Ottawa, via San Francisco. He will make a report embodying suggestions for new mining laws, governing the sale of liquor and taking wood for fuel, etc. He made a census of the production of the new fields and finds twenty-three claims produced \$28,000 and says that \$70,000,000 is no exaggerated estimate of the amount that will be produced by 180 claims on Bonanza, Hunkers and Eldorado creeks in three years.

Claims the Town of Skagway.
SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 1.—A Chronicle special from Victoria, contains a signed statement from Bernard Moore, who claims the townsite of Skagway. He says that ten years ago he made application for 160 acres of land in accordance with the United States laws, as applied to Alaska, had a legal survey and paid in the requisite \$400 to the proper official.

He had just begun to stock the place for a dairy when the gold rush began.

WEYLER IS SLOW.

IN NO HURRY TO Release Evangelina Cisneros.
HAVANA, Sept. 3.—If the Duke of Tetan's order for the removal of Evangelina Cisneros from the recogidias a convent has been received here, which the authorities will not admit, no action has yet been taken. According to precedent, nothing will be done until General Weyler returns from the field, the date of his return is uncertain. In the meantime there is no danger that the girl will be harshly dealt with. It would appear that her release from prison is only a question of time. Evangelina does not wish to go to convent. Her chief desire is to face her accusers in open court. She still remembers that she has a sweetheart and she is very anxious concerning her father's fate. She is as comfortably situated now as possible in a Spanish prison. She is well dressed, has her meals sent from a restaurant and is afforded privacy. There is a fortune lying in chancery here to which she has a better claim than anybody else. It is not publicly alleged that any official is trying to cheat her of her inheritance, but the matter will be investigated. The fortune amounts to \$1,000,000.

Five thousand of proud Spain's soldiers commanded by the blue-blooded Castilian officers down on their knees pulling up sweet potato vines is not an edifying spectacle, yet that is what General Weyler and his troops are doing since they left the capital last Sunday. General Weyler's idea is to cut off the food supply of the rebels. From the outskirts of Havana to Tapaste, where he is at present, General Weyler has cut a swath of destruction. Every horse and cow in sight has been seized and growing crops uprooted. Some military commanders would simplify matters by destroying the rebels first, but that is not Weyler's plan.

Cashier Has Gone.

ROCKFORD, Ill., Sept. 3.—The Bank of Durand failed to open its doors Thursday, and Charles A. Norton, cashier and general manager of the institution has disappeared. It is alleged that Norton took much, if not all, of the money on hand with him. It is said that he forged the names of prominent farmers to twenty-seven notes for various amounts.

The bank had on deposit about \$30,000, but a time lock is on the safe, which cannot be opened until today. Norton was a prominent church man. The bank was a private one and had been running six years. The inhabitants of Durand are very much excited over the affair.

Wellington Retires.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 3.—Theodore Marburg, the "organization" candidate for mayor of Baltimore, and Col. J. Frank Suplee, his sole opponent in the "organization" have withdrawn from the contest, leaving the field clear for William T. Malster. The withdrawal of Mr. Marburg is the result of the defeat administered to the organization forces, under the leadership of United States Senator Wellington, by the friends of Mr. Malster at the Ocean City convention last week. There now seems to be but little doubt that the friends of Mr. Malster will control the new state central committee and that Senator Wellington will retire from the leadership of the party in the state.

Death in a Runaway.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 3.—Henry Windell, an eccentric money lender whose years have been one long chapter of trouble with pretty women, was last Wednesday evening thrown from his buggy and instantly killed. Windell lived all alone at 4 Burrill Place, in a house jealously protected from intrusion by a trellice fence and barbed wire. He was a bachelor, over sixty years of age, and reputed to be very wealthy. Windell went out for a drive Wednesday with a young lady, Miss Constance Kohl a musician, living at 1812 Bush street, who claims to be an adopted daughter of the deceased. When opposite the alms house the horse ran away and the occupants were thrown out, Windell being instantly killed.

In an Avalanche.

BERNE, Sept. 3.—Further advices from La Salle, near Mount Pleureur, show that the reports of the accident to a party of Alpine tourists in that vicinity were not exaggerated. Eight persons started from Sion, capital of the canton of Valais, to ascend Mount Pleureur. The latter is 12,155 feet high and is not a very difficult ascent. The first party, the tourists, were led by Pastor Gogin of Sion and they made the ascent divided into two parts four in each. The first of these parties reached the summit and the second was only a short distance behind when they were forced by an avalanche into a crevasse 1,000 feet deep. It is hoped that some of the tourists may be rescued. The missing party was composed of Pastor Gogin, two school boys from Lausanne and a young Englishman named Bernard.

Taken Back to Iowa.

VINTON, Ia., Sept. 3.—Frank A. Novak the Wellford murderer, bought back from the Klondike, was turned over to Benton county officials by Detective Perrin yesterday morning.

A Rear End Collision.

LONDON, Sept. 3.—When the east-bound express on the Grand Trunk railroad was standing on the main line eight miles west of Strathroy, a freight train came tearing down the grade and crashed into the rear Pullman of the express, telescoping it. The car contained nine passengers, none of whom was seriously injured. Engineer John P. O'Hogan was killed. Fleming Fulton, a brakeman had a leg broken and Walter Wallace, the fireman, was badly hurt.

THEY MAY FAIL

Labor Leaders May Not Succeed in Their Labor Conference.

TOO MANY UNIONS TO BE SATISFIED

Make the Convention an Unwieldy One to Handle—Nothing is Accomplished on the Opening Day.

St. Louis, Aug. 31.—The conference of labor leaders, which began Monday morning, had a busy day and at night the end was in sight. What the conference has accomplished, if anything, is in doubt.

It is not believed the leaders have attained any definite result, and in fact the president of one of the national organizations said that the failure of the conference was a foregone conclusion.

"I am very much chagrined," said this gentleman, "that I had any part in the convening of this conference."

The committee on resolutions and plan of action was at work all afternoon and evening and Mr. Sovereign announced that they had formulated a plan, but declined to give any details. The platform, it is expected, will be submitted to the convention. The fourteen different organizations represented in the convention make an unwieldy body, and it is evident that all of them cannot be satisfied with a platform formulated by five men representing as many branches of organized labor.

Mr. Hatchford's plan of petitioning President McKinley to convene congress in extra session to enact measures providing for the settlement of the present labor difficulties, or as he put it, "to define the rights of citizens, if any," did not meet with the approval he had hoped for and it is not believed the idea will be incorporated in the platform.

Although present in the convention all day, Mr. Debs did not speak, nor did he put in an appearance at the mass meeting, where he was widely advertised to make an address. He is represented on the resolutions committee, however, by Mr. Berger, and as he has remained pretty close to the gentlemen composing that committee it is safe to say his social democracy idea will be represented.

Workings of Daring Pirates.

HONG KONG, Aug. 31.—Matt Salek, a notorious brigand with 200 followers, raided the government station at Pologay Saturday, captured Mr. Newbronner, the officer in charge, killed a corporal and then sacked the treasury of \$20,000. The town, which consisted entirely of wooden and kajang houses, was then fired and every building destroyed. Pologay is the export and import center of a considerable district and the population was largely Chinese.

Salek, at last accounts, was fortified at Inamnan, and it is feared will attack Sandakan and massacre the Europeans after looting the town.

The daring piracy is reported off the coast of Achentakachen. The British steamer Hegu was attacked by six armed Achinese. Captain Ross, after a fearful struggle, was stabbed in the abdomen. Then the piratical gang surrounded the prostrate man, disemboweling him and leaving him a mangled corpse on deck. The mate and the steersman were the next to be attacked. In spite of what resistance they could offer both were soon cut down. Returning to the deck two more of the crew and four Chinese passengers were killed. Thirty or forty more passengers, according to accounts, have been killed or met their death by jumping overboard. The vessel was looted and \$15,000 was taken. Two boats were lowered from the ship and the pirates made off in the direction of Simping.

The vessel was a frightful sight, the deck being spattered with blood and the entrails of the victims.

Moonshiners Commit Murder.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Aug. 31.—Two deputy United States marshals are dead; two are seriously wounded and two more are missing, as the result of an attack upon a posse of officers by a gang of desperate moonshiners in Pope county yesterday.

The dead are: B. F. Taylor, Searcy county. Joe Dodson, Stone county.

The wounded are: The Renfrow brothers.

The missing men's names are not given, but they are supposed to be deputy sheriffs of Searcy county.

Taylor, one of the murdered men, was sixty years of age, and was the wealthiest man in Searcy county. Dodson was a well known deputy, and had been a terror to moonshiners for years.

The six officers were on a moonshine raid when the terrible affair occurred.

They had approached to within thirty yards of an illicit distillery when they were fired upon from ambush. Taylor and Dodson fell at the first volley, dead in their tracks.

Embezzled a Big Pile.

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 31.—Robert S. Straine, president and director of the United Telegram company in this city, arrested yesterday afternoon by an inspector from police headquarters on a charge of embezzling \$73,500. The arrest is a result of discoveries made by Marzden J. Perry, treasurer of the company, who reports that there are only \$76 in the treasury instead of \$73,500 that ought to have been there. The United Telegram company has been in the hands of a receiver since last June.