JOPPA TO JERUSALEM.

Dr. Talmage Continues His Discourses on the Holy Land.

The Journey From Joppa to Jerusalem—Many Points in Sacred History Fully Detailed—Scenes of Samson's Exploits—Entry Into Jerusalem.

In continuation of his sermons at Brooklyn on the Holy Land Rev. T. De Witt Talmage took his text from Galatians i. 18: "I went up to Jerusalem." He said:

My second day in the Holy Land. We are in Joppa. It is six o'clock in the morning, but we must start early, for by night we are to be Jerusalem, and that city is forty-one miles away. We may take camel or horse or carriage. As to-day will be our last opportunity in Palestine for taking the wheel we choose that. The horses with harness tassled and jingling, are hitched and with a dragoman in coat with many colors seated in front, we start on a road which unveils in twelve hours enough to think of for all time and all eternity.

We start out of the city amid barricades of cactus on either side. Not cacti in boxes two or three feet high, but cactus higher than the top of the carriage—a plant that has more swords for defense, considering the amount of beauty it can exhibit, than any thing created. We passed out amid about four hundred gardens, seven or eight acres to the garden, from which at the right seasons are plucked oranges, lemons, figs, olives, citron and pomegranates, and which hold up their censers of perfume before the Lord in perpetual praise. We meet great processions of camels loaded with kegs of oil and with fruits, and some wealthy Mohammedan with four wives—three too many.

Here we meet people with faces and arms and hands tattooed, as in all lands sailors tattoo thir arms with some favorite ship or admired face. It was to this habit of tattooing among the Orientals that God refers in a figure when He says of His church: "I have graven thee on the palms of my hands."

Many of these regions are naturally sandy, but by irrigation they are made fruitful and as in this irrigation the brooks and rivers are turned this way and that to water the gardens and farms, so the Bible says: "The King's heart is in the hands of the Lord and He turneth it as the rivers of water are turned whithersoever He will."

As we pass out and on we find about 800 acres belonging to the Universal Israelitish Alliance. Montefiore, the Israelitish centenerian and philanthropist, and Rothschild, the banker, and others of the large-hearted have paid the passage to Palestine for many of the Israelites and set apart lands for their culture, and it is only a beginning of the fulfillment of Divine prophecy when these people take possesion of the Holy Land. The road from Joppa to Jerusalem and all the roads leading to Nazareth and Gallilee we saw lined with processions of Jews, going to the sacred places, either on holy pilgrimage or as settlers. All the fingers of Providence now-a-days are pointing toward that resumption of Palestine by the Israelites. I do not take it that the prospered Israelites of other lands are to go there. They would be foolish to leave their prosperities in our American cities, where they are among our best citizens, and cross two seas to begin life over again in a strange land. But the outrages heaped upon them in Russia, and the insults offered them in Germany, will soon quadruple and centuple the procession of Igraelites from Russia to Palestine. Facilities for getting there will be multiplied, not only in the railroad from Joppa to Jerusalem, to which I referred last Sabbath as being built, but permission for a road from Damascus to the Bay of Acre has been obtained, and that of course will soon connect with Joppa and make one great ocean shore railroad So the railroad from Jerusalem to Joppa, and from Joppa to Damascus will soon bring all the Holy Land within a few hours of connection. Jewish colonization societies in England and Russia are gathering money for the transportation of the Israelites to Palestine and for the purchase for them of lands and farming implements, and so many desire to go that it is decided by lot as to which families shall go first They were God's chosen people at first, and He has promised to bring them back to their home, and there is no power in 1,000 or 5,000 years to make God forget His promises.

Those who are prospered in other lands will do well to stay where they are. But let the Israelites who are depreciated and attacked and persecuted turn their faces toward the rising sun of their deliverance. God will gather in that distant land those of that race who have been maltreated, and He will blast with the lightnings of His omnipotence those lands on either side of the Atlantic which have been the instruments of annoyance and harm to that Jewish race, to which belonged Abraham and David and Joshua and Baron Hirsch and Montefiore and Paul the Apostle, and Mary the Virgin, and Jesus Christ the Lord.

On the way across the plain of Sharon we meet many vailed women. It is not respectable for them to go unvailed, and it is a vail that is so hung as to make them hideous. A man may not even see the face of his wife until after betrothal or engagement of marriage. Hence the awful mistakes and the unhappy homes, for God has made the face an index of character, and honesty or dishonesty is usually demonstrated in the features. I do not see what God made a fair face for if it were not to be looked at. But here come the crowds of disfigured women down the road on their way to Joppa, bundles of sticks for firewood on their heads. They started at three o'clock in the morning to get the fuel. They stagger under the burdens. Whipped and beaten will some of them be if their bundle of sticks is too small. All that is required for divorcement is for a man to say to his wife: "Be off, I don't want you any more." Woman is a slave in all lands except those in which the Gospel of Christ makes her a queen. And yet in Christian countries there are women posing as skeptics, and men with family deriding the only religion that makes sacred and honorable the names of wife, mother, daughter and sister.

What is that? Town of Ramleh, birthplace, residence and tomb of Samuel, the glorious prophet Near by, Tower of Forty Martyrs, called so because that number of disciples perished there for Christ's sake; but if towers had been built for all those who in the time of war as in time of peace, have fallen on this road during the ages past, you might almost walk on turrets from Joppa to Jerusalem.

Now we pass guard houses which are castles of chopped straw and mud, where at night and partly through the day armed men dwell and keep the bandits off travelers. In the caves of these mountains dwell men to whom massacre would be high play, and a purse with a few pennies would be compensation enough for the struggle that the savage might have with the wayfarer. There is only one other defense that amounts to much in these lands, and that is the law of hospitality. If you can get an Arab to eat with you, if only one mouthful, you are sure of his protection, and that has been so from age to age. The Last Supper was built on that custom.

The only lands where it is safe to travel unarmed are Christian lands. Human life is more highly valued and personal rights are better respected, and I am glad to believe that in our country, from the Atlantic ocean to the Pacific ocean, there is not a place to-day where a man is not safer without a pistol than with one. But all through our journeys to Palestine we required firearms While the only weapon I had on my person was a New Testament, we went through the region where I said to the dragoman: "David, are you armed?" and he said: "Yes," and I said: "Are those fifteen or twenty muleteers and baggagemen and attendants armed?" and he said: "Yes," and I felt safer.

On we roll through the plain of Sharon. Here grew the rose after which Christ was named, Rose of Sharon, celebrated in all Christendom and throughout all ages.

Yonder, a little to the north as we move on is the plain of Ono. The Bible mentions it again and again. The village standing on this plain of Ono is a mud village. Two great basins of rock catch the rains for the people. Of more importance in olden time than in modern time was this plain of Ono. But as the dragoman announced it and in the Bible I read of it, I was reminded of the vast multitude of people who now dwell in the plain of Ono. They are, by their nervous constitution or by their lack of faith in God, always in the negative. Will you help to build a church? O, no! Will you start out in some new Christian enterprise? O, no! Do you think the world is getting any better? O, no! They lie down in the path of all good movements, sanitary, social, political and religious. They harness their horses with no traces to pull ahead but only breeching straps to hold back. For all Christian work I would not give a thousand of them the price of a clipped ten cent piece. These are in the plain of O, no! May the Lord multiply the numbers of those who, when any thing good is undertaken, are found to live in the plain of O. Yes!

Here now we come where stood the fields into which Samson fired the foxes. The foxes are no rarity in this land. I counted at one time twenty or thirty of them in one group and the cry all along the line was "Foxes! Look at the foxes!" and at night they sometimes bark until all attempts to sleep are an absurdity. Those I saw and heard in Palestine might have been descendants of the very foxes that Samson employed for an appalling incendiarism. The wealth of that land was in the harvests and it was harvest time and the straw was dry. Three hundred foxes are caught and tied in couples by some wire or incombustible cord which the flames can not divide, and firebrands are fastened to those couples of foxes and the frightened creatures are let loose and run every whither among the harvests, and in the awful blaze go down the corn shocks, and the vineyards, and the olives, and all through the valleys and over the hills and among the villages is heard the cry of "Fire!" And in the burnt pathway walk Hunger, and Want, and Desolation.

All this for spite. And some theologians learn one thing, and some another. But I learn from it that a great man may stoop to a very mean piece of business, and that if men would use as much ingenuity in trying to bless as they do to destroy, the world all the way down would have been in better condition. Yet the fire of the foxes kindled that night in Palestine has not gone out, but has leaped the seas, and the sly foxes, the human foxes, are now still running every whither kindling political fires, fires of religious controversy, fires of hate, world-wide fires, and whole harvests of rightiousness perish.

Brace up your nerves now, that you may look while I point them out. Yonder is Kirjath Jearim, where the ark of God stayed until David took it to Jerusalem. Yonder John the Baptist was born. Yonder is Emmaus, where Christ walked with the disciples at eventide.

Here are men plowing, only one handle to the plow, showing the accuracy of Christ's allusion. When we plow in America or England there are two hands on two handles, but in Palestine only one handle. And so Christ uses the singular saying: "No man having put his hand to the plow and looking back is fit for the Kingdom." The ox is urged on by a wooden stick pointed with sharp iron, and the ox knows enough not to kick, for he would only hurt himself instead of breaking the goad. And the Bible refers to that when it says to Saul: "It is hard for thee to kick against the goads."

Here is the valley of Ajalon, famous for Joshua's pursuit of the five Kings and the lunar arrest And in imagination I see the moon in day time halt. Who has not sometimes seen the moon divide the throne with the sun? But when the king of day and the queen of night, who never before Joshua's time nor since then stopped a moment in their march, halted at Joshua's command it was a scene enough to make the universe shiver. "Moon, stand thou still in the valley of Ajalon!"

And there is the cavern of Makkedah, where they fled for safety and where they were afterward locked in, and from which they were taken out to be slain, and in which they were afterward buried; and you do well to examine that cavern, for within a few hours it became three things which no other cave ever was: Fortress, prison, sepulchre.

Now we pass the place where once lived one of the greatest robbers of the century, Abou Gosh by name. From this point you see he could look over all the surrounding country, and long before the travelers came up to him the plan for the taking of their money or their life, or both, was consummated. He one day found a company of monks who would not pay and he smothered them to death in a hot oven. In his last days he lived here like an Oriental Prince and had his attendants and admirers to whom he told the stories of brigandage and assassination. So late as when our eminent and beloved American, William C. Prime, passed through, Abou Gosh, the scoundrelly Bedouin, sat at his doorway smoking his pipe. His descendants live in this village and probably are no more honest than their distinguished ancestor, but marauding and murder are not as safe a business now as when all this route to Jerusalem was subject to outrages pandemoniac.

Here we pass the village of Latrun, home of the penitent thief, the village a few straggling houses on steep hills rising from the valley of Ajalon. Up these steep hills, in his earlier days, the thief had carried the spoils of arson and burglary, and down them he had borne the heavier burden of a guilty heart.

Now we come to the brook Elah, from which little David took the smooth stones with which he prostrated Goliath. There is a bridge spanning the ravine, but at the season we crossed there is not a drop of water in the brook. We went down into the ravine and walked amid the pebbles that had been washed smooth, very smooth, by the rush of the waters through all the ages. There is where David armed himself.

The topography of the place so corresponds with the Bible story that I could see the memorable fight go on. It is the only fight I ever did watch. Pugilism I abhor, but here were two champions, the one God-appointed, the other Satan-appointed, and deciding the destiny of a nation, the destiny of a world. It was a Marathon, an Arbela, a Waterloo, a Blenheim, a Sedan, concentered into two right arms. Here are two ridges of mountains five hundred feet high, the Phillistines on one ridge, the Israelites on the other ridge. The fight is in the valley between, at that season shaded, and sweet with terebinth and acacia. David, the champion, for the Israelites. Goliath, the champion for the Phillistines. David under-sized and almost effeminate, only a mouthful for Goliath, who was nearly ten feet high.

They advanced to meet each other, but the Bible says that David made the first step forward. Nearer and nearer they come, but I do not think David will wait until he comes within reach of Goliath's sword, for that would be fatal, and David has a weapon with which he can fight at long range. Closer and closer they come, but David advances the more rapidly. "Come to me," said the giant, "and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field." David responded: "I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts." Aha, that is the right kind of battle shout: "In the name of the Lord of Hosts!" He who fights in that spirit wins the day. The almost Israelitish dwarf enlarges into omnipotent proportions.

The moment to strike is come. David takes his sling with a stone in it and whirls it round his head, until he has put the weapon into sufficient momentum, and then taking sure aim, hurls it. The giant throws up his hands and reels back and falls. The stone sank into his forehead. That was the only available point of attack.

But we must hasten on, for the danger now is that night will be upon us before we reach Jerusalem. O! we must see it before sundown. We are climbing the hills which are terraced with olive groves, uplands rising above uplands, until we come to an immensity of barrenness, gray rocks, where neither tree, nor leaf, nor bush, nor grass blade, can grow. The horses stumble, and slip, and pull, till it seems the harness must break. Solemnity and awe take possession of us. Though a vivacious party, and during part of the day jocularity had reigned, now no one spoke a word except to say to the dragoman: "Tell us when you get the first glimpse of the city." I never had such high expectation of seeing any place as of seeing Jerusalem. I think my feelings may have been slightly akin to that of the Christian just about to enter the heavenly Jerusalem.

Over another shoulder of the hill we go, and nothing in sight but rocks and mountains and awful gulches between them, which make the head swim if you look down. On and up, on and up, until the lathered and smoking horses are reined in and the dragoman rises in front and points eastward, crying "Jerusalem!" It was mightier than an electric shock. We all rose. There it lay, the prize of nations, the terminus of famous pilgrimages, the object of Roman and crusading wars, and for it Assyrians had fought, and Egyptians had fought, and the world had fought; the place which the Queen of Sheba visited and Richard Cœur de Lion had conquered. Home of Solomon. Home of Ezekiel. Home of Jeremiah. Home of Isaiah. Home of Saladin. Mount Zion of David's heartbreak and Mount Moriah where the sacrifices smoked, Mount of Olives where Jesus preached, and Gethsemane where He agonized, and Golgotha where He died, and the Holy Sepulcher where He was buried. O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Greatest city on earth and type of the city celestial.

An Arab on a horse that was like a whirlwind, bitted and saddled and spurred, its mane and flanks jet as the night—and there are no horsemen as Arab horsemen—had come far out to meet us and invite us to his hotel inside the gates. But arrangements had been made for us to stay at a hotel outside the gates In the dusk of evening we halted in front of the place and entered, but I said: "No, thank you for your courteous reception, but I must sleep to-night inside the gates of Jerusalem. I would rather have the poorest place inside the gates than the best place outside." So we remounted our coach and moved on amid a clamor of voices, and between camels grunting with great beams and timbers on their back, brought in for building purposes—for it is amazing how much a camel can carry—until we came to what is called the Joppa gate of Jerusalem.

It is about forty feet wide, twenty feet deep and sixty feet high. There is a sharp turn just after you have entered, so planned as to make the entrance of armed enemies the more difficult. On the structure of these gates the safety of Jerusalem depended and all the Bible writers used them for illustrations. Within five minutes' walk of the gate we entered David wrote: "Enter into thy gates with thanksgiving." "Lift up your heads, O, ye gates!" "The Lord loveth the gates of Zion," "Open to me the gates of righteousness." And Isaiah wrote: "Go through, go through the gates." And the Captain of the Patinos wrote: "The city had twelve gates." Having passed the gate we went on through the narrow streets, dimly lighted, and passed to our halting place and sat down by the window from which we could see Mount Zion, and said: "Here we are at last, in the capital of the whole earth." And thoughts of the past and the future rushed through my soul in quick success on, and I thought of that old hymn, sung by so many ascending spirits;

> Jerusalem my happy home,
> Name ever dear to me!
> When shall my labors have an end,
> In joy and peace and thee?
>
> When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls
> And pearly gates behold?
> Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
> And streets of shining gold?

And so with our hearts full of gratitude to God for journeying mercies all the way from Joppa to Jerusalem, and with bright anticipation of our entrance into the shining gate of the Heavenly City when earthly journeys are over, my second day in Palestine is ended.

How a Painter Won a Wager.

Often have sculptors and painters discussed the relative merits of sculpture and painting. A funny story is told of an artist who resented the disparaging comparisons made by a sculptor, and laid a wager that he could, within a given time, paint a picture which should display the human figure as completely as any sculptor could do. The wager was accepted, and upon the appointed day a painting was produced which fulfilled all the conditions. It represented a warrior, his back to the spectator, bending over a sheet of water in the limpid surface of which was reflected his entire face and form. To the right a suit of polished armor hung and threw back a full-length profile image, while a mirror performed a like office for the left side. The sculptor, of course, handed over the money staked, and the painter doubtless laid it out to great profit and advantage to himself and his friends, in the approved "cakes and ale" of the period, after the generous manner of his kind.—N. Y. Star.

—In the Office of the "Boom City Howler."—Office Boy—"Please, sir, there's a man outside who says he'd like to have a job on the paper." Editor-in Liquor—"Well, we ain't got no (hic) job for him. Tell him (hic) our staff is full (hic) just now."—Munsey's Weekly.

—"For pity's sake what is that elocutionist trying to do?" "Why, he is trying to illustrate the meaning of that beautiful poem, 'Behind the Spreading Palms,' by stretching out his hands in front of him."—Burlington Free Press.

TERRIFIC EXPLOSION.

Destruction of the Dupont Powder Works at Wilmington, Del.

A Fearful Loss of Life Reported—Two Villages Blown to Atoms—Many Families Made Homeless—Harrowing Scenes.

WILMINGTON, Del., Oct. 8.—Several startling explosions in quick succession—some counted five, others seven—at 3:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon announced to Wilmington a disaster at the Dupont powder works on the Brandywine. A rush was made for telephones, but nothing could be learned beyond vague reports of damage.

As soon as horsemen from here could reach the works it was found that the whole section of the works known as "upper yard" was a complete wreck, and at least twelve persons were killed and twenty wounded, while Rockland was a complete wreck, none of its houses being left standing.

Rockland is a village on the Brandywine fully a mile above the scene of the explosion. It has a large paper mill owned by the Jessup & Moore Company, about fifty dwellings, in which chiefly reside the mill employes. Its population is about 200.

There were several reports resembling the booming of cannon and about a second apart. The first thought was that there had been an explosion at the powder works, but the reports seeming so near and not being characterized by the usual rumbling and there being no smoke visible in the direction of the mills, it was imagined that the explosion had occurred in the city. The hazy atmosphere hid the smoke and caused the reports to sound differently from those of preceding explosions.

Physic ans summoned by telephone and hurrying toward the powder manufactory was the first indication the public had of the exact location of the catastrophe. Immediately thereafter thousands of people went to the scene of the disaster.

The office of the Dupont Company is a complete wreck and six mills are in ruins. Several members of the Dupont firm were injured by falling walls and broken glass, but none of them seriously. Among the slightly injured are: Eugene Dupont, the head of the firm; Francis G. Dupont and Charles I. Dupont. They and several clerks in the office were cut by fragments of broken glass but none of them seriously.

The dead were all employes of the company and were in and about the mills that exploded.

Several workmen are missing and are believed to have been blown into fragments. The wounded received their injuries among the walls of their falling houses and by broken glass and flying debris.

The first explosion occurred in one of the packing mills, where a workman named Grau was soldering a can of hexagonal powder to be shipped for the use of the United States Government. In some way a spark communicated to the can and blew it up. Instantly the packing mill exploded, and the other mills in the upper yards, seven or eight in number, followed at intervals of less than one second. All these, except one, were "rolling mills," in which the ingredients of gunpowder are pulverized by the action of vertical rollers of stone turning slowly around a central post. The whole machinery is driven by water power.

Immediately after the explosion a large building known as the "refinery," located near the center of the village, took fire. It was a matter of life and death to the whole population that this fire should be extinguished before it communicated with the powder the building contained. The Dupont fire brigade valiantly fought the flames, which had caught the roof and succeeded in extinguishing them. Had the roof fallen in it is doubtful if any man, woman or child in the vicinity would have escaped death or serious injury. About fifty families are rendered homeless by the disaster.

At Mount Salem Methodist Church more than one-half of the window sashes of the large building were blown out and of those that remained the glass was broken.

At the scene of the disaster women and children, wives and sons and daughters of men employed in the powder manufactory, were madly rushing here and there seeking information about the safety of their loved ones. The yard in which the mills stood was littered with debris of fallen buildings and at some places where buildings had been the only trace left was empty cellars and a few foundation stones.

The little village of Dupont's Banks, immediately outside the powder yard, presented a most pitiable appearance. A hundred dwellings were either demolished or badly damaged. Buildings were unroofed and fronts of houses were blown out and wrecked. Inside the dwellings the devastation was complete. The rooms on the ground floor were strewn with broken crockery, crushed stoves and remnants of tables, etc.

It is estimated that the loss can not be less than $500,000.

Fifty families are rendered homeless by the disaster and many were so dazed by the terrible events of those few seconds as to seem hardly conscious of where they were or what they were doing. The injured are being gathered into the hospital building appertaining to the works and are receiving such aid as they need.

Conference of Irish Nationalists.

DUBLIN, Oct. 8.—The conference of the Irish Nationalists, called by Mr. Parnell, was held in this city yesterday. Part of the business was the election of a deputation to visit America for the purpose of laying before the people of that country a plain statement of the situation of affairs in Ireland. John Dillon, William O'Brien, Thomas Power O'Connor, Timothy Sullivan and Timothy Harrington were appointed to form the deputation. The proceedings of the convention were conducted in private. There was a large attendance and most of the prominent members of the Nationalist party were present.

Ravages of Cholera.

LONDON, Oct. 8.—Horrible news comes from the Red Sea of the condition of the cholera victims. The Arabs and strangers in that section are dying by scores. Men are stricken with cholera and die within an hour with clenched teeth and bodies terribly drawn up. Birds and dogs feed on the corpses, which the people are afraid to touch, and vast flocks of sea vultures dispute for the prey against four-footed scavengers. From the interior of Arabia the accounts are fully as heartrending, and the victims are said to be numbered by thousands.

Gossip and Miss Winnie Davis.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 8.—It is reported that Miss Winnie Davis, daughter of Jefferson Davis, the leader of the Confederacy, will not marry Mr. Wilkinson, of New York—not soon at any rate. Gossip says that Mr. Wilkinson is waiting to recuperate from recent financial misfortunes.

Hotel Assignment.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 8.—The noted Hotel Walnut, owned by Mrs. Magee, has made an assignment, with liabilities nearly twice its assets. It is one of the oldest hotels in the city.

A BOY'S NIGHTMARE.

Another Leavenworth Murder Mystery Rivaling the Hottman Case—David E. Davis Accused of Murdering His Aged Wife.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Oct. 10.—Early yesterday morning fire was discovered in the bedroom of Mrs. David E. Davis at 612 Delaware street by Harry Crook, her grandson, who slept in a bed on the floor in the same room. He gave the alarm and Charles Morton, a boarder of the house, was soon at his side and aided in extinguishing the blaze, which was evidently incendiary.

While the two were engaged in smothering the fire David E. Davis, the husband, rushed down stairs and against the south door of the bedroom with such violence as to push the bed in which lay Mrs. Davis over the blaze. The mattress caught fire, but was extinguished before it gained headway.

Morton then seeing that Mrs. Davis was either unconscious or dead, picked her up and carried her to the sitting room, where it was found that murder most foul had been committed—that the old lady had met her death by violence just before the fire was started.

The nearest physician, Dr. McCormick, was called and a hurried examination showed that life was extinct.

Wednesday night Mrs. Davis went to bed at ten o'clock, and the grandson went to sleep about that hour on a feather bed, spread upon the floor. He blew out the lamp, which stood on the bureau, before retiring.

He had been asleep for some time when he thought he had a queer dream. Some one was sneaking around in the room. He could hear the stairs creaking from the weight of stealthy footsteps. In his dream his grandmother's voice cried, "Help, Harry, help." He struggled with the nightmare to waken, and rousing himself he found the carpet blazing around the broken lamp in the center of the floor. The boy is small for his age and not strong.

The body was examined by Acting-Coroner White and taken to the parlor, and a number of persons summoned as jurors, where later an autopsy was held by Drs. Goddard, Lane and M. S. Thomas. This revealed three spots of extravasated blood under the scalp and over the frontal bone with no evidence of violence on the outside. Five or six bruised spots were found on the right forearm, each the size of a 25-cent piece. A large spot or bruise on the left arm with a large clot of blood under the skin at this point and the skin chafed, a little bood oozing out. The brain and heart were healthy, lungs filled with frothy mucus and also showed some signs of death from asphyxia. A small abscess was discovered in left kidney which, the physicians said, might have been caused from convulsions which might have produced sudden death.

The opinions of physicians appear to be that the woman was rendered insensible by a blow in the forehead, as shown in the examination, and then prevented from breathing by something held over the mouth and nostrils.

Mrs. Davis had had troublesome times of late with her husband, a suit for divorce being now pending in the district court, in which most cruel treatment was charged against Davis.

Wednesday morning Davis, who was permitted to live in the house, asked his wife to drop the divorce and give him $50, saying that he would then leave her forever. This she refused to do, when he said she would be sorry for it.

Tracks leading to the north window of the sitting room were discovered, and Davis' boots fitted them precisely. Harry Crook claims Davis came through this window, which is open at nights, and from there entered his grandmother's bedchamber.

Mrs. Davis had made frequent statements to friends and neighbors about Davis' brutal treatment. He is only forty-five, while she was past seventy years. He is a carriage blacksmith by trade. When arrested he had the marriage certificate in his pocket. He had been married about ten years.

HARRISON AT OTTUMWA.

Visit of the President to the Iowa Coal Palace—Again Greeted By a Throng.

OTTUMWA, Iowa, Oct. 10.—The President's train remained on a side track not far from Ottumwa during the greater part of Wednesday night.

The President was anxious to get a good night's rest, and as he was not due in this city before morning it was arranged that at a quiet place between Burlington and Ottumwa the train should be side-tracked and remain until seven o'clock.

The President passed a good night. He awoke to look out upon cloudy skies, the first indication of bad weather that the party had had since it left Cincinnati.

At seven o'clock the train started and an hour later it pulled into Ottumwa.

At ten o'clock the local committees called for the President and escorted him to the Coal Palace, where he was joined by other members of his party.

The President went through the Coal Palace with Governor Boies, followed by the members of the President's party, under escort of the local committee. A complete tour of the building was made, the lower floors being examined first and then the galleries.

After visiting the Coal Palace the President was escorted to the reviewing stand, where he reviewed the parade. Notwithstanding the rain the crowd that greeted the Chief Magistrate was very large. Governor Boies delivered the address of welcome to which the President responded.

Indian Conference.

LAKE MOHONK, N. Y., Oct. 10.—The eighth annual Indian conference at Lake Mohonk has begun. President Merrill E. Gates, of Amherst College, acting as chairman. Ex-President McCosh, of Princeton, read a paper to demonstrate the capacity of the Indian for civilization. The worst of the red men, he said, were not in a less favorable condition for civilization than were the Britons as described by Cæsar and Tacitus, with their painted bodies, drunken rites, human sacrifices, etc. It was Christianity that wrought the change, and it would do the same for the Indians.

Newspapers Told the News.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 10.—That the Lottery bill had become a law was yesterday fully illustrated in Kansas City. Nearly 200 pounds of newspapers, most of which were copies of the Daily Post and the Presse, were stopped in the post-office by Inspector J. T. McClure because they contained lottery advertisements. The advertisements were those of the Louisiana State lottery and the National Government lottery of Mexico. The papers are German dailies and the 200 pounds represented a large number of them. Inspector McClure will immediately file complaint against the proprietors of both papers.

Pickrell, Neb., Wiped Out.

BEATRICE, Neb., Oct. 10.—The village of Pickrell, seven miles north of this city, was nearly wiped out of existence by fire. The entire business portion of the village is in ruins. The total loss will reach $9,000; insurance, $2,000. The fire originated in O. C. Skinner's hardware store through some unknown cause.

Antell's Record Broken.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Oct.—A large crowd witnessed the breaking of Antell's record here by Nelson the Maine stallion yesterday. He was driven by his owner, C. H. Nelson, and performed the difficult feat in 2:11¼.

St. Jacobs Oil cures Back Aches, Headache, Toothache, and all ACHES PROMPTLY

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One of the most important organs of the human body is the LIVER. When it fails to properly perform its functions the entire system becomes deranged. The BRAIN, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS, all refuse to perform their work. DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY DISEASE, etc., are the results, unless something is done to assist Nature in throwing off the impurities caused by the inaction of a TORPID LIVER. This assistance so necessary will be found in

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It acts directly on the LIVER, STOMACH and KIDNEYS, and by its mild and cathartic effect and general tonic qualities restores these organs to a sound, healthy condition, and cures all diseases arising from these causes. It PURIFIES THE BLOOD, tones up the system, and restores perfect health. If your druggist does not keep it ask him to order it for you. Send 2c stamp for copy of "THE HORSE TRAINER," published by us.

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