ON CALVARY'S BROW.

Dr. Talmage's Marvelous Discourse on the Sacred Spot.

The Holy Sepulcher—Where Jeremiah Wrote His Lamentations—The Beautiful Associations and the Great Events of Sacred History.

The following discourse was delivered by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage at Brooklyn, N. Y., on Sunday, October 12. His text was: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." Psalm cxxxvii. 5. He said:

Paralysis of his best hand, the withering of its muscles and nerves, is here invoked if the author allows to pass out of mind the grandeurs of the Holy City where once he dwelt. Jeremiah, seated by the river Euphrates, wrote this psalm and not David. Afraid I am of every thing that approaches imprecation, and yet I can understand how any one who has ever been at Jerusalem should, in enthusiasm of soul, cry out, whether he be sitting by the Euphrates, the Hudson or the Thames. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her cunning!" You see, it is a city unlike all others for topography, for history, for significance, for style of population, for waterworks, for ruins, for towers, for domes, for ramparts, for literature, for tragedies, for memorable birthplaces, for sepulchers, for conflagrations and famines, for victories and defeats.

I am here at last in this very Jerusalem and on a housetop, just after the dawn of the morning of December 3, with an old inhabitant to point out the salient features of the scenery. "Now," I said, "where is Mount Zion?" "Here at your right." "Where is Mount Olivet?" "In front of where you stand." "Where is the garden of Gethsemane?" "In yonder valley." "Where is Mount Calvary?" Before he answered I saw it. No unprejudiced mind can have a moment's doubt as to where it is. Yonder I see a hill in the shape of a human skull and the Bible says that Calvary was the "place of a human skull." Not only is it skull shaped, but just beneath the forehead of the hill is a cavern that looks like eyeless sockets. Within the grotto under it is the shape of the inside of the skull. Then the Bible says that Christ was crucified outside the gate, and this is outside the gate, while the site formerly selected was inside the gate. Beside that, this skull hill was for ages the place where malefactors were put to death, and Christ was slain as a malefactor.

The Saviour's assassination took place beside a thoroughfare along which people went "wagging their heads," and there is the ancient thoroughfare. I saw at Cairo, Egypt, a clay mold of that skull hill, made by the late General Gordon, the arbiter of nations. While Empress Helena, eighty years of age and imposed upon, by having three crosses exhumed before her dim eyes, as though they were the three crosses of Bible story, selected another site as Calvary, all recent travelers agree that the one I point out to you was, without doubt, the scene of the most terrific and overwhelming tragedy this planet ever witnessed.

There were a thousand things we wanted to see that third of December, and our dragoman proposed this and that and the other journey, but I said: "First of all show us Calvary. Something might happen if we went elsewhere, and sickness or accident might hinder our seeing the sacred mount. If we see nothing else we must see that, and see it this morning." Some of us in carriage and some of us on mule back, we were soon on the way to the most sacred spot that the world has ever seen or ever will see. Coming to the base of the hill we went inside the skull of rocks. It is called Jeremiah's grotto, for there the prophet wrote his book of lamentations. The grotto is thirty-five feet high, and its top and sides are malachite, green, brown, black, white, red and gray.

Coming forth from those pictured subterraneous passages we begin to climb the steep sides of Calvary. As we go up we see cracks and crevices in the rocks which I think were made by the convulsions of nature when Jesus died. On the hill lay a limestone rock, white but tinged with crimson, the white so suggestive of purity and the crimson of sacrifice that I said: "That stone would be beautifully appropriate for a memorial wall in my church, now building in America, and the stone now being brought on camel's back from Sinai across the desert, when put under it, how significant of the law and the Gospel! And these lips of stone will continue to speak of justice and mercy long after all our living lips have uttered their last message." So I rolled it down the hill and transported it. When that day comes for which many of you have prayed—the dedication of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, the third immense structure we have reared in this city, and that makes it somewhat difficult, being the third structure, a work such as no other church was ever called on to undertake—we invite you in the main entrance of that building to look upon a memorial wall containing the most suggestive and solemn and tremendous antiquities ever brought together; this, rent with the earthquake at the giving of the law at Sinai, the other rent at the crucifixion at Calvary.

It is impossible for you to realize what our emotions were as we gathered, a group of men and women, all saved by the blood of the Lamb, on a bluff of Calvary, just wide enough to contain three crosses. I said to my family and friends: "I think here is where stood the cross of the impenitent burglar and there the cross of the miscreant and here between, I think, stood the cross upon which all our hopes depend." As I opened the nineteenth chapter of John to read, a chill blast struck the hill and a cloud hovered, the natural solemnity impressing the spiritual solemnity. I read a little, but broke down. I defy any emotional Christian man, sitting upon Golgotha, to read aloud and with unbroken voice, or with any voice at all, the whole of that account in Luke and John, of which these sentences are a fragment: "They took Jesus and led Him away and, He bearing His cross, went forth into a place called the place of a skull, where they crucified Him and two others with Him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst." "Behold thy mother!" "I thirst." "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." What sighs, what sobs, what tears, what tempests of sorrow, what surging oceans of agony in those utterances!

While we sat there the whole scene came before us. All around the top and the sides and the foot of the hill a mob rages. They gnash their teeth and shake their clenched fists at Him. Here the cavalry horses champ their bits and paw the earth and snort at the smell of the carnage. Yonder a group of gamblers are pitching up as to who shall have the coat of the dying Saviour. There are women almost dead with grief among the crowd, His mother and His aunt, and some whose sorrows He had comforted and whose guilt He had pardoned. Here a man dips a sponge into sour wine and by a stick lifts it to the hot and cracked lips. The hemorrhage of the five wounds has done its work.

The atmospheric conditions are such as the world saw never before or since. It was not a solar eclipse, such as astronomers record or we ourselves have seen. It was a bereavement of the heavens! Darker! Until the towers of the temple were no longer visible. Darker! Until the surrounding hills disappeared. Darker! Until the inscription above the middle cross becomes illegible. Darker! Until the chin of the dying Lord falls upon the breast, and He sighed with this last sigh the words, "It is finished!"

As we sat there a silence took possession of us and we thought: This is the center from which continents have been touched, and all the world shall be moved. Towards this hill the apostles and martyrs pointed backward. To this all Heaven pointed downward. To this with foaming execrations perdition pointed upward. Round it circles all history, all time, all eternity, and with this scene painters have covered the mightiest canvas, and sculptors cut the richest marble, and orchestras rolled their grandest oratories, and churches lifted their greatest doxologies, and Heaven built its highest thrones.

Unable longer to endure the pressure of this scene, we moved on, and into a garden of olives, a garden which in the right season is full of flowers, and here is the reputed tomb of Christ. You know the Book says: "In the midst of the garden was a sepulcher." I think this was the garden and this the sepulcher. It is shattered of course. About four steps down we went into this, which seemed a family tomb. There is room in it for about five bodies. We measured it and found it about eight feet high and nine feet wide and fourteen feet long. The crypt where I think our Lord slept was seven feet long. I think that there once lay the King wrapped in His last slumber. On some of these rocks the Roman government set its seal. At the gate of this mausoleum on the first Easter morning the angels roll the stone thundering down the hill. Up these steps walked the lacerated feet of the Conqueror, and from these heights He looked off upon the city that had cast Him out and upon the world He had come to redeem and at the heavens through which He would soon ascend.

But we must hasten back to the city. There are stones in the wall which Solomon had lifted. Stop here and see a startling proof of the truth of prophecy. In Jeromiah xxxi. 40, it is said that Jerusalem shall be built through the ashes. What ashes, people have been asking? Were those ashes just put into the prophecy to fill up? No! the meaning has been recently discovered. Jerusalem is now being built out in a certain direction where the ground has been submitted to chemical analysis and it has been found to be the ashes cast out from the sacrifices of the ancient temple, ashes of the wood and ashes of bones of animals. There are great mounds of ashes, accumulation of centuries of sacrifices.

Here we enter the mosque of Omar, a throne of Mohammedanism, where we were met at the door by officials, who bring slippers that we must put on before we take a step further, lest our feet pollute the sacred places. A man attempting to go in without these slippers would be struck dead on the spot. These awkward sandals adjusted as well as we could, we are led to where we see a rock with an opening in it, through which, no doubt, the blood of sacrifice in the ancient temple rolled down and away. At vast expense the mosque has been built, but so somber is the place I am glad to get through it and take off the cumbersome slippers and step into the clear air. Yonder is a curve of stone, which is part of a bridge which once reached from Mount Moriah to Mount Zion, and over it David walked or rode to prayers in the temple.

Here is the wailing place of the Jews, where for centuries, almost perpetually during the day time, whole generations of the Jews have stood putting their head or lips against the wall of what was once Solomon's temple. It was one of the saddest and most solemn and impressive scenes I ever witnessed to see scores of these descendants of Abraham with tears rolling down their cheeks and lips trembling with emotion, a book of psalms open before them, bewailing the ruin of the ancient temple and the captivity of their race, and crying to God for the restoration of the temple in all its original splendor. Most affecting scene! And such a prayer as that, century after century, I am sure God will answer, and in some way the departed grandeur will return, or something better. I looked over the shoulders of some of them and saw that they were reading from the mournful psalms of David, while I have been told that this is the litany which some chant:

"For the temple that lies desolate,
We sit in solitude and mourn;
For the palace that is destroyed,
We sit in solitude and mourn;
For the walls that are overthrown,
We sit in solitude and mourn;
For our majesty that is departed,
We sit in solitude and mourn;
For our great men that lie dead,
We sit in solitude and mourn;
For priests who have stumbled,
We sit in solitude and mourn."

I think at that prayer Jerusalem will come again to more than its ancient magnificence; it may not be precious stones and architectural majesty, but in a moral splendor that shall eclipse forever all that David or Solomon saw.

But I must get back to the housetop where I stood early this morning, and before the sun sets, that I may catch a wider vision of what the city is and once was. Standing here on the housetop, I see that the city was built for military safety. Some old warrior, I warrant, selected the spot. It stands on a hill 2,600 feet above the level of the sea, and deep ravines on the three sides do the work of military trenches. Compact as no other city was compact. Only three miles' journey round, and the three ancient towers, Hippicus, Phasaelus and Mariamne, frowning death upon the approach of all enemies.

As I stood there on the housetop in the midst of the city, I said: "O, Lord, reveal to me this metropolis of the world, that I may see it as it once appeared." No one was with me, for there are some things you can see more vividly with no one but God and yourself present. Immediately the Mosque of Omar, which has stood for ages on Mount Moriah, the site of the ancient temple, disappeared, and the most honored structure of all the ages lifted itself in the light and I saw it—the temple, the ancient temple! Not Solomon's temple, but something grander than that. Not Zerubbabel's temple, but something more gorgeous than that. It was Herod's temple, built for the one purpose of eclipsing all its architectural predecessors. There it stood, covering nineteen acres, and 10,000 workmen had been forty-six years in building it. Blaze of magnificence! Bewildering range of porticoes and ten gateways and double arches, and Corinthian capitals chiseled into lilies and acanthus. Masonry beveled and grooved into such delicate forms that it seemed to tremble in the light. Cloisters with two rows of Corinthian columns, royal arches, marble steps pure as though made out of frozen snow, carving that seemed like a panel of the door of Heaven let down and set in the facade of the building on shoulders at each end, lifting the glory higher and higher, and walls wherein gold put out the silver, and the carbuncle put out the gold, and the jasper put out the carbuncle, until in the changing light they would all seem to come back again into a chorus of harmonious color. The temple! The temple! Doxology in stone! Anthems soaring in rafters of Lebanon cedar! From side to side and from foundation to gilded pinnacle, the frozen prayer of all ages!

From this housetop on the December afternoon we look out in another direction, and I see the King's palace covering 160,000 square feet, three rows of windows illumining the inside brilliance, the hallway wainscoted with all styles of colored marbles, surmounted by arabesque, vermillion and gold, looking down on mosaics, music of waterfalls in the garden outside answering the music of the harps thrummed by deft fingers inside, banisters over which Princes and Princesses leaned and talked to Kings and Queens ascending the stairway. Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Mountain city! City of God! Joy of the whole earth! Stronger than Gibraltar and Sebastopol, surely it never could have been captured.

But while standing there on the house top that December afternoon, hear the crash of the twenty-three mighty sieges which have come against Jerusalem in the ages past. Yonder is the pool of Hezekiah and Siloam, but again and again were those waters reddened with human gore. Yonder are the towers, but again and again they fall. Yonder are the high walls, but again and again they were leveled. To rob the treasures from her temple and palace and dethrone this queen city of the earth all nations plotted. David taking the throne at Hebron decides that he must have Jerusalem for his capital, and, coming up from the South at the head of 280,000 troops, he captures it. Look, here comes another siege of Jerusalem! The Assyrians under Sennacherib, enslaved nations at his chariot wheel, having taken 200,000 captives in his one campaign, Phœnician cities kneeling at his feet. Egypt trembling at the flash of his sword, comes upon Jerusalem. Look, another siege! The armies of Babylon under Nebuchadnezzar come down and take a plunder from Jerusalem such as no other city ever had to yield and 10,000 of her citizens trudge off into Babylonian bondage. Look, another siege! and Nebuchadnezzar and his hosts by night go through a breach of the Jerusalem wall, and the morning finds some of them seated triumphant in the temple, and what they could not take away because too heavy they break up—the brazen sea and the two wreathed pillars, Jachin and Boaz.

Another siege of Jerusalem! and Pompey with the battering rams which 100 men would roll back and then at full run forward would bang against the wall of the city and catapults hurling the rocks upon the people, left 12,000 dead, and the city in the clutch of the Roman war eagle. Look, a more desperate siege of Jerusalem! Titus with his tenth legion on Mount of Olives, and ballast arranged on the principle of the pendulum to swing great bowlders against walls and towers, and miners digging under the city making galleries of beams underground which, set on fire, tumbled great masses of houses and human beings into destruction and death. All is taken now but the temple and Titus, the conqueror, wants to save that unharmed, but a soldier, contrary to orders, hurls a torch into the temple and it is consumed. Many strangers were in the city at the time and 97,000 captives were taken, and Josephus says 1,100,000 lay dead.

But, looking from this housetop, the siege that most absorbs us is that of the crusaders. England and France and all Christendom wanted to capture the Holy Sepulcher and Jerusalem, then in possession of the Mohammedans under the command of one of the loveliest, bravest and mightiest men that ever lived—for justice must be done him though he was a Mohammedan—glorious Saladin! Against him came the armies of Europe under Richard Cœur de Lion, King of England; Philip Augustus, King of France; Tancred, Raymond, Godfrey and other valiant men, marching on through fevers and plagues, and battle charges, and sufferings, as intense as the world ever saw. Saladin in Jerusalem, hearing of the sickness of King Richard, his chief enemy, sends him his own physician, and from the walls of Jerusalem seeing King Richard afoot, sends him a horse. With all the world looking on the armies of Europe come within sight of Jerusalem. At the first glimpse of the city they fall on their faces in reverence, and then lift anthems of praise. Feuds and hatred among themselves were given up, and Raymond and Tancred, the bitterest rivals, embraced while the armies looked on. Then the battering rams rolled, and the catapults swung, and the swords thrust, and the carnage raged. Godfrey of Bouillon is the first to mount the wall and the crusaders, a cross upon every shoulder or breast, have taken the city, march bare-headed and bare-footed to what they suppose to be the Holy Sepulcher, and kiss the tomb. Jerusalem the possession of Christendom. But Saladin retook the city, and for the last 400 years it has been in possession of cruel and polluted Mohammedanism!

Another crusade is needed to start for Jerusalem, a crusade in this nineteenth century greater than all those of the past centuries put together. A crusade in which you and I will march. A crusade without weapons of death, but only the sword of the spirit. A crusade that will make not a single wound nor start one tear of distress, nor incendiarize one homestead. A crusade of Gospel peace! And the cross again be lifted on Calvary, not as once an instrument of pain, but a signal of invitation, and the mosque of Omar shall give place to a Church of Christ, and Mount Zion become the dwelling place not of David, but of David's Lord, and Jerusalem, purified of all its idolatries, and taking back the Christ she once cast out, shall be made a worthy type of that heavenly city which Paul styled "the mother of us all," and which St. John saw "the holy Jerusalem descending out of Heaven from God."

Through its gates may we enter when our work is done, and in its temple, greater than all the earthly temples piled in one, may we worship. Russian pilgrims lined all the roads around the Jerusalem we visited last winter. They had walked hundreds of miles, and their feet bled on their way to Jerusalem. Many of them had spent their last farthing to get there, and they had left some of those who started with them, dying or dead by the roadside. An aged woman exhausted with the long way, begged her fellow pilgrims not to let her die until she had seen the Holy City. As she came to the gate of the city she could not take another step, but she was carried in, and then said: "Now hold my head up till I can look upon Jerusalem," and, her head lifted, she took one look, and said: "Now I die content, I have seen it! I have seen it." Some of us before we reach the heavenly Jerusalem may be as tired as that, but angels of mercy will help us in, and one glimpse of the temple of God and the Lamb, and one good look at the "King in His beauty" will more than compensate for all the toils and tears and heartbreaks of the pilgrimage. Hallelujah! Amen!

—Stranger (at Mr. Citiman's new suburban villa)—"Mornin', my little dear! Is your papa at home?" I hear he wants to buy a cow, and I've got one I think would suit him. It's a Jersey cow." Little Miss—"Oh, I don't think papa would want that kind of a cow. They dont give any thing but skim milk. We used to board in Jersey."—N. Y. Weekly.

HOTEL HORROR.

Burning of the Leland Hotel at Syracuse, N. Y.

Twenty-five Persons Reported as Having Perished—Guests Jump From Windows and Are Dashed to Pieces—Shocking Scenes.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Oct. 16.—What proved to be the most disastrous fire that has visited Syracuse for many years was discovered in the Leland Hotel at 12:30 o'clock this morning.

An eye witness to the fire says it is positive that at least twenty-five persons have lost their lives and many more have been more or less injured.

One woman was being lowered from a window by the aid of a rope. She had reached a point opposite the third story when the rope became ignited from a burning sill, the rope parted, and the woman fell to the pavement, her brains being dashed out and her body flattened into a shapeless mass.

Frank Carrick, of Glenns Falls, N. Y., has been identified as one of those that were burned to death.

Many people crazed with fright lost their lives by jumping from windows.

One man says he saw six people jump from different windows on the Fayette street side of the building within a space of four minutes and the sight sickened him with its horror and he was compelled to leave the spot.

The building was provided with both iron fire escapes on the outside and ropes on the inside, which were the means of saving many lives.

Among those injured is Cora Tanner, the actress, who was severely burned about the head and feet. She was playing an engagement at the Grand Opera House, and had a room in the hotel.

Most of those killed were on the fourth and fifth stories.

Frank Casey, of Glenns Falls, N. Y., and Emil Forbes, a prominent brewer of Syracuse, are among the dead.

The building will be a total loss. It was built two years ago at a cost of $150,000 and the total loss must be $500,000. It was six stories high and contained 400 rooms.

The fire, which started in the kitchen, spread by means of the elevator well, which was near the stairway, and so all means of escape were cut off and those in the upper stories were compelled to jump.

Within fifteen minutes after the blaze was first discovered the entire building was wrapped in flames. It was impossible for the guests to escape. The scene was one of the wildest confusion and people were to be seen at the windows on every floor shrieking frantically for help, which could not be given them. Many were seen to fall back into the flames fainting and exhausted, while others hurled themselves from the windows, meeting death on the pavement.

The scenes and incidents connected with the rescue of inmates were heart-rending in the extreme. A man and woman were seen locked in each other's arms in a window on the fifth floor at the northeast corner of the building. Below them was a perfect sea of flame, with no possibility of escape except by the window and that seemed inevitable death. No assistance could reach them. The woman seemed to be anxious to jump, but her husband was earnestly entreating her to desist. The crowd below waited with bated breath. The woman made one last effort to jump, was restrained by her husband, and the cry of the crowd signaled the awful end that must have befallen them as they fell backward into the room into a mass of flames.

At a window on the fourth floor, almost directly under this, a woman appeared under the window. She was surrounded on all sides from the interior of the room by fierce flames. She seemed irresolute as to whether to jump to the pavement or to face the fiery foe that was fast encroaching on her life. She did not jump, but seemed to be withheld by either fear or a feeling that escape would come from some other source. She stepped down from the sill into the room, but remained at the window but an instant when the whole room became enveloped in flames and the woman sank back from view.

The frightful shrieks of the guests and the crackle of the flames could be heard for blocks away. The building burned so rapidly that most of the people on the upper floors were obliged to use the fire escape or jump for their lives.

Seven or eight men and children jumped from the upper stories onto a shed in the rear of the building. At one time seven persons were struggling together on the shed, which had already caught fire from the flying sparks. The victims were half naked. Several of them were seen to tear off of their body under garments that had caught fire.

One of the most frightful incidents of the fire was the terrible death of a woman who jumped from the fifth story of the building. Several policemen stood on the sidewalk holding nets ready to catch the guests as they jumped. Two persons, a man and a woman, jumped into one of the nets almost at the same moment and escaped with broken limbs.

The next to jump was a woman who appeared in a window on the fifth story in her night clothes. She leaped out of the window, and missing the net was dashed to pieces on the stone sidewalk. She was picked up and removed to the morgue.

Alliance Stock Yards.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 16.—The intended extension of its business by the Farmers' Alliance of the Southwest was discovered when it was learned that they are about to establish an independent stock yards in Kansas City, Kan. Texas, Nebraska and Iowa are back of the scheme. Fifty acres of land adjoining the present stock yards is the site of the new yards. By maintaining their own yards the farmers believe they can save much money in marketing their cattle, by doing away with the commission men and a great part of other expenses.

Policeman Fight.

CHICAGO, Oct. 15.—Police Officer Junge, of the Stanton avenue station, was shot and fatally wounded by another officer at three o'clock this morning. Junge engaged in an argument with Officer Tim Madden about religion, and Madden accused Junge of belonging to the organization known as the American Progressive Union, or the United Order of Deputies. One word brought on another until Junge struck at Madden with his club, when the latter drew his revolver and shot Junge in the left side about two inches above the heart.

Cotton Gin Accident.

PURCELL, I. T., Oct. 16.—A young man named Oscar Victor, who was employed by the Canadian Milling Company, was accidentally caught in a cotton gin and his right arm almost severed from his body. His father resides near Clinton, Mo.

Fell From a Trestle.

SEDALIA, Mo., Oct. 16.—Information has been received here that Gustave Rossler, a Missouri Pacific bridgeman, fell from a trestle at Newport, Ark., yesterday, and was instantly killed. Deceased lived at Osage, Cole County.

TRADE REVIEW.

Dun's Weekly Review Shows Trade to Be Brisk and Money Tight—Effect of the New Tariff.

NEW YORK, Oct. 16.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: In all directions business improves and the volume of trade is so increased that, notwithstanding the recent enormous increase of circulation, the money markets are growing stringent. Exports have become remarkably large, and the domestic trade is such that exchanges outside of New York exceed last year's by 15 per cent. But while New York and Boston money markets are fairly supplied and steady at from 5 to 6 per cent., the market is tight at Chicago and stringent at Philadelphia, only part of the commercial paper offered being taken at from 6 to 7 per cent. St. Louis notes an active market at 7 to 8 per cent., Milwaukee a close market at 7 and Savannah a tight market. But at Cleveland and Detroit the markets are rather easier, at Kansas City firm, at Denver a good demand is well sustained, at Omaha the market is easy and at Pittsburgh there is a good demand without stringency.

Trade is strong everywhere. At Boston wool is rising and goods in better demand, while cottons are selling well and firm. At Philadelphia wool is more active and slightly higher, the output of cotton is increasing, there is an increased demand for paper with tendency towards advance in some grades, and the liquor trade is stimulated by new duties. Chicago reports smaller receipts of green and cured meats and dressed beef, cheese and butter than a year ago, but a slight increase in lard and double the receipts of wool and larger transactions in dry goods and merchandise generally, with satisfactory payments. St. Louis merchants are adjusting themselves to new tariff conditions and trade is strong. At Cleveland and Milwaukee bad weather has retarded trade, which is nevertheless of fair volume. At St. Paul, Omaha, Denver and Kansas City trade is good. At Minneapolis the flour output declines to 166,000 barrels, but wheat receipts were 1,800,000 bushels. At Pittsburgh the iron and glass trades are active, with a prospect of an advance in window glass, and at Savannah trade is brisk.

The new tariff has caused an advance in prices of some kinds of goods, which together with the rise resulting from partial failure of crops has moved up the general level of prices materially, though less than one per cent. on all commodities since October 2. But the higher range of prices accounts in part for the quick absorption of a circulation far greater than that of last year.

PANIC IN SCHOOL.

Deplorable Stampede Owing to an Alarm of Fire.

CHICAGO, Oct. 18.—There was a panic with probable loss of life in St. Stanislaus Roman Catholic Church, on Noble street, in the Polish settlement, in the northwestern portion of the city this morning.

The priest, Rev. Father Barzynsky, was conducting an eight o'clock service for children, and the church was filled with the little ones. While the service was in progress the altar draperies caught fire from one of the candles and a panic ensued. In the wild rush about twenty of the children were crushed and trampled on and some of them received injuries which it is believed will prove fatal.

There were about 1,500 children, accompanied by their mothers, in the church at the time. The women and children became panic stricken and rushed pell-mell to the exits. Those in front were pressed upon by those behind and lost their footing on the stone steps in front of the building, where they were trampled upon by the fleeing multitude.

The arrival of the fire department added to the stampede, and in a few minutes 10,000 people had gathered in the neighborhood. The fire was quickly extinguished, and the police with much difficulty rescued the wounded children.

None of them were dead but a large number were injured, a few seriously.

Joseph Jasak, 12 years old, has a fractured skull and will probably die; Stanislaus Kaminska, injured internally; Frank Dreweicki, severe cut on the head; Stanislaus Furgot, 9 years old, injured internally; Martin Keoski, 10 years old; Frank Sick, 10 years; Leon Skowkowsky, 11 years.

The scene after the panic was over was terrible. The stone steps at the entrance were covered with blood. The carpets on the floor of the church and many of the pews were torn up, and the church had the appearance as if some bloody riot had taken place there.

STRANGELY FASCINATING.

Unpleasant Effect of a Picture on Scores of Women.

LONDON, Oct. 18.—A sensation has been aroused in Berlin by the exhibition of a new pictorial representation of "Christ Before Pilate." The painting is by a Russian artist named Nicolai. Its powerful realism may be inferred from the fact that scores of women have fainted at the sight of it. The picture, though humble, is strangely fascinating, and the salon where it is displayed is continually crowded to suffocation. The subject is treated from an entirely different conception to that of Munkacsy in his famous painting bearing the same title. The work is pronounced by critics to be vastly inferior to the latter from an artistic point of view, but yet it possesses a remarkable power which can hardly be attributed to simple realism.

Avenging Hennessy.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 18.—Antonio Scaffidi, identified as one of the assassins of Chief Hennessy, was shot and mortally wounded in the parish prison, by Thomas H. Duffy, a young man twenty-eight years of age.

The shooting was done in the corridor or "bull ring" of the prison, and Duffy's actions were so quick that several deputies who were present knew nothing of what was transpiring until the shot was fired.

More than fifty arrests have been made of parties believed to be implicated in the assassination of Hennessy.

Roughton Fight.

NEVADA, Mo., Oct. 18.—Jake Kimber and John Linn had been enemies for some time and when they met engaged in a quarrel. Kimber, who was with a woman, turned from Linn and started home when Linn ran after him and stabbed him in the left side, below the ribs. The wounded man was taken to a hotel and medical aid summoned. The physicians are reticent, but seem to regard the wound as probably fatal. Kimber is the son of a farmer living a few miles from Nevada, and young Linn is the son of H. W. Linn, a prominent banker and capitalist of this city.

Suing For His Salary.

FORT DODGE, Iowa, Oct. 18.—Rev. Patrick Smith, pastor of the Catholic Church at Storm Lake, brought suit against Patrick Casey, one of the members of his church, for $16, the amount due for the support of the pastor. A jury trial was had and judgment found against Casey for $8 and costs. Casey appealed the case to the district court. The matter created quite a sensation, many of the church members siding with Casey. It is only a few weeks since he instituted a $20,000 damage suit against William Malley for defamation of character.

JUSTICE MILLER.

Death Claims the Accomplished Jurist.

For a Long Time Senior Member of the Supreme Court—Always a Strong Authority on Constitutional Law—A Companionable Man.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 14.—Justice Miller died last night at eight minutes of eleven o'clock without a struggle and apparently without pain.

A few minutes before the famous jurist passed away the phlegm in his throat gradually accumulated and his frame quivered. It was evident that the end was fast approaching, and the members of his household who were not in the sick room were hastily summoned to his bedside.

Justice Miller was stricken with paralysis about 2:30 o'clock Friday afternoon as he was returning home from the Capitol. He felt the first attack in his left side when he was about 100 yards from his house and struggled hard to reach home, but was unable to do so and fell prostrate in the street, cutting his face badly. He rallied later and for a short time became conscious. Saturday morning, however, he again became unconscious and remained in a state of coma until death came. Ever since Saturday his death was expected at any moment, and his physicians have marveled that he lived as long as he did, hearty and robust though his constitution was.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

The late Justice Samuel F. Miller was born at Richmond, Ky., April 5, 1816. He was graduated with honor at the University of Transylvania and at first elected to adopt the profession of medicine. After practicing as physician a few years, however, he decided to study law, in which profession he soon rose to eminence. His sympathy with the Northern side of the slavery question determined him to leave Kentucky, and in 1849 he went to Iowa and soon became one of the Republican leaders in that then frontier State. Notwithstanding repeated and urgent solicitations, he declined to be nominated for any political office and confined himself to the practice of his profession. In 1862 President Lincoln appointed him an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, and for many years he has been the Senior Justice. Justice Field, appointed in 1863 by Lincoln, standing next in order of seniority.

Justice Miller, by common consent, has been regarded as the strongest man on the Supreme Bench even since he took his seat thereon. On two occasions he was selected for Chief Justice by the appointing power. President Grant decided to nominate him for that office, but it was argued that it would be an affront to Justice Noah H. Swayne, who had served longer than Justice Miller, and as a compromise Morrison R. Waite was chosen. During Mr. Cleveland's administration the question of promoting Justice Miller was seriously considered by the President when Chief Justice Waite died, but he was dissuaded by his party associates, who deemed such a course unwise, and Melville W. Fuller was appointed Chief Justice instead.

Justice Miller was always a strong authority on constitutional law, in which line he earned a reputation second only to that of Chief Justice Marshall. Among the best known opinions delivered were the slaughter house cases of Louisiana, in which he defined very clearly the line of demarcation between the rights of the Government and those of the States, and in the celebrated Hallet Kilbourn case, in which he held that Congress as a legislative body, has no right to take judicial proceedings against any citizen, but that such action must be left to the courts as having exclusive jurisdiction in such cases. He was the legal adviser of the President of the United States on many intricate questions, and it is probably true that no American jurist ever stood so high in the estimation of the leading men of both political parties.

Personally Justice Miller was always one of the most popular men in Washington. He was a thorough democrat and treated every man, however humble, as an equal and with a delightful courtesy. In social life he was always a jolly soul, brimming over with fun and good nature and yet never deficient in dignity and self control. He married twice and a son and daughter by his second wife are both married and have families. A daughter by his first wife married the late District Attorney Corkhill, of Washington.

DEATH OF BELKNAP.

General Grant's Disgraced Secretary of War Found Dead in His Room.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 13.—General William Worth Belknap, President Grant's Secretary of War, who retired in disgrace, was found dead this morning in a room adjoining his office at No. 1420 New York avenue. It is thought that death was due to paralysis.

It is believed he died between midnight Saturday morning and eight o'clock Sunday morning.

General Belknap was born in Newburg, N. Y., September 22, 1829. His father was Colonel William G. Belknap, who fought with distinction in the war of 1812, and later, in 1829, founded Fort Leavenworth. The younger Belknap studied law in Georgetown, D. C., and after being admitted to the bar removed to Keokuk, Iowa, where he practiced his profession with more or less success. In 1857 he was elected a member of the Iowa Legislature as a Democrat. When the war broke out he joined the volunteer army as Major of an Iowa regiment. He was engaged at Shiloh and Vicksburg, but first became prominent in Sherman's famous march to the sea. He was promoted to be Brigadier-General July 30, 1864, and Major-General March 13, 1865. After the war he served as collector of internal revenue in Iowa, from 1865 until 1869. During the latter year he was appointed Secretary of War by President Grant. This office he retained during Grant's second administration, until March 7, 1876, when in consequence of charges of official corruption, he resigned. He was impeached and tried before the Senate for receiving bribes for the appointment of post-traders, but was acquitted on the technical ground of want of jurisdiction.

McKinley in Michigan.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., Oct. 14.—Major McKinley opened the campaign for Congressman Burrows in this city last night. He spoke also with Mr. Burrows in the afternoon at Dowagiac and despite rain at both places had large audiences. He was pale and careworn and his voice was almost gone. At first he could scarcely be heard but finally warmed up to his subject and when he got on the home market theme he was eloquent. He said he disliked this cry for cheap prices for cheap and nasty went together and he believed that when things were cheapest men were poorest because cheap prices meant no work.

The Engineers.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Oct. 14.—The twenty-seventh annual international convention of the National Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is being billed to meet here next Wednesday. The advance committee has arrived and made all preparations for accommodations, etc. This will be one of the most important conventions ever held, as several vital questions will be decided, not the least being trouble on Western roads where men are placed in charge of engines who have not served a proper apprenticeship. At the session 450 divisions will be represented.

Confessed the Crime.

JACKSON, Miss., Oct. 14.—Andrew Harris (colored), who assassinated Mayor G. M. Lewis at Clinton Friday night, is in jail here. He says that he alone is guilty and that Hudson, the other accused, is innocent, knowing nothing about the crime. He killed Lewis to prevent his further interference with the diverse proceedings, as Lewis was looking after the interests of Harris' wife and Harris thought he was about to succeed in having transferred to her possession of two of his colts. He says he regrets now killing Lewis. He is a baptist preacher.

Why does this man stare so? He is simply listening to the marvelous cures effected by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

The following case illustrates:

February 14th, 187[illegible]

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, BUFFALO, N. Y.:

Gentlemen—A remarkable case has occurred in our territory. J. N. Berry, a man about thirty years of age, was going down rapidly. He tried physician after physician, patent medicines, home receipts—in fact, everything. He went to a noted sanitarium and returned no better. We all thought he was dying with consumption, and only a few weeks of life were left for him.

He commenced "Golden Medical Discovery," and at the same time commenced to mend. He has used about two dozen bottles, and is still using it. He has gained in weight, color and strength, and is able to do light work. It is just such a case as we should have listened to rather suspiciously, but when we see it we must believe it.

It has trebled our sales of "Golden Medical Discovery."

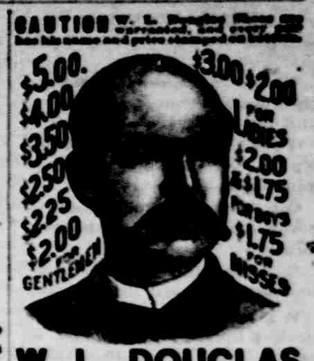
JOHN HACKETT & SON,
Druggists, Roanoke, Ind.

In all bronchial, throat and lung affections, lingering coughs, spitting of blood, weak lungs and kindred ailments, the "Discovery" effects the most marvelous cures.

SALVATION OIL
KILLS ALL PAIN.
Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will cure your cough for 10c.

MOTHERS' FRIEND
MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY
IS USED BEFORE CONFINEMENT.
BOOK TO "MOTHERS" MAILED FREE.
BRADFIELD REG'L. LATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

CAUTION W. L. Douglas Shoes are stamped on the bottom with his name and price, and are never sold by agents, nor have his name and price changed on them.



W. L. DOUGLAS
$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.
Send address on postal for valuable information.
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

IMPORTANT NEW DISCOVERY.
"VASELINE"
THE BEST Toilet Soap SOAP for the Skin Ever Made.
A perfectly pure and neutral soap combining the EMOLLIENT and HEALING properties of VASELINE. If your druggist does not keep it, FORWARD 10 CENTS IN STAMPS, and we will SEND A FULL SIZED CAKE BY MAIL, POSTAGE PAID.
CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO.,
24 State Street, NEW YORK.

THIS IS THE CLASP
GOFF'S BRAID.
wherever found,
That holds the Roll
on which is wound
The Braid that is known
the world around.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND
This Trade Mark is on The Best Waterproof Coat in the world.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
PAINLESS. EFFECTUAL.
WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.
For BILIOUS & NERVOUS DISORDERS
Such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Fullness and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness, and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations &c.
THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES.
BEECHAM'S PILLS TAKEN AS DIRECTED RESTORE FEMALES TO COMPLETE HEALTH.
For Sick Headache, Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Constipation, Disordered Liver, etc.,
they ACT LIKE MAGIC, Strengthening the muscular