

RIZPAH ON THE ROCK.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Discourses on Inherited Sin.

The Story of the Jewish Woman Taken as an Example to Show That Children Suffer For the Sins of the Father.

In a late sermon at Brooklyn Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage took for his subject "Rizpah on the Rock," the text selected being II. Samuel, xxi. 10: "And Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, took sackcloth and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night." The preacher said:

Tragedy that beats anything Shakespearean or Victor Hugoian. After returning from the Holy Land I briefly touched upon it, but I must have a whole sermon upon that scene. The explosion and flash of gunpowder have driven nearly all the beasts and birds of prey from those regions, and now the shriek of the locomotive whistle, which is daily heard at Jerusalem, will for many miles around clear Palestine of cruel claw and beak. But in the time of the text those regions were populous with multitudes of jackals and lions. Seven sons of Saul had been crucified on a hill. Rizpah was the mother of two and relative to five of the boys. What had these boys done that they should be crucified? Nothing except to have a bad father and grandfather. But now that the boys were dead why not take them down from the gibbets. No. They are sentenced to hang there. So Rizpah takes the sackcloth, a rough shawl with which in mourning for her dead she had wrapped herself, and spreads that sackcloth upon the rocks near the gibbets and acts the part of a sentinel watching and defending the dead. Yet every other sentinel is relieved, and after being on guard for a few hours some one else takes his place. But Rizpah is on guard both day and night for half a year. What nerves she must have had to stand that. Ah! do you not know that a mother can stand anything.

O, if she might be allowed to hollow a place in the side of the hill and lay the bodies of her children to quiet rest! If in some cavern of the mountains she might find for them Christian sepulture. O, if she might take them from the gibbet of disgrace and carry them still further away from the haunts of men and then lie beside them in the last long sleep! The thrilling story of Rizpah reaches David and he comes forth to hide the iniquity. The corpses had been chained to the trees. The chains are unlocked with horrid clank and the skeletons are let down. All the seven are buried. And the story ends.

But it hardly ends before you cry out: "What a hard thing that those seven boys should suffer for the crimes of a father and grandfather!" Yes, but it is always so. Let every one who does wrong know that he is not only, as in this case, against two generations, children and grandchildren, but against all the generations of coming time. That is what makes dissipation and uncleanness so awful. It reverberates in other times. It may skip one generation, but it is apt to come up in the third generation, as is suggested in the ten commandments, which say: "Visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." Mind you, it says nothing about the second generation, but mentions the third and fourth. That accounts for what you sometimes see, very good parents with very bad children. Go far enough back in the ancestral line and you find the source of all the turpitude. "Visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation." If, when Saul died, the consequences of his iniquity could have died with him, it would not have been so bad. Alas, no! Look on that hill a few miles out from Jerusalem and see the ghastly burdens of those seven gibbets, and the wan and wasted Rizpah watching them. Go to-day through the wards and alms houses, and the reformatory institutions where unfortunate children are kept, and you will find that nine out of ten had drunken or vicious parents.

Furthermore, this strange incident in Bible story shows that attractiveness of person and elevation of position are not security against trouble.

Who is this Rizpah sitting in desolation? One of Saul's favorites. Her personal attractions had won his heart. She had been caressed of fortune. With a mother's pride she looked on her princely children. But the scene changes. Behold her in banishment and bereavement. Rizpah on the rock.

Some of the worst distresses have come to scenes of royalty and wealth. What porter at the mansion's gate has not let in champing and lathered steed bringing evil dispatches? On what tessellated hall has there not stood the solemn bier? Under what exquisite fresco has there not been enacted a tragedy or disaster? What curtained couch hath heard no cry of pain? What harp hath never trilled with sorrow? What lordly nation hath never leaned against carved pillar and made utterance of woe? Gail is not less bitter when quaffed from a golden chalice than when taken from a pewter mug. Sorrow is often attended by running footmen, and laced lackeys mounted behind. Sickness will frost the rosiest cheek, wrinkle the smoothest brow and stiffen the sprightliest step. Rizpah quits the courtly circle and sits on the rock.

Perhaps you look back upon scenes different from those in which now from day to day you mingle. You have exchanged the plenty and luxuriance of your father's house for privation and trials known to God and your own heart. The morning of life was flushed with promise. Troops of calamities since then have made desperate charge upon you. Darkness has come. Sorrows have swooped like carrion birds

from the sky, and barked like jackals from the thicket. You stand amid your stain, anguished and woe-struck. Rizpah on the rock.

So it has been in all ages. Vashti must doff the spangled robes of the Persian court and go forth blasted from the palace gate. Hagar exchanges oriental comfort for the wilderness of Beersheba. Mary Queen of Scots must pass out from flattery and pomp to suffer ignominious death in the castle of Fotheringay. The wheel of fortune keeps turning.

But this is the place to which God comes. Jacob with his head on a stone saw the shining ladder. Israel in the desert beheld the marshalling of the fiery baton. John on barren Patmos heard trumpeting and the clapping of wings, and the stroke of seraphic fingers on golden harps, and nothing but heavenly strength nerved Rizpah for her appalling mission amid the screams of wild birds and the stealthy tread of hungry monsters. The grandest visions of glory, the most rapturous experiences of Christian love, the grandest triumphs of grace have come to the tired and hard pressed and the betrayed and the crushed. God stooping down from Heaven to comfort Rizpah on the rock.

Again the tragedy of the text displays the courage of women amid great emergencies. What mother, or sister, or daughter would dare to go out and fight the cormorant and jackal? Rizpah did it. And so would you if an emergency demanded. Woman is naturally timid and shrinks from exposure and depends on stronger arms for the achievement of great enterprises. And she is often troubled lest there might be occasions, demanding fortitude when she would fail. Not so. Some of those who are afraid to look out of doors after nightfall and who quake in the darkness at the least uncertain sound and who start at the slam of the door, and turn pale in a thunderstorm, if the day of trial came would be heroic and invulnerable. God has arranged it so that woman needs the trampeter of some great contest of principle or affection to rouse up her slumbering courage. Then she will stand under the cross fire of opposing hosts at Chalons to give wine to the wounded. Then she will carry into prison and dark lane, the message of salvation. Then she will brave the pestilence. Deborah goes out to sound terror into the heart of God's enemies. Abigail throws herself between a raiding party of infuriated men, and her husband's vineyards. Rizpah fights back the vultures from the rock.

Among the Orkney islands an eagle swooped and lifted a child to its eyrie, far up on the mountains. With the spring of a panther, the mother mounts hill above hill, crag above crag, height above height. The fire of her own eye outflashing the glare of the eagle's. And with unmailed hand stronger than the iron beak and the terrible claw, she hurled the wild bird down the rocks. In the French revolution, Ozotte was brought out to be executed, when his daughter threw herself on the body of her father and said: "Strike! barbarians! You cannot reach my father but through my heart!" The crowd parted, and linking arms father and daughter walked out free. During the siege of Saragossa, Augustina carried refreshments to the gate. Arriving at the battery of Portillo she found that all the garrison had been killed. She snatched a match from the hand of a dead artilleryman and fired off a twenty-six pounder, then leaped on it and vowed she would not leave it alive. The soldiers looked in and saw her daring, and rushed up and opened another tremendous fire on the enemy. And there would be no end to the recital if I attempted to present all the historical incidents which show that woman's courage will rouse itself for great emergency.

But I need not go so far. You have known some one who was considered a mere butterfly in society. Her hand had known no toil. Her eye had wept no tear over misfortune. But in eighty hundred and sixty-seven financial tempest struck the husband's estate. Before he had time to reef sail and make things snug the ship capsized and went down. Enemies cheered at the misfortune and wondered what would become of the butterfly. Good men pitied and said she would die of a broken heart. "She will not die," say they, "and is too proud to beg." But the prophecies have failed. Disaster has transformed the shining sluggard into a practical worker. Happy as a princess though compelled to hush her own child to sleep and spread her own table and answer the ringing of her own door bell. Her arm had been muscled for the conflict against misfortune, hunger and poverty and want and all the other jackals Rizpah scares from the rock.

I saw one in a desolate home. Her merciless companion had pawned even the children's shoes for rum. From honorable ancestry she had come down to this. The crust of oil was empty and the last candle gone out. Her faded frock was patched with fragments of antique silk that she had worn on the bright marriage day. Confident in God she had a strong heart to which her children ran when they trembled at the staggering step and quailed under a father's curse. Though the heavens were filled with fierce winds and the thickets gnashed with rage, Rizpah watched faithfully day after day and year after year and wolf and cormorant by her God strengthened arm were hurled down the rock.

Now, I ask, if mere natural courage can do so much, what may we not expect of women who have gazed on the Great Sacrifice, and who are urged forward by all the voices of grace that sound from the Bible, and all the notes of victory that speak from the sky. Many years ago the Forfarshire steamer started from Hull bound for Dundee. After the vessel had been out a little while, the winds began to rave and billows rise until a tempest was upon them. The vessel leaked and the fires went out, and though the sails were hoisted fore and aft, she went speeding toward the breakers. She struck her bows foremost on the rock. The vessel parted.

Amid the whirlwind and the darkness all were lost but nine. These clung to the wreck on the beach. Sleeping that night in Longstone lighthouse was a girl of gentle spirit and comely countenance. As the morning dawns, I see that girl standing amid the spray and tumult of contending elements, looking through a glass upon the wreck and the nine wretched sufferers. She proposes to her father to take boat and put out across the wild sea to rescue them. The father says: "It cannot be done! Just look at the tumbling surf!" But she persisted and with her father bounds into the boat. Though never accustomed to plying the oar she takes one and her father the other. The sea tossed up the boat as though it were a bubble, but amid the foam and the wrath of the sea the wreck was reached, the exhausted people picked up and saved. Humane societies tendered their thanks. Wealth poured into the lap of the poor girl. Visitors from all lands came to look on her sweet face; and when soon after she launched forth on a dark sea and death was the oarsman, dukes and duchesses and mighty men sat down in tears in Alnwick castle, to think they never again might see the face of Grace Darling.

No such deeds of daring will probably be asked of you, but hear you not the howl of that awful storm of trouble and sin that hath tossed ten thousand shivered hulks into the breakers? Know you not that the whole earth is strewn with the shipwrecked? That there are wounds to be healed and broken hearts to be bound and drowning souls to be rescued? Some have gone down and you come too late, but others are clinging to the wreck, are shivering with the cold, are strangling in the wave, are crying to you for deliverance. Will you not, ere in hand, put out to-day from the lighthouse? And Christ, pointing to the inebriate that you reformed, and the dying sinner whom you taught to pray, and the outcast whom you pointed to God for shelter, will say: "You did it to them! You did it to me!"

Again, the scene of the text impresses upon us the strength of maternal attachment. Not many men would have had courage or endurance for the awful mission of Rizpah. There is no emotion so completely unselfish as maternal affection. Conjugal love expects the return of many kindnesses and attentions. Filial love expects parental care or is helped by the memory of past watchfulness. But the strength of a mother's love is entirely independent of the past and the future, and is of all emotions, the purest. The child has done nothing in the past to earn kindness, and in the future it may grow up to maltreat its parent; but still from the mother's heart there goes forth inconsumable affection. Abuse cannot offend it; neglect cannot chill it; time cannot efface it; death cannot destroy it. For harsh words it has gentle chiding, for the blow it has beneficent ministry, for neglect it has increased watchfulness.

But from this weird text of the morning comes rushing in upon my soul a thought that overpowers me. This watching by Rizpah was an after death watching. I wonder now if there is an after death watching? I think there is. There are Rizpahs who have passed death, and who are still watching. I cannot believe that those who before their death were interested in us have since their death become indifferent as to what happens to us. Not one hour of the six months, during which Rizpah watched seated upon the rocks, was she more alert, or diligent, or armed for us than our mother, if glorified, is alert and diligent and armed for us. It is not now Rizpah on a rock, but Rizpah on a throne. How long has your mother been dead? Do you think she has been dead long enough to forget you? My mother has been dead twenty-nine years. I believe she knows more about me now than she did when I stood in her presence, and I am no spiritualist either. The Bible says: "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them that shall be heirs of salvation." Young man! Better look out what you do and where you go for your glorified mother is looking at you. You sometimes say to yourself: "What would mother say if she knew this?" She does know. You might cheat her once, but you cannot cheat her now.

Oh, this tremendous thought of my text, this after-death watching! What an uplifting consideration. And what a comforting thought. Young mother, you who have just lost your babe, and who feels the need of a nearer solace than that which comes from ordinary sympathy, your mother knows all about it. You cannot run in and talk it all over with her as you would if she were still a terrestrial resident, but it will comfort you some, I think, yet it will comfort you a good deal to know that she understands it all. You see that the velocities of the heavenly conditions are so great that it would not take her a half second to come to your bereft heart. O, these mothers in Heaven! They can do more for us now than before they went away. The bridge between this world and the next is not broken down. They approach the bridge from both ways, departing spirits and coming spirits, dispirited spirits and sympathizing spirits. And so let us walk as to be worthy of the supernatural companionships, and if to any of us life on earth is a hard grind, let us understand that if we watch faithfully and trust fully our blessed Lord, there will be a corresponding reward in the land of peace, and that Rizpah, who once wept on a rock, now reigns on a throne.

More Than Ever. Cumso—Well, McBride, is there as much billing and cooing as there was before marriage? McBride—The billing has increased largely.—Detroit Free Press.

—The Riding Master—"Have you learned to trot yet, Miss Manley?" Miss Manley—"Oh, yes; I could trot all right if it weren't for the horse. The plaguesy thing keeps joggling up and down so."—Chicago News Record.

IN A MUDDLE.

Cleveland's Followers Uncertain as to Their Position.

The democratic party is already beginning to feel like the much-harassed gentleman who had to settle the estate of his deceased brother. "Sometimes I almost wish," said he, "that my brother had not died." The times are getting frequent when the democrats almost wish that the republican party had not been defeated.

If the republicans had triumphed they would not have been in the least anxious or doubtful what to do. They would have continued the policy under which, for so many years, the country has thrived and its people prospered. The democrats, on the other hand, are afraid that whatever they do may bring disaster and distress.

They are divided into two factions—those who favor some immediate action and change in the policy of the government and those who would delay it; those who would use sharp, short measures and cut the knot at once, regardless of what happens, and those who would prolong the agony of the manufacturers and employes, while lowering them from the high protective tariff to the lower level of free trade.

Those who want immediate action call for the passage by the senate of those bills which the house enacted admitting wool, iron and other raw materials free. Or, if the senate refuses or Harrison vetoes them, then let an extra session of congress be called immediately on Mr. Cleveland's inauguration and the McKinley bill be repealed altogether or the tariff modified.

Nearly all the southern utterances are in favor of speedy action. They agree with the Atlanta constitution, which says that "if the McKinley law is to be repealed, the sooner the work is begun the better."

Ex-Senator Bayard wants something done even before the new administration is installed. "The sooner the work of restoring the stolen property to its owners is begun the better." "The pilfering of the pockets of the farmer should cease." "Let us have an end of jobbery."

The organs of the mugwumps and British importers, the New York Evening Post and Boston Herald, both favor an extra session. According to the Post: "If one-half what the democratic orators and writers have been saying about the McKinley bill be true, it is almost a crime to leave it untouched on the statute book one week longer than is absolutely necessary. The democratic party cannot afford to hang fire over it, now that it has got hold of it."

The Herald says that "to make the American people endure for fifteen or eighteen months to come the gross abuses of the McKinley law, would be hardly less than a betrayal of trust. No time should be lost in its repeal."

Those who approve of immediate action have also some practical as well as sentimental reasons to urge. Delay, they say, will do more harm to the industries of the country than prompt, even if injurious, action. Commerce and trade will flourish and manufactures be able to endure vicissitudes much better on a certainty than on an uncertainty. To know the worst at once will do less harm than to be afraid of an unknown and indefinite peril. It is only good business as well as justice to let both capitalists and employes know exactly what is to be done with them rather than to keep them months in suspense.

Immediate action is also urged for party reasons. No matter what you do, argue some democrats, you cannot set up a change of policy without at first injuring the business interests of the country. It is absolutely impossible. You will arouse distrust in the public mind and distress in their affairs. Now, if this is postponed a year or two, it will be at its worst at the end of the next presidential term. The democrats will be swept out of power again, the republicans restored, and all the work undone. The great step of reforming the tariff should be taken at once so that business shall have time to recover from the shock and be adjusted to the new policy before the democrats go into another presidential campaign.

The democrats of New York and the east generally are opposed to immediate action. Mr. Cleveland is represented as not in favor of it. To cut and slash and bring down these manufactures in ruins on the heads of both employers and employed will, they say, play into the hands of republicans and bring about the distress that they predicted would ensue the very moment the democrats were put in control of the government.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Arguments Which Are Not Relished by the Democrats.

President Harrison's last annual message to congress has plenty of ginger in it. The usual recital of department reports is not heard to-day. The frankness with which the president recognizes and accepts the meaning of the recent election is too pronounced to suit the democrats. They realize their own troubles too keenly to care to be reminded of them by an outgoing chief magistrate. But inasmuch as the message is supposed to be a statement of the country they can't blame the president for the evidences of its general prosperity which he marshals.

The strength of his conviction that the protective policy is the best for the country made it certain that he would say so, but the party which is coming into power would rather have had him stop there. His recommendation that the whole subject of tariff revision be left to the incoming congress is characteristic of the directness with which Gen. Harrison always gives his views. The arguments he advances are not forestalled by his opponents. He forces upon them the burning question of an extra session in a way that cannot be dodged. Equally pointed is what the president says about the state of the public revenues and the misleading statements that have been made regarding them. His analysis of the condition of the finances is so clear that no one can miss its point.

It is a proper time to recall, as he does, the loss in the revenue which has resulted from the removal, by a republican congress, of the tax upon imported sugars. This reminder becomes the more pertinent because some of the democratic leaders are advocating a reimposition of the sugar tax. What the president says about the state of the revenue is in itself an argument for the party which will soon come into power defining its tariff and fiscal policy at an early date.—Chicago Tribune.

NOT DONE FOR.

Hastant Mouthings of Victorious Partisans.

Super-sanguine but short-sighted democratic journals are hastening to assert that "the republican party is done for," and that its members cannot hope to see it in power for a generation. The mugwump New York Times voices the sentiments of the whole class when it says of the election:

"It is a revolution, and no republican can even hope to see his party again in power for a long term of years."

Such effervescent nonsense is all very well on the part of victorious partisans the morning after election, but in the after hours of soberness every one knows the idea is ridiculous. It has only been four years since Mr. Cleveland was defeated in a signal manner. Many enthusiastic republicans then thought their party was in power for a decade at least. The wise legislation of the Fifty-first congress, which has been productive of such splendid results for the entire nation, should have perpetuated its control of the government for years to come. Let the triumphant democracy go on, put its principles in operation and adopt a policy in accordance with its platform, and we will see how long a "term of years" it will be before the republican party again returns to power.—Cleveland Leader.

DRIFT OF OPINION.

Do not "outs" could ever before rest so contentedly and await the return of reason and good judgment of the people. Democrats have a big contract if they maintain the present standard in national affairs. From cellar to garret the nation is in apple pie order.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The hungry democrat smiles when he hears Cleveland talking in his Chadbandish way about the wickedness of those who seek to revel in spoils. He has heard the apostle of Cant mauling in that same way while the heads of forty thousand republican postmasters were on the way to the trenches.—N. Y. Advertiser.

The friends of protection do not propose to abandon it. Republicans everywhere will heartily respond to the decision of the Home Market club of Boston to maintain a persistent fight for the restoration of this protective principle, and within two years that policy will have a larger body of followers than it has ever had.—Omaha Bee.

The leading champions of wild-cat financial schemes in the present congress are southern democrats and a number of them have been reelected to the Fifty-third congress. They want an income tax and state bank currency, and they are numerous enough to insure a good deal of trouble in the next house and better Mr. Cleveland not a little.—Minneapolis Journal.

President Cleveland, distracted by the demands on one side from the free traders for an extra session, and on the other side by apprehensive democrats against an extra session, must feel a great deal like the exhilarated and bewildered Alabama member at that famous midnight session of the democratic house, when he exclaimed: "Where am I at?"—N. Y. Mail and Express.

"Protection is dead," says the democrat. But he ought to remember that principles do not die. Why, look at free trade and state's rights, which we thought were shot to death nearly thirty years ago! They are not dead, but are again on top and are soon to have another trial. Protection and nationality can wait on the trial of free trade and state's rights.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The democratic demand for an extra session is becoming more and more urgent, and Cleveland will have some trouble resisting it. There is no doubt that the president-elect is desirous of seeing action on the tariff bills postponed as long as possible, but such men as Carlisle, Crisp and Mills, who believe in free trade, will push for the adoption of a line of policy which will at least relieve the democracy of the charge of making false promises to secure office.—San Francisco Chronicle.

GOULD'S WILL.

The Great Estate Kept in the Family—George Gould dies \$5,000,000.—For His Services in Managing His Father's Business.

New York, Dec. 8.—The following abstract of the will of the late Jay Gould was given to the press to-day by Judge Dillon, the counsel for the executors, who stated that it was full and complete, and also that it had not yet been determined when or where the will would be presented for probate. The original will is dated December 24, 1885, during the lifetime of his wife, Helen D. Gould. It made various provisions for her benefit, which failed of effect by reason of her death before the death of her husband. After, and in consequence of her death, Mr. Gould, February 16, 1889, executed the first codicil to his will, making such changes as became necessary by the death of his wife. A second and third codicil to his will were made on November 21, 1892. Taking the will and codicils together, the following is an accurate and full summary of the scheme and provisions thereof:

First in the specific legacies there is given to his sister, Mrs. Northrop, and her daughters the three lots of ground in Camden, N. J., on which his sister lives. There is also a specific bequest to Mrs. Northrop of \$25,000 and the further sum of \$2,000 annually to be paid to her during her life in equal quarterly payments. To his sisters, Mrs. Anna G. Lough and Mrs. Elizabeth Pelen, and to his brother, Abraham Gould, there is given the sum of \$25,000 each and also the further sum of \$2,000 annually during their lives, payable in equal quarterly payments.

To his daughter, Helen M. Gould, he gives in fee simple absolute the house in which he lived at 579 Fifth avenue, and all of the furniture, books, paintings, statuary, silver plate and household contents therein. To his son Edwin he gives in fee simple absolute the house at East Forty-seventh street, with all the furniture and household contents therein. To his daughter he made a specific bequest of his portrait painted by Herkimer. He also gives to his daughter Helen until his youngest child shall arrive of age the use of his residence at Irvington, called "Lindhurst," free of taxes, and all of the furniture, books, paintings and household contents therein, and also the sum of \$6,000 per month—stating that this was done in the expectation that his minor children, Anna and Frank J., as well as his son Howard, would, during the period above provided for, make their home with his daughter Helen.

To his namesake and grandson, Jay Gould, son of George J. Gould, he gives the sum of \$500,000, to be held in trust for the said grandson by George J. Gould, with authority to apply the same to the support and education of said grandson and to pay one-fourth of the same to him at the age of 25, one-fourth at the age of 30 and the remaining half at 35, with power to pay the same at earlier periods in the discretion of the father.

APPROPRIATIONS—REVENUES.

A Statement Showing the Need of Economical Methods.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—A statement prepared by Messrs. Curtis and Cleaves, clerks respectively to the house and senate committees on appropriations, show that the estimates for regular annual and permanent appropriations for the fiscal year 1893-4 aggregate \$505,861,335—an increase over the estimates for the current fiscal year of \$15,925,241, and over the appropriations, exclusive of deficiencies and miscellaneous, of \$17,375,290. The appropriations, however, include \$21,154,318 for rivers and harbors, for which no estimates are made.

The total estimated revenues for 1894 aggregate \$460,301,465, including \$85,131,365 estimated postal revenues. This leaves an excess of estimated appropriations, exclusive of deficiencies and miscellaneous, over estimated revenues of \$15,715,969 and by deducting from the estimated expenditures \$48,600,000, an excess in estimated receipts over estimated expenditures is figured at \$32,889. The appropriations never equal the estimates, but on the other hand no deficiency or miscellaneous appropriations are included in the estimates. The estimates do not include anything for rivers and harbors on account of which the chief engineers say that \$38,064,950 can be profitably expended.

To Limit Pensions.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—Representative Caruth, of Kentucky, introduced the following bill: "That no pensioner, now or hereafter in the service of the United States, shall be entitled to draw a pension for any period of time during which he is or shall be entitled to the full pay or salary which an able bodied person, discharging like duties to the government, is allowed by law."

North Dakota's Official Returns. BISMARCK, N. D., Dec. 8.—Official returns from the recent election show that one fusion and two Harrison electors were successful. The fusion elector had 164 majority over the highest Harrison elector. The two Harrison electors have only 8 and 25 majority respectively.

Maj. John Adams Dead. LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Dec. 8.—Maj. John D. Adams died yesterday, aged 63 years. He was the son of Samuel Adams, who was president of the senate, and became governor on the resignation of Gov. Yell. He served in the Mexican war, entering the army at the age of 18. In 1859 he turned his attention to steamboating and became the owner of some of the finest boats on the Mississippi and Arkansas rivers. He was a prominent man, and was recently elected commissioner of agriculture for the state and represented Arkansas on the world's fair commission.