A DENIAL OF STATE JURISDICTION.

What the Railroads Say to the Recent Order of the Nebraska Transportation Board.
Omaha Republican.

The Union Pacific company yesterday completed the answer to the state board of transportation relative to the latter's order, passed July 5, last, concerning rates. The answer opens with a denial that the state board of transportation has any jurisdiction to pass or make the order referred to. It alleges there was not any petition or complaint filed with the board making any attack upon the tariff or schedules of rates in force upon the lines of respondent company, or those of any other in this state since November of '87. Further, that the board made no investigation of the subject matter of said order, and that the board has no power or authority under the laws of this state to make or adopt the formula contained in said order.

Then comes a description of the route of the Union Pacific through the state, and after the citation of some familiar figures, the more pertinent part of the answer is resumed with the allegation that the traffic of the state is managed and operated under a joint arrangement and tariff; that what is known as the local distance tariff, in force since Nov. 1, 1887, was and still is a reasonable and proper schedule for transportation to and from points within this state, and at the time of its adoption was a reduction approximating 33½ per cent upon previous rates; further that since the adoption of said tariff until the present time but about eight months have elapsed and that during said time said tariff has not operated upon the business men of Nebraska sufficiently long for it to determined or found that a reduction can justly be made. Further, that during the greater part of 1887 and until November of that year the tariff in force on the lines of the Omaha & Republican Valley railway was higher than the rates made by the tariff put in force November 1, 1887, that the revenues derived from business transported over said road during the first four months of '88 were $37,000 less than the operating expenses of the road during the same period if the proposed schedule was applied to the business done, than the volume of business during said period being greater than for the corresponding months in '87, that the local business of the Union Pacific on its main line during '87 was not more than the operating expenses connected therewith; that the formula referred to will, if applied to the existing classification of freights, result in a net loss of about 15 per cent of the gross earnings within the state, and will inflict great and irreparable damage upon the stockholders. It is furthermore alleged that the stockholders of the Union Pacific railway company have received no dividend from their investment in the stock of said company for the period of five years last past, and that the Republican Valley railway company has never, through its earnings or otherwise, been able to pay a dividend upon its stock; wherefore the respondents pray that the said order may be cancelled and not be enforced.

For a further defence, it is assured that the rates and charges fixed by the November, '87 tariff are as low as can be made, taking into consideratio the operating and other legitimate expenses. Reference is made to the territory tributary to the lines of road operated, being sparsely settled and largely undeveloped.

Here follows an extended reference to the particular manner in which the Union Pacific came into existence—viz, by direct governmental appointment. And by reason of the provisions of the act by which it was created, the company hold that it was authorized to fix its own rates, subject only to the power reserved by the act itself, until such time as the net earnings of the entire road and telegraph, including the amount allowed for services rendered for the United States, after deducting all expenditures, shall exceed 10 per cent. per annum.

Wherefore respondents further submit that said board of transportation and the secretaries thereof and their tribunal have no authority, jurisdiction or power to control or fix, revise or correct, diminish or increase rates on their lines. Furthermore, it is alleged that a large amount of the traffic carried by the Union Pacific Railway company consists of interstate shipments, and that the proposed order, if enforced, would necessitate the modification of its tariffs in respect of rates and charges made for the carriage of such business, and the respondents allege and maintain that to that extent the proposed action of the said board of transportation is beyond the power of the said board in that it interferes with and regulates and controls interstate commerce. Further, it is alleged that the said pretended order of July 5, 1888, was not served upon respondents or either of them or any officer of the said respondents by any sheriff or constable or other officer authorized to reserve the same. Further, and lastly it is alleged that it would be contrary to law to enforce the said order, and that it would be impossible for the said respondents or either of them to comply with said order without violating the laws of the state, for the reason, that said order was not brought to the notice of respondents, or either of them, as stated, until July 11, '88, and since the said order by its terms, if enforced, will result in raising certain of the rates now charged upon the lines of respondents, they say they cannot comply with the same by putting the rates in question in force on or before the 20th of July, '88, without violating the laws of this state in that behalf, neither was it physically possible to prepare, print and publish said tariffs in or within said time, or to physically carry out the terms and conditions of said order.

The answer bears the signature of T. L. Kimball, acting general manager for the Union Pacific and Omaha & Republican Valley Railway company. The attorneys of all other roads in the state are also preparing like answers, and they, when completed, will be filed with the board at Lincoln.

Committed Suicide.

DUBLIN, July 20.—Dr. James Fidley, the medical officer in attendance at Tullamore jail during Mandeville's incarceration there, and who was subpœnaed to appear at the inquest at Mitchellstown into Mandeville's death, has committed suicide. The evidence at the inquest, given to show that Mandeville was subjected to ill-usage while in jail, seemed to prey upon his mind. His suicide confirms the belief that Mandeville was cruelly treated by the prison o ficials.

Dr. Ridley left a statement regarding the prison treatment of Messrs. O'Brien and Mandeville, as evidence to be given at the inquest. On resumption of the inquest to-day council for the prison board asked an adjournment for a few days to enable them to procure the evidence which Ridley would have given. Dr. Cronin said the illness of the deceased was caused by a sudden change from the normal condition of life.

Dilley, who raped the crippled woman at Sterling, was arrested, pleaded guilty, and in default of $1,000 bail was sent to jail to await trial.

—The pastors of Nebraska City churches have pooled issues and will hold union services on Sunday evenings during the hot weather in the city park.

THE TARIFF BILL FINALLY VOTED ON.

The Measure Goes Through the House by a Rather Close Vote.

WASHINGTON, July 21.—When the house met this morning the galleries were filled with spectators attracted to the capitol by the announcement that to-day would witness the close of the great tariff debate and the vote on the final passage of the Mills bill. Promptly at 11:30 the bill was called up and Mills, after offering two amendments intended to correct typographical errors in the bill, moved the previous question on them, and they were adopted. He then proceeded to address the house, beginning by stating the conditions of the finances of the government, placing the surplus at $129,000,000. This, he said, represented unnecessary taxation drawn from the people and piled up in the treasury. It was taxation levied upon the product of labor. This enormous amount of money was constantly lowering prices and piling an enormous load on labor and increasing the benefits of the privileged classes. The majority had attempted to bring before the house a bill to reduce this taxation and lessen the inflow of money into the treasury. By amendments made in committee of the whole, the relative rate of duty had been placed at $42.90 on the hundred. This moderate bill had been met with a storm of denunciation, and characterized as free trade message. Was $42.99 on $100 free trade, what state had a 5 per cent of taxation in majority of states it did not exceed $1 on the $100. Mills then took up the bill in detail, beginning with the chemical schedule, where the rate of duty had been reduced from $32.87 to $28.17. On earthen and crockery ware the reduction had been $7 in a hundred. They called that free trade. If $52 on a hundred taxation was free trade, in God's name what was protection? Sugar showed next to the largest reduction in the bill—larger than in hemp, jute, iron and in everything except wool. Yet the bill had been called a sectional measure. To get $6,000,000 of protection on sugar the government had to collect $58,000,000 of tariff duties. In the provision the reduction was $1 in $100. More free trade. It was less than $1 in cotton goods. Was not that moderate? The duty still remaining at $39.07 in wools and woolens the reduction was $20 on a hundred and most of that had been caused by placing wool on the free list. The manufacturer would get free wool and 40 per cent protection, or 5 per cent more than he now got. And still they said the bill was a free trade measure. Articles amounting to $20,000,000 had been placed on the free list, and $6,390,000 of that was wool. Cotton had been the chief product of this country, yet the republican party had put it on the free list, and they were right. But when it was proposed to touch wool the combination that made protective tariff was struck, and they said, "You shall not touch it." The next article on the free list was tinplate, $7,700,000. Not a pound of it was produced in this country. The committee proposed to give this money to the consumers, yet their action was called free trade. Salt was next. Because a few people were interested in its manufacture the committee was stigmatized as free traders for putting it on the free list. Burlaps were not made in this country. It had been placed on the free list. Hemp and jute made up $1,700,000 of the free list. With all the milk that could be given this baby industry it had failed to grow. It was dying and must soon disappear. The republicans had used the same argument in favor of striking down the sugar industry. Opium paid $168,000. It had been placed on the free list. Cotton ties and bristles (the latter produced in Russia) had also been placed on the free list. Yet the committee had been taunted with being free traders. Their opponents said: "If you want anything free take a free drink of whisky." [Loud applause.] The taxes on express companies or telephone companies, on all the wealth of the country had been removed, but none of the taxes on labor had been removed. Wool grew on the sheep. There had been much sympathy expressed for sheep, but the democratic party sympathized with men. It wanted cheap clothing for the poor. The republicans wanted duty kept so high that neither wool nor woolens could be brought in. With a product of three hundred million pounds of wool and a need for six hundred million pounds, what were we going to do? Democrats proposed to let in wool free, and let our workmen make it up into clothing. The bill was intended to benefit the condition and increase of wages of the laboring people. The government should not meddle with the people. They could take care of themselves. They were the most intelligent and best people in the world, and could give employment to all of the laborers if congress would but let them alone.

Why should we not have free raw material, and have an opportuniey to contest on equal terms with foreign manufacturers? We would have a fair field and an open fight. The democratic party intended to appeal to the virtue and intelligence of the country. Money was being poured into his district in Texas to beat him for re-election to fifty-first congress, but he wanted the country to know that the people of his district were not for sale. The committee had reduced the duty on steel rail, $17 to $11 per ton, and again it had been charged that that was an effort to destroy an infant industry.

In conclusion he referred to the suit of clothes produced by McKinley during his speech. He said he had nothing to take back. He had inquired into it and had found that the $10 suit had cost $4.98. He had heard that that suit was to be photographed and used in the campaign.

He wanted to photograph in the brain of every voter the fact that the $10 suit cost less than $5. We stand here in the face of the American people contending for the rights of the people who are plundered and wronged, who are appealing to congress to do them justice, who are appealing for protection in its best sense and asking congress to shake the hand of monopoly from their pockets and let them have the proceeds of their own labor. And, Mr. Chairman we will do it.

As Mills finished he was warmly applauded by his fellow democrats and the galleries, all of which were by this time crowded. During his speech Mrs. Cleveland and her mother, Mrs. Folsom, entered the chamber and took seats in the front row of the executive gallery.

All the amendments were agreed to with the exception of that on cotton ties, on which McKinley demanded a yea and nay vote, which was ordered. It resulted, yeas, 170; nays, 128; and the amendment stands as agreed upon in committee of the whole. Gear, of Iowa (republican), voted with the democrats. Randall was paired with Hogg, of West Virginia. The previous question was then ordered on the final passage of the bill, and the yeas and nays were ordered.

Sowden had read a letter from Randall, asking to be paired with a friend of the bill, and expressing himself distinctly as opposed to its passage. The vote was then taken on the final passage of the bill and resulted, yeas, 162; nays, 149.

Sowden, of Pennsylvania, Greenman and Bliss, of New York, (democrats) voted against the bill, and Fitch, of New York, Nelson, of Minnesota, (republicans) voted for it. The four independent members also voted for it.

When the speaker announced the passage of the bill the democrats broke in cheers and waved bandanas wildly. A motion to adjourn until Monday was defeated, and the house at 2 o'clock took a recess until 8 o'clock this evening.

The Conspiracy Case of Hoge and Murphy.

CHICAGO, July 21.—A peculiar state of affairs developed when the case of conspiracy against Chairmen Hoge and Murphy, of the Burlington strikers was called up in court. Neither of the accused were present, and Frank Collier, attorney for the Burlington company, and representing the prosecution, surprised everybody in hearing by a request that the case be continued. Lawyer Collier explained his reason for this strange action by saying: "Hoge and Murphy are now out of the city on an extensive tour, doing virtually the company's work.

Counsel for defense made no objection to continuance and the court granted a postponement of a week.

Hoge's clerks, Informers Kelly and McGilvary, were held to the grand jury in bonds of five hundred dollars each this morning. The prisoners have been in custody at the central police station, and after their examination were taken back there for safe keeping.

Federal Courts in Nebraska.

Washington special: Representative Dorsey was before the senate committee on judiciary to-day and made an argument in favor of his bill requiring additional places for holding terms of the United States courts in Nebraska. He encountered many objections to the measure from members of the committee, who claimed that the judges of the district and circuit courts of Nebraska were opposed to the bill; that there was so little business on the calendar of both a civil and criminal character that the additional terms and places for holding the courts proposed in the bill was unnecessary. The committee gave Mr. Dorsey no encouragement, but promised to consider the bill, and individual members said that they might frame a substitute bill similar in character to the one that passed the Forty-ninth congress. Mr. Dorsey insisted on having court held at both Norfolk and Kearney, and showed the necessity of the service and the great benefit the people of the western portion of the state would derive from sessions at those places. Mr. Edmunds objected, saying that there were about 123 criminal cases on the calendar, to which Mr. Dorsey replied that he was happy to know that there were so few, as it showed that the people of Nebraska were law-abiding in the first instance, and that in the second place they knew enough to know that when the government of the United States reached out its strong arm the best thing to do was to compromise and pay the fines imposed. Several bills proposing the reorganizing of United States courts, similar to the one proposed for Nebraska—notably Minnesota and Arkansas—have met with the same fate that threatens Mr Dorsey's measure. The bills after passing the house have been amended in the senate so as to make them worthless.

The Editor of Harper's Magazine evidently thinks that poetry is good reading for the hot months, and has therefore provided a liberal supply for the August Number. It is not all original. "The Leather Bottel" is an old English rhyme; and the Sonnet "While not a Leaf seems Faded" is by Wordsworth. But to the original charms of these verses must now be added nine illustrations for the first by E. A. Abbey, and a full-page drawing for the latter by Alfred Parsons. One of Mr. Abbey's sketches is used as a frontispiece of the Number. Other good poems are—"The Guest of the Evening," by Robert Underwood Johnson; "My Walk to Church," by Horatio Nelson Powers; and "Aubade," by Annie Chambers-Ketchum. In addition, there are some capital lines in the Drawer, every one of which is sure to be found, whether or not it is pointed out.

The Baggage Agents' Deliberations.

NEW YORK, July 19.—The national association of general baggage agents to-day heard the committee report on the transportatation of corpses. The report recommends absolute refusal of any bodies affected with small pox, cholera, typhus or yellow fever. Bodies having died of diphtheria, scarlet fever, typhoid fever, ersypelas and measles must be wrapped in a sheet saturated with chloride of lime or bi-chloride of mercury. They must be encased in air-tight iron caskets, covered with wood, the interstices to be filled with disinfected sawdust. Interstate transportation of any corpse must be upon health permits, and the disintered remains to be rejected. Such are the recommendations which the committee will submit to all health boards, reporting the results at the next meeting to be held in San Francisco in January, 1889. The excess of baggage check was adopted.

Burglars Make a Big Haul.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 20.—The seashore residence of H. B. Aymer, of East Warren, N. J., located at Wickford, was ransacked by burglars last night. Entrance was gained by a basement window and, although the family were in their several sleeping apartments, the robbery was not discovered by them until they arose. The burglars took away a large quantity of silverware and plate and gold watches and jewelry were taken from the very rooms in which were the sleeping occupants and owners. Bureaus and dressing cases were overhauled, and from Aymer's room about $15,000 in bank stock securities was taken. Every room in the house was entered, except those of the servants. This bold work showed a most thorough acquaintance with the premises. The robbers evidently took matters leisurely, and the costly fabrics taken, with which it is supposed they packed the silver, covering the whole with a sack, showed that they were professionals.

The Lard Question.

WASHINGTON, July 20.—The house committee on agriculture to-day further considered various measures before it relating to compound lard. The sub-committee which is charged with the duty of recommending a line of action upon the subject was unable to agree upon any possible legislative measure. At this morning's meeting Conger, of Iowa, moved the adoption of a substitute for the original Butterworth bill, which substitute is patterned closely after the oleomargarine act, with provisions for branding, inspecting and taxing compound lard. The committee adjourned after some discussion, with the understanding that a final vote will be taken to-morrow.

Six Men Robbed by One.

SAN LUIS OBISPO, Cal., July 21.—The stage running between this place and Templeton was robbed by a masked man last night while crossing the mountains about five miles from here. From six passengers he took about $500. The robber opened the Wells Fargo Express company's box and the United States mail bags and took from the former about $1,000, after which he left. The sheriff and a posse have gone in pursuit.

TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE IN CAMP.

He Discourses to Troop and Civilian on the Uses of Stratagem.

A Graphic Portrayal of the Battle Through Life to Final Victory Beyond the Ambuscade of Sin and Sorrow.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y., July 22.—Chaplain T. DeWitt Talmage preached to-day to the Thirteenth Regiment of the New York State National Guards, now encamped here. The regiment assembled at 3 p. m., when people from the neighboring country, towns and cities were present in immense numbers. A military band conducted the musical part of the service. Chaplain Talmage's sermon, which was on "Uses of Stratagem," was based on Joshua, Ch. 8, v. 7: "Then ye shall rise up from the ambush, and seize upon the city." He said:

Men of the Thirteenth Regiment, and their friends here gathered, of all occupations, and professions, men of the city and men of the fields, here is a theme fit for all of us.

One Sabbath evening with my family around me, we were talking over the scene of the text. In the wide-open eyes and the quick interrogations and the blanched cheeks, I realized what a thrilling drama it was. There is the old city, shorter by name than any other city in the ages, spelled with two letters —A, I—Ai. Joshua and his men want to take it. How to do it is the question. On a former occasion, in a straightforward, face to face fight, they had been defeated; but now they are going to take it by ambuscade. General Joshua has two divisions in his army—the one division the battleworn commander will lead himself, the other division he sends off to encamp in an ambush on the west side of the city of Ai. No torches, no lanterns, no sound of heavy battalions but 3,000 swarthy warriors moving in silence, speaking only in a whisper; no clicking of swords against shields, lest the watchmen of Ai discover it and the stratagem be a failure. If a roystering soldier in the Israelitish army forgets himself, all along the line the word is "Hush!" Joshua takes the other division, the one with which he is to march, and puts it on the north side of the city of Ai, and then spends the night in reconnoitering in the valley. There he is, thinking over the fortunes of the coming day, with something of the feelings of Wellington the night before Waterloo, or of Meade and Lee the night before Gettysburg. There he stands in the night, and says to himself: "Yonder is the division in ambush on the west side of Ai. Here is the division I have under my especial command on the north side of Ai. There is the old city slumbering in its sin. To-morrow will be the battle. Look! the morning already begins to tip the hills. The military officers of Ai look out in the morning very early, and while they do not see the division in ambush, they behold the other division of Joshua, and the cry, "To arms! To arms!" ring through all the streets of the old town, and every sword, whether hacked or bent or newly welded, is brought out, and all the inhabitants of the city of Ai pour through the gates, an infuriated torrent, and their cry is: "Come, we'll make quick work with Joshua and his troops." No sooner had these people of Ai come out against the troops of Joshua, than Joshua gave such a command as he seldom gave: "Fall back!" Why, they could not believe their own ears. Is Joshua's courage failing him?

The retreat is beaten, and the Israelites are flying, throwing blankets and canteens on every side under this worse than Bull Run defeat. And you ought to hear the soldiers of Ai cheer and cheer and cheer. But they hazza too soon. The men lying in ambush are straining their vision to get some signal from Joshua that they may know what time to drop upon the city. Joshua takes his burnished spear, glittering in the sun like a shaft of doom, and points it toward the city; and when the men up yonder in the ambush see it, with hawk-like swoop they drop upon Ai, and without stroke of sword or stab of spear take the city and put it to the torch. So much for the division that was in ambush. How about the division under Joshua's command? No sooner does Joshua stop in flight than all his men stop with him, and as he wheels they wheel, for in a voice of thunder he cried "Halt!" One strong arm driving back a torrent of flying troops. And then, as he points his spear through the golden light toward that fatal city, his troops know that they are to start for it. What a scene it was when the division in ambush which had taken the city marched down against the men of Ai on the one side, and the troops under Joshua doubled up their enemies from the other side, and the men of Ai were caught between these two hurricanes of Israelitish courage, thrust before and behind, stabbed in the breast and back, ground between the upper and the nether millstones of God's indignation. Woe to the city of Ai! Cheer for the triumphs of Isreal!

Lesson the first: There is such a thing as victorious retreat. Joshua's falling back was the first chapter in his successful besiegement. And there are times in your life when the best thing you can do is to run. You were once the victim of strong drink. The demijohn and decanter were your fierce foes. They came down upon you with greater fury than the men of Ai upon the men of Joshua. Your only safety is to get away from them. Your dissipating companions will come around you for your overthrow. Run for your life! Fall back! Fall back from the drinking saloon. Fall back from the wine party. Your flight is your advance. Your retreat is your victory. There is a saloon down on next street that has almost been the ruin of your soul. Then why do you go along that street! Why do you not pass through some other street rather than by the place of your calamity? A spoonful of brandy taken for medical purposes by a man who twenty years before had been reformed from drunkenness, hurled into inebriety and the grave one of the best friends I ever had. Your retreat is your victory. Here is a converted infidel. He is so strong now in his faith in the Gospel he says he can read anything. What are you reading? Bolingbroke? Andrew Jackson Davis's tracts? Tyndall's Glascow University address? Drop them and run. You will be an infidel before you die unless you quit that. These men of Ai will be too much for you. Turn your back on the rank and file of unbelief. Fly before they cut you with their swords and transfix you with their javelins.

There are people who have been well-nigh ruined because they risked a foolhardy expedition in the presence of mighty and overwhelming temptations, and the men of Ai made a morning meal of them. So also there is such a thing as victorious retreat in the religious world. Thousands of times the kingdom of Christ has seemed to fall back. When the blood of the Scotch Covenanters gave a deeper dye to the heather of the Highlands, when the Vaudois of France chose extermination rather than make an unchristian surrender, when on St. Bartholomew's Day mounted assassins rode through the street of Paris, crying: "Kill! Blood-letting is good in August! Kill. Death to the Huguenots! Kill!" when lady Jane Grey's head rolled from the executioner's block, when Calvin was imprisoned in the castle, when John Knox died for the truth; when John Bunyan lay rotting in Bedford Jail, saying: "If God will help me and my physical life continues I will stay here until the moss grows on my eyebrows rather than give up my faith," the days of retreat for the church were days of victory.

The Pilgrim Fathers fell back from the other side of the sea to Plymouth Rock, but now are marshalling a continent for the Christianization of the world. The Church of Christ falling back from Piedmont, falling back from Rue St. Jacques, falling back from St. Denis, falling back from Wurtemburg castles, falling back from the Brussels market place, yet all the time triumphing. Notwithstanding all the shocking reverses which the Church of Christ suffers, what do we see to-day? Three thousand missionaries of the cross on heathen ground; sixty thousand ministers of Jesus Christ in this land; at least two hundred millions of Christians on the earth. All nations to-day kindling in a blaze of revival. Falling back, yet advancing until the old Wesleyan hymn will prove true:

"The lion of Judah shall break the chain,
And give us the victory again and again."

But there is a more marked illustration of victorious retreat in the life of our Joshua, the Jesus of the ages. First falling back from an appalling height to an appalling depth, falling from celestial hills to terrestrial valleys, from throne to manger; yet that did not seem to suffice Him as a retreat. Falling back still further from Bethlehem to Nazareth, from Nazareth to Jerusalem, back from Jerusalem to Golgotha, back from Golgotha to the mausoleum in the rock, back down over the precipices of perdition until He walked amid the caverns of the eternal captives and drank of the wine of the wrath of Almighty God amid the Ahabs and the Jezebels and the Belshazzars. O men of the pulpit and men of the pew, Christ's descent from heaven to earth does not measure half the distance. It was from glory to perdition. He descended into hell. All the records of earthly retreats are as nothing compared with this falling back. Santa Anna, with the fragments of his army flying over the plateaux of Mexico, and Napoleon and his army retreating from Moscow into the awful snows of Russia are not worthy to be mentioned with this retreat, when all the powers of darkness seem to be pursuing Christ as He fell back, until the body of Him who came to do such wonderful things lay pulseless and stripped. Methinks that the city of Ai was not so emptied of its inhabitants when they went to pursue Joshua, as perdition was emptied of devils when they started for the pursuit of Christ and He fell back and back down lower, down lower, chasm below chasm, pit below pit, until he seemed to strike the bottom of objurgation and scorn and torture. Oh, the long, loud, jubilant shout of hell at the defeat of the Lord God Almighty!

But let not the powers of darkness rejoice quite so soon. Do you hear that disturbance in the tomb of Arimathea? I hear the sheet rending! What means that stone hurled down the side of the hill? Who is this coming out? Push him back! the dead must not stalk in this open sunlight. O, it is our Joshua. Let him come out. He comes forth and starts for the city. He takes the spear of the Roman guard and points the way. Church militant marches up on one side and the church triumphant marches down on the other side. And the powers of darkness being caught between these ranks of celestial and terrestral valor, nothing is left of them save just enough to illustrate the direful overthrow of hell and our Joshua's eternal victory. On His head be all the crowns. In His hand be all the sceptres. At His feet be all the human hearts; and here, Lord, is one of them.

Lesson the second: The triumph of the wicked is short. Did you ever see an army in a panic. There is nothing so uncontrollable. If you had stood at Long Bridge, Washington, during the opening of our sad civil war, you would know what it is to see an army run. And when those men of Ai looked out and saw those men of Joshua in a stampede, they expected easy work. They would scatter them as the equinox the leaves. O, the gleeful and jubilant descent of the men of Ai upon the men of Joshua! But their exhilaration was brief, for the tide of battle was turned and these quondam conquerors left their miserable carcasses in the wilderness of Bethaven. So it always is. The triumph of the wicked is short. You make $20,000 at the gaming table. Do you expect to keep it? You will die in the poorhouse. You made a fortune by iniquitous traffic. Do you expect to keep it? Your money will scatter, or it will stay long enough to curse your children after you were dead. Call over the roll of bad men who has prospered and see how short was their prosperity. For awhile like the men of Ai they went from conquest to conquest, but after awhile disaster rolled back upon them and they were divided into three parts: misfortune took their property, the grave took their body, and the lost world took their soul. I am always interested in the building of theatres and the building of dissipating saloons. I like to have them built of the best granite and have the rooms made large and to have the pillars made very firm. God is going to conquer them and they will be turned into asylums and art galleries and churches. The stores in which fraudulent men do business, the splendid banking institutions where the president and cashier put all their property in their wives hands and then fail for $200,000 —all these institutions are to become the places where honest Christian men do business.

How long will it take your boys to get through your ill-gotten gains? The wicked do not live out half their days. For a while they swagger and strut and make a great splash in the newspapers, but after a while it all dwindles down into a brief paragraph; "Died suddenly, July 22d, 1888, at thirty-five years of age. Relatives and friends of the family are invited to attend the funeral on Wednesday, at two o'clock, from his late residence on Madison Square. Interment at Greenwood." Some of them jumped off the docks. Some of them took prussic acid. Some of them fell under the snap of a Derringer pistol. Some of them spent their last days in a lunatic asylum. Where are William Tweed and his associates? Where are Ketchum and Swartwout, absconding swindlers? Where is James Fisk, the libertine? Where is John Wilkes Booth, the assassin? and all the other misdemeanants? The wicked do not live out half their days. Disembogue, O world of darkness! Come up, Hildebrand and Henry II. and Robespierre, and with blistering and blaspheming and ashen lips hiss out: "The triumph of the wicked is short." Alas for the men of Ai when Joshua stretches out his spear toward the city!

Lesson the third: How much may be accomplished by lying in ambush for opportunities. Are you hypercritical of Joshua's manoeuvre? Do you say that it was cheating for him to take that city by ambuscade? Was it wrong for Washington to kindle camp-fires on New Jersey Heights, giving the impreccession to the opposing force that a great army was encamped there when there was none at all? I answer, if the war was right then Joshua was right in his stratagem. He violated no flag of truce. He broke no treaty, but by lawful ambuscade captured the city of Ai. Oh, that we all knew how to lie in ambush for opportunities to serve God. The best of our opportunities do not lie on the surface, but are secreted; by tact, by stratagem, by Christian ambuscade, you may take almost any castle of sin for Christ. Come toward men with a regular besiegement of argument and you will be defeated; but just wait until the door of their hearts is set ajar, or they are off their guard, or their severe caution is is away from home, and then drop in on them from a Christian ambuscade. There has been many a man up to his chin in scientific portfolios which proved there was no Christ and no divine revelation, his pen a scimetar flung into the hearts of theological opponents, who, nevertheless, has been discomfited and captured for God by some little three-year-old child who has got up and put her snowy arms around his sinewy neck, and asked some simple question about God and heaven.

Oh, make a flank movement; steal a march on the devil; cheat that man into heaven. A five-dollar treatise that will stand all the laws of homiletics may fail to do that which a penny tract of Christian entreaty may accomplish. Oh, for more Christians in ambuscade, not lying in idleness, but waiting for a quick spring, waiting until just the right time comes. Do not talk to a man about the vanity of this world on the day when he has bought something at "twelve" and is going to sell it at "fifteen." But talk to him about the vanity of the world on the day when he has bought something at "fifteen" and is compelled to sell at "twelve." Do not rub a man's disposition the wrong way. Do not take the imperative mood when the subjunctive mood will do just as well. Do not talk in perservid style to a phlegmatic nor try to tickle a torrid temperament with an icicle. You can take any man for Christ if you know how to get at him. Do not send word to him that to-morrow at ten o'clock you propose to open your batteries upon him, but come on him by a skilful, persevering, God-directed ambuscade.

Lesson the fourth: The importance of taking good aim. There is Joshua, but how are those people in ambush up yonder to know when they are to drop on the city, and how are these men around Joshua to know when they are to stop their flight and advance? There must be some signal—a signal to stop the one division and to start the other. Joshua with a spear on which were ordinarily hung the colors of battle, points toward the city. He stands in such a conspicuous position, and there is so much of the morning light dripping from that spear-tip, that all around the horizon they see it. It was as much as to say: "There is the city. Take it. Take it now. Roll down from the west. Surge up from the north. It is ours, the city of Ai. God knows and we know that a great deal of Christian attack amounts to nothing simply because we do not take good aim. Nobody knows and we do not know ourselves which point we want to take, when we ought to make up our minds what God will have us to do, and point our spear in that direction and then hurl our body, mind, soul, time, eternity at that one target. In our pulpits and pews and Sunday-schools and prayer-meetings we want to get a reputation for saying pretty things, and so we point our spear toward the flowers; or we want a reputation for saying sublime things, and we point our spear toward the stars; or we want to get a reputation for historical knowlege, and we point our spear toward the past; or we want to get a reputation for great liberality, so we swing our spear all around; and it strikes all points of the horizon, and you can make out of it whatever you please; while there is the old world, proud, rebellious and armed against all righteousness; and instead of running any further away from its pursuit, we ought to turn around, plant our foot in the strength of the eternal God, lift the old cross and point it in the direction of the world's conquest till the redeemed of earth, marching up from one side and the glorified of heaven marching down from the other side, the last battlement of sin is compelled to swing out the streamers of Emanuel. Oh, Church of God, take aim and conquer.

I have heard it said: "Look out for a man who has only one idea; he is irresponsible." I say: Look out for the man who has one idea, and that a determination for soul-saving I believe God would strike me dead if I dared to point the spear in any other direction. Oh, for some of the courage and enthusiasm of Joshua! He flung two armies from the tip of that spear. It is sinful for us to rest, unless it is to get stronger muscle and fresher brain and purer heart for God's work. I feel on my head the hands of Christ in a new ordination. Do you not feel the same omnipotent presure? There is a work for all of us. Oh, that we might stand up side by side and point the spear toward loose religion or what is called "liberal Christianity," which is so liberal that it gives up all the cardinal doctrins of the Bible, so liberal that it surrenders the rectitude of the throne of the Almighty. That is liberality with a vengeance. Let us decide upon the work which we, as Christian men, have to do, and, in the strength of God, go to work and to it.

It is comparatively easy to keep on a parade amid a shower of banquets and hand-clapping, and the whole street full of enthusiastic huzzas; but it is not so easy to stand up in the day of battle, the face blackened with smoke, the uniform covered with earth ploughed up by whizzing bullets and bursting shells, half the regiment cut to pieces, and yet the commander crying "Forward, march!" Then it requires old-fashioned valor. My friends, the great trouble of the kingdom of God in this day is the cowards. They do splendidly on a parade day, and at the communion, when they have on their best clothes of Christian profession; but put them out in the great battle of life, at the first sharpshooting of skepticism they dodge, they fall back, they break ranks. We confront the enemy, we open the battle against fraud, and lo! we find on our side a great many people that do not try to pay their debts. And we open the battle against intemperance, and we find on our own side a great many people who drink to much. And we open the battle against profanity, and we find on our own side a great many men who make hard speeches. And we open the battle against infidelity, and lo! we find on our own side a great many men who are not quite sure about the Book of Jonah. And while we ought to be massing our troops, and bringing forth more than the united courage of Austerlitz, and Waterloo, and Gettysburg, we have to be spending our time in hunting up ambuscades. There are a great many in the Lord's army who would like to go out on a campaign with satin slippers and holding umbrellas over their heads to keep off the heavy dew, and having rations of canvas-back ducks and lemon custards. If they cannot have them they want to go home. They think it is unhealthy among so many bullets!

I believe that the next twelve months will be the most stupendous year that heaven ever saw. The nations are quaking now with the coming of God. It will be a year of successes for the men of Joshua, but of doom for the men of Ai. You put your ear to the rail-track and you can hear the train coming miles away. So I put my ear to the ground and I hear the thundering on of the lightning train of God's mercies and judgments. The mercy of God is first to be tried upon this nation. It will be preached in the pulpits, in theatres, on the streets, everywhere. People will be invited to accept the mercy of the Gospel and the story and the song and the prayer will be "mercy." But suppose they do not accept the offer of mercy—what then? Then God will come with His judgments, and the grasshoppers will eat the crops, and the freshets will devastate the valleys, and the defalcations will swallow the money markets, and the fires will burn the cities, and the earth will quake from pole to pole. Year of mercies and of judgments. Year of invitation and of warning. Year of jubilee and of woe. Which side are you going to be on? With the men of Ai or the men of Joshua? Pass over this Sabbath into the ranks of Israel. I would clap my hands at the joy of your coming. You will have a poor chance for this world and the world to come without Jesus. You cannot stand what is to come upon you and upon the world unless you have the pardon and the comfort and the help of Christ. Come over. On this side is your happiness and safety, on the other side is disquietude and despair. Eternal defeat to the men of Ai! Eternal victory to the men of Joshua!

The Family Book-Case.

The family book-case will be recalled by many who were reared in the country. Little was known of its history, sometimes, as the chances were that it had been bidden in at a "vendue," as auction sales were called some years ago. Its scars showed that it had experienced the battles of life. In its best days it stood in the parlor, but finally was banished to the kitchen of the old house, where it became a general receptacle for almost everything except books. You might find a copy of Fox's Martyrs, perhaps, with the covers gone and the leaves rumpled and torn. Youthful paint brushes had been busy with the illustrations, and the pious Latimer in a red suit might have been seen slowly roasting over a green fire, and the other victims of holy zeal were submitted to martyrdoms that Mr. Fox never dreamed of. Robinson Crusoe, so mutilated and changed that his own man Friday wouldn't recognize him, might be found there; and the remnants of the once happy and united Swiss Family Robinson scattered about on the shelves. Then there are school books, old and discarded, odd numbers of magazines, copy books, old newspapers and other odds and ends of literature. Father keeps his shaving utensils in the old book-case, and mother stuffs the shelves with dried herbs; Susie puts her rubbers there and Bob has a corner for his skates. When the blacking-brush cannot be found anywhere else it is generally in the old book-case, and there is a mingled odor of hair oil and horse medicine.—*Texas Siftings.*

An Earthquake Society.

At a recent session of the Science Association, a learned professor made an eloquent appeal in behalf of a society in Japan that was established to study earthquakes. He said the society was small and poor, but deserving sympathy and aid. There are unusual facilities in Japan, we leran, for studing earthquakes for they occur almost every week. The wear and tear of a society organized for the special purpose of investigating the phenomena must be very great, and it is no wonder that the society is poor, as the professor says. When an earthquake comes thundering along they have to leave what ever they are doing and attend to it. Should it be in the dead of night it makes no difference, they are bound to turn out. Wives may scold about it, children cry, "don't go, papa!" but the demands of science are imperative. It isn't a pleasant experience, poking about in the night trying to investigate an earthquake. The earth is liable to open almost anywhere and swallow the investigator, and if he escapes that ten chances to one he will be caught by the seat of his trousers when the fissure closes. This is extremely wearing on clothes and keeps the society poor. If friends of science do not feel able to contribute money to the earthquake society of Japan, they might at lest forward some of their cast-off pantaloons.—*Texas Siftings.*

Something Desperate.

"I met young Sampson at the gate as I came in, Lulu," said the old gentleman, "and he seemed in great haste." "Oh, papa, I have just refused him, and I'm afraid he may do something desperate. What did he say?" "He asked me if the boys down at the Crescent saloon had all gone home."—*New York Sun.*

For Medicinial Purposes.

Customer: "Give me a dose of whisky." Druggist: "What's the matter with you?" Customer: "Ague." Druggist: "Oh, you shake for the drinks—you?"—*Washington Critic*

A TALE OF THE TELEGRAPH.

It was a lovely day in May; the sun was shining brightly, and the air was laden with that balmy fragrance that lends the special charm to spring days. I was standing upon the roof of one of the leading hotels in the city.

I had been examining the telephone wires on the roof, on which we had lately placed a new patent arrangement for the purpose of overcoming induction from the neighboring telegraph wires.

I stood holding on with one hand to a standard for telephone wires for several minutes, lost in thought.

I had stood thus for perhaps five minutes, when I was brought back to the realization of my sense by a sound which, coming upon me so suddenly, seemed to freeze the blood in my veins, send a chill down my back, and a nervous tremor through my entire system; it was the unmistakeable cry of a maniac!

Turning quickly towards the direction from which the sound came, I saw the author of it with his head just above the opening of the trap-door, through which I had gained access to the roof, and the door of which I had left swung back upon its hinges.

I recognized at once that the man was mad. His wild expression showed it quite plainly.

For an instant I stood motionless, not knowing what to do, when again that laugh rang out upon the air; and I noticed that he was ascending to the roof. Quick as lightning my mind took in the situation, and I rushed desperately towards the man intending to strike him with all my force, and knock him backward down the flight of stairs to the floor below. He saw my intention, and tried to gain she roof before I could reach him; but the distance between us was only a few feet, and he had not risen above the roof higher than his waist when I forced him back.

I stood upon the door a short time, expecting every minute that he would renew the attack, when sudden