

It ought to be a very easy matter to break the new plate-glass trust.

RELIGION is a natural instinct with women—politics is an acquired taste, like the relish for olives.

WHERE'S the profit when sunshine makes us happy and gay if it makes all the microbes feel just the same way?

THE Welch have a drink called Myskin Llanapdysilipogoch. It makes a man dizzy even to look at the name.

WHY do our reportorial friends invariably speak of the "cool world" and crisp five-dollar notes? Why cool and why crisp?

THE Count of Paris indicates a cheerful willingness to undertake the guidance of the French ship of state. All that seems to be lacking is the consent of France.

A LADY is attempting to traverse the country by rail and throughout her journey not touch her Chicago foot to the ground. The value of accomplishing this ambition does not appear. What are feet for?

MEMBERS of Parliament have officially declared that they want pay for their services. Is patriotism dead over there? In the United States office is sought for its honors alone. At least such allegation has been made.

HERE is a hint from the Household, which is commended to the attention of all who need it: "Ho, all you dyspeptics!" says a quack at the head of his advertisement. But that is exactly what dyspeptics won't do. If they would hoo vigorously they might not need any medicine.

EIFFEL is said to be a fugitive. The possibility that he may have climbed his own tower seems to have been overlooked by the police. If he has, some cunning engineering device may be expected to pull the tower up after him, and what would French justice do then? True, it might convict De Lesseps some more.

AFTER winning glory for saving a train a man in Oregon has been arrested charged with having loosened the rail that gave him a chance to be a hero. So another idol tumbles, a spectacle always somber, but aggravated this time by the fact that the passengers theoretically snatched from death had given their bold rescuer a purse made up of contributions averaging 22 cents apiece.

JUANA JUAREZ, a Mexican girl of Durango, was in a casket surrounded by weeping friends, the occasion being her wake. Some careless mourner slipped a drop of hot tallow from one of the candles upon the waxen fingers of Juana and she bounced out of the casket with a bow that completely robbed the wake of its solemnity, and refused to return. It is seldom that the chief figure at one of these ceremonials gets a chance to participate actively in proceedings, that Juana's experience is really worthy of record.

THE plain old farmers who captured Latimer made the orthodox detective methods appear at a disadvantage. They simply invited the murderer to come along, gave him something to eat, loaded him into a wagon without so much as a pair of handcuffs to restrain him, and landed him safely in the Jackson prison, after having a pleasant talk on the way and eliciting some interesting statements from the remarkable prisoner. There was no flourishing of shooting-irons, no grand stand plays. It was simply a case of hitching up the team and hauling him back.

THE killing of Mrs. Josephine Frill by Grand Trunk engine, at Chicago, was one of the most cruel and pathetic murders ever perpetrated by the railway juggernaut. By her death her boy, a bright little fellow only four years old, was left without father or mother, the former parent having died only about a week before. The little fellow was taken to the Armory station, where he remained for several days in the care of strangers before any of his relatives learned of his whereabouts or came to claim him. The grade crossing juggernaut is an unsentimental and hideously cruel monster.

JOHN NOWACKI's wife made him happy by presenting him with a son on the 4th of March. John wrote to the President asking permission to name this inauguration boy Grover Cleveland, which privilege was granted. Thus bit by bit the simplicity of American life is being destroyed. In the olden time when a citizen wanted to name his heir George Washington or Thomas Jefferson he just went ahead and did so, with none to stop him or interfere in any way. Nobody thought of asking a President's permission for such a thing as that, as was considered a part of the President's official burden, assumed with the rest of his obligations when he took the oath of office.

PROFESSOR LEVERMORE, of Boston, advocates the establishment of a newspaper with an endowment of from \$4,000,000 to \$6,000,000 under the charge of a Board of Trustees

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

HIS TWENTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY IN BROOKLYN.

He Feels Like Uttering a Long and Loud Hallelujah, for the Talent of the World Centers Brooklyn, and so the Gospel Is Spread Abroad.

The Tabernacle Pulpit.

Rev. Dr. Talmage last Sunday preached his twenty-fourth anniversary sermon. Subject, "A Brooklyn Pastor." The text was Revelation iv, 4. "And round about the throne were four and twenty seats, and upon the seats I saw four and twenty elders."

This text I choose chiefly for the numerical it contains—namely, four and twenty. That was the number of elders seated around the throne of God. But that is the number of years seated around my Brooklyn ministry, and every pulpit is a throne of blessing, or blasting a throne of good or evil. And to-day, in this my twenty-fourth anniversary sermon, 24 years come and sit around me, and they speak out in a reminiscence of gladness and tears. Twenty-four years ago I arrived in this city to shepherd such a flock as might come, and that day I carried in on my arms the infant son who in two weeks from to-day I will help ordain to the gospel ministry, hoping that he will be preaching long after my poor work is done.

We have received into our membership over 5,000 souls, but they, I think, are only a small portion of the multitudes who, coming from all parts of the earth, have in our house of God been blest and saved. Although we have as a church raised \$1,100,000 for religious purposes, yet we are in the strange position of not knowing whether in two or three months we shall have any church at all, and with audiences of 6,000 or 7,000 people crowded into this room and the adjoining rooms we are confronted with the question whether I shall go on with my work here or go to some other field. What an awful necessity that we should have been obliged to build three imbecile churches, two of them destroyed by fire!

A misapprehension is abroad that the financial exigency of this church is past. Through journalistic and personal friends a breathing spell has been afforded us, but before us yet are financial obligations which must promptly be met, or speedily this house of God will go into worldly uses and become a theater or a concert hall. The \$12,000 raised cannot cancel a floating debt of \$140,000. Through the kindness of those to whom we are indebted \$60,000 would set us forever free. I am glad to say that the case is not hopeless. We are daily in receipt of touching evidences of practical sympathy from all classes of the community and from all sections of the country, and it was but yesterday that by my own hand I sent, for confirmation gratefully received, nearly 50 acknowledgements east, west, north, and south.

A Day for Hallelujah.

Our trust is in the Lord, who divided the Red Sea and "made the mountains skip like lambs." With this paragraph I dismiss the financial subject and return to the spiritual. This morning the greatness of God's kindness obliterates everything, and if I wanted to build a groan I do not know in what forest I would hew the timber, or from what quarry I would dig the foundation stone, or who would construct for me an organ with a tremolo for the only stop, and so this morning I occupy my time in the great one, a good place to die in, a good place to live in, a good place to be buried in, a good place from which to rise in a beautiful resurrection.

In the first place, I remark that a Brooklyn pastorate is always a difficult pastorate. No city under the sun has a grander array of pulpit talent than Brooklyn. The Methodists, the Baptists, the Congregationalists, the Episcopalians, and all the denominations send their brightest lights here. He who stands in any pulpit in Brooklyn preaching may know that he stands within fifteen minutes walk of sermons such as a Saurin, a Boudaloue, and a John M. Mason, and a George Whitefield would not be ashamed of. No city under the sun where a poor sermon is such a drug on the market.

A CIRCUMSTANCE attending a recent murder trial in Texas has excited great public interest in that State. The trial occurred at Columbus. Arthur King was on trial for the murder of Frank Williams, near Eagle Lake, Sept. 11, 1892. The trial was impaled, and it being late in the afternoon the court adjourned for supper. Evidently the Texas courts have expeditious methods which would shock the judicial aggregation and the bar of a Northern city. After supper the trial proceeded. The examination of witnesses was continued until 11 o'clock, when an adjournment was about to be had. At that moment Judge Beauregard Bryan, presiding at the trial, was informed that Jud Williams, a brother of the man for whose murder King was on trial, had secretly passed a flask of whisky to B. L. Willis, one of the jurymen. Whatever malicious wits may say of barbarous conditions at the South, nothing in this instance justifies their jests. The trial was stopped. Judge Bryan called up before him the juror Willis and Jud Williams. Both were severely reprimanded and Williams was sent to jail, to stay there until the further orders of the court. He then said that this flagrant misconduct would be calculated to throw doubt upon any verdict that might be rendered and discharged the jury. The action of Judge Bryan is universally commended and popular opinion regarding the administration of justice in Texas should be in its favor.

Our owing Country.

That there are children now born who will live long enough to see the people of the United States number from one hundred and fifty to two hundred million, says Erastus Wiman in a recent number of the Engineering Magazine, is a consideration that should have great weight in contemplating the conditions that now are beginning to prevail. If in the ten years just closed the population has increased at a rate of nearly twenty-five per cent, and we now start out with sixty-five million, fifty million will have the population up to nearly two hundred million. But, even if the same rate is not maintained, and if only one hundred and fifty million is reached, the enormous growth will have consequences of a character that should be considered with special reference to enlarged territory and widened area of opportunity. There is hardly anything more certain under the sun than this growth, and its certainty should deeply impress every one who thinks at all with the importance of making preparations for an increase so momentous.

Let that be a new departure as a church. Let that be a new departure as a pastor. Sympathy! Gratitude to God demands that this morning I mention the fact that during all these twenty-four years I have missed but one service through sickness. When I entered the ministry, I was so delicate I did not think I would preach three months, but they have forgotten all about Wall Street and Broadway and the shambles. If they commit business sins in New York during the day, they come over to Brooklyn to repent of them.

Brooklyn Absorbs the World's Intellect.

Everybody comes here. Stand at the bridge entrance or at the ferry gates on Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, or Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock, and you see north, south, east, west—Europe, Asia, Africa, New Zealand, Australia—coming to Brooklyn to spend the Sabbath, or part of it, in the persons of their representatives. Some of them fresh from

the sea. They have just landed, and they want to seek the house of God publicly to thank the Lord for their deliverance from cyclone and fog banks of Newfoundland. Every song, every prayer offered, every sermon preached in New York and Brooklyn, and all along this sea coast, in some shape goes all around the world. A Brooklyn pastorate is at the greatest altitude of conspicuity.

Again I remark that a Brooklyn pastorate is characterized by brevity. I think myself of but three ministers of the gospel now preaching here who were preaching when I came to Brooklyn. Most of the pulpits around me have changed seven or eight times since my arrival.

Sometimes the pastorate has been brief for one reason and sometimes for another reason. Sometimes the ministers of the gospel have been too good for this world, and Heaven has transplanted them. Sometimes they changed places by the decree of their denomination. Sometimes they came with great blaze of trumpets, proposing to carry everything before them, and got extinguished before they were distinguished. Some got preached out in two or three years and told the people all they knew. Some with holy spirit did in a short time work which it takes a great many years to do.

Whether for good or bad reasons a Brooklyn pastorate is characterized by brevity, not much of the old plan by which a minister of the gospel baptized an infant, then received him into the church, after he had become an adult married him, baptized his children, married them, and lived on long enough to bury almost everybody but himself. Glorious old pastores they were. Some of us remember them—Dr. Spring, Peter Laubaugh, Dominic Zabriskie, Daniel Waldo, Abram Halsey. When the snow melted from their foreheads, it revealed the flowers of an unfading coronal. Pastores of thirty, forty, fifty, fifty-five years' continuance.

Some of them had to be "helped into the pulpit or into the carriage, they were so old and decrepit, until when the Lord's chariots halted one day in front of the old parsonage as they stepped in vigorous as an athlete, and as we saw the wheels of fire whirling through the gates of the sunset we all cried out, 'My father, my father! the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof.'

I remark again, a Brooklyn pastorate is characterized by its happiness. Brooklyn Praise for Happiness.

No city under the sun where people take such good care of their ministers. In proportion as the world outside may curse, a congregation stands close up by the man whom they believe in. Brooklyn society has for its foundation two elements—the Puritan, which always means a quiet Sabbath, and the Hollandish, which means a worshipful people. On the top of this admixture of all nationalities—the tawny Scot, the solid English, the vivacious Irish, the polite French, the philosophic German, and in all this intermingling of population the universal dominant theory that a man can do as he pleases, provided he doesn't disturb anybody else.

A delightful climate. Whilst it is hard on weak strength, for the most of us it is bracing. Not an atmosphere made up of the discharged gases of chemical factories or the miasms of swamps, but coming panting right off 3,000 miles of Atlantic Ocean before anybody else has had a chance to breathe it! All through the city a society of kind, genial, generous, sympathetic people. How they fly to you when you are in trouble! How they watch over you when you are sick! How tender they are with you when you have buried your dead! Brooklyn is a good place to live in, a good place to die in, a good place to be buried in, a good place from which to rise in a beautiful resurrection.

In such a city I have been permitted to have 24 years of pastorate. During these years how many heartbreaks, how many losses, how many bereavements! Hardly a family of the church that has not been struck with sorrow, but God has sustained you in the past, and he will sustain you in the future. I exhort you to be of good cheer, O thou of the broken heart. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I wish over every door of this church we might have written the word "Sympathy" —sympathy for all the young.

The Sympathetic of Brooklyn.

Yes, sympathy for the old. They have their aches and pains and distresses. They cannot hear or walk or see as well as they used to. We must be reverential in their presence. On dark days we must help them through the aisle and help them find the place in the hymnbook. Some Sabbath morning we shall miss them from their place, and we shall say, "Where is Father. So-and-so-day?" and the answer will be: "What have you heard?" The King's woxons have taken Jacob up to the palace where his Joseph is yet alive.

Sympathy for business men. Twenty-four years of commercial life in New York and Brooklyn are enough to tear one's nerves to pieces. We want to make our Sabbath service here a rescue for all; these martyrs of traffic, a foretaste of that land where they have no rents to pay, and there are no business rivalries, and where riches, instead of taking wings to fly away, brood over other every man's taste and to gratify every man's preference.

Now, let me say to all ministers of the gospel who are ambitious for a Brooklyn pulpit that it is always a difficult pastorate. No city under the sun has a grander array of pulpit talent than Brooklyn. The Methodists, the Baptists, the Congregationalists, the Episcopalians, and all the denominations send their brightest lights here. He who stands in any pulpit in Brooklyn preaching may know that he stands within fifteen minutes walk of sermons such as a Saurin, a Boudaloue, and a John M. Mason, and a George Whitefield would not be ashamed of. No city under the sun where a poor sermon is such a drug on the market.

For forty years Brooklyn has been surrounded with homicides, an electricity of eloquence that struck every time it flashed from the old pulpits which quaked with the powers of a Bethune, and a Cox, and a Speer, and a Spear, and a Vinton, and a Farley, and a Beecher, not mentioning the names of the magnificent men now manning the Brooklyn pulpits. So during all the time there has been something to appeal to every man's taste and to gratify every man's preference.

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Sympathy for the fallen, remembering that they ought to be pitied as much as a man run over with a rail train. The fact is that in the temptations and misfortunes of life they get run over. You have done as badly; we should have done worse perhaps. If you and I had the same evil surroundings and the same evil parentage that they had and the same native born propensities to evil that they had, you and I should have been in the penitentiary or outcasts of society.

"No," says some self-righteous man, "I couldn't have been overthrown in that way." You old hypocrites, you would have been the first to fall!

We want in this church to have sympathy for the worst man, remembering he is a brother; sympathy for the worst woman, remembering she is a sister. If that is not the gospel, I do not know what the gospel is.

Gratitude to God for the Past.

Let it thrill in every sermon. Let it tremble in every song. Let it gleam in every tear and in every light. Sympathy! Sympathy, groaning for sympathy, dying for sympathy, tumbling off into uncleanness and crime and perdition for lack of sympathy. May God give it to us! Fill all this pulpit with it from step to step. Let the sweep of these galleries suggest its encircling arms. Fill all the house with it from door to door and from floor to ceiling, until there is no more room for it, and it shall overflow into the street, and passersby on foot and in carriage shall feel the throb of its magnificence.

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SHAMEFUL ADMISSION.

WORKINGS OF A HIGH TARIFF BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

Another Industry Admits that Protection Hurts and Pauperizes the Business and Results in Higher Prices—Commercial Freedom Would Stop Canadian Exodus.

An Open Confession.

Willard and Gray's Sugar Journal of April 6 puts on an injured look and asks why the sugar refining industry should be singled out "for special attack on the ground of too much protection." It quotes the latest statistics to show that in over twenty principal manufacturing industries the protection varies from 27 to 113 per cent, while it is but 13.98 per cent on refined sugar. This certainly does look unfair. While Uncle Sam is lending a helping hand to the manufacturing industries, he should endeavor to be impartial. The Journal proceeds to make a confession which it is well for the country to understand. It says:

"The advantages derived from the above noted discrimination against refiners are not very apparent. Contrary to general opinion, the prosperity of refiners is probably owing in a considerable degree to the small measure of protection accorded them compared with all other manufacturers. This small protection forces economies of management and concentration of manufacture, by means of which profits can only be made and dividends maintained, and prevents competition from the building of new refineries."

This is not the first industry that has made this shameful admission. The window glass manufacturers have admitted, in the National Glass Budget and other glass journals, that too much "protection" has made them careless and wasteful in their methods, so that instead of making good use of our abundant natural opportunities—cheap gas, fuel, sand, etc., and making the best and the cheapest glass in the world, we have become so slothful that we can make only inferior glass at nearly twice the European cost of good glass. The Budget frankly avows that if it had not been for "protection" and the absence of natural competition, the unsupassed facilities for glass production coming from free natural gas would have given us the markets of the Western, if not of the Eastern, world. With protection we are still using antiquated pots instead of modern tanks, used all over Europe, and with the declining supply of natural gas we will have lost the opportunity of an age. Nature is withdrawing her bounty; protection has defeated it. Other countries less favorably situated and supplied with raw materials will continue to supply the markets that should be ours.

The two men claim to be in the same nasty, mealy predicament. Not long ago, when they were clamoring for more protection, they were pretending that it would stimulate home competition and cause prices to decline. Now, since the jig is up with them and their shoddy claims, and consideable of their protection is to be withdrawn, they are ready and willing to go back on all past statements and to make the most shameful admissions to save as much as possible of their unconstitutional and unwholly bonus. Here is what the American Wool and Cotton Reporter of Feb. 23 said:

"Were the Mills bill put in operation to-day the measure of protection afforded by it, so far as pertains to the woolen industry, would be less than would have been realized at the time the bill was formulated. Conditions have changed considerably during the past four years, and what would have been a sufficient measure of protection then would be inadequate to-day. The foreign manufacturer, because of the obstacles of higher duties, has been forced to a lower plane of economy, while the domestic manufacturer, with a wider market formerly to cater to, has had less incentive to restrict and economize. These conditions have widened the difference between them, and has increased the advantage of the former over the latter."

Higher prices and slovenly methods of manufacture, then, are the heritage of thirty years of protection and high taxation. Instead of strengthening our weak industries and fitting them to stand alone and to produce goods at competitive prices, it endangers them and makes them a heavier and heavier burden