

THE INDEPENDENT.

PLYMOUTH, INDIANA.

HELLO, MR. CHAIRMAN

TELEPHONES IN THE ST. LOUIS CONVENTION.

They Will Connect Each State Delegation with the Speaker's Desk So He May Easily Get the Name of Each Man Who Rises to Talk.

Telegraphic Arrangements.
When the national Republican convention meets in St. Louis the delegates will witness an innovation in the matter of handling a big convention. It is a scheme proposed by the Bell Telephone Company. It is to connect the various State delegations with the Speaker's desk by telephone, so that the Chairman may know the name of every man who is recognized and thus be able to announce his name to the convention. The telephone scheme, it is claimed, will do away with the annoyance and loss of time that has so long been a source of worry to the managers of national conventions. The details of the plan proposed do not differ from the system of room to room telephony in vogue in the large hotels. There will be a central office back of the Speaker's stand, and from there an operator will connect the various delegations with the Chairman or with each other, as the case may be. The other arrangements for giving the news to the outside world by telegraph will be the finest and most complete ever attempted at a national convention. In order to be able to handle the great press of business the Western Union company is stringing six new copper wires from St. Louis to Chicago, and four from there to New York. This will give St. Louis the best telegraphic connection with the outside world it has ever had. About fifty loops will be run into the convention hall.

PAUPERS CO ON A STRIKE.

Inmates of a New Jersey Almshouse Leave Rather than Do a Little Labor.

Forty paupers at the Hudson County N. J. almshouse struck Tuesday and are now without a home. It was decided to quarrel some paupers in the old insane asylum. The change necessitated the transfer of furniture. Warden Ryan thought it would be a good idea to utilize the male paupers in moving the goods, so he used the most able-bodied—about 100—to assist in transferring the goods. About sixty went to work with a will; the remaining forty objected. When the warden insisted they grow ugly. "See here," said one, "we did not come here to work. We ain't convicts." Warden Ryan replied: "You should certainly not refuse to do something for the county that supports you." "Look here, warden," said the ring-leader, old "Bill" Jones, "we are not childish, and don't propose to work, so that's all there is about it." They left the poorhouse in a body. The last seen of them they were trudging toward Jersey City.

ITS CREED IS SATED.

Gotham Finally Gobbles Up Brooklyn and Much Other Adjacent Territory.

Despite the vetoes of both Mayor Strong of New York and Mayor Wurstler of Brooklyn, and unmindful of the loud protests of what is said to be a majority of the people of Brooklyn and many residents of New York, the Assembly at Albany repassed the Greater New York bill Wednesday afternoon. All that is necessary to make it a law is Gov. Morison's signature. The final vote on the bill in the Assembly stood 78 to 69. On the first passage of the bill the vote stood 91 to 56. It was only by the most strenuous efforts that it was saved at all for a passage over the vetoes, and even then the vote dwindled to the dangerously small margin of 78 to 69.

ALABAMA DEMOCRATS.

Indorse President Cleveland and the Free Coinage Silver.

The Alabama Democratic State convention nominated a full ticket, headed by J. T. Johnson for Governor. The resolutions adopted advocate free coinage of silver at 16 to 1, instruct the twenty-two delegates from the State to vote as a unit on all questions at the Chicago convention, advocate the repeal of the 10 per cent State bank tax, favor honest elections and the legalizing of primary elections. The convention enthusiastically applauded the mention of President Cleveland's name and adopted a resolution endorsing his foreign policy and the appointment of Southern men to cabinet position, but disapproving of his financial policy.

Standing of the Big League Club.

Following is the standing of the clubs of the National Baseball League:

| W. L. | W. L. |
|------------------------------|-------|
| Philadelphia 4 1 Boston 3 3 | |
| Pittsburgh 4 1 Chicago 3 3 | |
| Brooklyn 3 2 Cincinnati 3 3 | |
| Cleveland 3 2 St. Louis 3 3 | |
| Washington 3 2 New York 1 4 | |
| Baltimore 3 3 Louisville 1 5 | |

Western League Standing.

Following is the record of the clubs composing the Western Baseball League:

| W. L. | W. L. |
|----------------------------------|-------|
| Columbus 1 0 Milwaukee 0 1 | |
| Detroit 1 0 Minneapolis 0 1 | |
| Kansas City 1 0 Grand Rapids 0 1 | |
| St. Paul 1 0 Indianapolis 0 1 | |

Will Go Into Liquidation.

The American National Bank of Denver failed to open Wednesday morning. A notice was posted on the door that the directors had decided to liquidate. The step was taken on account of internal dissension.

Election Riots in Louisiana.

A dispatch from Laplace, St. John Baptist parish, La., says: Adolph Paron (Dem.) was killed Wednesday afternoon by Jo Bessier (Rep.) on the opposite side of the river. Dennis (Rep.) has taken possession of two or three ballot boxes and sent them to St. John court house.

Alleged Attempted Train Wrecking.

It is alleged that an attempt was made to wreck a train on the Michigan Central Railway between Montrose and Suspension Bridge by placing ties across the track.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ON CHRIST'S EXPATRIATION.

The King Who Left a Throne, Closed a Palace and Went Forth to Die in a Hostile Country—America the Home of the Voluntary Exile.

An Imperial Exile.

It is wonderful to how many times the Gospel may be set. Dr. Talmage's sermon in Washington last Sunday shows another way in which the earthly experience of our Lord is set forth. His text was II. Samuel xv., 17, "And the king went forth and tarried in a place which was far off."

Far up and far back in the history of heaven there came a period when its most illustrious citizen was about to absent himself. He was not going to sail from beach to beach. We have often done that. He was not going to put out from one hemisphere to another hemisphere. Many of us have done that. But he was to sail from world to world, the spaces unexplored and the immensities untraveled. No world has ever hailed heaven, and heaven has never hailed any other world. I think that the windows and the balconies were thronged, and that the pearly beach was crowded with those who had come to see him sail out of the harbor of light into the ocean beyond. Out and out and out and on and on and on and down and down and down he sped, until one night, with only one to greet him, when he arrived, his disembarkation so unpretending, so quiet, that it was not known on earth until the excitement in the cloud gave intimation to the Bethlehem rustics that something grand and glorious had happened. Who comes there? From what port did he sail? Why was this the place of his destination? I question the shepherds. I question the camel drivers. I question the angels. I have found out. He was an exile. Abraham, an exile from Haran; John, an exile from Ephesus; Kosciusko, an exile from Poland; Mazzini, an exile from Rome; Emmet, an exile from Ireland; Victor Hugo, an exile from France; Kossuth, an exile from Hungary. But this one of whom I speak to-day had such resounding farewell and came into such chilling reception—for not even a hostler went out with his lantern to light him in—that he is more to be celebrated than any other expatriated exile of earth or heaven.

An Imperial Exile.

First, I remark that Christ was an imperial exile. He got down off a throne. He took off a tiara. He closed a palace gate behind him. His family were princes and princesses. Vashti was turned out of the throne room by Absalom's infamy. David was dethroned by Absalom's infamy. The five judges were hurled into a cavern by Joshua's courage. Some of the Henrys of England and some of the Louis of France were jostled on their thrones by discontented subjects. But Christ was never more honored, or more popular, or more loved than the day he left heaven. Exiles have suffered severely, but Christ turned himself out from throne room into sheep pen and down from the top to the bottom. He was not pushed off. He was not manacled for foreign transportation. He was not put out because they no more wanted him in celestial domain, but by choice departing and descending into an exile five times as long as that of Napoleon at St. Helena and 1,000 times worse; the one exile suffering for that he had destroyed nations, the other exile suffering because he came to save a world. An imperial exile. King eternal. "Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne."

But I go farther and tell you he was an exile on a barren island. This world is one of the smallest islands of light in the ocean of immensity. Other stellar kingdoms are many thousands times larger than this. Christ came to this small Patmos of a world. When exiles are sent out they are generally sent to regions that are sandy or cold or hot—some Dry Tortugas of disagreeableness. Christ came as an exile to a world scorched with heat and bitten with cold, to deserts simon swept, to a howling wilderness. It was the back dooryard, seemingly, of the universe. Yea, Christ came to the poorest part of this barren island of a world—Asia Minor, with its intense summers, unfit for the residence of a foreigner and in the rainy season unfit for the residence of a native. Christ came not to such a land as America, or England, or France, or Germany, but to a land one-third of the year drowned, another third of the year burned up and only one-third of the year just tolerable. Oh! it was the barren island of a world. Barren enough for Christ, for it gave such small worship and such inadequate affection and such little gratitude. Imperial exile on the barren island of a world.

In a Hostile Country.

I go farther and tell you that he was an exile in a hostile country. Turkey was never so much against Russia, France was never so much against Germany, as this earth was against Christ. It took him in through the door of a stable. It thrust him out at the point of a spear. The Roman Government against him, with every weapon of its army, and every device of its courts, and every beak of its war eagles. For years after his arrival the only question was how best to put him out. Herod hated him; the high priests hated him; the Pharisees hated him; Judas Iscariot hated him; Gestas, the dying thief, hated him. The whole earth seemingly turned into a detective to watch his steps. And yet he faced this ferocity. Notice that most of Christ's wounds were in front. Some scourging on the shoulder, but most of Christ's wounds in front. He was not on retreat when he expired. Face to face with the world's sin. Face to face with the world's woe. His eye on the raging countenances of his foaming antagonists when he expired. When the cavalry officer rowled his steed so that he might come nearer up and see the tortured visage of the suffering exile, Christ saw it. When the spear was thrust at his side, and when the hammer was lifted for his feet, and when the reed was raised to strike deeper down the spikes of thorn, Christ watched the whole procedure. When his hands were fastened to the cross, they were wide open still with benediction. Mind you, his head was not fastened. He could look to the right, and he could look to the left, and he could look up, and he could look down. He saw when the spikes had been driven home, and the hard, round iron heads were in the palms of his hands. He saw them as plainly as you ever saw anything in the palms of your hands. No other, no chlo-

reform, no merciful anaesthetic to dull or stupefy; but, wide awake, he saw the obscuration of the heavens, the unbalancing of the rocks, the countenances quivering with rage and the cackling diabolical. Oh, it was the hostility as well as the barren island of a world!

I go farther and tell you that this exile was far from home. It is 95,000,000 miles from here to the sun and all astronomers agree in saying that our solar system is only one of the smaller wheels of the great machinery of the universe turning around some one great center, the center so far distant it is beyond all imagination and calculation and if, as some think, that great center in the distance is heaven, Christ came far from home when he came here. Have you ever thought of the homesickness of Christ? Some of you know what homesickness is when you have been only a few weeks absent from the domestic circle. Christ was 33 years away from home. Some of you feel homesickness when you are 100 or 1,000 miles away from the domestic circle. Christ was more million miles away from home than you could count if all your life you did nothing but count. You know what it is to be homesick even amid pleasant surroundings, but Christ slept in huts, and he was athirst, and he was a-hungered, and he was on the way from being born in another man's barn to being buried in another man's grave.

I have read how the Swiss, when they are far away from their native country, at the sound of their national air get so homesick that they fall into melancholy sickness. But, oh, the homesickness of Christ. Persecution homesick for celestial riches. Weariness homesick for rest. Homesick for angelic and archangelic companionship. Homesick to get out of the night and the storm and the world's execration. Homesickness will make a week seem as long as a month and it seems to me that the three decades of Christ's residence on earth must have seemed to him almost interminable. You have often tried to measure the other pangs of Christ, but you have never tried to measure the magnitude and ponderosity of a Savior's homesickness.

I take a step farther and tell you that Christ was in an exile which he knew would end in assassination. Holman Hunt, the master painter, has a picture in which he represents Jesus Christ in the Nazarene carpenter shop. Around him are the saws, the hammers, the axes, the drills of carpentry. The picture represents Christ as rising from the carpenter's working bench and wearily stretching out his arms as one will after being in contracted or uncomfortable posture, and the light of that picture was so arranged that the arms of Christ, weakly stretched forth, together with his body, throw on the wall the shadow of the cross. Oh, my friends, that shadow was on everything in Christ's lifetime. Shadow of a cross on the Bethlehem swaddling clothes; shadow of a cross on the road over which the three fugitives fled into Egypt; shadow of a cross on Lake Galilee as Christ walked its mosaic floor of opal and emerald and crystal; shadow of a cross on the road to Emmaus; shadow of a cross on the brook Kedron, and on the temple, and on the side of Olivet; shadow of a cross on sunrise and sunset. Constantine, marching with his army, saw just once a cross in the sky, but Christ saw the cross all the time.

The Doom of a Desperado.

On a rough journey we cheer ourselves with the fact that it will end in warm hospitality, but Christ knew that his rough path would end at a defoliated tree, with one leaf and with only two branches, bearing fruit of such bitterness as no human lips had ever tasted. Oh, what an exile, starting in an infancy without any cradle and ending in assassination! Thirst without any water, day without any sunlight. The doom of a desperado for more than angelic excellence. For what that expatriation and that exile? Worldly good sometimes comes from worldly exile. The accidental glance of a sharp blade from a razor grinder's wheel put out the eye of Gambetta and excited sympathies which gained him an education and started him on a career that made his name more majestic among Frenchmen than any other name in the last twenty years. Hawthorne, turned out of the office of collector at Salem, went home in despair. His wife touched him on the shoulder and said, "Now is the time to write your book," and his famous "Scarlet Letter" was the brilliant consequence.

Worldly good sometimes comes from worldly evil. Then he not unbelieving when I tell you that from the greatest crime of all eternity and of the whole universe, the murder of the Son of God, there shall come results which shall eclipse all the grandeur of eternity past and eternity to come. Christ, an exile from heaven opening the way for the deportation toward heaven and to heaven of all those who will accept the proffer. Atone, a ship large enough to take all the passengers that will come aboard it.

A Land of Voluntary Exile.

For this royal exile I bespeak the love and service of all the exiles here present, and, in one sense or the other, that includes all of us. The gates of this continent have been so widely opened that there are here many voluntary exiles from other lands. Some of you are Scotchmen. I see it in your high cheek bones and in the color that illumines your face when I mention the land of your nativity. Bonny Scotland! Dear old kirk! Some of your ancestors sleeping in Greyfriars churchyard, or by the deep lochs filled out of the pitchers of heaven, or under the heather, sometimes so deep of color it makes one think of the blood of the Covenanters who signed their names for Christ, dipping their pens into the veins of their own arms opened for that purpose. How every fiber of your nature thrills as I mention the names of Robert Bruce and the Campbells and Cochrane. I bespeak for this royal exile of my text the love and the service of all Scotch exiles. Some of you are Englishmen. Your ancestry served the Lord. Have I not read the sufferings of the Haymarket? And have I not seen in Oxford the very spot where Ridley and Latimer mounted the red chariot? Some of your ancestors heard George Whitefield thunder, or heard Charles Wesley sing, or heard John Bunyan tell his dream of the celestial city, and the cathedrals under the shadow of which some of you were born had in their grandest organ roll the name of the Messiah.

I bespeak for the royal exile of my sermon the love and the service of all English exiles. Yes, some of you came from the island of distress over which hung on a throne of human skeletons, sat queen. All efforts at amelioration halted by massacre. Procession of famines, procession of martyrdoms marching from northern channel to Cape Clear and from the Irish

sea across to the Atlantic. An island not bounded as geographers tell us, but as every philanthropist knows—bounded on the north and the south and the east and the west by woe which no human politics can alleviate and only Almighty God can assuage. Land of Goldsmith's rhythm, and Sheridan's wit, and O'Connell's eloquence, and Edmund Burke's statesmanship, and O'Brien's sacrifice. Another Patmos with its apocalypse of blood. Yet you cannot think of it to-day without having your eyes blinded with emotion, for there your ancestors sleep in graves, some of which they entered for lack of bread. For this royal exile of my sermon I bespeak the love and the service of all Irish exiles. Yes, some of you are from Germany, the land of Luther, and some of you are from Italy, the land of Garibaldi, and some of you are from France, the land of John Calvin, one of the three mighties of the glorious reformation. Some of you are descendants of the Puritans, and the rest were exiles, and some of you are descendants of the Huguenots, and they were exiles, and some of you are descendants of the Holland refugees, and they were exiles.

Heaven the Exile's Home.

Some of you were born on the banks of the Yazoo or the Savannah, and you are now living in this latitude; some of you on the banks of the Kennebec or at the foot of the Green mountains, and you are here now; some of you on the prairies of the West or the tablelands, and you are here now. Oh, how many of us far away from home! All of us exiles. This is not our home. Heaven is our home. Oh, I am so glad when the royal exile went back he left the gate ajar or left it wide open. "Going home." That is the dying exclamation of the majority of Christians. I have seen many Christians die. I think nine out of ten of them in the last moment say, "Going home." Going home out of banishment and sin and sorrow and sadness. Going home to join in the hilarities of our parents and our dear children who have already departed. Going home to Christ. Going home to God. Going home to stay. Where are your loved ones that died in Christ? You pity them. Ah, they ought to pity you! You are an exile far from home. They are home! Oh, what a time it will be for you when the gate-keeper of heaven shall say: "Take off that rough sandal. The journey's ended. Put down that saber. The battle's won. Put off that iron coat of mail and put on the robe of conqueror." At that gate of triumph I leave you to-day, only reading three tender cantos translated from the Italian. If you ever heard anything sweeter, I never did, although I cannot adopt all its theology:

"Twas whispered one morning in heaven
How the little child angel May,
In the shade of the great white portal,
Sat sorrowing night and day;
How she said to the stately warden,
He of the key and bar:
"Oh, angel, sweet angel, I pray you
Set the beautiful gates ajar,
Only a little, I pray you,
Set the beautiful gates ajar."

"I can hear my mother weeping.
She is lonely; she cannot see
A glimmer of light in the darkness
When the gates shut after me.
Oh, turn me the key, sweet angel,
The splendor will shine so far."
But the warden answered, "I dare not
Set the beautiful gates ajar."
Spoke low and answered, "I dare not
Set the beautiful gates ajar."

Then up rose Mary, the blessed,
Sweet Mary, the mother of Christ,
Her hand on the hand of the angel
She laid, and her touch sufficed.
Turned was the key in the portal,
Fell ringing the golden bar,
And, lo, in the little child's fingers
Stood the beautiful gates ajar,
In the little child's angel fingers
Stood the beautiful gates ajar.

Wooden Defenses.

Life was very insecure in mediaeval times. It was usual for people to sleep on a bed which was surrounded by sides of board, with strong posts at the four corners. These sides contained sliding doors, which could be fastened inside. When men retired to rest they took a weapon with them. If attacked in the night, they were aroused by the noise made by the crashing in of their wooden defenses, and were able to defend themselves. When the law became strong enough to protect human life, the sides of the bedstead were gradually dispensed with, but the four posts remained. The box-like bed still survives in the rural parts of Scotland, and is almost necessary where the earthen floors and imperfect ceilings cause much damp. Emily Bronte in "Wuthering Heights," describes one of these bedsteads in the old mansion as forming a "little closet."

Nothing but Luck.

Hard luck is almost a synonym for laziness.

Good luck is the twin brother of hard work.

Luck walks while work rides in a carriage.
Luck pictures a dollar, while work earns it.

Luck dreams of a home, but work builds one.
To trust to luck is like fishing with a hookless line.

Luck is a disease for which hard work is the only remedy.

Luck longs for a dinner, while labor goes out and earns one.

Luck goes barefooted, while work never lacks for a pair of shoes.

Luck is a weather vane with the distinguishing points broken off.

The man who relies on luck is lucky if he keeps out of the poorhouse.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Vice President W. Seward Webb, of the New York Central, has decided to build a new marble palace on his property at Scarborough-on-the-Hudson. He intends to spend about \$1,500,000 on the house. The style of architecture will be a modification of the chateau renaissance. The house, including verandas, will be nearly 300 feet long and 130 feet wide. It is to be situated on an elevation, surrounded by Italian flower gardens and winding roads, and will command an extended view of the Hudson River.

A bitter and perplexed "What shall I do?" is more to man than worst necessity.—Coleridge.

WHY HE WAS LET OUT

REV. W. N. CLEVELAND'S DISMISSAL EXPLAINED.

St. Lawrence Presbytery in a Public Statement Declares He Was Unable to Preserve Unity in His Congregation—Differences Unreconcilable.

The Presbytery's Defense.

The statements of Rev. William N. Cleveland, the President's brother, regarding his trouble at Chautauot, N. Y., have called forth a statement from the St. Lawrence Presbytery in defense of its action in dismissing him from his pastorate. It says: "The church at Chautauot was rent in pieces, and various reasons were assigned by the congregation for the lack of harmony, and counter-claims assigned by Mr. Cleveland. So far as the Presbytery was concerned, by means of a committee it sought to investigate charges made by Mr. Cleveland and counter-charges made by the large majority of his church. It did not find that there was any great or sufficient reason why the church in its majority should dislike Mr. Cleveland, nor did it find that Mr. Cleveland's charges were substantiated. The Presbytery did what it could to reconcile differences, but the parties proved irreconcilable. It is to a certain extent a necessary piece of church policy that a minister must succeed in securing unity in his congregation. In this particular case, inasmuch as the President's brother was involved, it became a matter of national notoriety. In most such cases it is not observed, but certainly common sense justifies the action which the Presbytery took."

SCORED BY MORGAN.

Senatorial Pot Shot for Millionaire Pacific Railway Magnates.

The views of Senator Morgan on the Pacific Railway refunding bill were submitted to the Senate Tuesday. The Senator takes a position decidedly antagonistic to the bill reported to the two houses and begins by sharply criticizing the joint meetings of the sub-committees of the two houses for the formulation of the bill. He characterizes this concerted action as a breach of duty and privilege. "Such action is," he says, "calculated to bring the pressure of outside influence of the most serious character to bear directly upon the action of the Senate and to its free judgment upon the measure before it. The added burden of the adjudication by a committee of the House is calculated to smother out the minority." Taking up the bill, the Senator says the proceeding proposed is one of bargain and sale in disposing of the property and rights of the Government, and is novel, because hitherto Congress has not engaged in that line of business. "An examination of Mr. Huntington's testimony, taken before the Senate committee on Pacific roads," he says, "will disclose a most extraordinary condition of affairs relating to the Central and Southern Pacific railroads and other roads connecting with them."

TO AID BRITISH ADVANCE.

London Firm to Build a Railroad South from Akasheh.

The London Times has a dispatch from Cairo which says that a London firm has contracted with the Egyptian Government to supply rails and material for a light railway 112 miles south from Akasheh. Akasheh is the southern outpost to be held at present by the Egyptian troops. It is less than a hundred miles south of Wady Halfa, and a light railway between Wady Halfa and Akasheh is being put in condition for the proposed campaign. The extension of the railroad 112 miles farther south will take it to Abu Fatmech, which is above the third cataract. The Egyptian soldiers will construct the railroad.

EXECUTIONS IN SAN DOMINGO.

Minister of War Castillo Among Those Put to Death.

News of important executions in San Domingo has just reached the United States. The minister of war, Gen. Ramon Castillo, and Jose Estay, governor of the province of Macoris, were executed at Macoris on March 28 by order of Ulises Heureaux, president of San Domingo. The governor of San Domingo, Gen. Picardo, boarded the steamer Presidente with 150 soldiers, went to Macoris, and at 5 o'clock in the morning of the day mentioned had the officials shot. About 7,000 Cubans have fled from their native island to San Domingo during the last six months.

Zinc Smelters Take a Rest.

Owing to the depressed condition of the metal market and the light demand for spelter, the Cherokee-Lanyon Smelter Company, which controls a majority of the great zinc smelters of the country will shut down twelve or fifteen furnaces. The plants affected are located at Pittsburg, Kan., and Rich Hill, Mo.

Emietallic Conference.

The bimetallic conference, called with the view of paying the way to international negotiations on the subject, assembled in Brussels Monday. Delegates from Germany, the United States, Great Britain, France, Austria, Russia, Belgium, Denmark, Holland and Roumania are present.

New Trial for Maria Barberi.

The Court of Appeals at Albany, N. Y., has granted a new trial to Maria Barberi. She killed her lover, a bootblack named Domenico Cataldo, in New York, because he wouldn't marry her. Society women took up the murderess' case.

Fatal Shooting Affray in Louisiana.

A. P. Goss, the Populist-Republican candidate for coroner of Tangipahoa (La.) parish, was shot and instantly killed and S. C. Hyde, a Democrat and highly respected man, was mortally wounded. The trouble between the men grew out of politics.

Man Milliner Kills Himself.

Gustavus A. Kohn, who has had charge of large millinery establishments in London, Paris, St. Paul, Chicago, New York and Richmond, committed suicide at Richmond, Va., by shooting himself.

License Ticket Wins.

At the municipal election at Mitchell, S. D., the high license ticket, headed by Thomas Fulton for Mayor, was elected over the law and order ticket, condemning the McBride riots and for the enforcement of prohibitory law, headed by incumbent Mayor, I. W. Seaman.

CROP PROSPECTS EXCELLENT.

Timely Rains and Warm Weather Encourage the Farmers.

The Government reports as to the condition of the crops throughout the country, and the general effect of the weather upon the cultivation, growth and harvest of the same, show that the unusually warm weather throughout the central, eastern and southern portions of the country has rapidly advanced the season, which has been unusually backward, and has been very favorable for farming operations and growth of vegetation, which has been remarkably rapid. Winter wheat has shown marked improvement generally and is reported as doing well in Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas and in portions of Missouri, and while an improvement has been noted in Kentucky and West Virginia, the condition of the crop in these States is poor, some having been plowed up. In sections of Missouri and Texas, winter wheat seeding is well advanced in Southern Minnesota and is about finished in portions of Eastern South Dakota, where some of the early sown is up. In North Dakota no seeding has yet been done. Preparations for corn planting have been pushed rapidly during the week, and in the more fertile sections planting has continued with much activity. Some corn has been planted in Illinois and Nebraska, and planting will be begun in Iowa this week. Cotton planting has continued under favorable conditions, and in the central and southern portions of the cotton region is coming up generally to a good stand. Germination, however, has been slow, owing to the drought in some sections of the western portion of the cotton region. General rainfall would prove of much benefit from the Ohio Valley southward, and also in Texas, where rain is needed to insure a stand of cotton. The report by States follows:

Illinois.—A hot week, with showers at the beginning and ending, has caused a remarkable advance in all vegetation. Winter wheat, rye and grasses are greatly improved and are doing nicely; grasses afford pasturage. Oats are coming up; gardens and potatoes are planted; also some corn, but preparation of corn land is general. Fruits are laden with blossoms.

Wisconsin.—Warm weather and abundant rainfall has been very favorable for the rapid advancement of all crops. Wheat is greatly improved, especially in localities where it was thought to have been entirely winter-killed. Oats are all sown, and were well advanced in southern section. Little plowing has been done in the central and northern sections.

South Dakota.—Seeding is about finished in southern counties, with some wheat above ground; elsewhere seeding has been retarded by heavy protracted frost and cold weather. No winter wheat sown. In the central and northern portions the soil is too wet, and warmer and brighter weather is needed.

Nebraska.—A good growing week, but rain and wet ground have retarded farm work. The seeding of small grain is about completed, except in the northwest section. Plowing for corn is progressing; very little planted, and this only in southern counties. Fruit trees are blossoming profusely, and generally unharmed by frost of Saturday.

Kansas.—A warm, rainy week, which greatly improved all crop conditions. Wheat much improved and growing rapidly. Corn coming up in central and southern counties and is a good stand. Fruit promised a full crop, but was injured some by frost of Saturday. Grass is supporting stock in south counties.

Missouri.—The unusually warm weather forced vegetation forward very rapidly. Wheat is suffering for rain in some central and southwestern counties, but elsewhere is generally doing well. Corn planting is progressing fairly and cotton has begun. Pasturage good. Fruit prospects excellent.

Iowa.—High temperature and abundant moisture have pushed vegetation rapidly, and the season is now as early as usual. Grass and small grains are making a fine stand; winter wheat generally promising. Plowing for corn well advanced and planting will soon begin.

Indiana.—Warm weather has rapidly improved all growing crops. But few showers fell and rain is much needed. Wheat, barley, rye, clover and grass have advanced rapidly. Oats nearly all sown. Tobacco plants coming up well in southwestern corner. Fruit is in bloom. Plowing for corn continues.

Ohio.—Excessively warm, sunny, windy and dry week, except in northern portion, where rainfall was about normal. Conditions were very favorable for plowing and planting. All vegetation is improved. Apples, apricots, cherries, pears, peaches and plums are blossoming.

Michigan.—Abnormally high temperature and plentiful showers have rapidly advanced all vegetation and farm work. Winter wheat, rye and grass are doing finely. Plowing and out and grass seeding in progress. Early potato planting has just begun.

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS MARTIN.

Prominent St. Louis Lawyer Who Will Police the Chicago Convention.

Col. John I. Martin, who will fill the important function of sergeant-at-arms of the Democratic national convention, is a St. Louis lawyer who is widely known to Missouri. He was born in St. Louis in 1848, and early in life was of material assistance to his parents, who were in straitened circumstances. He was a driver of a levee dray when he went into politics.



COL. JOHN I. MARTIN.

and was elected to the Missouri Legislature. At that time he was the youngest man ever elected to the Missouri Assembly. Col. Martin then read law in the office of Col. Robert S. McDonald, one of the leading lawyers in St. Louis, and for many years has been well known for his ability in criminal cases. Col. Martin has been prominent in fraternal and benevolent orders. He is a whole-souled, generous, genial man, very popular in St. Louis and throughout his State.