

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 handing 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 GO 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 quarter 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 grew 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 ringleader, old "Bill" Jones, "we are not chilidish, and don't propose to work, so that's all there is about it." They left the poorhouse in body. The last seen of them they were trudging toward Jersey City.

ITS GREEN IS SATED.

Gotham Finally Gobbles Up Brooklyn and Much Other Adjacent Territory.

Despite the vetoes of both Mayor Strong of New York and Mayor Wurster 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. Morton'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 dangerous small margin of 78 to 69.

ALABAMA DEMOCRATS.

Indorse President Cleveland and the Free Coinage of 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 indorsing 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
Pittsburg 4	1 Chicago 3 3
Brooklyn 3 2	2 Cincinnati 3 3
Cleveland 3 2	2 St. Louis 3 3
Washington 3 2	2 New York 1 4
Baltimore 3 3	2 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 0
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 Bossier (Rep.) on the opposite side of the river. Demas (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 Monroe 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 haled heaven, and heaven has never haled 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 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. But the world had plenty of exiles. 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. But this one of whom I speak today 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 exiled 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 thara. He closed a palace gate behind him. His family were princes and princesses. Vashti was turned out of the throne room by Ahasuerus. David was dethroned by Absalom's infamy. The five kings 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 that 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 thousand 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 sunbaked 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 decision 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 received his steel 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 ether, no chlo-

reform, no merciful anaesthetic to dull or stupefy; but, wide awake, he saw the obscuration of the heavens, the unbalance of the rocks, the countenances quivering with rage and the cachination diabolical. Oh, it was the hostile 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 luts, and he was as thirsty, 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 and sometimes they die under the homesickness. But, oh, the homesickness of Christ. Poverty homesick for celestial riches. Persecution homesick for human. Woe 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 Saviour'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's 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 weakly stretching out his arms as one will after being in a contracted or uncomfortable posture, and the light of that picture is 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.

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."

"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."

"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."

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 illuminates 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 Cochranes. 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 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 hunger, 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 they 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 Yazzo and 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" is the dying exclamation of the majority of Christians. I have seen many Christians die. I think nine out of ten of them 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, Of the key and bar: "Oh, angel, sweet angel, I pray you Set the beautiful gates ajar, Only 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."

"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."

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 Good luck. Luck is the twin brother of hard work. Luck pictures a dollar, while work builds one. To trust to luck is like fishing with a hookless line. Luck is a disease for