

THE TELEPHONE.

By WALTER BRADFUTE.

BLOOMINGTON INDIANA

The Mayor of Abilene, Kas., receives the munificent salary of \$1 per annum and is said to earn the money.

A KANSAS Judge has rendered a decision in which he holds that the laws of that State are paramount to Federal authority. Kansas is a great State.

An Indianapolis restaurant-keeper became greatly excited over the Liberty Bell demonstration, and inscribed on his street blackboard bill-of-fare the following legend "Liberty or Death! Roast Beef! Pork Chops! Biggest Lunch in Town for 10 cents."

EARL GRANVILLE, whose younger son has recently been appointed lord in waiting to Queen Victoria, was slightly deaf, and was in the habit of turning his infirmity to a very practical use. Whenever an unacceptable request was made of him he would insist on its repetition a number of times, and then say: "No use; so sorry; my unfortunate hearing; some other time when there is less noise."

The crop reports from several European countries indicate that bad weather is prevailing to an alarming extent and that a serious shortage in all staples is threatened. Providence may thus interfere in our behalf and the constant drainage of gold to European money centers may be checked in time to avert the serious consequences which financiers have been anticipating should present conditions continue.

EX-SENATOR INGALLS, in an article in the New York World, announces that Chicago is an "awfully" wicked city, and that the closing of the gates of the Exposition on Sunday means only an increased indulgence in all forms of vice and dissipation. At the same time he assures the general public that a peaceable and well-disposed person will be perfectly safe in visiting the modern Sodom, and that if all will keep away from the easily-avoided haunts of wickedness no trouble need be anticipated.

THE Associated Press employs some first-class romancers, and these brilliant literary geniuses occasionally endeavor to earn their salaries by inventing highly sensational articles which they telegraph over the country as news. One of their latest efforts in this direction was the story about the 200 Zulus, en route to the World's Fair, capturing a train and imprisoned the train crew in the baggage car. It was very thrilling and was generally published and believed. Now comes the Chicago Record and demolishes the whole fabricated lie by stating that there are just three live Zulus at the Fair.

REV. SAM SMALL, though nominally a journalist, still does odd jobs of evangelistic work as occasion may offer. Recently he conducted a series of meetings at Griffin, Ga., and in the course of his remarks indulged in some very severe reflections upon the characters of young ladies who were habitual dancers and members of the "German" club of that place. The club thereupon appointed a committee of four to wait on the evangelist and demand a retraction and apology. After some diplomatic parley Mr. Small promised to make ample amends for his ungentlemanly remarks, which he claimed were made upon information that he had reason to believe was reliable.

THE Pennsylvania young woman who set out to collect 1,000,000 cancelled stamps three years ago, believing that she could find a purveyor for them at \$500, has finished the work of collecting but can not find a market for her unique merchandise. The task of collecting this vast number of useless bits of paper has not been easy and all manner of devices were resorted to before the required number were obtained. Now that the reward to which the young woman had so long looked forward fails to materialize, the revision of feeling has unsettled her reason and it is feared that she will become permanently insane.

THE young Earl of Craven and his parvenu New York bride traveled to Chicago for the World's Fair opening, arriving several days in advance with baggage and a retinue sufficient for the largest opera company on the road. He was astonished to find that he was not "in it" at all, and that the great busy city had no time to waste on English dukes no matter what their pedigree.

The long-continued adulation of the swells of New York had somewhat turned the young man's head, and given him erroneous ideas of American character, and it is gratifying to know that his pride was brought down by an encounter with the highest type of Western independence.

JENKINS kept track of President Cleveland's movements to the minutest detail on the Sunday Grover spent in Chicago previous to the opening day of the World's Fair, and informed an anxious world through the medium of the Associated Press that the President arose at 8 o'clock and partook of breakfast, which consisted of a small tenderloin steak and eggs, but he failed to state whether the great man took horseradish with his eggs or swallowed them straight. This was a great oversight on the part of Jenkins, and much apprehension was felt throughout the country over the matter. There is nothing like accuracy when dealing with affairs of such great (?) importance.

THE Yankee swindler is very bright, and the American "con" men are believed to be especially "smooth," but our best talent in this line would be sadly put out to invent a game more original or successful than an apparently stolid German porter worked in a Prussian town the other day. Staggering along the street under a heavy burden, he fell against a plate glass window of a store, crushing through and ruining it. The proprietor demanded payment. The porter said he had no money, but he was searched and a thousand mark note found on his person, which he protested belonged to his employer. Nevertheless the storekeeper retained one hundred marks to make good his loss and returned nine hundred to the stolid bearer of burdens, who went away in great anger swearing and vowed vengeance for what he termed a shameless robbery. Shortly after the storekeeper discovered that the thousand mark note was counterfeit and took his turn at swearing.

THE escape of two condemned murderers, under sentence of death, from the Sing Sing, N. Y., penitentiary, a few days since, continues to excite unusual comment, although the prison officials have given up all hope of capturing the criminals and abandoned the pursuit. Much has been written concerning the inefficiency of the guards who were found locked in the escaped prisoners' cells, but there is a suspicion that these men have been made the scapegoats for officials higher up in the scale of political preferment. In New York, if the metropolitan journals are to be believed, there is a deep-seated conviction that somebody has been paid to wink at the whole transaction. It is in evidence that the escaped prisoners traversed the whole length of an extensive prison yard, after leaving the cell house, and finally quitted the place without once being molested in their progress. Nobody saw them, or apparently wanted to see them, and the entire prison could have easily been emptied had the prisoners saw it to avail themselves of the opportunity offered. An official inquiry is urgently demanded, but is not at all likely to be instituted.

WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR, who recently purchased the ancestral estate of the Duke of Westminster in England, known as "Cliveden," has abandoned his American citizenship and renounced the land of his birth. He essays to be a molder of public opinion in English society, and will spend some of his millions in literary ventures. He also has an ambition to be known as a landed proprietor and a member of the British aristocracy. The nobility of that country do not in many cases take kindly to the aspiring American, and broadly hint that he is a parvenu, and that vast wealth does not compensate for lack of high birth and a long line of distinguished ancestors. Such an episode is not creditable to the good judgment of a man who owes everything to America, whose family have acquired untold wealth by reason of the advantages here offered, who has been highly honored by the Government of the United States, and who by every rule of right or honor was bound to cast his lot and expend his fortune in the land to which he owed so many obligations. Patriotic Americans will read with satisfaction on the accounts of the various "snubings" that Mr. Astor may from this time on receive from that aristocracy to which he aspires by reason of his dollars gained on American soil.

A Sad Disappointment.

Mr. Murry Hill—My wife is in awful bad humor to-day.

Mr. Madison Square—What is the with her?

Mr. Murry Hill—You see she started out to match some ribbons, and she found what she wanted in the very first store she struck.

GARDEN OF THE LORD.

Beautiful Imagery of the Bible.

Maytime Thoughts—Lessons of the Fields and Woods—Dr. Talmage's Sermon.

Rev. Dr. Talmage was in Philadelphia, last Sunday, participating in the ordination services of his son, Rev. Frank Talmage. He dictated the following sermon—subject: "Maytime Thoughts." Text: Solomon's Song iv, 15—"A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters and streams from Lebanon."

Some of the finest gardens of olden times were to be found at the foot of Mt. Lebanon. Snow descended, and winter whitened the top of the mountain. Then when the warm spring weather came the snows melted and poured down the side of the mountain and gave great luxuriance to the gardens at the foot, and you see now the allusion of my text when it speaks of the fountain of gardens and streams from Lebanon.

Again and again, the church is represented as a garden all up and down the word of God, and it is a figure specially suggestive at this season of the year, when the parks and the orchards are about to put forth their blossom and the air is filled with bird voices.

A mother wished to impress her child with the love of God, and so in the springtime, after the ground had been prepared in the garden, she took a handful of flower seeds and scattered these seeds in the shape of letters across the bed of the garden. Weeks passed by, and the rains and the sunshine had done their work, and one day the child came in and said, "Mother, come quickly to the garden—come now." The mother followed the child to the garden, and the little child said: "Look here, mother! See! It is spelled all over the ground in flowers, 'God is Love.'"

Walter Scott had the great ambition of his life to build Abbotsford and lay out extensive gardens round about it. It broke his heart that he could not complete the work as he desired it. At his last payment of £100,000, after laying out those gardens and building that palace of Abbotsford, at that time his heart broke, his health failed, and he died almost an imbecile.

A few years ago, when I walked through those gardens and I thought what vast expense they had been laid out—at the expense of that man's life—it seemed I could see in the crimson flowers the blood of the old man's broken heart. But I have to tell you now of a garden laid out at vaster expense—who can calculate that vast expense? Tell me, ye women who watched him long; tell me, ye executioners who lifted and let him down; tell me, thou sun that hidst hide and ye rocks that did fall, what the laying out of this garden cost? This morning amid the aroma and brightness of the springtime, it is appropriate that I show you how the church of Christ is a garden.

In this garden of the Lord I find the Mexican cactus, loveliness within, thorns without, men with great sharpness of behavior and manner, but within them the peace of God, the love of God, the grace of God. They are hard men to handle, ugly men to touch, very apt to strike back when you strike them, yet within them all loveliness and attraction, while outside so completely unfortunate. Mexican cactus all the time.

Said a placid elder to a Christian minister, "Doctor, you would do better to control your temper." "Ah!" said the minister to the placid elder, "I control more temper in five minutes than you do in five years."

These people, gifted men, who have great exasperation of manner and seem to be very different from what they should be, really have in their souls that which commands them to the Lord, Mexican cactus all the time.

But I remember in boyhood that we had in our father's garden what we called the Giant of Battle, a peculiar rose, very red and fiery. Suggestive flower, it was called the Giant of Battle. And so in the garden of the Lord we find that kind of flower—the Pauls and Martin Luthers, the Wyclifs, the John Knoxes—giants of battle. What in other men is a spark, in them is a conflagration. When they pray their prayers take fire; when they suffer, they sweat great drops of blood; when they preach it is a pentecost; when they fight it is a Thermopyla; when they die it is martyrdom—giants of battle. You say, "Why have we not more of them in the church of Christ at this time?" I answer your question by asking another, "Why have we not more Cromwells and Humboldts in the world?" God wants only a few giants of battle. They do their work and they do it well.

You have seen in some places perhaps a century plant. I do not suppose there is a person in this house who has ever seen more than one century plant in full bloom, and when you see the century plant your emotions are stirred. You look at it and say, "This flower has been gathering up its beauty for a whole century, and it will not bloom again for another hundred years." Well, I have to tell you that in this garden of the church spoken of in my text there is a century plant.

It has gathered up its bloom from all the ages of eternity, and nineteen centuries ago it put forth its glory. It is not only a century plant, but a passion flower—the passion flower of Christ, a crimson flower, blood at the root and blood on the leaves, the

passion flower of Jesus, the century plant of eternity. Come, O winds from the north, and winds from the south, and winds from the west, and scatter the perfume of this flower through all nations.

I wandered in a garden of Brazilian cashew nut, and I saw the luxuriance of those gardens was helped by the abundant supply of water. I came to it on a day when strangers were not admitted, but by a strange coincidence, at the moment I got in, the king's chariot passed, and the gardener went up on the hill and turned on the water, and it came flashing down the broad stairs of stone until sunlight and wave in glee some wrestle tumbled at my feet. And so it is with this garden of Christ. Everything comes from above—pardon from above, peace from above, comfort from above, sanctification from above. Streams from Lebanon! Oh, the consolation in this thought! Would God that the gardeners turned on the fountain of salvation until the place where we sit and stand might become Elim with twelve wells of water and threescore and ten palm trees, but I hear his sound at the garden gate. I hear the lifting of the latch of the gate. Who comes there? It is the Gardener who passes in through the garden gate. He comes through this path of the garden, and he comes to the aged man, and he says: "Old man, I come to help thee; I come to strengthen thee. Down hoary hairs I will shelter thee; I will give thee strength at the time of old age; I will not leave; I will never forsake thee. Peace, broken heafed old man, I will be thy consolation forever."

But you have noticed that around every king's garden there is a high wall. You may have stood at the wall of the king's court and thought, "How I would like to see that garden!" while you were watching the gardener opened the gate, and the royal equipage swept through it, and you caught a glimpse of the garden, but only a glimpse, for then the gates closed.

I bless God that this garden of Christ has gates on all sides, that they are opened by day, opened by night, and whosoever will may come in. Oh, how many there are who are seeking in the garden of this world that satisfaction which they never can find!

It was so with Theodore Hook, who made all nations laugh while he was living. And yet Theodore Hook on a certain day, when in the midst of his revelry he caught a glimpse of his own face and his own apparel in the mirror, said: "That is true. I look just as I am—lost, body, mind, soul and estate, lost!" And so it is with Shenstone about his garden, of which I spoke in the beginning of my sermon. He sat down amid all its beauty and wrung his hands and said, "I have lost my way to happiness; I am frantic; I hate everything; I hate myself as a madman ought to." Alas! so many in the gardens of this world are looking for that flower they can never find except in the garden of Christ.

How many have tried all the fountains of this world's pleasure, but never tasted of the stream from Lebanon! How many have reveled in other gardens to their soul's ruin, but never plucked one flower from the garden of our God! I swing open all the gates of the garden and invite you in, whatever your history, whatever your sins, whatever your temptations, whatever your trouble. The invitation comes no more to one than to all. "Whosoever will, let him come."

The flowers of earthly gardens soon fade; but, blessed be God, there are garlands that never wither, and through the grace of Christ Jesus we may enter into the joys which are provided for us at God's right hand. Oh, come into the garden! And remember, as the closing thought, that God not only brings us into a garden here, but it is a garden all the way with those who trust and love and serve him, a garden all through the struggles of this life, a garden all up the slope of heaven.

Trading in China.

EN PERKINS in Chicago Inter Ocean.

It is amusing to buy things in China. The coolies in China constantly surround you with baskets of brie-a-brac and curios. One will hold up a white Kiukiang bottle with dragons and worth about \$15 in New York, and say pleadingly:

"What you give?"

"No want him John."

"He very good—lookee, five claws—(pointing to the five clawed dragon) very old curio. What you give?"

"How much want John?"

"Ten dolla."

"No, too much."

"What you give?"

"Oh, \$2."

"Yank! chil! hop! kee!! no can have," yell the whole crowd of curio dealers dismally. When the howling subsides John holds up the vase again and says:

"What you give?"

"Nothing, I don't want it. Get out!"

"What you give?"

"Oh, a dollar," I say, walking away.

Then there is a hurried consultation, a dozen curio men yelping in discord, when the man runs after us holding out the vase as he cries:

"Can have! Can have!"

Fox—Supposing you had raised your horse to jump a wall and he refused to take it?

Hunt—I should go right ahead as if nothing had happened.

DEATH ON THE RAIL.

Frightful Catastrophe at LaFayette.

A Runaway Train—Ten Persons Killed—Many Injured.

The south-bound vestibule passenger train on the Big Four, due at LaFayette at 1:15 a.m. Sunday morning, was wrecked just as it entered the sheds at the Union station, the accident ending ten lives and injuring as many more people. Both employees and passengers were appalled at the terrific speed at which the doomed train dashed across the bridge over the Wabash river. The headlight of the en-

train glared at them for an instant as it came into view around a short curve at the east end of the bridge. Then there was an immense cloud of dust, the rumble and roar of a swiftly moving train, a terrible crash, and then the cries for help of the injured and dying. The track from the depot west is on up grade and a sharp curve reaches from the depot to the bridge. The down grade begins a mile or more west of the city and the air-brakes are applied as soon as the grade is reached so as to slow up for the bridge and the curve at the station.

As the train rushed across the yards it tore down the east line of sheds and they fell on top of the heaped up, broken cars. The engine was buried from sight by the debris. The mail cars went beyond the engine and were dashed against some Lake Erie & Western freight cars on a siding. The baggage car and smoker was lifted up and laid on its side on top of the broken heap. The ladies' car lost its front trucks and was caved in on the left side near the rear end.

The train was a runaway. It is evident from its terrific speed on entering the station that the train was not under control. The theory as to the cause of this, advanced by the railway officials, is that tramps riding on the front end of the first mail car, either accidentally or intentionally, shut off the air from the train at Templeton, twenty miles west, the last stop made by the train. Tramps were seen on the train at that point. The lever controlling the air passing from the engine to the cars can be easily turned, concentrating all the air on the engine. Coming down grade the train could force the engine by its weight.

The following is a list of the persons killed outright, or who have died from their injuries:

Michael Welsh, engineer, Indianapolis; Fireman McGinnis, Indianapolis; E. D. Myers, Logansport; McMahan, Cincinnati; Charles Myers, Lafayette; John Lennon, Lafayette; Jesse H. Long, Lebanon; Charles S. Cahill; Otto Gesselson, Chicago.

Twenty or more persons were injured, some of whom cannot recover. From the officials at Lafayette it was learned that the train was entering the station promptly on time, and they discredit the theory that it was running at any unusual speed, but are at a loss to account for the catastrophe. There were tea coaches in the train, only two of which will be a total loss. The damage to the engine will not exceed \$100. The tracks were not injured and there was no delay of trains. The depot and train sheds were wrecked badly.

AWFUL ANDERSON ACCIDENT.

Natural Gas Explosion Blows a House to Pieces—Two Fatally Burned.

At 11 o'clock Saturday night the residence of Eli Murray at Anderson was blown to pieces by a natural gas explosion. The family, consisting of husband, wife, daughter and son, were blown out into the yard. Mr. and Mrs. Murray, it is thought, were fatally burned. Elsie, aged sixteen, was more bruised than burned. Charley, aged thirteen, was burned about the face and hands. The injured persons are unable to give the cause of the explosion. The Murray residence, a fine two-story one, was entirely destroyed, with all the household effects. Flames communicated with Geo. Greer's house, and it was almost destroyed before the fire department could get to the scene. Mr. Greer also lost most of his household goods.

A GIGANTIC TRIO.

Three mighty twin-screw steamships which will fly the American flag are under construction by the Cramps, at Philadelphia. They will be 500 tons heavier than the Cunarder Campania, but will be thirteen feet shorter on the water line. Their extreme beam, however, will be sixty-nine feet, or three feet nine inches broader than the Campania. Each of the gaintesses will measure 13,000 tons, and will have engines that will develop at least 30,000 horse power.

TWENTY-TWO MEN SCALDED.

The steamer Chloë collapsed a pier at Belmont, Mo., Sunday morning, scalding twenty-two men, six of whom died before they could be taken to the hospital at Cairo. The balance of the injured were scalded for and will recover.

CAUGHT AT LAST.

The Mythical Sea Serpent Proved to Be a Reality.