

THE CRY OF ARMENIA.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES OF SULTAN'S OPPRESSION.

The Chief Men of the Nation Listen to Hear the Celebrated Divine on the Greatest Crime of All Ages—Monroe Doctrine.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 12, 1896. It was appropriate that in the presence of the chief men of this nation and other nations, Dr. Talmage should tell the story of Armenian massacre. What will be the extent for good of such a discourse none can tell. The text was, 2 Kings 19: 37: "They escaped into the land of Armenia."

In Bible geography this is the first time that Armenia appears, called then by the same name as now. Armenia is chiefly a table-land, seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, and on one of its peaks Noah's ark landed, with its human family and fauna that were to fill the earth. That region was the birth-place of the rivers which fertilized the Garden of Eden when Adam and Eve lived there, their only roof the crystal skies, and their carpet the emerald of rich grass. Its inhabitants, the ethnologists tell us, are a superior type of the Caucasian race. Their religion is founded on the Bible. Their Saviour is our Christ. Their crime is that they would not become followers of Mahomet, that Jupiter of sensuality. To drive them from the face of the earth is the ambition of the Mohammedans. To accomplish this, murder is no crime, and wholesale massacre is a matter of enthusiastic approbation and governmental reward. The prayer sanctioned by highest Mohammedan authority, and recited every day throughout Turkey and Egypt, while styling all those not Mohammedans as infidels, is as follows: "O Lord of all creatures! O Allah! Destroy the infidels and Polytheists, these enemies, the enemies of the religion! O Allah! Make their children orphans and defile their bodies; cause their feet to slip; give them and their families, their households and their women, their children, and their relatives by marriage, their brothers and their friends, their possessions and the race, their wealth and their lands as booty to the Moslems, O Lord of all creatures!" The life of an Armenian in the presence of those who make that prayer is of no more value than the life of a summer insect. The Sultan of Turkey sits on a throne impersonating that brigandage and assassination. At this time all civilized nations are in horror at the attempts of that Mohammedan government to destroy all the Christians of Armenia. I hear somebody talking as though some new thing were happening, and that the Turkish government had taken a new role of tragedy on the stage of nations. No, no! She is at the same old business. Overlooking her diabolism of other centuries, we come down to our century to find that in 1823 the Turkish government slew 50,000 anti-Moslems, and in 1850 she slew 10,000, and in 1860 she slew 11,000, and in 1876 she slew 10,000. Anything short of the slaughter of thousands of human beings does not put enough red wine into her cup of abomination to make it worth quaffing. Nor is this the only time she has promised reform. In the presence of the warships at the mouth of the Dardanelles, she has promised the civilized nations of the earth that she would stop her butcheries, and the international and hemispheric farce has been enacted of believing what she says, when all the past ought to persuade us that she is only pausing in her atrocities to put nations off the track and then resume the work of death. In 1820 Turkey, in treaty with Russia, promised to alleviate the condition of Christians, but the promise was broken. In 1839 the then Sultan promised protection of life and property without reference to religion, and the promise was broken. In 1844, at the demand of an English minister plenipotentiary, the Sultan declared, after the public execution of an Armenian at Constantinople, that no such death penalty should again be inflicted, and the promise was broken. In 1850, at the demand of foreign nations, the Turkish government promised protection to Protestants, but to this day the Protestants at Stamboul are not allowed to build a church, although they have the funds ready, and the Greek Protestants, who have a church, are not permitted to worship in it. In 1856, after the Crimean war, Turkey promised that no one should be hindered in the exercise of the religion he professed, and that promise has been broken. In 1878, at the memorable treaty of Berlin, Turkey promised religious liberty to all her subjects in every part of the Ottoman empire, and the promise was broken. Not once in all the centuries has the Turkish government kept her promise of mercy. So far from any improvement, the condition of the Armenians has become worse and worse year by year, and all the promises the Turkish government now makes are only a gaining of time by which she is making preparation for the complete extermination of Christianity from her borders.

Why, after all the national and continental and hemispheric lying on the part of the Turkish government, do not the warships of Europe ride up as close as is possible to the palaces of Constantinople and blow that accursed government to atoms? In the name of the Eternal God, let the nuisance of the ages be wiped off the face of the earth! Down to the perdition from which it smoked up, sink Mohammedanism! Between these outbreaks of massacre the Armenians suffer in silence wrongs that are seldom if ever reported. They are

taxed heavily for the mere privilege of living, and the tax is called "the humiliation tax." They are compelled to give three days' entertainment to any Mohammedan tramp who may be passing that way. They must pay blackmail to the assessor, lest he report the value of their property too highly. Their evidence in court is of no worth, and if fifty Armenians saw a wrong committed and one Mohammedan was present, the testimony of the one Mohammedan would be taken and the testimony of the fifty Armenians rejected; in other words, the solemn oath of a thousand Armenians would not be strong enough to overthrow the perjury of one Mohammedan. A professor was condemned to death for translating the English Book of Common Prayer into Turkish. Seventeen Armenians were sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment for rescuing a Christian bride from the bandits. This is the way the Turkish government abuses itself in time of peace. These are the delights of Turkish civilization. But when the days of massacre come, then deeds are done which may not be unveiled in any refined assemblage, and if one speaks of the horrors, he must do so in well-polished and cautious vocabulary. Hundreds of villages destroyed! Young men put in piles of brushwood, which are then saturated with kerosene and set on fire! Mothers, in the most solemn hour that ever comes in a woman's life, hurled out and bayoneted! Eyes gouged out, and dead and dying hurled into the same pit! The slaughter of Lucknow and Cawnpore, India, in 1857, eclipsed in ghastliness! The worst scenes of the French revolution in Paris made more tolerable in contrast! In many regions of Armenia the only undertakers today are the jackals and hyenas. Many of the chiefs of the massacres were sent straight from Constantinople to do their work, and having returned, were decorated by the Sultan. To four of the worst murderers the Sultan sent silk banners, in delicate appreciation of their services. Five hundred thousand Armenians put to death or dying of starvation! This moment, while I speak, all up and down Armenia sit many people, freezing in the ashes of their destroyed homes, bereft of most of their households, and awaiting the club of assassination to put them out of their misery. No wonder that the physicians of that region declared that among all the men and women that were down with wounds and sickness and under their care, not one wanted to get well. Remember that nearly all the reports that have come to us of the Turkish outrages have been manipulated and modified and softened by the Turks themselves. The story is not half told, or a hundredth part told, or a thousandth part told. None but God and our suffering brothers and sisters in that far-off land know the whole story, and it will not be known until, in the coronations of heaven, Christ shall lift to a special throne of glory these heroes and heroines, saying, "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb!" My Lord and my God! thou didst on the cross suffer for them, but thou, surely, Oh Christ! wilt not forget how much they have suffered for thee! I dare not deal in imprecation, but I never so much enjoyed the imprecatory songs of David as since I have heard how those Turks are treating the Armenians. The fact is Turkey has got to be divided up among other nations. Of course the European nations must take the chief part, but Turkey ought to be compelled to pay America for the American mission buildings and American school-houses she has destroyed, and to support the wives and children of the Americans ruined by this wholesale butchery. When the English lion and the Russian bear put their paws on that Turkey the American eagle ought to put in its bill. These dissolute merchants in foreign cities lead a life of such gross immorality that the pure households of the missionaries are a perpetual rebuke. Buzards never did believe in doves, and if there is anything that nightshade hates it is the water lily. What the five hundred and fifty American missionaries have suffered in the Ottoman Empire since 1820 I leave the archangel to announce on the day of judgment. You will see it reasonable that I put so much emphasis on Americanism in the Ottoman Empire when I tell you that America, notwithstanding all the disadvantages named, has now over 27,000 students in day-schools in that empire and 35,000 children in her Sabbath schools, and that America has expended in the Turkish Empire for its betterment over \$10,000,000. Has not America a right to be heard? Aye! It will be heard. I am glad that great indignation meetings are being held all over this country. That poor, weak, cowardly sultan, whom I saw a few years ago ride to his mosque for worship, guarded by 7,000 armed men, many of them mounted on prancing chargers, will hear of these sympathetic meetings for the Armenians, if not through American reporters, then through some of his 360 wives. What to do with him? There ought to be some St. Helena to which he could be exiled, while the nations of Europe appoint a ruler of their own to clean out and take possession of the palaces of Constantinople. Tonight this august assemblage in the capital of the United States, in the name of God of Nations, indicts the Turkish government for the wholesale assassination in Armenia, and invokes the interference of Almighty God and the protest of Eastern and Western hemispheres. But what is the duty of the hour? Sympathy, deep, wide, tremendous, immediate! A religious paper, The Christian Herald, of New York, has led the way with munificent contributions collected from its subscribers. But the Turkish government is opposed to any relief of the Armenian sufferers, as I personally know. Last August, before

I had any idea of becoming a fellow-citizen with you Washingtonians, \$50,000 for Armenian relief was offered to me if I would personally take that relief to Armenia. My passage was to be engaged on the City of Paris, but a telegram was sent to Constantinople, asking if the Turkish government would grant me protection on such an errand of mercy. A cablegram said the Turkish government wished to know to what points in Armenia I desired to go with that relief. In our reply, four cities were named, one of them the scene of what had been the chief massacre. A cablegram came from Constantinople saying that I had better send the money to the Turkish government's mixed commission, and they would distribute it. So a cobweb of spiders proposed a relief committee for unfortunate flies! Well, a man who would start up through the mountains of Armenia with \$50,000 and no government protection would be guilty of monumental foolhardiness. The Turkish government has in every possible way hindered Armenian relief. Now where is that angel of mercy, Clara Barton, who appeared on the battle-fields of Fredericksburg, Antietam, Falmouth, and Cedar Mountain, and under the blaze of French and German guns at Metz and Paris and in Johnston's floods, and Charleston earthquake and Michigan fires, and Russian famines? It was comparatively little importance that the German emperor decorated her with the Iron Cross, for God hath decorated her in the sight of all nations with a glory that neither time nor eternity can dim. Born in a Massachusetts village she came in her girlhood to this city to serve our government in the patent office, but afterward went forth from the doors of that Patent Office, with a Divine patent signed and sealed by God himself, to heal all the wounds she could touch, and make the horrors of the flood, and fire, and plague, and hospital fly her presence. God bless Clara Barton! Just as I expected, she lifts the banner of the Red Cross. Turkey and all nations are pledged to respect and defend that Red Cross, although that color of cross does not, in the opinion of many, stand for Christianity, for was not the cross under which most of us worship red with the blood of the son of God, red with the best blood that was ever shed, red with the blood poured out for the ransom of the world? Then lead on, oh, Red Cross! and let Clara Barton carry it! The Turkish government is bound to protect her, and the chariots of God are twenty thousand, and their charioteers are angels of deliverance, and they would all ride down at once to roll over and trample under the hoofs of their white horses any of her assailants. May the five hundred thousand dollars she seeks be laid at her feet! Then may the ships that carry her across Atlantic and Mediterranean seas be guided safely by him who trod into sapphire pavement bestormed Gallilee! Upon soil incarnadined with martyrdom let the Red Cross be planted, until every demolished village shall be rebuilt, and every pang of hunger be fed, and every wound of cruelty be healed, and Armenia stand with as much liberty to serve God in its own way as in this, the best land of all the earth, we, the descendants of the Puritans and Hollanders, and Huguenots, are free to worship the Christ who came to set all nations free!

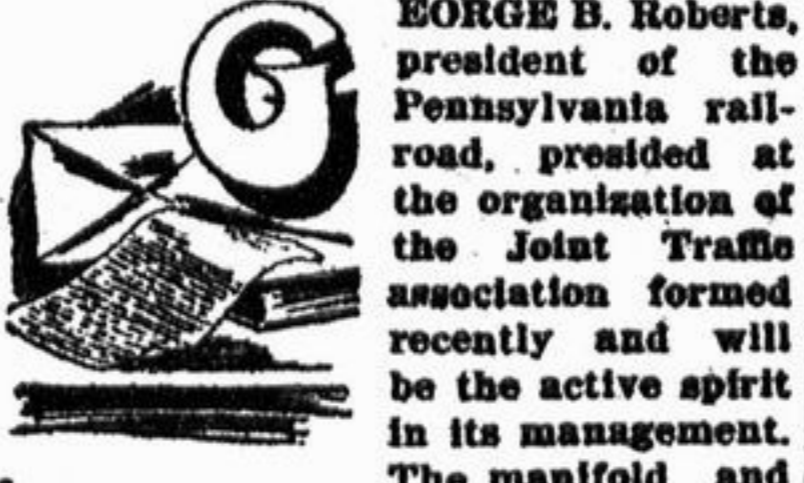
It has been said that if we go over there to interfere on another continent, that will imply the right for other nations to interfere with affairs on this continent, and so the Monroe doctrine be jeopardized. No, no! President Cleveland expressed the sentiment of every intelligent and patriotic American when he thundered from the White House a warning to all nations, that there is not an acre or one inch more of ground on this continent for any transatlantic government to occupy. And by that doctrine we stand now and shall forever stand. But there is a doctrine as much higher than the Monroe doctrine as the heavens are higher than the earth, and that is the doctrine of humanitarianism and sympathy and Christian helpfulness which one cold December midnight, with loud and multitudinous chant, awakened the shepherds. Wherever there is a wound it is our duty, whether as individuals or as nations, to balsam it. Wherever there is a knife of assassination lifted it is our duty to ward off the blade. Wherever men are persecuted for their religion it is our duty to break that arm of power, whether it be thrust forth from a Potestant church or a Catholic cathedral or a Jewish synagogue or a mosque of Islam. We all recognize the right on a small scale. If going down the road, we find a ruffian maltreating a child, or a human brute insulting a woman, we take a hand in the contest if we are not cowards, and though we be slight in personal presence, because of our indignation we come to weigh about tons, and the harder we punish the villain the louder our conscience applauds us. In such case we do not keep our hands in our pockets, arguing that if we interfere with the brute the brute might think he would have a right to interfere with us, and so jeopardize the Monroe doctrine. The fact is that that persecution of the Armenians by the Turks must be stopped, or God Almighty will curse all Christendom for its damnable indifference and apathy.

This Life and the Next.
In considering the relations of this life to the next, of the life that now is to the life that is coming, the first thing of which note must be taken is the continuity of life, that there really is but one life; that death is not a break in the soul's existence, but only an experience in its continuous life. Death is like sleep on through a night's repose into a new morning, so we live right on through death into the day and the new world.

HEAD OF A BIG TRUST.

PRESIDENT ROBERTS OF THE JOINT TRAFFIC ASSOCIATION.

He Began Life as a Rodman for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and Finally Became Its President—A Hard Worker.



George B. Roberts, president of the Pennsylvania railroad, presided at the organization of the Joint Traffic Association formed recently and will be the active spirit in its management. The manifold and exacting duties which daily devolve on Mr. Roberts as president of the Pennsylvania railroad would excite incredulity if enumerated. The system embraces over 100 smaller roads, absorbed for the purpose of extension, or for use as feeders to the trunk line, and of most of them Mr. Roberts is president. Indeed, in reply to a question recently put to him, as to how many railroads he is president of, he replied he couldn't tell without first looking it up. The heads of all the various departments, traffic, transportation, finance, land and law alike report to him, and he is responsible for all their work, having general supervision over all their provinces. He presides at the numerous meetings of the board of directors and shapes the

of \$130,000,000, has been wise and immensely successful. The Pennsylvania railroad, like most of the American trunk lines, is principally owned by English capitalists. All the surplus earnings go to England annually in American farm products or gold.

Alaska's Furs.
Fifteen hundred sea otter skins were brought to the traders by Alaska Indians this year, according to the estimate of a trader just returned to Seattle. Furs of bears and foxes aggregating many thousand dollars in value were also brought in. He says Alaska's wealth in furs is very great, and in many regions is yet practically untouched. The tract between Cook Inlet and the Yukon, he says, produces the finest furs in the world, and only one or two white men have ever been in there.

A Much-Talked-Of Woman.
Mrs. Dimmick, who, the idle gossip of the social world have it, is to become the wife of ex-President Benjamin Harrison, will be pleasantly remembered by those who were frequent visitors at the White House during its occupancy by Mr. Harrison and his family. Mrs. Dimmick now resides in New York. She is the niece of the late Mrs. Harrison, and her presence added much to the charm of the social life of the last administration. She was extremely popular and scarcely less esteemed than Mrs. Harrison, whose graciousness and sweetness of manner won the friendship of all who met her. Mrs. Harrison died Oct. 25, 1892, and

Breaks the Tobacco Trust.
St. Louis, Mo., (Special)—Col. Wm. A. Kirchoff, general western manager of the American Tobacco Co., has startled his numerous friends by stopping the use of tobacco. For years he had smoked twenty strong cigars daily, and a less quantity would leave him nervous and ill. The habit was undermining his health, and he tried in vain, but could not, until he took No-To-Bac, the medical miracle that has cured so many thousands of tobacco-users. Col. Kirchoff's craving for tobacco has entirely gone, and he feels better than ever before. He is a great No-To-Bac enthusiast now. Over 500,000 bad tobacco-users have been cured by No-To-Bac, and the loss to tobacco manufacturers is easily over \$10,000,000 a year.

Loosest Faith Cure.
The latest faith cure reported in Maine is that of a lady who applied a clothes cleaning preparation to her face, thinking it was a salve, and who said it relieved her neuritis greatly.

Has Created a Sensation.
J. W. Shuckers, formerly private secretary to Salmon P. Chase, has written a book entitled "The Great Conspiracy," which is creating a sensation in the East. It deals with the financial question and seeks to expose the methods of a few men who seek to control the national banks of this country, and the United States treasury as well. Mr. Shuckers is not an advocate of free silver; he writes as a friend of the great majority of American bankers against a clique in Wall Street. The story of the great conspiracy is told in a series of letters to E. Cary Blair, of Philadelphia. The book is published by Hon. E. B. Light, secretary of the American Bimetallist Union, 134 Monroe St., Chicago. Such a book should be read by every American citizen, from the national banker to the day laborer.

Hebrews in London.
It is estimated that the number of Hebrews in London is about 100,000 or 120,000. There are 15,000 Hebrew children attending the London board and Hebrew voluntary schools of the lower grades.

Beware of Obtaining for Children That Contains Mercury.
As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system, when entering through the mucous surfaces, such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good that possibly derives from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure, be sure you get the genuine. It is sold by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, or sold by druggists; price, 50 cents per bottle. Hall's Family Pills, 50c.

Two Hundred Trains a Day.
Two hundred trains enter and leave Moorgate street station, London, every hour throughout the day.

TO CALIFORNIA.
In Fullerton, California, (Special)—The Burlington Route (U. S. R.) run personally conducted excursion to California, leaving Chicago, Ill., on Wednesday. Through cars to San Francisco destination, fitted with comfortable seats, bedding, table, etc.; very convenient. Special rates in charge. Route via Denver, LaSalle, Omaha all the way for descriptive pamphlet. For Excursion Manager, 211 Grand Street, Chicago.

Mrs. Scarron.
Mrs. Scarron, afterward the famous Mme. de Maintenon, wife of Louis XIV., was in her girlhood remarkably beautiful. She was dark, with piercing black eyes and wavy hair. In middle life her gravity of countenance and deportment was considered quite extraordinary in that age of gaiety.



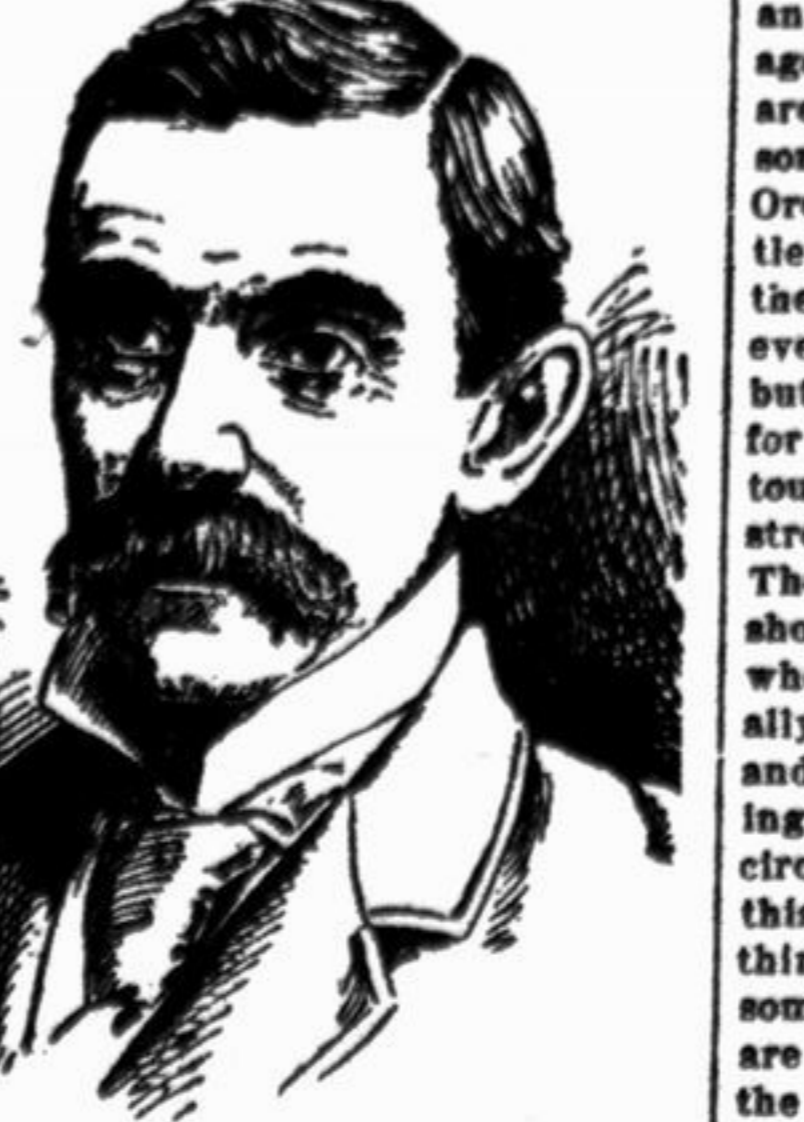
MRS. DIMMICK.

company's policy in every direction. He represents the company at all important traffic meetings, negotiates the traffic agreements in the main and executes all other contracts made by the company. He is chairman of the finance committee, the road committee and the executive committee of the board of directors, and to perform all the duties of these various positions he must have no end of details at his fingers' ends, as well as a full practical knowledge of everything that pertains to railroad work. Twice a year he takes trips over at least a part of the

through the long and tedious illness her devoted husband was greatly assisted in his patient vigils at her bedside by Mrs. Dimmick.

Coyotes and Cattle.
A novel scheme for saving his cattle from the droves of coyotes that infest the region has been hit upon by a rancher of Glen Rock, Wash. He has placed bells on the necks of a great number of cattle in his herd, and the result has been to scare the coyotes away. In the two months since he belled his herds he has not lost a single animal, while previously his loss averaged at least one steer a day. Coyotes are becoming more of a pest every season in many parts of Washington and Oregon, despite all the efforts of the cattlemen and farmers to exterminate them. Thousands of dollars are spent every year in waging war on the beasts, but with little result. Poison availed for a time, but now the coyotes refuse to touch the poisoned carcasses of steers strewn about for their consumption. The only way of killing them is by shooting them, and this is a feeble and wholly inadequate means. Occasionally the residents of a district combine and have a grand round-up hunt, driving the coyotes toward the center of a circle, and slaughtering them there, and this is the only means of appreciably thinning them out occasionally. In some regions the packs of gray wolves are as numerous and troublesome as the coyotes. The coyotes are particularly adept chicken thieves, and, indeed, are a general pest around the farmyards.

Pope Liked His Independence.
Not long ago an English lady, a Protestant, with her little son, 11 years old, and her daughter, obtained an audience of the pope through the good offices of Cardinal Rampolla, the papal secretary of state. The latter invited the boy to kiss the pope's slipper. "We don't kiss people's feet in England," said the little fellow, "but he's a nice old gentleman, and I'll kiss his hand if he likes." The pope was delighted with the little fellow's answer, and paid him several compliments in Italian.



PRESIDENT ROBERTS.

system, traveling each time many thousands of miles. But, though he goes in a sumptuous private car, there is no pleasure in these jaunts, for his correspondence is forwarded to him, and with the aid of one or two stenographers, who always accompany him, he answers his letters and directs his subordinates just as if he was in his office. At night he sleeps in the car, but his slumber is intermittent, and fatiguing rather than refreshing. Mr. Roberts is about 62 years of age, and has been connected with the Pennsylvania railroad more than forty years. He began as a rodman in the engineer corps, with little capital besides an intelligent mind and an industrious inclination. His climb to the top was steady but sure, and in June, 1880, he was elected to the office of president. With sufficient dash to mark him as progressive, he is nevertheless safely conservative and his management of the great property, representing a capital