

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 4, 1894.—We read this out, one of the most unique sermons Dr. Talmage ever preached. It is as novel as wide-sweeping and practical. His subject is, "Divine Chirography," the text being: Luke, 10: 20: "Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."

Chirography, or the art of handwriting, like the science of acoustics, is in a very unsatisfactory state. While constructing a church, and told by some architects that the voice would not be heard in a building shaped like that proposed, I came in much anxiety to this city and consulted with Professor Joseph Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, about the law of acoustics. He said: "Go ahead and build your church in the shape proposed, and I think it will be all right. I have studied the laws of sound perhaps more than any man of my time, and I have come so far as this: Two auditoriums may seem to be just exactly alike, and in one the acoustics may be good and in the other bad."

only roll. Not saved in a promiscuous way. Not put into a glorified mob. No, no! Though you came up, the worst sinner that was ever saved, and somebody, who knew you in this world at one time as absolutely abandoned and dissolute, should say, "I never heard of your conversion and I do not believe you have a right to be here," you could just laugh a laugh of triumph, and turning over the leaves containing the names of the redeemed, say, "Read it for yourself. That is my name, written out in full, and do you not recognize the handwriting? No young scribe of heaven entered that. No anonymous writer put it there. Do you not see the tremor in the lines? Do you not also see the boldness of the letters? Is it not as plain as yonder throne, as plain as yonder and the handwriting unmistakable? and the handwriting unmistakable? The crucified Lord wrote it there the day I repented and turned. Hear it! Hear it! My name is written there! There!"

I have sometimes been tempted to think that there will be so many of us in heaven that we will be lost in the crowd. No. Each one of us will be as distinctly picked out and recognized as was Abel when he entered from earth, the very first sinner saved, and at the head of that long procession of sinners saved in all the centuries. My dear hearers, if we once get there, I do not want to be left uncertain as to whether we are to stay there. After you and I get fairly settled there, in our heavenly home, we do not want our little proved defective. We do not want to be ejected from the heavenly premises. We do not want some one to say, "This is not your room in the house of many mansions, and you have on an attire that you ought not to have taken from the heavenly wardrobe, and that is not really your name on the books. If you had more carefully examined the writing in the register at the gate, you would have found that the name was not yours at all, but mine. Now move out, while I move in." Oh, what wretchedness, after once worshipping in heavenly temples, to be compelled to turn your back on the music, and after having joined the society of the blessed, to be forced to quit it forever, and after having clasped our long-lost kindred in heavenly embrace, to have another separation! What an agony would there be in such a good-by to heaven! Glory be to God on high that our names will be so plainly written in those volumes that neither saint, nor cherub, nor seraph, nor archangel shall doubt it for one moment, for five hundred eternities. If there were room for so many. The oldest inhabitant of heaven can read it, and the child that left its mother's lap last night for heaven can read it. You will not just look at your name and close the book, but you will stand, and soliloquize, and say, "Is it not wonderful that my name is there at all? How much it cost my Lord to get it there! Unworthy am I to have it in the same book with the sons and daughters of martyrdom and with the choice spirits of all time! But there it is, and so plain the word and so plain all the letters!" And you will turn forward and backward the leaves and see other names there, perhaps your father's name, and your mother's name, and your brother's name, and your sister's name, and your wife's name, and apostolic names, and say, "I am not surprised that those names are here recorded. They were better than I ever was. But astonishment overwhelming, that my name is in this book!" And turning back to the page on which is inscribed your name, you will stand and look at it, until seeing that others are waiting to examine the records with reference to their own names, you step back into the ranks of the redeemed, with them to talk over the wonderment.

Again, if you are so happy as to find your name in the volumes of eternity, you will find it written indelibly. Go up to the State Department in this national capital and see the old treaties signed by the rulers of foreign nations just before or just after the beginning of this century, and you will find that some of the documents are so faded out that you can read only here and there a word. From the paper, yellow with age, or the parchment unrolled before you, time has effaced line after line. You have to guess at the name, and perhaps guess wrongly. Old time is represented as carrying a scythe, with which he cuts down the generations; but he carries also chemicals with which he eats out whole paragraphs from important documents. We talk about indelible ink; but there is no such thing as indelible ink. It is only a question of time, the complete obliteration of all earthly signatures and engrossments. But your name, put in the heavenly record, all the millenniums of heaven cannot dim it. After you have been so long in glory that, did you not possess imperishable memory, you would have forgotten the day of your entrance, your name on that page will glow as vividly as on the instant it was traced there by the finger of the Great Atoner. There will be new generations coming into heaven, and a thousand years from now, from this or from other planet, souls may enter the many-mansioned residence, and though your name were once plainly in the books, suppose it should fade out. How could you prove to the newcomers that it had ever been written there at all? Indelible! Incapable of being cancelled! Eternity as helpless as time in any attempt at erasure! What a reinforcing, uplifting thought! Other records in heaven may give out, and will give out. There are records there in which the Recording Angel writes down our sins, but it is a book full of blot, so that much of the writing there cannot be read or even guessed at. The Recording Angel did the writing, but our Savior put in the

blots; for did he not promise, "I will blot out their transgressions!" And if some one in heaven could remember some of our earthly iniquities and ask God about them, the Lord would say, "Oh, I forgot them. I completely forgot those sins, for I promised, 'Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more.'" In the fires that burn up our world all the safety deposits, and all the little deeds, and all the hairs of record, and all the libraries will disappear, worse than when the 300,000 volumes and the 700,000 manuscripts of the Alexandria Library went down under the torch of Omar, and not a leaf or word will escape the flame in that last conflagration, which I think will be witnessed by other planets, whose inhabitants will exclaim, "Look! There is a world on fire." But there will be only one conflagration in heaven, and that will not destroy but irradiate! I mean the conflagration of splendors that blaze on the towers and domes, and temples and thrones, and rubbed and diamonded walls in the light of the sun that never sets. Indelible!

There is not on earth an autograph letter or signature of Christ. The only time he wrote out a word on earth, though he knew so well how to write, he wrote with reference to having it soon shuffled off by human foot, the time that he stooped down and with his finger wrote on the ground the hypocrisy of the Pharisees. But when he writes your name in the heavenly archives, as I believe he has or hope he may, it is to stay there from age to age, from cycle to cycle, from aeon to aeon. And so for all you Christian people I do what John G. Whittier, the dying poet, said he wanted done in his home. Lovely man he was! I sat with him in a hay mow a whole summer afternoon, and heard him tell the story of his life. He had for many years been troubled with insomnia and was a very poor sleeper, and he always had the window curtain of his room up so as to see the first intimation of sunrise. When he was breathing his last, in the morning hour, in his home in the Massachusetts village, the nurse thought that the light of the rising sun was too strong for him, and so pulled the window curtain down. The last thing the great Quaker poet did was to wave his hand to have the curtain up. He wanted to depart in the full gush of the morning. And I thought it might be helpful and inspiring to all Christian souls to have more light about the future, and so I pull up the curtain in the glorious sunrise of my text and say, "Rejoice that your names are written in heaven." Bring on your dogologies! Wave your palms! Shout your victories! Pull up all the curtains of your bright expectational. Yea! hoist the window itself, and let the perfume of the "morning glories" of the King's garden come in, and the music of harps all a-tremble with symphonies, and the sound of the surf of seas dashing to the foot of the throne of God and the Lamb.

An Incentive to Art Study. Art students ambitious for a course in Paris in drawing, painting and decoration are reminded by a circular issued from Art Students' League, by George W. Breck, that the Paris prize jury will be ready next month to pass upon the drawings of candidates. The prize was established five years ago by subscriptions gathered by John Armstrong Shanley. It entitles its holder to \$900 per year for five years, for support and study for that time in Paris. Any man or woman, more than 21 years old, resident in New York, or who has studied art here for one year, may compete. The requirement is that the applicant submit to the jury in competition two drawings from life of a full-length nude figure. Drawings must be delivered to Mr. Breck, at 218 West Fifty-seventh street, by October 12. They will be handed to a jury consisting of the presidents of the National Academy of Design, of the Society of American Artists, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and of the Art Students' League, three artists chosen by the National Academy of Design, three artists chosen by the Society of American Artists, and one artist chosen by the Paris prize subscribers. In Paris, J. L. Jerome will supervise the work of the student winning the prize and will report annually to the jury in New York.—New York Times.

A Hundred Miles an Hour. An electrical engineer has been exhibiting in London the model of his proposed single rail electric line for speeds of 150 miles an hour. The rail is fixed on a V-shaped trestle, and runs up into the body of the car, which, as it were, runs astride of it. The car runs on twelve bearing wheels, and seats 125 passengers, with space for their baggage. One of the difficulties met with in schemes for excessively high speed travel is the tendency of the car to run off the track. By running the rail within the car the lateral tendency of the train is overcome. But in this late scheme the great difficulty seems to be the passenger. What would happen to the passenger when the train took a sharp curve while going at 150 miles an hour is not explained.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Society News. Mrs. Noshape—We will have to discharge our coachman. He mistook me for the cook in the dark hallway last night and kissed me. Mr. Noshape—He is in hard luck, but I can sympathize with him. I made that same mistake myself the other night. Isn't it about as bad to rob a man of his peace as it is of his money? The revival that is followed by cutting down the preacher's salary didn't begin right.

NEWS OF ILLINOIS.

RECORD OF MINOR DOINGS OF THE WEEK.

Seven Days' Happenings Continued.—General, Religious, Political, Criminal, Charitable and Miscellaneous Events from Every Section of the State.

President—J. Irving Pearce, Chicago. Secretary—W. C. Garrard, Springfield.

Mrs. Claude Dabler, wife of a well-known young man of Princeton, Ill., shot herself. Family troubles are held to be the cause.

Gov. Altgeld appointed Frank E. Goodman of Chicago a trustee of the northern hospital for the insane at Elgin, vice Charles Nieman, of Elgin, resigned.

The Smithboro mines, located four miles east of Greenville, have been closed down by Joseph Somers, the owner. The men recently made a demand for a raise of 5 cents per ton. Mr. Somers considered the proposition a few days and then posted a notice today at the mine discharging every miner.

George S. Newman, a wealthy mine owner of Leadville, Colo., has disappeared, and the police have been asked to assist in finding him. Saturday morning he left the residence of his sister, Mrs. O. R. Hall of Chicago, promising to return for lunch at 11 o'clock. He did not come back, and since he left the house no trace of him has been found. It was at first thought that he might have returned to Leadville, but telegrams from that city say that nothing has been seen of him there.

A pool-room, patronized exclusively by women, was raided by Lieutenant Bonfield at Chicago. Bonfield found seventeen women and two men employed about the place as markers, and placed them under arrest. The pool-room was in a three-story building in Thirty-third street. On the second floor was a large blackboard, on which was written the results of races at the different tracks. The seventeen women all gave fictitious names. Three patrol wagons took them to the station house, and they were soon released on bail.

Weak from the effects of hunger, Philip Flife, a German, forty-two years old, was found lying in a ditch alongside the Illinois Central railroad at One hundred and second street, Chicago, the other morning. He informed the policeman that he had not touched food for three days. He left his wife and four children three weeks ago in Jersey City to search for work. While stealing a ride on a freight train, he was put off at One Hundred and Second street. He was so weak that he could not walk, and decided to lie in the ditch to die.

Waukegan special: Another attempt is being made to settle the ownership of the swamp lands in the Grass Lake region, now valuable as summer resort property. Last year the government decided that this county owned them. The county proposes to quit claim them to the present holders at \$1.25 per acre. A subland commissioner is now here from Washington taking testimony regarding these lands. The point is to determine what land is still swamp land and what part was swamp land when settled. It is probable that the old settlers will get the valuable land claimed by them at wild land prices.

First district, Charles H. Dolton, Dolton Station; Second, Irus Coy, Chicago; Third, Martin Conrad, Chicago; Fourth, John N. Young, Chicago; Fifth, I. Harley Bradley, Chicago; Sixth, Andrew Dunning, Dunning Station; Seventh, H. J. Cartwright, Libertyville; Eighth, W. D. Stryker, Plainfield; Ninth, A. J. Lovejoy, Roscoe; Tenth, E. B. David, Aledo; Eleventh, George H. Madden, Mendota; Twelfth, Len Small, Kankakee; Thirteenth, Lafayette Funk, Shirley; Fourteenth, D. W. Vitum, Canton; Fifteenth, A. D. Barber, Hamilton; Sixteenth, W. H. Fulkerson, Jerseyville; Seventeenth, W. A. Young, Butler; Nineteenth, J. K. Dickinson, Lawrenceville; Twentieth, John Landgren, Alton; Twenty-first, B. Pullen, Centralia; Twenty-second, J. M. Richard, Carbondale.

An up-to-date wedding that has excited much interest is that of Mr. Alexander S. Fraser and Mrs. Minnie F. Hendricks, the latter a young widow who until recently has been a teacher in the public schools. The feature of this wedding is that the bride and bridegroom, both of whom are expert bicyclists, rode their wheels to the Church of the Redeemer, where the ceremony was performed. After the marriage they and their attendants remounted their wheels and rode home again. Later Dispatch: Mrs. Fraser, a bride of four days, shot herself through the heart, dying instantly. No reason can be given. The young couple were prominent in church and society and were both members of the choir of the Church of the Redeemer, in which church they were married last week, going from the altar to their handsome home, where the young bride now lies dead.

Secretary of State Hinrichsen has submitted to the governor his semi-annual report of fees earned for the year ending Sept. 30, 1894, as follows: From corporations, \$48,118; from notaries' commissions, \$1,506; from justices and police magistrates' commissions, \$419; from miscellaneous sources, \$5,175; total, \$55,219.

At Chicago, Al Ruhman, the husband of Zella Nicolaus, was sent to the Bridewell on a fine of \$100. This will keep him behind the bars for two hundred days, unless the fine is paid. The charge against Ruhman was vagrancy.

In Chicago, Grace Clark Conway, age 18, shot and killed her husband, Harry M. Conway, age 21, and then killed herself.

Peoria special: The internal revenue collections in this district for the month of September were \$1,674,861, which is \$550,000 larger than a year ago, and larger than they have been since the Wilson bill went into effect in August, 1894. They would have been \$2,000,000 if the tax had been paid on spirits shipped out in bond.

Quincy special: The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy fast mail from Chicago ran down a section crew coming in on a handcar near the soldiers' home. All except Patrick Burke of Quincy escaped with their lives by jumping. Burke and the handcar were hurled into the air above the locomotive's smokestack, injuring him so that he died.

P. S. Bartlett, who now resides at Evanston, came to Elgin last week and identified a gold watch and some chains and charms which were found in the box of jewelry discovered by the police in a barn at Dundee and secreted there by Hart P. Wolaver, an Elgin merchant, who claims to have taken them for security on a debt. Bartlett states that these goods were stolen from his safe, together with diamonds valued at \$500, in January, 1892. At that time he occupied an office jointly with Wolaver and the jewelry firm of Corthell & Gillette, to whom the other goods found belonged.

Jacksonville special: Dr. McFarland, who conducts a retreat for the insane, and against whom the state board of charities has authorized proceedings for operating without a license, has written Attorney General Moloney that he is patiently awaiting court proceedings. He states that he never had a license and that the Illinois statutes have no provision compelling private asylums for the insane to take out such license. Dr. McFarland concludes with the statement that court will soon be in session and requests the attorney general to give the matter his prompt attention, after first looking up the state laws bearing on lunacy.

Arcola special: The Salvation Army planted its barracks in this city last Monday night. Thursday night a riot took place at the hall which resulted in the arrest of Henry Dennis, a local gardener. Dennis, who was badly beaten, claimed the Salvationists had induced his wife to leave him. He left the meeting and proceeded to get drunk. Returning to the hall where the army was in session, he attempted to break up the gathering, but was prevented by Henry Wilkinson and one of the women Salvationists. Mrs. Dennis says she intends to leave the city in the interests of the army. The couple have five small children. More trouble will probably result. Dennis is now under \$500 bond. He swears vengeance and says he will break up the meetings of the army.

The Bankers' Association of the state of Illinois meets at Springfield next week. Rev. Dr. John F. Davies will open the first day's session with prayer, and F. W. Tracy, president of the First National bank, will make the address of welcome, to which President W. P. Halliday will reply. Then will follow reports of officers and addresses by Attorney George A. Sanders of Springfield on "Municipal Securities," and by Judge S. P. Wheeler on "The Necessity of a Universal Law Governing Commercial Paper in the United States." The prayer opening the second day's session will be delivered by Rev. E. B. Rogers of Springfield. The Halliday prizes will then be awarded, and E. S. Lacey, William A. Hammond of Chicago, will report on the American Bankers' Association conventions at Atlanta and St. Louis. Vice President D. B. Dewey of Chicago will discuss "Bank Credits" and H. H. Marshall of Greenville will talk on "Consideration Due a Customer by a Banker." "Express Money Orders" will be presented by E. L. Wahl of Vandalla. Election of officers and adjournment will follow.

Daniel J. Wren, ex-county commissioner of Chicago is critically ill. He has been practically given up by the doctors, though Mrs. Wren still entertains hope of his recovery. Dr. P. S. Macdonald, the family physician, called in for consultation Dr. Billings, Dr. Quine and Dr. J. B. Murphy, all of whom agreed with Dr. Macdonald's serious view of the case. Mr. Wren's illness began three weeks ago with an attack of typhoid fever, from which developed acute nephritis, and this constitutes the present grave danger. Heart failure has also set in. Dan Wren, as he was familiarly called, figured conspicuously in the county board cases, and, along with Van Pelt, Varnell, Wasserman and McGarrigle, was convicted and sent to Joliet. When he returned to Chicago he went into the business of building livery stables in residence districts, and it was charged he did this to sell the property for an advanced price to his wealthy neighbors. He now has a large livery stable in Cottage Grove avenue, near Forty-seventh street. Mr. Wren is 50 years old and has a wife and grown-up daughter.

At the annual convention of delegates from the county and district fairs of the state the old members of the board were re-elected with four exceptions, and in only a few instances were there contests. J. Irving Pearce of Chicago was made president of the board without opposition. The new board is as follows:

Conrad Bertling, of Streator, Ill., who was at Newark, Ohio, taking a gold cure treatment for drunkenness, jumped from a second-story window and died near Streator.

THE TORNADO'S TRACK.

LATEST NEWS OF THE TORNADO IN FLORIDA.

Special Loss of Life and Property Reported from the Interior of the State.—Hundreds of Houses and Buildings from Hunger.—Fourth List of Losses.

As communication with the interior of the state of Florida is restored the news of the destruction of life and property by Tuesday's hurricane becomes appalling. Hundreds of persons are homeless, and must suffer from hunger unless relief shall be quickly furnished. Reports from seventy-six towns, including all the important towns in Levy, Lafayette, Suwanee, Columbia, Bradford and Baker counties, show that sixty-seven persons were killed and sixty-two injured. These are the known casualties. To this total probably a considerable number must be added to cover those not yet heard from.

The loss of life was greatest at Cedar Keys, on the gulf of Mexico, where the hurricane entered the state. Over half of the known deaths occurred at that place. The destruction of valuable timber, turpentine trees, farm crops, phosphate works and buildings of every description in the counties mentioned, forming a belt across the state from southwest to northeast, will aggregate hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of dollars.

Eleven Dead at Savannah. The hurricane which swept over Savannah Tuesday coast nearly a dozen lives and entailed a financial loss of nearly \$1,000,000. Hundreds of residences are damaged and the most beautiful trees in the city are down. The losses to shipping will amount to over \$100,000.

Shipping Damaged at Brunswick. Twelve vessels in the harbor at Brunswick, Ga., were more or less severely damaged by Tuesday's hurricane. Scarcely a vessel in port escaped without some damage.

Four Killed at Alexandria. The storm relatively was more severe in Alexandria than in Washington. There were four fatalities and three persons more or less injured. The loss in and around Alexandria is estimated at \$400,000.

Storm at Washington. Reports received from the suburban towns about Washington show that great damage was done throughout the surrounding country by Tuesday night's storm, but no loss of life was reported. The storm's damage at Washington is estimated to run from \$25,000 to \$500,000.

Killed in Maryland. It is reported from Texas, a small town in Baltimore county, Maryland, that one man was killed and six injured by Tuesday night's storm.

SEVEN WERE KILLED. Passenger Train Wrecked on the Santa Fe Road to Kansas.

A frightful railroad wreck, attended by serious loss of life, and made more terrible by the self murder of one of the passengers, occurred at 5 o'clock Sunday morning on the Santa Fe road two miles north of Ocala City, Kan. Seven bodies have been recovered from the wreck, and it is feared other victims were buried beneath the debris. The wrecked train was the east-bound passenger No. 2, the same that had a thrilling experience with bandits in New Mexico on Friday night last. The wreck was caused by the explosion of the boiler of the locomotive. The dead are:

- WILLIAM BECKLER, Los Angeles, Cal.
- ENGINEER STRUMP, Topeka, Kan.
- FIREMAN HARRY HOLLISTER, Topeka.
- WILLIAM M'ADAMS, tramp; riding on baggage car, and supposed to be from Chillicothe, Iowa.
- THREE TRAMPS, names unknown, all of whom were riding on the baggage car.

Among the injured are: Mrs. Emma Maxwell, an editor on the Evening Telegram at Colorado Springs, Col.; hands and arms cut and bruised. Wilford Burns, tramp; legs and arms cut and bruised. James Coleman, tramp; cut and badly bruised. None of the express men or mail clerks were seriously injured.

Black Robbers Shot. At 2:30 o'clock Thursday afternoon the First Bank of Joseph, Wallowa county, Ore., was robbed of \$2,000 by three men, one of whom was shot dead and another badly wounded, while the third escaped, pursued by a posse of citizens.

Bryan Accepts Populist Nomination. On his arrival at St. Louis Saturday Candidate William J. Bryan gave out for publication his letter of acceptance of the populist nomination for president.

No Gold Ticket in Indiana. The state committee of the gold democratic party has decided not to put a state ticket in the field in Indiana.