

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"WOMAN AND HOME" THE SUBJECT LAST SUNDAY.

Woman is the Only Sphere in Which Woman Can Succeed in Ruling the World—Her Best Rights Defended—The Ballot Box.

Copyright, 1901, by Louis Kloppsch, N. Y. J. Washington, Aug. 18.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage extols home as a field of usefulness, and especially encourages wives and mothers; text, Genesis 1, 27, "Male and female created he them."

In other words, God, who can make no mistake, made man and woman for a specific work and to move in particular spheres—man to be regnant in his realm, woman to be dominant in hers. The boundary line between Italy and Switzerland, between England and Scotland, is not more thoroughly marked than this distinction between the empire masculine and the empire feminine.

The Most Queerly Woman. When you want to get your grandest idea of a queen, you do not think of Catherine of Russia, or of Anne of England, or Maria Theresa of Austria, but when you want to get your grandest idea of a queen you think of the plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table, or walked with him arm in arm down life's pathway, sometimes to the thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always together—soothing your petty griefs, correcting your childish waywardness, joining in your infantile sports, listening to your evening prayers, toiling for you with needle, or at the spinning wheel, and on cold nights wrapping you up snug and warm.

You come out with your stereotyped remark that man is superior to woman in intellect, and then I open on my desk the swarthy, iron typed, thunderbolted writings of Harriet Martineau and Elizabeth Browning and George Eliot. You come on with your stereotyped remark about woman's superiority to man in the item of affection, but I ask you where was there more capacity to love than in John the disciple, and Robert McCheyne, the Scotchman, and John Sumnerfield, the Methodist and Henry Martyn, the missionary? The heart of those men was so large that after you had rolled into it the hemispheres there was room still left to marshal the hosts of heaven and set up the throne of the eternal Jehovah. I deny to man the throne intellectual. I deny to woman the throne affectional. No human phraseology will ever define the spheres while there is an intuition by which we know when a man is in his realm and when a woman is in her realm and when either of them is out of it.

Woman's Best Rights. I know there are women of most undesirable nature who wander up and down the country, having no homes of their own or forsaking their own homes, talking about their rights, and we know very well that they themselves are fit neither to vote nor fit to keep house. Their mission seems to be to humiliate the two sexes at the thought of what any one of us might become. No one would want to live under the laws that such women would enact, or to have cast upon society the children that such women would raise.

Appreciation of Her Rights. Woman always has voted and always will vote. Our great-grandfathers thought they were by their votes putting Washington into the presidential chair. No, his mother, by the principles she taught him and by the habits she inculcated, made him president. It was a Christian mother's hand dropping the ballot when Lord Bacon wrote, and Newton philosophized, and Alfred the Great governed, and Jonathan Edwards thundered of judgment to come. How many men there have been in high political station who would have been insufficient to stand the test to which their moral principle was put had it not been for a wife's voice that encouraged them to do right and a wife's prayer that sounded louder than the clamor of partisanship! Why, my friends, the right of suffrage, as we men exercise it, seems to be a feeble thing. You, a Christian man, come up to the ballot box, and then drop your vote. Right after you come a libertine or a sot, the offscouring of the street, and he drops his vote, and his vote counteracts yours. But if in the quiet of home life a daughter by her Christian demeanor, a wife by her industry, a mother by her faithfulness, casts a vote in the right direction, then nothing can resist it, and the influence of that vote will throb through the eternities.

My chief anxiety, then, is not that woman has other rights accorded her, but that she, by the grace of God, rise up to the appreciation of the glorious rights she already possesses. I shall only have time to speak of one grand and all absorbing right that every woman has, and that is to make home happy. That realm no one has ever disputed with her. Men may come home at noon or at night, and they carry a comparatively little while, but all day long governs it, beautifies it, sanctifies it. It is within her power

to make it the most attractive place on earth. It is the only calm harbor in this world. You know as well as I do that this outside world and the business world is a long scene of jostle and contention. The man who has a dollar struggles to keep it; the man who has it not struggles to get it. Prices up. Prices down. Losses. Gains. Misrepresentations. Gouging. Under-selling. Buyers depreciating; salesmen exaggerating. Tenants seeking less rent; landlords demanding more. Gold fidgety. Struggles about office. Men who are in trying to keep in; men out trying to get in. Ships. Tumbles. Defalcations. Panics. Catastrophes. O woman, thank God you have a home, and that you may be queen in it. Better be there than wear a queen's coronet. Better be there than carry the purse of a princess. Your abode may be humble, but you can by your faith in God and your cheerfulness of demeanor gild it with splendors such as an upholsterer's hand never yet kindled.

There. And I walked forth, and I saw the sun rise, and I said, "When will it set again?" and the sun sank not. And I saw all the people in holiday apparel, and I said, "When will they put on workman's garb again and delve in the mine and sweater at the forge?" But neither the garments nor the robes did they put off. And I wandered in the suburbs, and I said, "Where do they bury the dead of this great city?" And I looked along by the hills where it would be most beautiful for the dead to sleep, and I saw castles and towers and battlements, but not a mausoleum, nor monument, nor white slab could I see. And I went into the great chapel of the town, and I said: "Where do the poor worship? Where are the benches on which they sit?" And a voice answered, "We have no poor in this great city." And I wandered out seeking to find the place where were the hovels of the destitute, and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but no tear did I see or sight hear. I was bewildered, and I sat under the shadow of a great tree, and I said, "What am I and whence comes all this?" And at that moment there came from among the leaves, skipping up the flowery paths and across the sparkling waters, a very bright and sparkling group, and when I saw their step I knew it, and when I heard their voices I thought I knew them, but their apparel was so different from anything I had ever seen I bowed, a stranger to strangers. But after awhile, when they clasped their hands and shouted, "Welcome! Welcome!" the mystery was solved, and I saw that time had passed and that eternity had come, and that God had gathered us up into a higher home, and I said, "Are all here?" and the voices of innumerable generations answered, "All here." And while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we began to laugh and sing and leap and shout: "Home! Home! Home!"

Now, can you tell me how many thousand miles a woman like that would have to travel down before she got to the ballot box? Compared with this work of training kings and queens for God eternally, how insignificant seems all this work of voting for aldermen and common councilmen and sheriffs and constables and mayors and presidents. To make one such grand woman as I have described how many thousand would you want of those people who go in the round of godliness and fashion and dissipation, distorting their body and going as far toward disgraceful apparel as they dare go so as not to be arrested of the police, their behavior a sorrow to the good and a caricature of the vicious and an insult to that God who made them women and not gorgons, and tramping on, down through a frivolous and dissipated life, to temporal and eternal destruction. Oh, woman, with the lightning of your soul strike dead at your feet all these allurements to dissipation and to fashion. Your immortal soul cannot be fed upon such garbage. God calls you up to empire and dominion. Will you have it? Oh, give to God your heart, give to God your best energies, give to God all your culture, give to God all your refinement, give yourself to him for this world and the next. Soon all these bright eyes will be quenched and these voices will be hushed. For the last time you will look upon this fair earth: father's hand, mother's hand, sister's hand, child's hand, will be no more in yours. It will be night, and there will come up a cold wind from the Jordan, and you must start. Will it be a lone woman on a trackless moor? Ah, no, Jesus will come up in that hour and offer his hand, and he will say: "You stood by me when you were well; now I will not desert you when you are sick." One wave of his hand, and the storm will drop, and another wave of his hand and midnight shall break into midnoon, and another wave of his hand and the chamberlains of God will come down from the treasure houses of heaven with robes lustrous, blood washed and heaven gilded, in which you will array yourself for the marriage supper of the Lamb. And then with Miriam, who struck the timbrel by the Red sea, and with Deborah, who led the Lord's host into the fight, and with Hannah, who gave her Samuel to the Lord, and with Mary, who rocked Jesus to sleep while there were angels singing in the air, and with Florence Nightingale, who bound up the battle wounds of the Crimea, you will, from the chalice of God, drink to the soul's eternal rescue.

How the Mate Got Even. The mate of a certain schooner was in the habit of drinking more than was good for him. On one occasion, after he had recovered from an unusually severe attack of intoxication, he was looking over the log and found that the captain had inscribed therein on a certain date: "Mate drunk." The mate promptly went to the captain and asked why such a statement had been written down. "It is true, isn't it?" asked the captain. "Yes," said the mate. "Then let it stand," said the captain. A few days later the captain, in looking over the log, found this inscription: "Captain sober." He summoned the mate and asked him what he meant by taking such a liberty. "It's true, isn't it?" "Yes," said the captain, "but—" "Then let it stand," said the mate.—Youths' Companion.

The Electric Eel's Victim. At the Zoological gardens a large electric eel was swimming in its tank with more activity than usual, when a big cockroach fell into the water, and in its efforts to get out made a disturbance of the surface, which attracted the attention of the eel. The eel turned round, swam past it, discharged its battery at about eight inches off, and the cockroach instantly stopped stone dead. It did not even move its antennae after. The eel then proceeded to swallow its victim, and the narrator goes on to point out the curious circumstance that the fish, which weighed about twelve pounds, should find it worth while to fire its heavy artillery at a creature an inch and a half long, when it could easily have swallowed it sans facon.—Chambers' Journal.

The Beautiful Home Above. One twilight, after I had been playing with the children for some time, I lay down on the lounge to rest, and, half asleep and half awake, I seemed to dream this dream: It seemed to me that I was in a far distant land—not Persia, although more than oriental luxuriance crowned the cities; nor the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens; nor Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around looking for thorns and nettles, but I found none of them grow

there. And I walked forth, and I saw the sun rise, and I said, "When will it set again?" and the sun sank not. And I saw all the people in holiday apparel, and I said, "When will they put on workman's garb again and delve in the mine and sweater at the forge?" But neither the garments nor the robes did they put off. And I wandered in the suburbs, and I said, "Where do they bury the dead of this great city?" And I looked along by the hills where it would be most beautiful for the dead to sleep, and I saw castles and towers and battlements, but not a mausoleum, nor monument, nor white slab could I see. And I went into the great chapel of the town, and I said: "Where do the poor worship? Where are the benches on which they sit?" And a voice answered, "We have no poor in this great city." And I wandered out seeking to find the place where were the hovels of the destitute, and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but no tear did I see or sight hear. I was bewildered, and I sat under the shadow of a great tree, and I said, "What am I and whence comes all this?" And at that moment there came from among the leaves, skipping up the flowery paths and across the sparkling waters, a very bright and sparkling group, and when I saw their step I knew it, and when I heard their voices I thought I knew them, but their apparel was so different from anything I had ever seen I bowed, a stranger to strangers. But after awhile, when they clasped their hands and shouted, "Welcome! Welcome!" the mystery was solved, and I saw that time had passed and that eternity had come, and that God had gathered us up into a higher home, and I said, "Are all here?" and the voices of innumerable generations answered, "All here." And while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we began to laugh and sing and leap and shout: "Home! Home! Home!"

HAVE RULES FOR MOURNING.

Chinese Enforce Laws Prescribing How Mourning Must Be Shown.

Chinese laws prescribe severe penalties for neglect of children to properly observe the prescribed customs on the death of an ancestor. If a son receiving information of the death of his father or mother or a wife suppress such intelligence and omits to go into lawful mourning for the deceased such neglect shall be punished with sixty blows and one year's banishment. If a son or wife enters into mourning in a lawful manner, but previous to the expiration of the term discards the mourning habit and, forgetful of the loss sustained, plays upon musical instruments or participates in festivities, the punishment shall amount for such offenses to eighty blows. Whoever on receiving information of the death of any other relative in the first degree than the above mentioned suppresses the notice of it and omits to mourn shall be punished with eighty blows; if previous to the expiration of the legal period of mourning for such relative any person casts away the mourning habit and resumes his wonted amusements he shall be punished with sixty blows. When any officer or other person in the employ of the government has received intelligence of the death of his father or mother, in consequence of which intelligence he is bound to retire from the office during the period of mourning, if in order to avoid such retirement he falsely represents the deceased to have been his grandfather, grandmother, uncle, aunt or cousin he shall suffer punishment of 100 blows, be deposed from office and rendered incapable of again entering into the public service.—Chicago Chronicle.

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FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.

The New Bureau of Forestry.

On the first of July the Division of Forestry and three other scientific divisions of the U. S. Department of Agriculture were advanced to bureau status. This was provided for by the last session of congress, which appropriated for the expenses of the Bureau of Forestry during its first year \$285,440. The appropriation for the Division of Forestry during the year just ended was \$285,520. For the year 1898-99 it was \$285,520.

These figures show how rapidly the forest work of the government has expanded of late, and also how well it has commended itself to congress. There was a time when the practical value of the scientific investigations carried on by the government was not fully understood, and farmers were inclined to think that the money spent on experiment stations and chemical laboratories was of little benefit to them. Now the case is very different. The improvements in agriculture due to the work of the department have increased the value of the farm products of the country by many millions of dollars annually. As this kind of work has proved its practical utility, congress has shown itself generous toward it. The readiness with which congress has increased the appropriations for the Division of Forestry is the best evidence that forestry has proved its importance from a business standpoint.

Wisconsin Horticulturists.

The summer meeting of the Wisconsin State Horticultural Society will be held in Madison, August 20-21. On the evening of August 19 there will be a meeting of the executive committee for the purpose of attending to important business.

The first public session will be opened at 9:00 Tuesday morning, August 20. The apple outlook will be discussed by prominent fruit growers. Small fruits will be discussed by A. L. Hatch and Wm. Hanchett. F. C. Edwards will talk on Lawn Decorations.

Tuesday afternoon will be a plim session, with the following papers to be read: Planting and Cultivation of Plums, A. D. Barnes, Waupaca, Branning of Plum Trees, Wm. Toole, Baraboo. Seedling Plums, E. S. Goff, Madison. Preserving and Canning Our Fruits, Mr. Jos. Trevelan, Omro.

The Tuesday evening session will be given up to the ladies, who have prepared an interesting program. The program for Wednesday as arranged by S. H. Marshall and Prof. E. S. Goff is as follows: Take cars out to University Farm buildings first thing in the morning. Go over them and down to the orchard in time to see that and have picnic dinner about 11:30 in grove on banks of the lake. Dinner to be furnished by the university. From here walk along lake to university boat house, back of gymnasium, reaching there about 3 o'clock. From here a trip will be taken around the lake and landing at Mr. Marshall's farm, where supper will be served and farm inspected. Boats return in time for evening trains.

There will be the usual exhibit of fruits and flowers. The Farmers' Review urges its Wisconsin readers to attend the convention. All will be welcome, including the general farmer that grows no fruit. It is a mistake to suppose that horticultural societies are for large commercial fruit growers only—they are for all that are interested in horticulture. Wisconsin farmers will benefit themselves by getting into closer touch with their state horticultural society.

Fighting the Chinch Bug.

The Ohio Experiment Station is receiving letters indicating an extensive outbreak of chinch bugs in certain parts of the state, and in response it is sending out small packages of a fungus culture in the hope that it may be of service in infesting the bugs with a parasitic fungus which, under favorable conditions, has been found to be very destructive to these pests.

The Tobacco Horn Worm.

Herewith we illustrate two species of the tobacco horn worm. A report of the Department of Agriculture says of them: There are two species of large sphinx moths whose larvae or caterpillars, eat the leaves of tobacco, tomato and allied plants, including occasionally the Irish potato. These caterpillars, from the fact that each bears upon one of the posterior segments of its body a rather stout curved horn, have become popularly known as horn worms. Tobacco growers do not distinguish between the two different kinds of horn worms, and for practical purposes it is not in the least necessary that they should distinguish them. As a matter of general interest, however, it may be stated that the horn on the end of the body of Carolina is red, while that of Culex is black. Both are green in color with oblique white stripes on the side of the body. These moths of the two species may be distinguished from the

usual operations, and it is feared that it may not act with sufficient promptness during the prevailing dry weather. The following remedy is therefore offered as probably better adapted to existing conditions, this remedy having been suggested in 1896 by Prof. S. A. Forbes, State Entomologist of Illinois: "Dissolve one-half pound hard or soft soap in one gallon of water, and heat to the boiling point. Remove from stove and add two gallons of coal oil, churning the mixture with a good force pump for fifteen minutes. When the emulsion is formed, it will look like buttermilk.

"To each quart of this emulsion add fifteen quarts of water, and apply to the corn in a spray—preferably before 10 a. m. or after 3 p. m. The bugs should be washed off so that they will float in the emulsion at the base of the plant. A teaspoonful to a hill is generally sufficient, but the quantity must vary with the number of bugs infesting the corn."

The progress of these bugs through a field may be obstructed by making a shallow, V-shaped trench with the corner of a hoe and filling it with coal tar, the tar to be renewed in two or three days. They may also be destroyed by plowing them under and harrowing and rolling. These two methods were successfully employed by the Ohio Station in 1888.—Chas. E. Thorne, Director Ohio Experiment Station.

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fact that Carolina is darker and the orange spots along the side of the body are more vivid.

Both species occur from Canada to Florida, and as the region of the tobacco culture falls in the north, both feed upon the tobacco. Generally these worms are not too numerous to be kept down by hand-picking.

Preparing the Wheat Field.

At this time of year farmers are plowing for fall wheat or preparing to do so. The ground is perhaps a little hard at this time for the plow to do good work, but the rains that have now fallen should go far to preparing the land for the operation. It makes a vast deal of difference about the condition of the land as to the ease of plowing, and it will pay every farmer to take advantage of the conditions when they are right. The saving to the horses is no small factor. When the ground is in right condition for the best work to be done the moisture in it is sufficient to make it easy to cut but not enough to make it stick to the plow.

That the seed bed should be well prepared is the consensus of opinion among all cultivators. Pulverization is necessary if the soil is to be made capable of giving the best returns. Poor plowing and poor preparation generally is responsible for much of the shortage in the wheat crops. It is evident that if the land be left in clods the soil in the clod will not be reached by the air, and the elaboration of plant food will not go on so rapidly as will be the case where the whole is broken to pieces. Even if the roots of the wheat plant succeed in penetrating the clods the amount of food found therein will be less than in other and better prepared soil.

When the wheat field is to be sown before being plowed, it is better to put on the manure, spread and plow it under at once. This will incorporate it with the soil. If permitted to lie on top of the ground for a considerable time it will dry in lumps, which cannot be readily incorporated with the soil, or if incorporated will not mix evenly with it.

Indolence is to the mind what rust is to iron.

WILL APPLY FOR STATE.

Delicate Willows in Managing Movement at Honolulu toward securing the admission of Hawaii to the American union as a state. This movement has already transcended the plan for the annexation of the islands as a county or number of counties in the state of California. Hawaii will apply through Delegate Willcox for statehood next winter. He sees no reason why Hawaii should not become a state along with Arizona and New Mexico. From the main standpoint of population and wealth her claims are better than those of the other territories. There will a clause in the bill for the exclusion of Chinese from Hawaii. As steamship and sugar companies wish to have a cable laid between the United States and the new territory and as the delegate has it in his power to prevent the laying of the cable for some time he is able to insist upon the support of the companies to his proposition of excluding Chinese. In consequence of the agitation for statehood the prices of sugar stocks are going down still further, as the prospects for a relief of the labor stringency are destroyed in the discussion. No arrangements, temporary or permanent, can be made to supply Hawaii with laborers until the political status of the country is determined upon.

SEES A VISION AND DIES.

St. Paul Invalid Is Thrown Into Convulsions by Shock.

A vision at the window was responsible for hastening the death of Mrs. Catherine Norman Cariveau, who had died at her home in St. Paul, Minn. Mrs. Cariveau had been ill for several months, heart disease and consumption having gradually sapped her vitality until death was only a matter of time. Saturday evening William Cariveau, husband of the woman, was sitting with her. She had fallen asleep. Suddenly she awakened, pointing out of the window, crying: "Look, Will! Look!" Cariveau heard something strike on the screen, but could see nothing when he looked. The sick woman was thrown into convulsions, and when she had quieted sufficiently, told her husband that she had seen his sister, Miss Cariveau, dressed entirely in white, and wearing wings, standing outside the window and stretching out her hands. Mrs. Cariveau maintained that the noise of something striking the screen which her husband had heard was the striking of the sister's wings as she passed the window. The shock following this vision was so great that Mrs. Cariveau never recovered, dying at 3 o'clock Sunday morning. Miss Cariveau was at that time hanging between life and death. She is still alive, but her death is expected momentarily.

New Trunk Line in View.

A report that the Norfolk and Western, Memphis and Chattanooga, the Choctaw and Fort Worth and Denver are forming a through transcontinental trunk line has caused a substantial rise in some of the interested stocks at Philadelphia. It is said that a party of surveyors has recently been at work between Knoxville, Tenn., and Bristol, which is the Norfolk and Western terminus of the Tennessee line. A well-equipped railroad already extends from Knoxville to Memphis, and this road is connected with the Fort Worth and Denver City by the Choctaw, Oklahoma and Gulf. The control of the Fort Worth and Denver City rests with the Colorado Southern, which makes a close and advantageous connection with the Gould system at Denver.

Use Red-hot Fork to Fetch Bug.

With his tongue nearly burned out and his lips and mouth terribly scoured and blistered, Daniel Bernard, a 7-year-old lad, was placed in care of the Society for Protection of Children from Cruelty, at Baltimore, Md. The boy's mother was sentenced to six months in jail for torturing the child. The lad told his mother a falsehood. She lighted a coaloil lamp and held a stove poker over the flame until it was red hot. She then forced the boy's jaws open and thrust the burning iron into his mouth and tortured him by keeping it there several minutes.

Guard Deck Tanager's Grief.

Memorial exercises were held at the grave of the late Governor Tanner of Springfield, Ill., by the Eighth Battalion of colored troops of the Illinois National Guards. Under command of Major Marshall the members of the battalion marched from Camp Lincoln to the cemetery, where several hundred people, including Colonel J. Mack Tanner, the governor's son, and Corn Edith English Tanner, the widow, had gathered.

Project Big Button Trust.

Now there is to be a million-dollar button trust. This combination, by the plans of men now at work in New York perfecting it, will take in all the important manufacturers of ivory buttons in the United States. There are more than a dozen of them and they supply from 75 to 90 per cent of all the buttons sold to the American trade by home manufacturers.

State of the Buffalo Fair.

Policeman Diebold, at Buffalo, N. Y., shot and killed James C. Burr of Alton, N. Y., who was engaged in tearing down a platform in what is known as the "Free Highway" outside the Buffalo American exposition grounds. Diebold claims to have acted in self-defense. He had warned Burr that he could not continue his work without a permit, when the latter struck him with a scumstone. Diebold was in his own clothes. Burr was in a uniform.