PITTSBURG, MONDAY, JANUARY 5

## A SPECIAL MESSAGE

To All Ministers and Christians, Calling Upon Them to Unite in a

BOLD ATTACK UPON EVIL.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Emphasizes the Need of a Religious Movement.

THE ENEMY NEVER SO POWERFUL.

An Organized Endeavor to Overthrow Righteonsness and

MAKE THE BIBLE MERELY A DERISION

BROOKLYN, Jan. 4 .- Dr. Talmage's New Year's sermon is a ringing battle-cry to ministers and Christians everywhere, calling upon them to join in a combined charge on the entrenchments of sin and Satan. It made a deep impression on the vast crowds who heard it in this city this morning and at the service to-night in New York. The enthusiasm at the latter service was increased by the effective aid rendered by a large volunteer choir which has been organized from the audiences, who sung with a volume and fervor seldom equalled. After the singing of the hymn commencing

Come Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove
With all thy quickening powers.—
Dr. Talmage preached the following sermon from the text, Luke 24:49: "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high."

and the other in New York, and through the kindness of the printing press an everwidening opportunity. To all such hearers and readers I come with an especial message. The time has arrived for a forward movement such as the church and the world have never seen. That there is a need for such a religious movement is evident from the fact that never since our world was swung out among the planets has there been such an organized and determined effort to overthrow righteousness and make the Ten Commandments obsolete and the whole Ruble a decision. Meanwhile alcoholism is taking down its victims by the hundreds of thousands, and the political parties get down on their kneer, practically saving: "O thou almighty rum jug, we bow down before thee. Give us the offices, city, State and national. Oh, give us the offices and we will protect thee forever and ever, Amen.'

The Powers of Darkness. The pandemoniac world, I think, has massed its troops, and they are this moment batteries upon family circles, church circles, social circles, political cir-cles and national circles. Apollyon is in the saddle and riding at the head of his

myrmidons would capture this world for darkness and woe. This is one side of the conflict now raging. On the other side we have the most magnificent gospel machinery that the world ever saw or heaven ever invented. In the first place, in this country more than 80,000 ministers of religion and, take them as a class, more consecrated, holier, more consistent, more self-denying, more faithful men never lived. I know them by the thousands. I have met them in every city. I am told, not by them but by people outside our profession, poople and the same and the same, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," while others cried for mercy. A great mass meeting of Christians on a weekday, in Jayne's Hall, Philadelphia, telegraphed to Fulton street prayer meeting, in New York, saying: "What hath God wrought?" and a telegram went back, say large, "Two hundred souls saved at our meeting to did it the circumstances eight of the ten to doubt the country and I have no doubt to-day." A ship came through the Nairows profession, people engaged in Christian and recormatory work. that the clergy of America are at the head of all good enterprises, and, whoever else tail. they may be depended on. The truth of this is demonstrated by the fact that when a minister of religion does fail, it is so excepional that the newspapers report it as something startling, while a hundred men in other callings may go down without the matter being considered as especially worth mentioning. In addition to their equipment in moral character, the clergy of this country have all that the schools can give. All archæalogical, rhetorical, scientific, scholas the Christian ministry of all denominations. In the next place on our side of the con-

flict we have the grandest churches of all more of them, and a host without number of splendid men and women who are doing their best to have this world purified, elevated, gospelized. But we all feel that something is wanting. Enough hearty songs have been sung and enough carnest sermons preached within the lastsix months to save all the cities of America and saving the cities you save the world, for they overflow all the land either with their religion

Christians Outnumbered Four to One. But look at some of the startling facts. It is nearly nineteen bundred years since Jesus Christ came by way of Bethlehem caravansary to save the world, yet the mos of the world has been no more touched by this most stupendous fact of all eternity than if on the first Christmas night the beasts of the stall amid the bleatings of their own young had not heard the bleating of the Lamb that was to be slain. Out of the 1,800,000,000 of the human race 1,400,000,000 are without God and and without hope in the world, the camel-driver of Arabia, Mahomet, with his nine wives, having half as many disciples as our blessed Christ, and more people are worshipping chunks of painted wood and carved stone than are worshipping the living and eternal God. Meanwhile, the most of us who are engaged in Christian work-I speak for myself as well as others-ar our full capacity of body, mind and soul, harnessed up to the last buckle, not able to draw a pound more than we are drawing, or lift an ounce more than

What is the matter? My text lets out the secret. We all need more of the power from on high. Not muscular power, not logical power, not scientific power, not social power, not financial power, not brain power, but power from on high. With it we could necomplish more in one week than without it in 100 years. And I am going to get it, it answer to prayer, earnest and long-continued, God will grant it me, his unworthy Men and women who know how to pray, when you pray for yourself, pray for me that I may be endued with power from on high. I would rather have it that all the diamond fields of Golcouds, and all the pearls of the sea and all the gold of the mountains. Many of the mightiest intel-lects never had a touch of it, and many of the less than ordinary intellects have been surcharged with it. And every man and woman on earth has a right to aspire to it, a right to pray for it, and, properly persistent,

Only a Few Possess the Power A few men and women in each age of the world have possessed it. Caroline Fry. the deprayed and suffering of Newgate prison under her exhortation, repented and believed. Jonathan Edwards had it, and Northampton meeting house heard the outburst of religious emotion as he spake of righteousness and judgment to come. Samuel Budgett, the Christian merchant, had it and his benefactions showered the world. John Newton had it. Bishop Lati-mer had it. Isabella Graham had it. Andrew Fuller had it. The great evangelists, Daniel Baker and Dr. Nettleton and Truman Osborn and Charles
G. Finney had it. In my boyhood

G. Finney had it. In my boyhood

I saw Truman Osborn rise to preach in the village church at Somerville, N. J., and before he had given out his text or uttered a word, people in the audience sobbed aloud with religious emotion. It was the power from on high. All in greater or less degree may have it. Once get it and nothing can stand before you. Satan goes down. Caricature goes down. Infidelity goes down. Worldliness goes down. All opposition goes down. All opposition goes down. All opposition goes down. As the power from on high in 1857 was more goes down.

goes down.

Several times in the history of the church and the world has this power from on high been demonstrated. In the seventeenth contury, after agreat season of moral depression, this power from on high came down upon John Tillotson and Owen and Flavel and Baxter and Bunyan, and there was a deluge of mercy higher than the tops of the highest mountains of sin. In the eighteenth century, in England and America, religion was at a low water mark. William Cowper, writing of the clergy of those, said:

Except a few with Ell's spirit blest

Except a few with Eli's spirit blest Hophni and Phineas may describe the rest.

Result of Infidel Writings.

The infidel writings of Shaftesbury, and Hobbes and Chubb had done their work. But the power from on high came upon both the Wesleys and Lady Huntington on the other side the Atlantic and upon William Tennant and Gilbert Tennant and David Brainerd on this side the Atlantic, and both hemispheres felt the tread of a and both hemispheres felt the tread of a pardoning God. Coming to later date, there may be here and there in this audience an aged man or woman who can re-member New York in 1831, when this power from on high descended most wondrously. It came upon pastors and congregations and theatres and commercial establishments. Chatham Street Theatre, New York, was the scene of a most tremen-New York, was the scene of a most tremen-ious religious awakening. A committee of Christian gentlemen called upon the lessee of the theatre and said they would like to buy the lease of the theatre. He said: "What do you want it for?" They replied: "For a church." "For wh-a-t?" said the owner. "For a church," was the reply. The owner said: "You may have it and I will give you a thousand dollars to help you on with your work."

The bar-room of the theater was turned into a prayer-room, and 800 persons were present at the first meeting. For 70 successive nights religious services were held in with power from on high."

For a ew mouths, in the providence of God, I have two pulpits, one in Brooklyn and the other in New York, and through the glory as long as Heaven lasts. But I come to a later time—1857—remembered by many who are here. I remember it especially as I had just entered the office of the ministry. It was a year of hard times. A great panic had flung hundreds of thousands of people penniless. Starvation entered habitations that had never before known a want. Do mestic life, in many cases, became a tragedy Suicide, garroting, burglary, assassination were rampant. What an awful day that was when the banks went down. There has been nothing like it in 30 years, and I pray God there may not be anything like it in the next 30 centuries. Talk about your Black Fridays! It was Black Saturday, Black. Sunday, Black Monday, Black Tuesday Black Wednesday, Black Thursdy, as well

A Cry for Pardon and Peace. This nation, in its extremity, fell helpless before the Lord and cried for pardon and peace, and upon ministers and laymen the power from on high descended. Engine houses, warerooms, hotel parlors, museums, factories, from 12 to 1 o'clock while the operatives were resting, were opened for prayers and sermous, and inquiry rooms, and Burton's old theater, on Chambers street, where our ancestors used to assemble to laugh at the comedies, and all up and down the streets and out on the docks and on the deek of ships lying at the whar, people sang, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," while others cried for mercy. A great mass meeting of Christians on a weekday, in Jayne's Hall, Philadelphia, teleto-day." A ship came through the Nairows into our harbor, the captain reporting that himself and all the crew had been converted prayer for you my brother, for you my sisto God between New Orleans and New York.
In the busiest marts of our busiest American cities, where the worshipers of Mammon had been counting their golden heads, men began to calculate, "What shall beads, men began to calculate, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul." The waiters in restaurants, after the cloving of their day's work, knelt among the tables where they had served. Policemen asked consent of the Commissioner of Police to be permitted to attend religious meetings. At Albany mem-bers of the New York Legislature assembled in the room of the Court of Appeals at 8:30 o'clock in the morning for prayer and praise men of New York saying, "Come as suits your convenience best, whether in fire or citizens' dress, but come! come!" Quarry-

the looms. Sailors knelt among the ham-mocks. Schoolmasters knelt among their A Line of Prayer Meetings.

men knelt among the rocks. Fishermen

A gentleman traveling said there was a line of prayer meetings from Omaha to Washington City, and, he might have added, a line of prayer meetings from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast, and from the St. Law-

rence to the Gulf of Mexico.

In those days, what songs, what sermons, what turnings to God, what recital of thrilling experiences, what prodigals brought home, what burning tidings of souls saved. what ser dom of sin emancipated, what wile rout of the forces of darkness, what victories for the truth! What millions on earth and in heaven are now thanking God for 1857, which, though the year of worst financial calamity, was the year of America's most glorious blessing. How do you account for 1857, its spiritual triumphs on the heels of

calls the power from on high.

That was 33 years ago, and though there have been in various parts of the land many nave been in various parts of the land many stirrings of the Holy Ghost, there has been no general awakening. Does it not seem to you that we ought to have and may have the scenes of power in 1857 celipsed by the scenes of power in 1891? The circumstances are somewhat similar. While we have not had national panic, and universal prostra in the money market that has put many of the families of the earth to their wit's end Large commercial interests collapsing have left multitudes of employes without means of support. The racked brains of business

men have almost or entirely given way.

The Swift Wings of Riches. New illustrations all over the land of th fact that riches have not only feet, on which they walk slowly as they come, but wings on which they speed when they go. Eternal God! Thou knowest how cramped, and severe, and solemn a time it is with many. And, as the business rain of 1857 was fol-lowed by the clorious triumphs of grace, let the awful struggles of 1890 be followed by the hallelujahs of a nation saved in 1891 Brethren in the Gospel ministry! if we spend half as much time in prayer, as we do in the preparation of our sermons, nothing could stand before us. We would have the power from on high as we never had it. Private membership of all Christendom! if we spent half as much time in positive prayer for this influence as we do in thinking about it and talking about it, there would not be a contrained. would not be secretaries enough to to give in their names for enlistment. We would have hundreds of cases like those recently reported when a man said to an evan-gelist, "I am a lost sinner. Pray for me. My wi e has been a professor of religion tor years, but I knew she did not enjoy religion, and I said if that was all there was in religion, I did not want it. But for the last few days she has looked and seted in such an

As the power from on high in 1857 was more remarkable in academies of music and lyceum halls and theaters than in churches, why not this winter of 1891 in these two academies of music, places of secular entertainment where we are, during the rebuilding of our Brooklyn Tabernacle, so grandly and graciously treated by the owners and lessors and lessees; why not expect, and why not have the power from on high, comforting power, arousing power, convicting power, converting power, saving power, omnipotent power, arousing power, convicting power, converting power, saving power, omnipotent power? My opinion is that in this cluster of cities by the Atlantic coast, there are 500,000 people now ready to accept the gospel call if, freed from all the conventionalities of the church, it were earnestly and with strong faith presented to them.

In these brilliant assemblies there are hundreds who are not frequency of churches

dreds who are not frequenters of churches and who do not believe much, if at all, in ministers of religion or ecclesiastical organizations. But God knows you have struggles in which you need help and bereavements in which you want solace, and persecutions in which you ought to have defense, and per-plexities in which you need guidance, and with a profound thoughtfulness you stand by the grave of the old year and the cradle of the young year, wondering where you will be and what you will be when "rolling

years shall cease to move."

Power from on high descend upon them!

Men of New York and Brooklyn, I offer Men of New York and Brooklyn, I offer you God and heaven! From the day you came to these cities, what a struggle you have had! I can tell from your careworn countenances, and the tears in your 'eyes, and the deep sigh you have just breathed that you want reinforcement, and here it is, greater than Blucher, when he reinforced Wellington, greater than the Bank of England, when last month it reinforced the Barings; namely, the God who through Jesus Christ is ready to pardon all your sin, com ort all your sorrows, scatter all your com ort all your sorrows, scatter all your doubts, and swing all the shining gates o heaven wide open before your redeemed spirit. Come into the Kingdom of God! Without a half second of delay, come in!

Not Power From the Level. At the first communion after the dedica-At the first communion after the dedica-tion of our former church, 328 souls stood up in the aisles and publicly espoused the cause of Christ. At another time 400 souls; at another time 500; and our 4,500 member-ship were but a small part of those who within those sacred walls took upon them-selves the vows of the Christian. What turned them? What saved them? Power from the level? No. Power from on high. turned them? What saved them? Power from the level? No. Power from on high. But greater things are to be seen if ever these cities, and ever this world is to be taken for God. There is one class of men and women in all these assemblages in whom I have especial interest, and that is those who had good fathers and mothers once, but they are dead. What multitudes of us are orphans! We may be 40, 50, 80 years old, but we never get used to having father and mother gone. Ob, how often we have had troubles that we would like to have told them, and we always felt as long as father and mother were alive we had some one to whom we could go. Now I would like to whom we could go. Now I would like to ask if you think that all their prayers in your behalf have been answered. "No,"
you say, "but it is too late, the old folks are
gone now." I must courteously contradict
you. It is not too late.

you. It is not too late.

I have a f iend in the ministry, who was attending the last hours of an aged Christian, and my friendsaid to the old Christian:

"Is there no trouble on your mind?" The old man turned his face to the wall for a few ter, might this hour descend in power on high.

The History of Unanswered Prayers. The history of these unanswered prayers for you God only knows. They may have n offered in the solemn birth-hour. They may have been offered when you were down with scarlet fever or diphtheria, or membranous croup. They may have been of-tered when you were sound asleep in the trundle-bed, and your mother came in to see if you were rightly covered in the cold winnight. They may have been offered at that time which comes at least once in almost everybody's life when your father and mother had hard work to make a living, and they leared that want would come to them and you. They may have been offered when the lips could no longer move and the eyes were closed for the long sleep. O, unanswered prayers of father and mother, where are you? In what room of the old homestead have they hidden? O, unanswered prayers, rise in a midst of many tears into a cloud and then break in a shower which cloud, and then break in a shower which shall soften the heart of that man who is so shard he cannot cry, or that wam who is so hard he cannot cry, or that woman who is so ashamed to pray! O, armchair of the aged, now empty and in the garret among the rubbish, speak out! O staff of the pilgrim who has ended his weary journey, tell of the parental anxieties that bent over thee. O family Bible with story of births and deaths, rustle some of thy time-worn leaves, and let us know of the wrinkled hands that once turned thy pages, and explain that spot where a tear fell upon the passage: "O, Absalom, my son, my son, would God I had died for thee!"

Good and gracious God! What will be-come of us, if after having had such a devout and praying parentage, we never pray for ourselves? We will pray. We will begin now. Oh, for the power from on high, power to move this assemblage, power to save Brooklyn and New York, power of exangelism that shall sweep across this continue. tinent like an ocean surge, power to girdle the round earth with a red girdle dipped in the blood of the cross. If this forward movement is to begin at all, there must be some place for it to begin, and why not this place? And there must be some time for it to begin, and why not this time?

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IRON CITY beer is a very popular brew Unexcelled for purity and nourishment Physicians recommend it. Dealers keep it

THE PEOPLE'S STORE-FIFTH AVENUE January Clearance Sale. Come now for bargains in misses' an

children's cloaks and jackets.

CAMPBELL & DICK. RACK ale is preferred by many. Try Iron City Brewery's make. At best bars.

USE "O'K" shoe blacking. 10 cts. every-

THE PEOPLE'S STORE, FIFTH AVENUE January Clearance Sale. Come now for bargains in winter, also in

muslin underwear. CAMPBELL & DICE. MORE Pilsner beer is sold each year by the Iron City Brewing Company. Order by mail or telephone 1186. MWFSu

At Curry University opens January Classical, normal, English bookkeepin shorthand and typewriting.

WHY QUAY IS QUIET

And Don Cameron Maintains Silence Upon the Elections Bill.

INCIDENTS OF THE NEW YEAR.

Curious Happenings at Some of the Official Receptions. THREE SENATORS' SONS IN TROUBLE

IFROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT. ! WASHINGTON, Jan. 4 .- It is astonishing now things get twisted and turned about in process of hatching and weaving. Here it has been assumed for weeks that Senators Quay and Cameron would vote against the lections bill, and now the former writes to an inquiring admirer that he has never decided to do any such thing, and the latter writes to another admirer that he has never informed anyone whether he would vote for or against the bill, notwithstanding the fact that Colonel Shaw, the "Nestor of the Row," sent an interview with the Senator to his paper, in which Mr. Cameron was made to declare positively that he would vote against

any such measure in any form.

The truth is, both of the Senators desire to do exactly what they think their constituents want them to do, but they are not willing to gauge the sentiment of their constituents by a few quotations from country newspapers, which merely speak the mind of their more or less brilliant editors, or by a mass of anonymous letters published in an opposition news-

Senator Cameron is not a man to inspire enthusiasm. Few papers warm to him with any degree of fervency. But his reserve is natural, and he deserves praise for refusing to put on that veneering of cordiality which is the most contemptible sort of hypocrisy. Personally I could wish him to be more communicative in the interests of the vast public which reads THE DISPATCH, but knowing as I do the reckless misinformation that is given out in regard to the conduct and opinions of public men I can forgive anyone in his position for refusing absolutely to talk for the press.

An illustration of this misrepresentation is found in the story that Quay is lukewarm as to Cameron's re-election. I am well assured that Quay is a true as steel to his old political associate, and that he Senator Cameron is not a man to inspire

to his old political associate, and that he would take the field for him were it not abwould take the health Mr. Cameron will be re-elected without an opposing vote two weeks from next Tuesday. Will Cameron be as loyal to Quay if the latter shall desire

A great deal of fuss is made in regard to A great deal of fuss is made in regard to the silence and absence of the Pennsylvania Senators. I would that about 40 more Senators, and they the chiefs among the whole lot, were as silent as the Pennsylvanians. As for influence in legislation no Senators are more successful than they in getting through measures in which they are interested. For instance, the Senate would still be discussing the tariff bill had not Quay taken the reins out of the hands of Hoar and Edmunds and engineered the bill to its passage. Yet if better men can be found for their seats no good citizen should object. But who is no good citizen should object. But who is the better man? The opposition appears to be slow at bringing anybody to the front. Let them trot out their candidates and if he can show in what way he will be an im-provement we will all throw up our hats for

What a day of siush and fog and rain and unmitigated gloom was New Year's Day? No wonder the mists got into the brains of some of the callers. Two or three funny in-cidents came under my notice. A wellme at the President's reception. A society beau, somewhat ancient, rushed up to him and exclaimed:

"Here, fellow, get my overcoot at once,

The young man was dazed, speechless. open mouthed.

"Well, well, what do you stand gaping there for? Get my great coat, will you?" repeated the old beau.

"I'll see you — first," almost shouted the young man. "Who in thunder do you take me for?" take me for?"

It was then the turn of the old beau to

grow confused, and a ter measuring the young fellow for a moment he stammered:

"Good heavens! I beg a thousand pardons. I don't know why I did it. No, you don't ook it a bit, but I took you for a waiter. A Similar Affair at Morton's House.

At the Vice President's reception a Penn-sylvanian here in a good fat office, a young nan, and with none of the air of a servan whatever, had a similar experience. An army officer in brilliant uniform stepped up to him and said: "I'd like to have a glass of wine, if you'll

be so good."
"W-wh-what?" gasped my friend.
"I would like to have a glass of wine, repeated the officer with emphasis.
"Well, go and get one it you want it,"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, I took you for one of the servants," said the army officer, growing very red in the face.

"And I beg your pardon," said my friend, "for I took you for Mr. Morton's coachman in fresh livers." in fresh livery."

For a moment the officer looked as though he would faint. When he recovered his breath a little he said:

"Look a here, my mistake came by way of my short sight, and your's more than got even with me. Will you do me the honor to drink a glass of wine with me?" "Oh, certainly, my dear Colonel, with great pleasure," was the ready response.

Tells One Upon Himself. I am assured that John Hoy, the poet tells this one on himself. At a great crush at the house of a high official of the administration Hoy found bimself engaged in conversa-

tion with a gentleman unknown to him. "Awfully dry, isn't it?"
"Horribly," said the other. "I'd like to get away," said Hoy. "So would I," said the unknown.

"Well, suppose you and I slip out," suggested Hoy cheerially.
"I'd like to, but I can't; I'm the host," aid the other lugubriously.

Three sons of very conspicuous Senators started out with the determination to make a day of it and then swear off. They held themselves together very well till evening, and then lingered rather long at a grand residence where they were well acquainted. A very pretty and ashionable young hostess dispensed the rich contents of the punch bowl. Suddenly one of the three gave an Indian war whoop. He was done up, crazy drunk. His friends, not nearly so far gone, hustled him out. He could not find his hat among the many bats, or could not record.

mong the many bats, or could not recog A Nightina Cell.

As they gave up the search the young hopeful seized the silk tile of another caller and put his foot through it. Out in the street he wanted to fight anybody, knocked his friends right and left, pulled two or three tree boxes to pieces, and then fell into the arms of a policeman. His friends offered collateral, which was refused, as the young man was exceedingly abusive, and they went their way, leaving him in the cooler. Not feeling that they had enough fun the two went to a poker room. The police, who had been watching the house for some time, made a descent, or ascent, upon the poker players, gathering in the Senators' sons and many others.

The two young statesmen by inheritance A Nightin a Cell.

were thrust into the same cell with their companion of the day and early evening, and he, now well sobered, greeted them with a cordiality that savored of sarcasm. By some means they coavinced the police captain of their identity, were released on collateral, and went home rejoicing in the thought that things had turned out no worse, and that they were on the police register as John Smith, John Thompson and John Brown. They have sworn off for a year.

E. W. L.

WARRING CHURCH-GOERS.

TWO RELIGIOUS SQUABBLES DRAGGED INTO A CHICAGO COURT.

The Trouble in the German Evangelles Church First on the Boards-Fears That Two Rival Pastors Will Attempt to Occupy the Same Pulpit.

CHICAGO, Jan. 4.-Judge Horton had wo separate and entirely distinct church fights in his court Saturday. First came a big split in the membership of the First German Emanuel Church. The fight grows out of the conflict over the authority of Bishop J. J. Esher, which stirred up such a row in a German church. At present Rev. Gottlief Fuchs, an anti-Esher divine, holds the fort, but to-day the opposition took the fight into the courts, and Judge Horton issued an injunction restraining Fuchs from announcing from the pulpit the calling of a meeting for the purpose of electing a successor to Trustee J. J. Ritter, who has been incontinently deposed by Fuchs and his adherents in a manner, it is alleged by the Esher adherents, wholly un-

befitting a Christian spirit.

It is further alleged that the Fuchs party have secretly connived to get the church into debt, and have refused to allow the complainants to help support it. All this is done, it is said, in order that the church may

be gotten into debt and thereby severed from the Evangelie Alliance.

To retain jurisdiction over any disturbance that might occur to-day at the Presbyterian Englewood Church, by reason of a change of pastors, growing out of the remarkable feud in that congregation, Judge Horton, after disposing of the Evangelical conflict, refused to dismiss the bill brought by the Evangelical conflict, refused to dismiss the bill brought by the Englewood elders against the trustees and paster, but dissolved the injunction so as to give the trustees full power to control the affairs of the church. It was feared that the new appointee, Rev. John De Witt, and the old pastor, Rev. Hugh Spencer Williams, would attempt to preach simultaneously in

A FIGHT FOR MILLIONS.

The Lively Contest That Is Promised Over the Estate of John A. Davis.

BUTTE, MONT., Jan. 4.- A new move, and one that promises to be interesting, is to be made in the fight for the millions left by the late A. J. Davis, of this city. The contesting heirs will attack the will purporting to have been lost by the deceased. Attorneys of Helena representing the interests of Henry A. Root and Marie Cummings, heirs to Davis' estate, have served notice upon the attorney for John A. Davis, administrator, that Monday they will petition the court for the appointment of a commission to take the testimony of 22 witnesses residing at Eldon, Is. The contestants also announce their purpose to go into an exhaustive inquiry relative to the character and reputation of J. C. Conce, the only living witness to the making and signing of the will alleged to have been executed in

A close perusal of the papers filed im-plies the conviction on the part of the contestapts that the signatures of Job and James Dagis, signed to the will offered for probate by John A. Davis were forged. The contestants also propose to investigate the history of the won an Caroline Burget, mather of the girl known as "Pat". Davis alleged to be an illegitimate child of the deceased. Miss Burgett married a man named H. V. Smith in later years and disappeared for a long time. She was subsequently located at Gainesville, Tex., and is ought to be somewhere in the Lone Star State now.

DEADLOCK IN A SCHOOL BOARD. Each Member Supports His Own Candida

The school board of the Allen sub-district school, Thirty-first ward, got into a deadlock on Saturday night. The board met with three objects in view, to discuss the building of a new schoolhouse, to elect a representative to the Central Board of Education, and to elect a teacher to fill a vacapcy in room No. 4. During the course of the meeting it was developed that there were six candidates for the vacancy on the teachers' list. Every member of the board was the champion of one particular candidate.

The election of a teacher was the first business taken up, and the first ballot resulted in no choice Another ballot was taken the same result. Then ballots came thick and fast, and everything else was lost thick and fast, and everything else was lost sight of. The board kept on belloting until nearly 12 o'clock, and, as there was no choice, and it became evident that no choice could be made, the board adjourned to meet again this week. The number of ballots taken was 15

HE COULD NOT INHERIT.

A Case in Which a Father Killed a Child Who Owned Property.

LINCOLN, NEB., Jan. 4 .- The Suprer Court has rendered a very important decision, holding that a father who had murdered his daughter could not suberit her property. A man named Shellenberger lived with his second wife in 1886. He had two children, who owned 80 acres of valuable and near Nebraska City, which they inherited from their dead mother.

Shellenberger claimed to inherit the girl's interest in the land and deeded his rights to Frank Ransom, his attorney, for his de-fense. Shellenberger was afterward hanged by a mob. Ransom brought suit in parti-tion and Judge Mason, of Lincoln, was ap-pointed to defend the son. The court be-low-decided for Ransom, but the Supreme Court held that the father's blood was

to the son.

COUNTY FUNDS GONE.

Bank, Which Has Failed. FAULKTON, S. D., Jan. 4 .- The Faulk County Bank failure of December 23 is a bad break. It is the third bank failure at this place within three months, and is much the worst of the three.

Over \$13,000 of county money was on deposit and goes down with this bank, and fears are entertained that the county will be

They Were Deposited if a South Dakots

ABOUT SIX CHURCHES

Of Ordinary Size Could Be Placed Within the York Minster.

A SITE WITH QUITE A HISTORY.

Rev. George Hodges Writes Entertainingly of the Great Pile.

MIXING OF PRAYERS AND POTATIONS

There is small room for doubt that the 'little wooden oratory," in which King Edwin of Northumbria, was baptized at the hands of Bishop Paulinus, on Easter Day, the 12th of April, 627, stood upon the ground now covered by the great spaces of York Minster. For the cathedral is set upon a hill; and a hill was the natural center of a town, in those old days when every town was a walled fort, and the middle of the town would be the fitting place for the little church which was to be the scene of the baptism of the King. This ground, then, upon which we stand, as we look up at these great walls and square towers, is holy

The photographs flatter the cathedral. It is a vast building, and impressive for its bigness, but it has a very plain and ill-looking central tower. And this central tower is taller than the two fine western towers.

is taller than the two fine western towers. The pictures do not show that. The perspective brings out the two good towers with fine emphasis, and sets the ugly tower in the background.

Over the great west door, as you go in, are carved figures. The one in the middle is attired in the robes of a bishop. The side statues are in the dress of knights. The bishop is giving his benediction, holding up two fingers—a characteristic attitude, and a significant one; for what is the church tor, if not to bless men? The knights have each of them, a big rock in his hand—but not to stone the bishop. The bishop was the builder of the west front of the Cathedral, and these good gentlemen in knightly armor contributed the stone from their estates. Here they are, over the great door, nolding out the symbols of their liberality. Disappointing From the Outside.

If York Minster is a little disappointing from the outside, all feeling of disappointment vanishes when you get in. A great building, big enough to hold half a dozen of our large churches without crowding; the roof, lofty like the sky, and upheld by improved the store and the sky. mense pillars: stone everywhere, from floor to ceiling; empty, of course, as the Cathedral naves are, for the most part, but looking all the bigger for its emptiness.

Is stood within a Minster of old time,
Ornate and mighty. Like a mount it reared
Its mossy front, with pinnacle and tower,
Augustly beautiful. The morping sun
Through noblest windows of refuigent stain,
Mullioned, and wrought with leafy tracery,
Three o'er the pavement many a gorgeon group Of cherubim, and seraphim, and saint, And long-tobed patriarch, kneeling low

And long-toped partial or prayer,
while as his golden finger charged the ray,
Fresh floods of radiance poured on all around.
O'er the long vista the delighted eye,
Bewildered, roved—transept, and nave, and choir.

And screen elaborate, and column proud,
And vaulted roof that seemed another sky.

And vaulted roof that seemed another sky.

The poet has not exaggerated the glory of the stained glass of York, which is the finest in England. The first recorded use of glass in England as a material for windows is in connection with this church, and it has kept its pre-eminence ever since. Especially notable, and looked for first by every visitor, are the five slender windows called the "Five Sisters." They are in the wall of the north transept, claborate in design, and green and glistening like the sea. They say that five nums worked out in tapestry the tracery of the figures, each taking a window. In the same transept, set against the chancel wall, is a fine clock with a chiming bell. The face is painted on the stone, and about t in Latin runs the igscription, e praised from the rising up of the sun unto the going down of the same." Beside this lock, running across the entrance to the choir, is the great stone screen, which parti-tions the cathedral into two parts.

One of the Peculiar Features. The choir screen is a peculiar feature of ecclesiastical architecture in England. The English Cathedral is built in the form of cross, the long part being the nave, the arms being the transepts and the head being the choir and chancel. The choir is separated from the rest of the church by a great stone wall, with a central door, with ornamenta-tion of carvings and statues, and often with a big organ on top of it. So that a cathedral was meant to be two distinct churches. One of these churches, the bigger one, was intended for the common people, the laity; the other, the smaller but more sacred, was for the clergy or the monks. It was never intended that the whole cathedral should be used at one time for one service, except upon some very remarkable occasion, when the people outside in the nave could hear the singing within the choir and see the moke of inceuse rising from the high altar, and could imagine what gorgeous ceremo-nies were being enacted on the other side of the stone wall. Outside in the nave were alturs along the walls, and masses were being said at them for the souls of benefactors, and

pefore them people knelt in prayer.

To-day the altars are all gone, and ther are no kneeling people, and the services even on Sunday are all said in the choir and chancel. In some cathedrals they have sermon preached in the nave on Sunday aft sermon preached in the nave on Sunday afternoons. But the great service is on the other side of the stone screen. Here the congregation sit on long benches running lengthwise with an aisle in the middle. In the midst of the congregation sit the choir boys in their white gowns. You may touch elbows with them, or even with the clergy. You may sit in one of the canopied stalls where once a monk sat in gown and cowl singing his prayers. The service in a cathedral has, prayers. The service in a cathedral has, accordingly, quite a different look from the arrangement of ciergy, choir and congregation to which we are accustomed.

Remarkable to Look Upon The screen at York which parts the nav from the choir is queer. There is a series of stone figures set across it, with stone crowns upon their heads and with the most grotesque expressions upon their stone faces. These figures represent the early kings of England. Here they stand, as in the con-

venient rhyme:
First William the Norman,
Then William his son, and so on, a dozen caricatures of English royalty remarkable to look upon. If they had been saints with halos around their heads instead of crowns the zealous reformheads instead of crowns the zealous reform-ers, with their axes and hammers, would have made short work of them. But the early kings of England were not saints. Anybody who knows anything at all about E glish history can bear witness to that. So here they stand, petrified (for their ains) into spectacles wonderful to the beholder, almost as bad-looking as they were bad-be-having.

Died in Convulsions.

Deputy Coroner Berry yesterday investigated the sudden death of Michael Keefer, aged 7 weeks, at the home of his parents in Cross alley, Allegheny. The cause of death was found to be convulsions.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.
Relleves Indigestion, Dyspepsia, etc.

INFANTS' embroidered cashmere capa 35c, 50c; silk caps 50c, worth double, at Rosenbaum & Co.'s.

CREAM ale never tastes better than when the weather is cold. The Iron City Brewery makes the finest. At all dealers. MWPSU

in the colors of ivory and gold the scene of the Crucifixion. There is a crucifix there, if anybody objects to that. The emblem of the supreme fact of our religion is set there behind the altar, that all may see it. But the service is almost as simple as it was in the days of the Apostles, the priest in his surplice and black stole standing at the north end of the Holy Table.

At 10:30 the congregation is assembled in

north end of the Holy Table.

At 10:30 the congregation is assembled in the choir and the procession of clergy and choristers comes in. They sing no "processional" as they enter. You do not hear that in England, except on high day or great occasions. They come in quietly and take their places in the midst of the congregation

The Service a Beautiful One.

And the service begins—a beautiful service, sometimes fairly celestial, all the singing and intoning sweet and reverent and uplifting. They do not think over there, as we do, that a choir to be effective must be big. The cathedral choirs are all small compared with boy choirs in this country. There are 18 in the choir at York, 6 men and 19 hows. I saw a large which it Faciling 12 boys. I saw no larger choir in England, The little chorister boys wore dresses in purple cassocks, with the usual white gown or cotts, and with ruffs about their necks. And when the whole 12 went in and out And when the whole 12 went in and out among the congregation, gathering the offerings of the people, and brought up the silver basins to the altar, the sight was a beautiful picture. All about the great stone pillars, and the carved work of the choir; up above, the vautted roo'; the light coming in through the pictured windows; and these twelve, in number like the tribes of Israel, in bright array, standing before the stately altar of the magnificent Minster—it was a sight worth seeing and pleasant in the memory. worth seeing and pleasant in the memory. The Athanasian creed was sung the Sunday

The Athanasian creed was sung the Sunday I attended service in the Cathedral. And the bright-faced little boys sang its catalogue of curses as cheerily as the little maid in "John Ward Beacher" sang the hymn about "damnation and the dead." Up went their merry voices, clear as larks: "Without doubt he shall perish everlastingly." And again they sang it, dwelling with sweet emphasis upon the words: "Shall perish, shall perish everlastingly."

"As the rose is the chief of flowers, so is this the house of houses." so rough the inthis the house of houses," so runs the in-scription in words of Latin and letters of old English over the door of the York Chap-ter House. And indeed it is a fair and beautiful building, not needing to be commended by this sort of eulogistic adver-

commended by this sort of eulogistic adver-tisement. An octagonal structure, with painted roof upheld by one great central pillar (or is that at Westminster Abbey?) set about with glorious windows. More interesting, however, is the vestry. Here are kept some of the curious treasures of the church. There is the Horn of Ulphas, once the property of an elephant, brought here long, iong ago by Ulphas, prince of Deira, who carried a brimming draught of wine therein. Ulphas, brimming draught of wine therein. Ulphas, suspecting that his sons would fight over his estate after he was dead, anticipated the good advice of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and good advice of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and gave his property away while he was alive. He brought his title deeds into the Minster, and gave them to the bishop, and kneeling before the altar, quaffed this huge bumper between his prayers, as a sign and seal of his generous gift. That was more than 900 years ago. And here is still the ancient here.

Mixing of Prayers and Potation

Equally curious, and witnessing to the same queer association of prayers and potations, is the indulgence cup of Archbishop Scrope, which is thus inscribed: "Recharde arch-beschope Scrope, grant un to all the that drinkis of this cope XLti dayis to pagdon." The spelling is bed, but the absolution must have seemed excellent,—verily a homeopathic penance, sweet to the taste, and yet efficacious in remedy! Many must have been the stout hands which listed this bowl of wood, and set its silver rim against bearded lins.

And here are little chests, handy for "Peter's pence;" made, indeed for that pious purpose. And an old Bible, with a chain to guard it against too zealous readers, or against thieves—thieves who would even steal a Bible! And a stout chair, where Equally curious, and witnessing to the

steal a Bible! And a stout chair, where their crowns, good for still a half-a-dozen centuries more of good keeping.

And finally, a graceful silver crozier, which was presented to the cathedral under somewhat peculiar circumstances in the days of James II. When it was proposed by the King and his friends to substitute the Roman Catholic religion for the ancient religion of the kingdom, now happily reformed, there was appointed an Archbishop of York. And the good man came, at the head of an elaborate procession, up the old street which climbs the hill to the cathedral, bearing in his hands this fire crozier, made of silver, taller than the stature of a man. And he pounded for entrance at the great west door, and, the cathedral being full of enthusiastic Protestants, the door was opened immediately; stout hands pulled at the crozier, other stout hands pushed the ecclesiastic, so that at last the staff and the staff-bearer parted company; and they took the crozier in and shut the would-be bishop out, and kept him out. That was the end of that. G. H.

## A DINNER TO LINCOLN.

Vice President Thomson, of the Pennsy, Host of the Occasion.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 4 .- Vice President Frank Thomson, of the Pennsylvania Rail-road Company, last night entertained Robroad Company, last hight entertained Rob-ert T. Lincoln, Minister to the Court of St. James, at Corker Hill, his beautiful county seat at Merion. The dinner was given in recognition to Minister Luncoln's attention and courtesy to Mr. Thomson while the lat-ter was in England.

Mr. Lincoln is now on his way back to

Mr. Thomson's hospitality. He is accom-panied by Mrs. Lincoln. THE cough annihilator is what we are justified in calling Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. RACK ale is preferred by many. Try Iron City Brewery's make. At best bars.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE, FIFTH AVENUE. January Clearance Sale.

CAMPBELL & DICK. CREAM ale never tastes better than when the weather is cold. The Iron City Brewer, makes the finest. At all dealers. MWFS:

Come now for bargains in boy's suits an

UsE "O'K" shoe blacking. 10 cts. every-IRON CITY beer is a very popular brew. Unexcelled for purity and nourishment. Physicians recommend it. Dealers keep it.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE, FIFTH AVENUE. January Clearance Sale. Come now for bargains in carpets and lace urtains. CAMPBELL & DICK. MORE Pilsner beer is sold each year by the Iron City Brewing Company. Order by

mail or telephone 1186. Come-it will pay you. Read our ad. BOGGS & BUHL.

MORE Pilsner beer is sold each year by the Iron City Brewing Company. Order by mail or telephone 1186. MWFsu THE PEOPLE'S STORE, FIFTH AVENUE

Come now for bargains in dress goods, CAMPBELL & DICK. IRON CITY beer is a very popular brew facxcelled for purity and neurishment hysicians recommend it. Dealers keep it

## FOR FIFTY MILLIONS.

Pittsburg Physician, Seemingly Serious, Proposes to Bring a

SUIT AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT

Secause of a Refusal of a Patent Upon a Medical Invention.

CLAIMS TO BE AHEAD OF MR. EDISON

The following communication, which is sell-explanatory as far as it goes, has been

received from a well-known Pittsburg physi-"I notice with pleasure your reference of Edison as a doctor in a recent issue. You

have described how Edison is no longer satisfied with revolutionizing industry, but has now begun to cast his eyes on medicine. You say that his first experiment resulted in the diffusion of lithium salts through an animal membrane by the use of the electric current, etc. "Permit me to say that this is not a discov-

ery of Mr. Edison's, but that I, the undersigned, did discover this process over ten years ago, and that I employed Messrs. wears ago, and that I employed Messrs. Munn & Co., proprietors of the Scientific American and patent agents, to secure for me letters patent under the patent laws of the United States, and that for certain reasons my said attorneys failed to secure letters patent, although my claim was as follows:

A Broad and Sweeping Claim.

"First-That I could macerate a watery so-Pirst—Inat I could macerate a watery solution of opium gum, and by an electric current convey all of its medical properties to a glass of water, at any distance from one mile to 50,000 miles.

"Second—That one of my experiments

was in pumping 30 grains of strychnine into the stomach of a dog, and by an electric current convey the poison from the dog's stomach to a glass of water, which experiment was successfully performed, as the dog did not die-while other animals ted

with the water operated on all died from strychnine poisoning. "Third-My third experiment was to chain ten persons together with needles and wire, and then by placing the pure cow pox virus in a glass of water and connecting the cor-rect circuit and applying the electric current, rect circuit and applying the electric current, all ten persons—men, women and children —were inoculated with the cow pox virus in its most malignant form; indeed, some of those persons threatened me with suit for damages, but when I told them that they knew it was an experiment, they had no case—they having agreed to submit to the experiment and take their own chances on the result. If those persons are still alive they result. If those persons are still alive they can be produced, as

I Performed the Experiment At Bradford, Pa. A thousand witnesses can be produced from McKean county who can

estify of my discovery. I also performed many other experiments.

"The daily papers of Bradford, also of Philadelphia, New York, Boston and I also think of Pittsburg, had many lengthy atticles on my discovery. I am prepared to prove in court that my attorneys failed to procure letters patent, although my investigation as new parties.

vention was new.
"Mr. Edison having now appeared with a similar discovery, will prove that I was en-titled to a patent and that the officers of the Patent Department did me a grievous wrong when they refused my application for a patent. They claimed that the electric current could not be seen, and for this cause they refused me my patent, at least so my attorneys, Messra. Munn & Co., informed

me. Any way, I was 'frozen out.'

"I now claim, upon the authority of Mr. Edison's alleged discovery, that I was entitled to a patent for my discovery, and that Mr. Edison's discovery is not new but part of my own discovery and a part of my application for a patent upon general principles, because my application for a patent embraced all of the agents and remedies in

the pharmacoronia of the United States and

To Sue the Government "I will now sue the United States for \$50,-000,000 damages for having refused me a patent as above described, and I will protect my interest against any other person proposing to patent this principle. I can convey the active properties and principles of any drug or chemical or of any disease to any part of the United States of America from the city of Pittsburg. The battery that I invented for this purpose contained a Faradic, a galvanic and static current. With these three currents combined I can decompose and extract the active principles of any drug, chemical or disease, and con-

by the use of the electric current. "When the United States Government employed scientific men to investigate the cause why the yellow fever broke out in re-mote parts, where no yellow fever had been, and that at these remote points the telegraph operators were the first to become victims to the disease, while the investigation was pending I called the attention of the Government to my discovery and claimed that I could tell them all they wished to know of these principles. I think it cost the Government over half a million to find out

nothing, while my discovery was ignored. "I am yours truly,
"S. G. GINNER, M. D."

A DESPERADO KILLED. Before Being Brought Down He Fatally

MISSOULA, MONT., Jan. 4 .- This morning about 6 o'clock, Louis Simons entered a saloon kept by his brother, William Stmons and Charles Cowell. He was partially in-toxicated and threatened to shoot both the above. He left the place and went to his room above the saloon and commenced to abuse his mistress. Policeman William abuse his mistress. Policeman William Houtchens was called and tried to enter the room to place Simons under arrest. As he entered the door Simons shot him through the abdomen, inflicting perhaps a fatal

wound. Simons then returned to the saloon and. Simons then returned to the saloon and, indiscriminately firing his revolver, drove every one from the place. He then took all the money in the till and faro banks. Sheriff Houston was called. As soon as the Sheriff appeared on the scene he was made a target for Simons' revolver. The Sheriff returned the fire, one ball taking effect in Simons' lest side, another through his left wrist and the third passing through his shoulder and right lung. He died in about an hour. Policeman Houtchen's reabout an hour. Policeman Houtchen's re-

CHEERED IN THE COURT.

enstration on the Acquittal of a Boy for Killing His Father.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Jan. 4 .- On June 13 ELMIRA, N. Y., Jan. 4.—On June 13 last, J. Frank Warren was shot and killed by his 16-year-old son, Herbert, at their home in this city about 2 o'clock in the morning, while the father and mother were quarreling. The son claimed he fired the shot in defense of his mother.

After a trial lasting a week the jury brought in a verdict or not guilty. It is in accordance with public opinion, and there was a demoustration in the court room.

Inox CITY beer is a very popular brow. Unexcelled for purity and nourishment. Physicians recommend it. Dealers keep it.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE, FIFTH AVENUE

January Clearance Sale.

Come now for bargains in cloaks. CAMPBELL & DE