MYSTERY OF THE MIST.

Dr. Talmage Talks Learnedly Upon the Topics of the Weather.

IS THERE A FATHER FOR RAIN?

Ministers Forget That God Ordains Moisture, Also Salvation.

ASTRONOMICAL VIEW OF THE SUBJECT

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 5.—Dr. Talmage's sermon to-day is of a kind of Gospel in which few people believe. The weather is a common object of complaint and fault-finding, but Dr. Talmage finds a Gospel in it, which to-day he proclaims from the text, "Hath the rain a father?" Job XXXVIII., 28:

This Book of Job has been the subject of unbounded theological wrangle. Men have made it the ring in which to display their ecclesiastical pugilism. Some say that the Book of Job is a true history; others, that it is an allegory; others, that it is an epic poem; others, that it is a drama. Some say that Job lived eighteen hundred years before Christ, others say that he never lived at all. Some say that the author of this book was Job; others, David; others, Solomon. The discussion has landed some in blank infidelity. Now, I have no trouble with the Book of Job or Revelation—the two most mysterious books in the Bible—because of a rule I adopted some years ago. I wade down into a Scripture passage as long as I can touch bottom, and when I cannot, then I wade out. I used to wade in until it was over my head, and then I got drowned. I study a passage of scripture so long as it is a comfort and help to my soul; but when it becomes a perplexity and a spiritual upturning, I quit. In other words, we ought to wade in up to our heart, but never wade in until it is over our head. No man should ever expect to swim across this great ocean of divine truth. I go down into that ocean as I go down into the Atlantic Ocean at East Hampton, L. I., just far enough to bathe then I come out. I never had any idea that with my weak hand and foot I could strike my way clear over to Liverpool.

I suppose you understand your family genealogy. You know something about your parents, your grandparents, your great-grandparents. Perhaps you know where they were born, or where they died. Have you ever studied the parentage of the shower: "Hath the rain a father?" This question is not asked by a poetaster or a scientist, but by the head of the universe.

Conundrums Proposed to Job.

To humble and to save Job, God asks him 14 questions; about the world's architecture, about the refraction of the sun's rays, about the tides, about the snow crystal, about the lightnings, and then he arraigns him with the interrogation of the text: "Hath the rain a father?" With the scientific wonders of the rain I have nothing to do. A minister gets through with that kind of sermons within the first three years, and if he has piety enough he gets through with it in the first three months. A sermon has come to me to mean one word of four letters: "help!" You all know that the rain is not an orphan. You know it is not cast out of the gates of heaven a foundling. You would answer the question of my text in the affirmative. Safely housed during the storm, you hear the rain beating against the window pane, and you find it searching all the crevices of the window sill. It first comes down in solitary drops, pattering the dust, and then it deluges the fields and angers the mountain torrents, and makes the traveler implore shelter. You know that the rain is not an accident of the world's economy. You know it was born of the cloud. You know it was rocked in the cradle of the wind. You know it was sung to sleep by the storm. You know it is the flying evangel from heaven to earth. You know it is the Gospel of the weather. You know that God is its father.

If this be true, then how wicked is our mourning after climatic changes. The first 11 Sabbaths after I entered the ministry it stormed. Through the week it was clear weather, but on the Sabbath the old country meeting house looked like Noah's ark before it landed. A few drenched people sat before a drenched pastor; but most of the farmers stayed at home and thanked God that what was bad for the church was good for the crops. I committed a good deal of sin in those days in denouncing the weather.

Ministers Fret About Stormy Sabbaths.

Ministers of the Gospel sometimes fret about stormy Sabbaths, or hot Sabbaths, or inclement Sabbaths. They forget the fact that the same God who ordained the Sabbath and sent forth His ministers to announce salvation, also ordained the weather. "Hath the rain a father?"

Merchants, also, with their stores filled with new goods, and their clerks hanging idly around the counters, commit the same transgression. There have been seasons when the whole spring and fall trade has been ruined by protracted wet weather. The merchants then examined the "weather probabilities" with more interest than they read their Bibles. They watched for a patch of blue sky. They went complaining to the store, and came complaining home again. In all that season of wet feet, and dripping garments, and impassable streets, they never once asked the question: "Hath the rain a father?"

So agriculturalists commit this sin. There is nothing more annoying than to have planted corn rot in the ground because of too much moisture, or hay all ready for the mow dashed of a shower, or wheat almost ready for the sickle spoiled with the rust. How hard it is to bear the agricultural disappointments. God has infinite resources, but I do not think he has capacity to make weather to please all the farmers. Sometimes it is too hot, or is too cold; it is too wet, or is too dry; it is too early, or it is too late. They forget that the God who promised seed time and harvest, summer and winter, cold and heat, also ordained all the climatic changes. There is one question that ought to be written on every barn, on every fence, on every haystack, on every farmhouse: "Hath the rain a father."

A Big Undertaking to Provide Weather.

If we only knew what a vast enterprise it is to provide appropriate weather for this world, we would not be so critical of the Lord. Isaac Watts, at 10 years of age, complained that he did not like the hymns that were sung in the English Chapel. "Well," said his father, "Isaac, instead of your complaining about the hymns, go and make hymns that are better." And he did go and make hymns that were better. Now, I say to you, if you do not like the weather company, and have a president, and a secretary, and a treasurer, and a board of directors, and $10,000,000 of stock, then provide weather that will suit all of us.

There is a man who has a weak head, and he cannot stand the glare of the sun. You must have a cloud always hovering over him. I like the sunshine; I cannot live without plenty of sunlight, so you must always have enough light for me. Two ships meet in mid-Atlantic. The one is going to Southampton, and the other is coming to New York. Provide weather that, while it is abaft for one ship, it is not a head wind for the other. There is a farm that is dried up for the lack of rain, and here is a pleasure party going out for a field excursion. Provide weather that will suit the dry farm and the pleasure excursion. No, sirs, I will not take $1 of stock in your weather company. There is only one Being in the universe who knows enough to provide the right kind of weather for this world. "Hath the rain a father?"

My text also suggests God's minute supervisal. You see the Divine Sonship in every drop of rain. The jewels of the shower are not flung away by a spendthrift who knows not how many he throws or where they fall. They are all shining princes of heaven. They all have an eternal lineage. They are all the children of a king. "Hath the rain a father?" Well, then, I say if God takes notice of every minute raindrop, He will take notice of the most insignificant affair of my life.

The Astronomical View of the Thing.

It is the astronomical view of things that bothers me. We look up into the night heavens, and we say: "Worlds! worlds!" and how insignificant we feel! We stand at the foot of Mount Washington or Mount Blanc, and we feel that we are only insects, and then we say to ourselves: "Though the world is so large, the sun is 1,400,000 times larger." "O!" we say, "it is no use, if God wheels that great machinery through immensity, he will not take the trouble to look down at me." Infidel conclusion. Saturn, Mercury and Jupiter are no more rounded, and weighted, and swung by the hand of God than are the globules of a lilac bush the morning after a shower. God is no more in magnitude than he is in minutiæ. If he has scales to weigh the mountains, he has balances delicate enough to weigh the infinitesimal. You can no more see Him through the telescope that you can see Him through the microscope; no more when you look up than when you look down.

Are not the hairs of your head all numbered? and if Himalaya has a God, "hath not the rain a father?" I take this doctrine of a particular Providence, and I thrust it into the very midst of your every-day life. If God fathers a raindrop, is there anything so insignificant in your affairs that God will not father that? When Druyse, the gunsmith, invented the needle-gun, which decided the battle of Sadowa, was it a mere accident? When a farmer's boy showed Blucher a short cut by which he could bring his army up soon enough to decide Waterloo for England, was it a mere accident? When Lord Byron took a piece of money and tossed it up to decide whether or not he should be affianced to Miss Millbank, was it a mere accident which side of the money was up and which was down? When the Christian army were besieged at Beziers, and a drunken drummer came in at midnight and rang the alarm bell, not knowing what he was doing, but waking up the host in time to fight their enemies that moment arriving, was it an accident? When, in one of the Irish wars, a starving mother, flying with her starving child, sank down and fainted on the rocks in the night and her hand fell on a warm bottle of milk, did that just happen so?

God Is in the Affairs of Men.

God is either in the affairs of men, or our religion is worth nothing at all, and you had better take it away from us, and instead of this Bible, which teaches the doctrine, give us a secular book, and let us, as the famous Mr. Fox, the member of Parliament, in his last hour, cry out: "Read me the eighth book of Virgil." O! my friends, let us rouse up to an appreciation of the fact that all the affairs of our life are under a King's command, and under a Father's watch. Alexander's war horse, Bucephalus, would allow anybody to mount him when he was unharnessed; but as soon as they put on that war horse, Bucephalus, the saddle, and the trappings of the conqueror, he would allow no one but Alexander to touch him. And if a soulless horse could have so much pride in his owner, shall not we immortals exult in the fact that we are owned by a King? "Hath the rain a father?"

Again, my subject teaches me that God's dealings with us are inexplicable. That was the original force of my text. The rain was a great mystery to the ancients. They could not understand how the water should get into the cloud, and getting there, how it should be suspended, or falling, why it should come down in drops. Modern science comes along and says there are two portions of air of different temperature, and they are charged with moisture, and the one portion of air decreases in temperature so the water may no longer be held in vapor, and it falls. And they tell us that some of the clouds that look to be only as large as a man's hand, and to be almost quiet in the heavens, are great mountains of mist 4,000 feet from base to top, and that they rush miles a minute. But after all the brilliant experiments of Dr. James Hutton, and Saussure, and other scientists, there is an infinite mystery about the rain.

The Unfathomable in the Raindrop.

There is an ocean of the unfathomable in every raindrop, and God says to-day as he said in the time of Job: "If you cannot understand one drop of rain, do not be surprised if my dealings with you are inexplicable." Why does that aged man, decrepit, beggared, vicious, sick of the world, and the world sick of him, live on, while here is a man in mid-life, consecrated to God, hard-working, useful in every respect, who dies? Why does that old gossip, gadding along the street about everybody's business but her own, have such good health, while the Christian mother, with a flock of little ones about her whom she is preparing for usefulness and for heaven—the mother who you would think could not be spared an hour from that household—why does she lie down and die with a cancer? Why does that man, selfish to the core, go on adding fortune to fortune, consuming everything on himself, continue to prosper, while that man, who has been giving 10 per cent of his income to God and the church, goes into bankruptcy? Before we make stark fools of ourselves, let us stop pressing this everlasting "why." Let us worship where we cannot understand. Let a man take that one question "Why?" and follow it far enough, and push it, and he will land in wretchedness and perdition. We want in our theology fewer interrogation marks and more exclamation points. Heaven is the place for explanation. Earth is the place for trust. If you cannot understand so minute a thing as a raindrop, how can you expect to understand God's dealings? "Hath the rain a father?"

Tears Are of Divine Origin.

Again, my text makes me think that the rain of tears is of divine origin. Great clouds of trouble sometimes hover over us. They are black, and they are gorged and they are thunderous. They are more portentous than Salvator or Claude ever painted—clouds of poverty or persecution or bereavement. They hover over us, and they get darker and blacker, and after awhile a tear starts, and we think by an extra pressure of the eyelid to stop it. Others follow, and after awhile there is a shower of tearful emotion. Yea, there is a rain of tears. "Hath that rain a father?"

"O," you say, "a tear is nothing but a drop of limpid fluid secreted by the lachrymal gland—it is only a sign of weak eyes." Great mistake. It is one of the Lord's richest benedictions to the world.

When that tear starts it thrills all heaven. An angel cannot keep his eye off it, and the Church of God assembles around, and there is a commingling of tears, and God is the Father of that rain, the Lord, long suffering, merciful and gracious. "Long live the King!" My friends, you have driven the Lord Jesus Christ, the King of the Church, away from your heart; you have been maltreating Him all of these years; but He comes back to-day. He stands in front of the gates of your soul. If you will only pray or His pardon, He will meet you with His gracious spirit and He will say: "Thy sins and thine iniquities I will remember no more. Open wide the gate; I will take the throne. My peace I give unto you." And then, all through this audience, from the young and from the old, there will be a rain of tears, and God will be the Father of that rain!

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

If You are Nervous,

and cannot sleep, try it.

B. & B.

To-day, 1 inch, 1½-inch, 3-inch, rich black silk striped grenadines, 75c—that's all that's necessary to say about them; they'll "do the rest" when you see them.

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July Clearance Sales.

White flannel blazers, $10—now $5.

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IRON CITY BEER builds up trade. Wherever placed sold. Telephone, 1186.

July Clearance Sales.

White flannel blazers, $10—now $5.

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Blaine.

A PHANTOM SURPLUS

Seems to Be What the New Treasury Statement Aims At.

THE GOLD RESERVE IN DANGER.

Extravagance of the Last Congress Not Unmixed With Good.

THE NEW FINANCIAL POLICY'S EFFECT

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, July 5.—Matthew Marshall reviews the financial and speculative situation for the *Sun* of to-morrow as follows:

The Secretary of the Treasury has contributed two important items to the financial news of the week. He has changed the form of the monthly Treasury statement so as to make it show a large surplus instead of the deficit which it otherwise might have presented, and, with the advice and consent of his colleagues of the Cabinet and of the President, he has decided not to pay off the 4½ per cent Government bonds maturing September 1, but to extend them at 2 per cent. Of the new form of Treasury statement I have to say only that the adoption of it seems to me to be an unnecessary and useless complication of public accounts. The purpose of the statement is to enable the public to judge of the Nation's relative financial condition from month to month. If the same form is followed every month this judgment is easy, while so far as it departs from uniformity it confuses its readers.

I know that for political purposes it is necessary sometimes to conceal, if not to distort, facts, but obscuration is not concealment, and a result which can be reached by a little figuring is not thereby kept out of sight. Perhaps from my bookkeeping experience I am a little quicker than most people in analyzing a balance sheet, and I certainly shall be surprised if anyone is induced to believe that there is a dollar more or a dollar less in the Treasury because the figures are arranged one way rather than another.

Futility of a Phantom Surplus.

A phantom surplus will not pay real debts. I am not one of those who think it correct to say that the Treasury is bankrupt because it has not cash enough in hand to pay at once all its debts due on demand if payment of them should be demanded. Were this so, then there never was a time since the greenbacks were first issued when the Treasury was solvent. The $346,000,000 of greenbacks now outstanding are the remainder an amount once much larger. Until 1879 no provision at all existed for their redemption, and since 1879 there never has been more than $100,000,000 in coin available for the purpose. Yet the greenbacks by their terms, being payable on demand, are a demand debt, and it is only because no holder of them wants them paid that they are not presented for payment.

The same is true of many other elements of the public debt. They consist of claims which nobody desires to enforce, and which may, therefore, for practical purposes, be treated as not enforceable. Such, for example, is the undertaking to redeem the surrendered national bank circulation, against which the Government has received the necessary money from the banks, and which, by statute, is no longer reckoned as a liability.

The Amount Under Nominal Demand.

Of this surrendered currency there is $40,000,000 outstanding, and on an average only $2,000,000 of it comes in each month. The 5 per cent redemption fund deposited by the national banks for their live circulation is a similar debt, only nominally due on demand. Except upon the rare occasions when the mutilation or the defacement of the notes require it, no call is made upon this fund. Deposits in national banks, of course, may, with propriety, be counted as available cash. On all these points it is mere finical criticism to find fault with the Secretary's views.

A Washington dispatch, accompanying the new statement, hints that hereafter the Secretary will not regard outstanding checks and drafts as demand liabilities. I hope that this is not true. I remember very well that when I first opened my private account with the Bank of New York years ago Mr. Cornelius Heyer, the President, said to me: "Now, young man, I want to warn you that I will not allow any overdrawing. When you give out a check deduct it from your deposits, and when you have drawn all the checks that your deposits are good for, don't draw any more. If you do and I find it out you and I will quarrel."

Checks on Imaginary Balances.

I have never forgotten his injunction from that time to this, and when I hear it suggested that the Secretary of the United States Treasury has the right to draw checks against an imaginary balance I do not like it. When a man gives out a check it seems to me the money it calls for belongs to the holder of the check and not to the drawer of it, and I think that the United States Government should take the same view of it.

One thing must be remembered: The solvency or insolvency of the nation is not to be decided by the amount of cash it has in its vaults. The poet Addison when reproached with his taciturnity in society, answered, alluding to his readiness with his pen: "I have not a sixpence in my pocket, but I can draw for £1,000." So, our Government, even if it should be temporarily in straights for ready money, could always raise what it needs by borrowing or by taxation. Our misfortune is, that owing to the want of control over Congress by the Executive, an adjustment of national receipts to national expenditures, such as obtains in most European States, is not the rule here. We take our financial precautions, as an Irishman would say, after they are found to be necessary, instead of before it, so that while we are taking them we are liable to get into trouble.

The Gold Reserve in Danger.

Of the decision to offer the holders of the maturing 4½ per cent bonds the privilege of extending them at 2 per cent, I think there can be only an approving opinion. As I showed four weeks ago, and as the facts plainly demonstrate now, the Treasury will be put to its trumps to meet the demands upon it during July and August, without impairing its $100,000,000 gold reserve, and if, in addition, it undertook to pay the whole of the $51,000,000 of 4½ per cents on September 1, it could not avoid the impairment.

I have none of the superstitious reverence for this golden $100,000,000 which many have, but I do not see why a part of it might not be used temporarily and then replaced later on. But human nature and its whims must be respected by the statesmen. A cutting into the $100,000,000 gold fund would alarm so many people that if it can be avoided by the simple expedient of paying 2 per cent interest for a year or so on $51,000,000, it ought to be. It is a question in my mind whether the measure will succeed, but as 60 days more will settle it, I will not discuss the pros and cons of it now.

Figures Show Its Fallacy.

As to the idea that, by furnishing a basis for additional bank circulation, it will considerably increase that circulation, a mere inspection of the figures will show its fallacy. There is less than $25,000,000 of the bonds available for the purpose altogether. To buy them the banks must pay par for them in cash, and when they deposit them in the Treasury they will get notes for only 90 per cent of their face value, besides paying in another 5 per cent to the redemption fund.

This will leave only 85 per cent of the investment to be used for loans, upon which the tax of 1 per cent per annum on circulation reduces the profit to less than 7 per cent on the 15 per cent of capital locked up. I doubt very much whether many banks will be anxious to go into the operation, and even if enough of them should do it to utilize the whole $25,000,000 of bonds, the additional currency furnished would be only $22,500,000.

The Extravagance of Congress.

People are very properly dissatisfied with the extravagance of the last Congress, and with the embarrassment into which it has brought the Treasury, but the evil is not entirely unmixed, as I remarked three years ago of the piling up of the surplus, then equally complained of. The surplus, it is true, was drawn from the circulation, and in that respect was a disturbing element. Still its accumulation compelled economy on the part of the people as taxpayers, and much of it went to pay off and cancel the national debt. The rest of it has now been returned to the public, and it has supplied most, if not all, of the gold which Europe has taken from us during the last four months, thereby relieving her without distressing us.

Besides this, unless I am misinformed, the West and Southwest has been so well supplied with currency, as the result of the recent liberal Treasury disbursements, that the usual drain upon this center for money to move the crops will not be so severe as it otherwise would be. This resource, to be sure, will not avail a second time. The surplus is gone and it will be a long time before we shall have another, but for the present it has averted a great calamity.

Hoarded Gold Saved the Market.

Had it not been for the hoarded gold which the Treasury opportunely poured out our money market would have to suffer for the benefit of that on the other side of the Atlantic. Now both are in a comfortable condition.

As to the effect upon the stock market and upon business generally of the Government's new financial measures, I know that my readers would like to be informed, and I would like to inform them if I could do it with anything like absolute confidence in the correctness of my judgement. The nearest I can come to it is to repeat that the probabilities are all in favor of higher prices and of greater activity. We have had eight months of inaction and expectation, and it is not in human nature to keep quiet much longer. Let our crops only meet the expectation entertained of them; let the currency question be settled one way or another—no matter which so long as it is settled—and the machine will begin to move.

Whatever any kind of property or security is really worth at this moment, it will, in my judgment, be worth more next spring. Only be sure that it is really worth what you are going to pay for it before you buy it.

DISCOVERED IN TIME.

Three Murderers Almost Leave Ohio's Penitentiary by John Morgan's Route.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

COLUMBUS, July 5.—Warden Dyer, of the Ohio Penitentiary, made a timely discovery at an early hour this morning, which prevented the escape of three condemned men from the Annex, where they are to be executed. Edward Blair, an escaped prisoner, who murdered a railway agent in Putnam, while out, did the work. While the other prisoners were being given exercise, he would insist on being left in the Annex for quiet rest, and in the absence of the guard, reaching over a month's time, cut through the stone floor of a vacant cell, a hole 18 inches square, which led to an air flue extending into the yard. A steel case knife had been made into a saw for the purpose.

The prisoners had arranged to go out last night, but the guard suspected something wrong and an investigation was instituted. The stone sawed out was two inches thick. The hole was cut into the same air flue through which John Morgan, the famous leader of the Morgan raiders, escaped during the war. The cell occupied by Blair is the one occupied by Morgan when in prison. Blair will be executed August 21.

RAILWAY ARITHMETIC.

It Is Very Peculiar, According to the Kansas Board of Railroad Assessors.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

TOPEKA, Kan., July 5.—The popular outcry all over the State against the State Board of Railroad Assessors for reducing the assessments against the railroad companies $10,000,000 has resulted in the publication of a detailed statement, giving the reasons of the board for its action. Its statement shows that the assessed valuation of railroad property has increased yearly for the past four years, while other assessments have decreased until last year it amounted to 17 per cent of the total assessed valuation of State property.

The board defends itself against the charges of the people, but holds the railroad companies responsible for it all, because of "their peculiar railway arithmetic." It complains because the companies insist upon adding the yearly expenditures in improvements to the original cost of the road to make its total cost, and adds that there would be as much sense in a farmer including his mortgage bonds and the interest he had paid to show the total cost of his ranch.

THE PRESIDENT AT CHURCH.

He Attends Divine Service Sunday at an Historic Old Meeting House.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

CAPE MAY, July 5.—President Harrison, accompanied by Mrs. Harrison's nieces, Mrs. Lieutenant Parker and Mrs. Dimmick, attended services this morning in the Cold Spring Presbyterian Church, which celebrated its 75th anniversary two years ago, and listened to a sermon by the Rev. Daniel L. Hughes, D. D., who preached from the text "And He saveth unto me write, thrice blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb," on which he spoke feelingly. The church is four miles from the President's cottage, but its historical importance caused him to visit it again, he and Mrs. Harrison having visited it once last summer.

The President's presence in the church did not attract so much attention, because he was not expected, and there were but about 80 in the congregation. Mr. Wanamaker attended services at Beadle Memorial Chapel, Cape May Point, this morning.

NO PLACE LIKE PITTSBURG.

Where a Fourth of July Celebration Is Not a Picnic for Crooks.

Chief Brown is highly pleased with the work done by his officers at the Schenley Park celebration. The Chief was not there himself, but the fact that not a case of pocket picking, not a fight, nor any other disorder was reported from the grounds, where such an immense crowd of people were assembled, satisfied him that the officers were there and attended to their business well.

Assistant Superintendent O'Mara and Captain Dan Silvis both said yesterday that there was not another city in the country where such a crowd could be handled without pickpockets reaping a harvest. The opportunity for that sort of work at various points in the park would have been excellent were it not for the extra vigilance of the police.

The Shark Towed Them.

Panama Star and Herald.]

The singular sight was witnessed in the harbor yesterday morning of a man in a small boat making a cruise with a shark for motive power. Boat after boat went to his assistance, until a string of seven, manned by 12 hands, was in the procession, but the shark's movements increased with the increased weight, and after leading his captors a merry dance for a long while he succeeded in throwing out the harpoon and effecting his escape.

July Clearance Sales.

35c and 38c Scotch outing flannels now 25c.

JOS. HORNE & CO.

MORE WILDWOOD OIL.

The Ireland & Hughes Well, on the Comer Farm, Is a Producer.

ANOTHER GOOD WELL AT M'DONALD

A Big Lot of Wells to Get the Sand This Week at Moon and McCurdy.

THE OPERATIONS IN BUTLER COUNTY

There are few more patriotic men than those engaged in the oil business. They are all Americans and they love to celebrate in the most potent sense of the word. Consequently there were few walking beams in the Southwest district which were moving Saturday and all of the drillers and tool dressers who could possibly do so flocked to Pittsburg, which has long been the Mecca of the trade in general. They forgot for the time being all about the temper screws, bits, jars, stems, ropes, casing wrenches, sands, salt water and oil and spent the day in various moods and places. There were a few wells which, owing to the limited time allowed in the leases for their completion, were kept going.

Oil on the Fourth.

One of these was the well of Ireland & Hughes, the oil well tool manufacturers, on the Comer farm, at Wildwood. It reached the sand Saturday, and after drilling several bits in the sand a fair pressure of gas and a good showing of oil were struck. It was then shut down, but not before several good flows placed it among the 100-barrel class at least. The well is located about half a mile west of the 45° line that runs through the Wildwood pool; is directly north of the Kolbar farm, and joins the Runga farm on the northwest. It will probably open a distinct spur of oil producing rock running northwest from the Runga and Kretzer farm pools, which has not before been suspected. Joining the Comer on the west is the Brecht, and west of that is the Anderson property. One report from it late Saturday gave it as doing 80 barrels an hour, but this could not be confirmed.

On the County Line.

MCDONALD—Mosier & Co.'s well on the Valantour lot got the fifth sand Saturday morning, and will make a good well. It is about 400 feet east of the Royal Gas Company's No. 2, on the Ed McDonald farm. The latter well will be small, probably from 30 to 40 barrels a day. The Wheeling Gas Company got a good gas well Friday at its wildcat, on the Rankin farm, three and one-half miles southwest of McDonald and on a line with the well being drilled on the McCarty farm, near Primrose, by Mellon & Wilson. These two wells test about four miles of territory. The Rankin farm well is west of the dry holes on the Russell, McBride and McCamant farms. The latter is the nearest and is about half a mile east. Clark & Bannister's well on the Butler lot was doing 40 barrels an hour Saturday. William Ruan has made a location on the DeRoy lot, and unknown parties have located on the Sloan lot. Both of these are on the south side of the railroad. An innovation in the field is the location of a rig on the Smith lot by the McKee Bros. It is in the center of the residence portion of the town, and is just opposite the home of Miss Maggie McDonald, and near the parsonage of the U. P. Church. There are half a dozen wells due to get the fifth sand this week. Among the first will be the Royal Gas Company's No. 3, Sauters and No. 3 Ed McDonald.

More Wells Coming.

MCCURDY—Patterson & Jones' No. 7 well on the McCurdy farm is doing about 40 barrels an hour yet. W. L. Mellon's Jane Riddle No. 1 and his Scott No. 5 are both due to get the pay this week. Huot & Richards' No. 1 on the Cowan farm is on top of the sand, and R. G. Gillespie & Co.'s Jane Riddle No. 6 is getting near the sand. Black & Guffey, who have been fishing at their well on the Bank farm for a couple of months, expect to be on top of the sand tomorrow.

In the Moon District.

MOON—The Kanawha Oil Company's No. 4 on the Meeks farm was on top of the sand Saturday night and will be drilled in today. W. L. Mellon's Nos. 4 and 5 on the Meeks are due to get the sand early this week.

Small Hundred Foot Well.

CALLERY—The McCalmont Oil Company's No. 1 on the Robert Walters farm had penetrated the 100-foot sand to a depth of 75 feet. At 68 feet they got a second pay streak that slightly improved the production, but a small well will be the final result after the salt water has been exhausted. Some eight more locations have been made in the same vicinity, but all to the northeast.

Collins & Heasley are 80 feet in the sand with their No. 1 on the Charles Walters farm. They developed a strong flow of gas but found no oil. This well is located at the mouth of Wolf Run and one-half mile north of the Rodgers & Hoffman well on the Staples farm. The same company's No. 3 on the J. M. Miller farm is 85 feet in the Hundred-foot and still drilling. They have a fair show for an average Hundred-footer. Wahl & Bishop's No. 4 on the George Harburger is holding up at 50 barrels a day. The well drilled by R. W. Miller on the John Balfour farm something more than a year ago, and when in the sand stuck the tools, has at last recovered them and the well will be drilled in and shot. It will make a 25-barrel well. Redd & Co. have started to pump their well on the Hespenhide farm, but as yet it has produced nothing but salt water.

The Forest Oil Company is 40 feet in the sand on the Barr farm, and it has a strong gas pressure. The same company has timbers on the ground for No. 3 Wholbert farm. This well is located 300 feet southeast of their Longhurst farm. Osborne Bros. & Co.'s Cookson well is not making a very good showing. They have a strong flow of salt water to overcome.

Price & Co. have completed No. 2 rig on the Douthett farm, 500 feet east of their No. 2. B. Forst has completed No 4 rig on the Anderson farm. The Ballard & Cumming well, on the Kennedy, is making 56 barrels a day.

Finished on the Fourth.

LOCKWOOD—Rowley & Co. have completed No. 2 on the English heirs', and it will make a 25-barrel pumper.

Alexander No. 2, on the Ripper farm, was shot and is showing for a 25-barrel producer.

Phillips Gets a Duster.

GREAT BELT—T. W. Phillips has drilled his No. 2 on the Bennewitz through the sand and got a duster. His No. 1 on the Kirby is making 75 barrels a day.

Hunting An Extension.

SAXONBURG—Webber Bros. will bring in their wildcat on the Webber farm this week. This well is drilled with a view to finding a connecting link between the old Saxonburg pond and the Thorn Creek extension.

An Average Well.

PETERSVILLE—The Forest Oil Company's No. 2, on the Dunbart farm, will make an average producer. The McCalmont Oil Company's No. 2, John Staples' farm, is down 800 feet. The Forest Oil Company are down 1,380 feet on the Rader with their No. 6. Their No. 1, on the Rape farm, is drilling at 800 feet. Curtis & Co. are building a rig for No. 3, J. Dambach. Slagle & Lentz have finished a 50-barrel producer on the J. E. Dambach. W. A. Clark & Co. are building a rig on the Peter Rader for their No. 18. No. 17 has started to drill.

FROM A THIRD-STORY WINDOW.

Thomas Nowak Drops to Death From a Chair While Sleeping.

Thomas Nowak, a Pole, who boarded at 803 Manor street, Southside, was killed yesterday by falling from a third-story window at his boarding house. It appears he went to his room, and seating himself in a chair by the window fell asleep. About 3 o'clock he is thought to have got up in his sleep and fallen out of the window, where he was found a few minutes later.

Medical aid was called and the injured man lingered until 8 o'clock yesterday morning, when he died. The body was removed to the morgue and will be buried at the county's expense, the deceased being in poor circumstances.

THE RECORD OF A DAY.

THE SATURDAY NEWS BOILED DOWN FOR RAPID COMPREHENSION.

Telegrams, Cablegrams and Local Items Gathered in Foreign Lands, in the Home Country and in Pittsburg—A Dictionary of Events All Over the World.

THE DISPATCH of yesterday morning contained a full and complete record of the events of Saturday, the nation's natal day. The substance of the record of events has been condensed into small and comprehensive items for rapid perusal, as follows:

Foreign.

Emperor William of Germany was given a grand reception on his arrival in England ....German artisans will not be permitted to interview the Emperor....France is trying to capture Siam....The eldest son of Gladstone is dead....Minister Lincoln holds a brilliant reception in London....American goods are replacing British manufactures in Brazil....Forty soldiers are suffering from sunstroke in Weiman....Luther Cary again defeats foreign runners....Socialism discussed by the Royal Labor Commission.... Mrs. Mackay gives a swell dinner in London ....Russian credit impaired....The Vatican disturbed.

Domestic.

Sixteen killed in a Charleston, W. Va., railroad disaster....Three men drowned by an upset skiff at Braddock....A 7-year-old girl killed by a rocket at Youngstown.... Conger believes Blaine will write no discouraging letters....Ex-President Hannibal Hamlin dies....A Denver capitalist will have to pay $100,000 for gaining the favor of another man's wife....A Baltimore belle behaves badly....Racing at Homewood....Patriotism displayed at Woodstock, Conn.; Meadville, Bellefonte, Somerset, Youngstown and other places....Daniels speaks on the race problem....Balloonists killed at New Lisbon and Elyria, O....Letter carriers erect a monument to the memory of "Sunset" Cox. ....President Harrison at Cape May....Ben Butler's company a success....The Northeastern Saengerfest at Newark....Irish-Americans encamp on Staten Island.... Plans for electrical executions....The growth of the great desert lake....Balloonists narrowly escape at Meadville.... Boy injured at Lima by a tin can explosion. ....A Chinese baby born in Washington....A gun bursts in a revenue cutter at Chicago. ....The raid against the Moquis....Fought in Birmingham, Ala., over a keg of beer.... Coroners fight for the possession of a body. ....Girl shot at Newark by a discarded lover. Chautauqua Assembly opened with ceremonies....A murderer shoots two men at Columbus, Ind....Nelson Sterret drowned at Chautauqua....A strange fever at Douglasville....A childish escapade at Crawfordsville, Ind....Cut out his tongue in Philadelphia....A girl devoured by a panther.

Local.

One hundred and twenty-five thousand people celebrate at Schenley Park....Old soldiers fooled by postal cards....Only one Fourth of July fire....Original headlines in papers....A panic averted on the new bridge ....The display of fireworks....The chapter of accidents....Central Park opened with exercises....East End Club were victorious ....The Hebrews will not have a special World's Fair exhibit....A family thrown from a buggy....Southsiders celebrate independently....Typewriters becoming indispensable....Libby prison celebration during the war....Trade in tents is good.... A new plan for furnishing power....Benefit for the switchmen....Families moving to Ellwood....Labor Day preparations....The newsboys building to be commenced soon ....The Pittsburgs defeated twice....Kirk Buffum found dead....A jealous woman takes rough on rats.

ASLEEP FOR SIXTEEN YEARS.

Herman Harms, the Minnesota Sleeper, Has at Last Awakened.

ST. PAUL, July 5.—Herman Harms, the Minnesota sleeper, is now awake. His case is probably the most peculiar known to the physicians, whose skill it has baffled for the last dozen years. He had slept almost incessantly for the past 16 years. A few days ago he awoke, and has taken only an ordinary amount of sleep since. His recovery, however, is doubtful. Mr. Harms is now living on a farm, about midway between St. Charles and Quiney, Minn.

Some 16 years ago he was attacked by a severe fever and had intense pains shooting through his head. He was then in Illinois. His physician advised him to move to a colder climate. He accordingly came to this State. During his stay in Illinois he did not sleep all of the time, but since he came to this State he has never been awake, except for an interval of a year and a half, since 1881 and two months of 1889 and 1890. When he is sleeping he can only be awakened by his wife touching him on the head. Calling has no effect on him. He takes no nourishment at all to speak of, and then only when aroused from his comatose condition. Harms was born in Germany in 1838. He was married to Miss Buzman in 1863. His faithful wife has zealously guarded him through all these years.

FIVE INDIANS TO TWO CHINAMEN.

A Race War That Has Been Raging on the Pacific Coast.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 5.—It has been learned that the butchery of a Chinaman at Bridgeport, after his acquittal on the charge of murdering an Indian, was the last incident in a race feud between the Mongolians and Indians which has been waxed in Nevada for five years. The Indians of this coast have always hated the Chinese and this feeling has been returned with interest. Five years ago a Chinese miner was shot by an Indian in a quarrel. His countrymen tried vainly to have the murderer punished. Then they vowed vengeance. They waited till the next Fourth of July, when the Indians all came to Wadsworth to celebrate.

The Chinese decoyed four Piutes into a laundry and filled them with gin. When the Indians were helplessly drunk the Chinese poured kerosene over their bodies and over the floor of the shanty and set the place on fire. Only one Indian escaped. He told his story and again there was a prosecution. The Chinese followed this up by the torture and murder of a solitary Indian at Candelaria. This last crime, followed by the murder of the Celestial at Bridgeport, brought things to a crisis. The Piutes have been holding pow-wows lately, and it is thought they are planning to balance the account by three more Chinese victims. As it now stands there are five dead Indians to two Chinamen.

NATURE IS BOUNTEOUS

All Farm and Garden Products Are in Plentiful Supply.

THE DRIFT TOWARD LOWER PRICES

Prospects of Abundant Crops Adverse to Bull Movements.

GREEN HIDES AND CALFSKINS DULL

OFFICE OF PITTSBURG DISPATCH, SATURDAY, July 4.

Farm and garden products have been in plentiful supply the past week, and a general tendency of prices has been toward a lower level. The first home-grown potatoes of the season are to the front within a few days. Tennessee potatoes are in abundant supply, but are lacking in keeping qualities. As a result of inferior quality, prices are weak and lower. Two weeks ago Southern potatoes were active at $5 00@6 00 per barrel. Now they are slow at $3 00@3 50 per barrel. With the exception of choice creamery butter, everything in the line of dairy products is as it has been for a week or two past, slow and weak. Ohio cheese is in supply far above demand, and Pittsburg markets are pronounced by representatives of the factories, a number of whom were here lately to spy out the land, as relatively lower than any other trade center of the land. New York cheese is fairly steady. All the week there has been a short supply of strictly fresh eggs, and markets are fully 2c per dozen higher than at the beginning of the week. Dealers reported sales at 20c per dozen a few days ago.

In fruit lines, we note the wane of strawberries and heavy receipts of raspberries. The yield of the latter is reported by gardeners unusually large, and the week to come our markets will no doubt be flooded with this fruit. Supply of bananas has been light, and prices are advanced. With light receipts came the heavy Fourth of July demand, so that for the first time this season there were hardly enough bananas to go round. Other tropical fruits remain unchanged. Exceptionally cool weather for a few days past has served to put a check to the upward movement of lemons.

As to Cereals.

For a month or two