# DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

CONGRESS SALUTED.

God Has Always Been on the Side of This Nation.

Text: "And the Lord opened the eyes the young man, and he saw, and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and charlots of fire round about Elisha."—II Kings vi., 17.

The American Congress is assembling. Arriving or already arrived are the repre-sentatives of all sections of this beloved land. Let us welcome them with prayers and benediction. A nobler group of men never entered Washington than those who will to-morrowtake their places in the Sen-ate Chamber and the House of Representatives. Whether they come alone or leave their families at the homestead far away, may the blessing of the Eternal God be upon them! We invite them to our churches, and together they in political spheres and we in religious circles will give the coming months to consideration of the best interests of this country which God has blessed so much in the past that I purpose to show you and show them, so far as I may now reach their ear or to-morrow their eye through the printing press, that God will be with them to help them as in the text He filled the mountains with help for Elisha.

As it cost England many regiments and \$2,000,000 a year to keep safely a trouble-some captive at St. Helena, so the king of Syria sends out a whole army to capture one minister of religion—perhaps 50,000 men to take Elisha. During the night the army of Syrians came around the village of Dothan, Syrians came around the village of Dothan, where the prophet was staying. At early daybreak the man servant of Elisha rushed in and said: "What shall we do? There is a whole army come to destroy you! We must die! We must die!" But Elisha was not scared a bit, for he looked up and saw the mountains all around fuil of supernatural forces, and he knew that if there were 50,000 Syrians against him there were 100,000 angels for him, and in answer to the prophet's prayer in behalf of his affrighted man servant the young man saw it too. Horses of fire harnessed to chariots of fire, and drivers of fire pulling reins of fire on bits of fire, and warriors of fire with brandbits of fire, and warriors of fire with brand-ished swords of fire, and the brilliance of that morning sunrise was colleged by the galloping splendors of the celestial caval-cade. "And the Lord opened the eyes of rade. "And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw, and behold the mountain was full of horses and charlots of fire round about Elisha." I speak of the upper forces of the text that are to fight on our side as a Nation. If all the low levels are filled with armed threats, I have to tell you that the mountains of our hope and courage and faith are full of the horses and sharlots of divine rescue.

shariots of divine rescue.
You will notice that the divine equipage is always represented as a chariot of fire. Ezekiel and Isalah and John, when they come to describe the divine equipage, always represent it as a wheeled, a harnessed, an upholstered conflagration. It is not a charharnessed, an tot like kings and conquerors of earth mount, but an organized and compressed fire. That means purity, justice, chastise-ment, deliverance through burning escapes. Chariot of rescue? Yes, but a chariot of fire, All our National disenthrallments have been brough scorching agonies and red disasters. Through tribulation the individual rises. Through tribulation Nations rise. Charlots of rescue, but charlots of fire. But how do I know that this divine equipage is on the side of our institutions? I know it by the history of the last 119 years. The American Revolu-tion started from the pen of John Hancock in Independence Hall in 1776. The colonies, without ships, without ammunition, without guns, without trained warriors, without guns, without prestige. On the other side, the mightiest Nation of the earth, the largset armies, the grandest navies and the most distinguished commaniers, and resources inexhaustible, and nearly all Nations; adv. back them up in the fight.

of Virginia, all the Appalachian ranges were full of re-enforcements, which the young man Washington saw by faith, and his men endured the frozen feet, and the gangrened wounds, and the exhausting hunger, and the long march because "the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and her saw, and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." Washington himself was a miracle. What Joshua was in sacred history the first American President was in secular history.

A thousand other men excelled him in different things, but he excelled them all in oundness and completeness of The world never saw his like, and probably never will see his like again, because there probably never will be another such exgency. He was let down a divine interposition. He was from God direct.

I do not know how many can read the history of those times without admitting the Contest was decided by the upper forces. Then in 1861, when our Civil War opened, many at the North and at the South pro-nounced it National suicide. It was not courage against cowardice, it was not wealth against poverty, it was not large States against small States, It was heroism against heroism, it was the resources of many genprations against the resources of many gon-erations against the resources of generations, it was the prayer of the North against the prayer of the South, it was one-half of the Nation in armed wrath meeting the other half of the Nation in armed indignation. What could come but externation?

At the opening of the war the commander-in-shief of the United States forces was a man who had been great in battle, but old age had come, with many infirmities, and he had a right to quietude. He could not mount a horse, and he rode on the battle-field in a carriage, asking the driver not to oit it too much. During the most of the four years of the contest on the Southern side, was a man in middife, who had in his veins the blood of many generations warriors, himself one of the heroes urubusco and Cerro Gordo, Contreras and Chapultepee. As the years passed on and the scroll of carnage unrolled there came out from both sides a heroism, and a strength, and a determination that the world had never seen marshaled. And what but extermination could come when Philip Sheridan and Stonewall Jackson met, and Nathaniel Lyon and Sidney Johnston rode in from North and South, and Grant and Lee, the two thunderbolts of battle, clashed? Yet, we are a Nation, and yet we are at peace. Earthly courage did not decide the The upper forces of the text-they tell us there was a bettie fought above the clouds on Lockout Mountain, but there was

something higher than that.

Again, the horses and chariots of God came to the rescue of this Nation in 1876, at the close of a Presidential election famous for ferocity. A darker cloud yet settled down upon this Nation. The result of the election was in dispute, and revolution, not between two or three sections, but revolution in evertown and village and city of the United States seemed imminent. The prospect was states seemed imminent. The prospect was that New York would throttle New York, and New Orleans would grip New Orleans, and Boston, Boston, and Savannah, Savannah, and Washington, Washington, Some said and Washington, Washington, Some said Mr. Tilden was elected, others said Mr. Hayes was elected, and how near we came to uni-versal massacre some of us guessed, but God I ascribe our escape not to the honesty and righteousness of infuriated politicians, but I ascribe it to the upper forces of the text. Chariots of mercy rolled in, and though the wheels were not heard and the

fiash was not seen, yet all through the mountains of the North, and the South, and the East, and the West, though the hoofs did not clatter, the cavairy of God galloped by. I tell you God is the friend of this Nation. In the awful excitement at the massacre of Lincoln when there was a the massacre of Lincoln when there the awful excitement at the massacre of Lincoln, when there was a prospect that greater
slaughter would open upon this Nation, God
hushed the tempest. In the awful excitement at the time of Gardield's assassination
God put His foot on the neek of the cyclone.
To prove God is on the side of this Nation I
argue from the last eight or nine great National harvests, and from the National health
of the last quarter of a century, epidemics
very exceptional, and from the great revivals of religion, and from the spreading of
the church of God, and from the continent
blossoming with asylums and reformatory blossoming with asylums and reformatory institutions, and from an Edenization which

promises that this whole land is to be a para-lise, where God shall walk.

I am encouraged more than I can tell you I am encouraged more than I can tell you as I see the regiments wheeling down the sky, and my jeremiads turn into doxologies, and that which was the Good Friday of the Nation's crucifixion becomes the Easter morh of its resurrection. Of course God works through human instrumentalities, and this National betterment is to come among other things through a scrutinized ballot box. By the law of registration it is almost impossible new to have illegal yoting. There impossible now to have illegal voting. There was a time—you and I remember it very well—when droves of vagabonds wandered well—when droves of vagabonds wandered up and down on Election Day, and from poll to poll, voted here, and voted there, and voted there, and voted there, and there was no challenge, or if there were, it amounted to nothing, because nothing could so suddenly be proved upon the varshounds. Now it never wall or nothing could so suddenly be proved upon the vagabonds. Now, in every well organized neighborhood, every voter is watched with severest scrutiny. If I am in a region where I am allowed a vote, I must tell the registrar my name, and how old I am, and how long I have resided in the State, and how long I have resided in the ward or the township, and if I misrepresent fifty witnesses will rise and shut me out from the ballot box. Is not that a great advance? And then notice the law that prohibits a man voting if he has bet on the election. A step farther needs to be taken and hibits a man voting if he has bet on the elec-tion. A step farther needs to be taken and that man forbidden a vote who has offered or taken a bribe, whether it be in the shape of a free drink, or cash paid down, the suspicious cases obliged to puttheir hand on the Bible and swear their vote in if they vote at all. So, through the seared chest of our Nation's suffrage, redemption will come. God will save this Nation through ar

aroused moral sentiment. There has never aroused moral sentiment. There has never been so much discussion of morals and immorals. Men, whether or act they acknowledge what is right, have to think what is right. We have men who have had their hands in the public treasury the most of their lifetime, stealing all they could lay their hands on, discoursing eloquently about dishonesty in public servants, and men with two or three families of their own preaching two or three families of their own prenance eloquently about the beauties of the seventh commandment. The question of sobriety and drunkenness is thrust in the face of this Nation as never before and takes a part in our political contests. The question of National sobriety is going so be respectfully and decreased in the hard favory Lyting. deferentially heard at the bar of every Logis lature, and every House of Representatives and every State Senate, and an omnipotent voice will ring down the sky and across this land and back again, saying to these rising tides of drunkeness which threaten to whelm home and church and Nation, "Thus far

shalt thou come, but no farther, and here shalt thou come, but no farther, and here shall the proud waves be staid."

I have not in my mind a shadow of disheartment as large as the shadow of a housefly's wing. My faith is in the upper forces, the upper armies of the text. God is not dead. The chariots are not unwheeled. If you would only pray more and wash your eyes in the cool, bright water fresh from the 

a hey rushed up to the general and said to him, "Don't you see we have a few forces and they have so many?" And the soldiers were affrighted at the smallness of their number and the greatness of the enemy. Anti-gonus, their commander, straightened him-self up and said, with indignation and vehethe winters which surpassed all predecessors in depth of snow and horrors of congealment. Elisha surrounded by the whole Syrian army did not seem to be worse of than did the thirteen colonies encompassed and overshadowed by foreign assault. What decided the contest in our favor? The upper acknowled the contest in our favor? The upper ask you in making up your estimate of the forces, the upper armies. The Green and White Mountains of New England, the Highlands along the Hulson, the mountains of Virginia, all the Abcalachian ranges the same. I have the best authority for saydo you recken the Lord God Almighty to be? He is our commander. The Lord of Hosts is His name. I have the best authority for say-ing that the charlots of God are 20,000, and the mountains are full of them.

Have you any doubt about the need of the Christian religion to purify and make decent American politics? At every yearly or quadrennial election we have in this country great manufactories - manufactories of lie -and they are run day and night, and they turn out half a dozen a day, all equipped and ready for full sailing. Large lies and small lies. Lies private and lies public and lies ent. Lies out bias and lies out diag-Long limbel lies and lies with double back action. Lies complimentary and lies defamatory. Lies that some people believe and lies that all the people believe, and lies that nobody believes. Lies with humps like camels, and scales like crosodiles, and necks as long as storks, and feet as swift as an an-telops's, and stings like adders. Lies raw and scalloped and panned and stewed. Crawling ites and jumping lies and soaring Lies with attachment screws and ruf and traiders and realy wound bob-Lies by Christian people who never bins. lie except during elections, and lies by peo-ple who always lie, but beat themselves in a

Presidential campaign.
I confess I am ashamed to have a foreign er visit this country in such times. I should think he would stand dazed, his hand on his pocketbook, and dare not go out nights. What will the hundreds of thousands of foreigners who come here to live think of What a disgust they must have for the land of their adoption. The only good thing about it is many of them cannot understand the English language. But I suppose the German and Italian and Swedish and French papers translate it all and peddle out the in-fernal stuff to the subscribers.

Nothing but Christianity will ever stop such a flood of indecency. The Christian religion will speak after awhile. The bil-lingsgate and low scandal through which we wade every year or every four years must be rebuked by that religion which speaks from its two great mountains—from the one mountain intoning the command, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," and from the other mount making plea for kindness and blessing rather than cursing. Yes, we are going to have a National religion. There are two kinds of National religion. The one is supported by the State, and is a matter of human politics and it has great patronage, and under it men will struggle for prominence without refer ence to qualifications, and its archbishop is supported by a salary of \$75,000 a year, and there are great cathedrals, with all the ma-chinery of music and canonicals, and room for a thousand people, yet an audience of fifty people, or twenty people, or ten or two.
We want no such religion as that, no such
National religion, but we want this kind of
National religion—the vast majority of the copie converted and evangelized -- and then hey will manage the secular as well as the

Do you say that this is impracticable? No The time is coming just as certainly as there is a God, and that this is His book and that He has the strength and the honesty to fulfill His promises. One of the ancient emperors used to pride himself on performing that which his counselors said was impossible, which his counselors said was impossible, and I have to tell you to-day that man's impossibles are God's easies. "Hath He said, and shall He not do it? Hath He commanded, and will He not bring it to pass?" The Christian religion is coming to take possession of every ballot box, of every schoolhouse, of every home, of every valley, of every mountain, of every acre of our Nation-

al domain. This Nation, notwithstanding all the evil influences that are trying to destroy it, is going to live.

Nover since, according to John Milton, when "satan was hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal skies in hideous ruin and combustion down," have the powers of darkcombustion down," have the powers of darkness been so determined to win this continent as now. What a jewel it is—a jewel
carved in relief, the cameo of this planet! On
one-side of us the Atlantic Ocean, dividing
us from the wornout Governments of Europe. On the other side the Pacific Ocean,
dividing us from the superstitions of Asia.
On the north of us the Arctic Sea, which is
the gymnasium in which the explorers and
navigators develop their courage. A cont'the gymnastum in which the explorers and navigators develop their courage. A continent 10,500 miles long, 17,000,000 square miles, and all of it but one-seventh capable of rich cultivation. One hundred millions of population on this continent of North and South America—100,000,000, and room for many hundred millions more. All flora and all fauna, all metals and all precious woods, and all grains and all fruits. The Appalachian range the backbone, and the rivers ganglia carrying life all through and out to the extremities, isthmus of Darien, the narrow waist of a giant continent, all to be un'er one Government, and all free, and all Christian, and the scene of Christ's personal reign on earth if, according to the expectation of many good people. of Christ's personal reign on earth if, according to the expectation of many good people, He shall at last set up His throne in this world. Who shall have this hemisphere, Christ or satan? Who shall have the shore of her inland seas, the silver of her Nevadas, the gold of her Colorados, the telescopes of her observatories, the brain of her universities, the wheat of her prairies, the rice of her constant the constant of the constant the constant of the const savannas, the two great ocean beaches—the one reaching from Baffin's Bay to Tierra del Fuego, and the other from Bering Strait to Cape Horn—and all the moral and temporal and spiritual and everiasting interests of a population vast beyond all human computa-tion? Who shall have the hemisphere? You tion? Who shall have the hemisphere: and I will decide that, or help to decide it, by conscientious vote, by carnest prayer, by Christian institutions, by by conscientious vote, by carnest prayer, by maintenance of Christian institutions, by support of great philanthropies, by putting body, mind and soul on the right side of all moral, religious and National movements.

Ah, it will not make any difference to you or to me what becomes of this continent, so far as earthly comfort is concerned. All we

will want of it will be seven feet by three, and that will take in the largest, and there will be room and to spare. That is all of this country we will need very soon—the voungest of us all. But we have an anxiety about the welfare and the happiness of the generations that are coming on and it will

about the welfare and the happiness of the generations that are coming on, and it will be agrand thing if, when the archangel's trumpet sounds, we find that our sepulchre, like the one Joseph of Arimathea provided for Christ, is in the midst of a garden.

One of the seven wonders of the world was the white marble watch tower of pharos of Egypt. Sostratus, the architect and soulptor, after building that watch tower, cut his name on it. Then he covered it with plaster. name on it. Then he covered it with plaster, and to please the king he put the monarch's name on the outside of the plastering, and the storms beat and the seas dashed in their fury, and they washed off the plastering, and they washed it out, and they washed it down, they washed it out, and they washed it down, but the imperishable rock. So across the face of this Nation there have been a great many names written, across our finances, across our religions, names worthy of remembrance, names written on the architecture of our churches, and our schools, and our asylums, and our homes of mersy, but God is the archi-test of this continent, and Ha was the saulp-tor of all its grandents, and long after through the wash of the ages and the tempests of confuries—all other names shall be obliterated the divine signature and divine name will be brighter and brighter as the

name will be brighter and brighter as the millenniums go by, and the world shall see that the God who made this continent has redeemed it by His grave from all its sorrows and from all its erimes.

Have you faith in such a thing as that?

After all the charlots have been un wheeled, and after all the war charlots have been frippled, the charlots which Elisha saw on the morning of his peril will roll on in triumph, followed by all the armies of heaven on white horses. God could do it without us, but He will not. The weakest of us, the faintest of us, the smallest brained of us, shall have a part in the triumph. We may not have our name, like the name of us, shall have a part in the triumph. We may not have our name, like the name of Sostratus, cut in imperishable rock and con-spicuous for centuries, but we shall be remembered in a better place than that, even in the heart of Him who came to redeem us and redeem the world, and our names will be seen close to the signature of His wound, for, as to-lay He throws out His arms to us, He says, "Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of My hand." By the mightiest of all agencies, the potency of orayer, I beg you seek our National wel-Some time ago there were 4,600,000 letters

in the dead letter postoffice in this city—letters that had lost their way—but not one prayer ever directed to the heart of Go I misarried. The way is all clear for the ascent f your supplications heavenwar I in behalf of this Nation. Before the postal communi-cation was so easy, and long ago on a rock 100 feet high on the coast of England there was barrel fastened to a post, and in great letters on the side of the rock, so it could be seen far out to sea, were the words "Post-office," and when ships came by a boat put out to take and fetch let-ters. And so sacred were those deposits or affection in that barrel that no look was ever put upon that barrel, although it contained messages for America and Eucontained messages for America and all the repe and Asia and Africa and all the islands of the sea. Many a storm tossed sailor, homesick, got messages of kindness by that rock, and many a homestead heard good news from a boy long gone. Would that all the heights of our National prosperity were in interchange of sympathies—prayers go-ing up meeting blessings coming down, pos-tal celestial, not by a storm struck rock on a wintry coast, but by the Rock of Ages.

## BELIEVES HE IS A VAMPIRE.

Hallucinations of a South Dakota Man Who Kills Cattle for Their Blood.

The cattle men on the ranges west of Pierre, South Dakota, tell a ghastly story of a madman who for some time has been roaming over the reservation, killing cattle with his na'ced hands to suck their blood, and in some cases even attacking men. No one seems to know who the man is nor exactly how long he has been wandering about the ranges. He was first seen some four or five weeks ago, and repeated at-tempts have been made to capture him, but tempts have been made to capture him, but thus far without success. He is said to labor under the hallucination that he is a vampire, and his actions certainly bear out this hypothesis. How he manages, without a wea-pon of any kind, to kill the cattle on which he lives is a mystery. When found after he has left them the animals appear to have been seized by the heads, borne to the ground by main strength and torn to pieces by the teeth and nails of the lunatic.

## A HERO BROUGHT HOME.

His Reward for Saving the Lives of Others Proved His Own Death.

The east-bound passenger train on the Pennsylvania Ratiroad made an unusual stop two miles west of Delphos, Ohio. Just a year ago a young farmer named Edward Carnahan was going home from Delphos. It was a dark night and Carnahan stumbled and fell over a broken rail. He secured a lantern and watched until the next train was due and succeeded in flagging it. The com-pany was grateful to the young man and offered him a position. He thought he would ike to become an engineer and with this in

view the company made him a fireman. At Monroeville, Ind., he was thrown beneath the wheels and killed, and the stop just west of Delphos was to put off the life-less remains of the young man, who a short year ago had saved a number of lives at the same spot.

The Conquering Japs.

Japanese manufacturers are reaching after the markets of the United States.

SING YOUR SONG

Take the old world as you find it; Drift along! Blight or blossom-never mind its Sing your song! See that sky, of dark or blue? Good Lord bent it over you! See the sunlight streamin' through-Sing your song! Take the old world as you find it,

With the rainbow roses blud it; Sing your song! For the daisy falls the dew; From the rose love wrests the rue; Good Lord made the world for you-Sing your song!

Drift along!

#### A RACE FOR A LIFE.



N 18 I was first mate of the Monico, one of the Red line, and then one of the best ing boats in go-Atlantic service.

1 had run across (while the ship was in dock) from Liverpool to my home near Doncaster to see my sister, Pat-

ty, before her marriage. She was engaged to a young Lieutenant of the name of Rupert Rowling, the nephew and heir of old Jonathan Rowling, a wealthy, eccentric country squire in Yorkshire, and it was not only a good match for her, but Rupert, whom I had known from childhood-we were at school together-was one of the heartiest and most genuine fellows you'd find in a day's walk.

When I arrived at Doncaster I was surprised to find things all in an uproar. Old Rowling had, it seemed, taken some offence at an innocent but misunderstood remark of Rupert's, and had flown into a terrible passion, swearing be would disinherit him. Rupert, who was a high-spirited young cheap, gave the old man a bit of his mind, and they had a violent quarrel, which ended in Mr. Rowling turning his nephew out of the house and forbidding him ever to show his face there again. That was on Thursday, a fortnight before my visit.

On the evening of the quarrel Rupert called on my sister and told her of what had taken place, and they agreed to postpone the wedding for the present. He then left, as he started, for London, where he was due to join his regiment on the following

The next morning (Friday) every-body was startled at hearing that old Jonathan Rowling had been found dead in a plantation on his estate. He was lying face downward, and had evidently been shot in the back by some one, the bullet having penetrated to the heart and killed him instantly; and, on a medical examination, it was ascertained that the murder-for such it doubtless was—must have been committed on the previous night, for death had taken place many hours before the body was found, The fact of the quarrel between the

deceased and his nephew was already public property, and suspicion at once pointed to Rupert as the probable culcrit. The police soon ascertained Rupert's movements, which showed he was dying, and exasperated and that he had called on Patty, as I have filled with indignation, I determined stated, and that he caught the next to be revenged on Mr. Rowling, who and hunted up the British Consul express for London, the time between had been the cause of my mother's whom I dragged off to the cable conhis leaving Patty and the starting of and my father's deaths, and my ruin pany's office, and we sent a joint tele the train giving him plenty of opportunity to commit thd crime had he been so minded; and, moreover, his road from my sister's to the station took him alongside the plantation in which his uncle's body was found.

The London detectives were put to work, and they ascertained that Rupert had a revolver of the same calibre as the shot found in old Rowling's corpse, and the upshot was that he snares had been laid by poacherswas arrested and brought before the magistrates at Doncaster.

The assizes were just approaching, and, when I arrived on the scene, Rupert stood committed for trial on the charge of murdering his uncle.

I could do nothing to help him, but

in prison. He denied all knowledge up his arms, and, with a great cry, of the crime, swearing to me that he fell, face forward, dead. was absolutely innocent. I believed him, but the evidence was overwhelm- of the plantaion into the lane without ing. The station master at Doncaster spoke of Rupert's rushing into the station in a great flurry, and looking very upset; and the revolver, which he admitted he had not used for some days, had one chamber empty. Many other things, trivial in themselves, but | passage to New York. awfully black when put together, were brought out at the trial, and before I left I had heard him found guilty by the jury and sentenced to death by the Judge. It all seemed like a ghastly charged with it. I never thought for dream.

I was due to return to my ship, the Monico, and I bade Rupert goodby. don't mind telling you that I sobbed like a child. I shouldn't have felt it so if I could have done anything, even to try and help him, but I was perfeetly powerless.

My sister, of course, was in a terrible way, and I hardly liked leaving her, but my whole future depended on my keeping my position in the Red Ring line, so I wrenched myself away and was on board the Monico the next morning.

We sailed the following day, which was a Wednesday, and the last thing I heard before leaving Liverpool was that poor Rupert's execution had been fixed for Thursday in the next week.

We had a heavy cargo of goods and s lot of passengers, but, I tell you, my heart seemed heavier when we started on that voyage than the ship, cargo, passengers and all.

The Monico was considered a fast vessel at that time. She generally took just over seven days to do the passage, and we were due in New York on the Wednesday evening before Rupert's execution.

Everything went well till the Monternoon, when one of the steerage passengers, a man of the name of Charles Cappermole, fell down a hatchway, breaking his back and rewithin four or five hours. It was very sad, of course, but couldn't be helped, and although anything of the sort were slowed down.
puts a gloom over the ship, I was too I sought the Car much engrossed in my own trouble to think much of it. But just after one bell (6.30 o'clock) the Captain came

"Sparton," he said, "you were telling me about the trouble that your sister's fiance had got into. It's a doctor a tale about his having shot his father's landlord in Yorkshire, and that he believes this accident is a feel that this man was sent on board indgment on him. I have seen him, indgment on him. I have seen him, my ship, and injured so that he fell and he says the name of the man he himself dying and bound to confess, murdered was Rowling, which is the name you mentioned, I think, and if you will come with me to the hospital, where the poor wretch is lying, you can hear his yarn for yourself."

I was thunder-struck. I got the third officer to take my place for a short time, and hurried off to the side of the injured man.

His statement was somewhat rambling, but with the help of a clergyman, who was a passenger, we reduced it to writing in a tangible shape, and it was about something like this:

"I, Charles Cappermole, lately residing at Marten's Hole, near Doncaster, Yorkshire, but now a passen-ger on board the steamship Monico (Capt. Marner) in mid-Atlantic, having met with an accident by falling down a hatchway, and being, as I well know, within a short time of death, do make this solemn statement and declare the same to be true, so help me

"I am a farm laborer, and until recently was living with my father and mother at Marten's Hole, where my father rented a small farm under Mr. Jonathan Rowling. The same farm had been in the possession of my father all his life, and of his father before him, and it was our whole living.

"Mr. Jonathan Rowling had a disagreement with my father last year but one, just before Michaelmas, about some hedges which he insisted my father should renew, but which had always been replanted before that time at the expense of the landlord. My father refused to replant them at his own expense, and Mr. Rowland gave him notice to quit, which expired at Michaelmas last, and he subsequently turned by parents and myself out of the arm in the middle of winter.

"My mother was in a very feeble and delicate state of health, and the

and delicate state of health, and the eviction caused her death, and my father, being broken-hearted and ruined, was compelled to go into the workhouse.

"I determined to emigrate to America, and, with the assistance of a benevolent society, I obtained my passage money and outfit and enough eash in my pocket to prevent my be-ing turned back as a pauper on land-ing in the United States. I booked my passage on the steamship Monico. but before starting on the voyage I ning down an outgoing steam saw my father in the workhouse. His some twenty miles out, and which misfortunes had so shattered him that avoided by the skin of our teets. filled with indignation, I determined on shore, by the Captain's permiss

aud emigration. "I had bought a revolver to take with me, and, tramping to Doncaster, I laid in wait for Mr. Rowling on the evening of Thursday, the 24th of May last. I knew that it was his habit to walk through the plantation, which adjoins a lane called Danks's lane, every night between 8 and 9 o'clockhis purpose being to see if any rabbit and I hid myself behind some bushes in this plantation, close to the path. I presently heard footsteps, and directly afterward I saw Mr. Rowling walk along close beside where I was hiding. As soon as he got past me I stood up, and, aiming the revolver at I went to the assize town and saw him | him, I shot him in the back. He lifted

> "It was nearly dark, and I crept out anyone seeing me. I walked that night to Wakefield, along by-roads well known to me, and from thence, on following days, to Huddersfield, Ashton, Manchester, Newton and Liverpool, from which port I was to take

"In Liverpool I heard the murder spoken of for the first time, and, to my surprise, I found that Mr. Rupert Rowling (Mr. Rowling's nephew) was moment that they could find him guilty of the murder he had not committed, and I took no steps to let the truth be known. When I afterward learned that he was convicted of the murder and sentenced to death, I knew I ought to go back and own the deed and save him, but I could not bring myself to do so, and I went on board the Monico, well knowing that I was leaving behind me an innocent man to be hanged for the murder I had committed. The revolver with which I shot Mr. Rowling is in my box. All of which is true, as I de-

Cappermole signed this statement, and the clergyman, the Captain, the doctor and myself witnessed it, and shortly after five bells (10.30 o'clock at night) Cappermole died, being buried at sea the next day, Tuesday.

I had been melancholy and depressed, without hope before, but low began my anxious time.

Cappermole's statement was of use unless I could get the knowledge of it to the authorities in England in time to stop my friend Rupert's execution on Thursday morning, and it was checked both vomiti a race against time. We were, in Scientific American.

ordinary course, due at New York on Wednesday afternoon about 4 o'clock which would be about 9 o'clock at Charles Cappermole, fell down a night in England. We had favorable hatchway, breaking his back and receiving internal injuries, from which the doctor said he was bound to die ing we ran into a dense fog, and our course was impeded and the engines

I sought the Captain, and told him exactly what was depending on our not losing time. He was a fine fellow was Captain Marner, and he fully sympathized with me. We debated the matter, and considered it all round for a few minutes. To go full steam ahead was terribly dangerous, as the most extraordinary thing, but this lookout men could see no distance to man, Cappermole, has been telling the speak of, owing to the fog, but the speak of, owing to the fog, but the Captain at last determined to do it.

"I'll do it, Sparton," he cried. by Providence, and if I don't try and save Rupert Rowling I shall consider that I have been the cause of his being hanged. If 1 do try, and anything happens to our ship, then may God preserve us!"

To which I answered solemnly, 'Amen !"

Rushing off to the chief engineer, I briefly explained matters to him, and gave him the Captain's orders. The engineer was a big, hard-headed Scotchman, and gripping my hand in a grasp like a vice, he cried:

a grasp like a vice, he cried:

"I'll mak' the ship go, Robert. Bet it'll be a bad thing for onything verun into, I'm thinking. It will that?

Well, we tore along through the for all day Tuesday. I was in a dreadful state of mind. On the one hand I was all anxiety to reach port in time to cable to England and store the to cable to England and stop the execution of Rupert, while, on the other, we were risking the lives of the crew and some 250 passengers, to sy nothing of the ship and cargo.

I didn't leave the deck for a moment all day. I promised the Captain I would not leave a stone unturned to insure the safety of the vessel. We put three times the ordinary number of men on the lookout, and kept fog-horning and whistling all day long, but, by a merciful Providence, we had a clear course. We only sighted one vessel, about midday, but I could not discern what she was. Toward night the fog lifted and the stars shone. Me Greig, the engineer, now had the cost piled on at a fearful rate, and we shot through the water like an arrow; be early next morning the wretched to

We were, of course, nearing land and the risk of collision was ever minute more serious. We kept on or mad career. The passengers kne there was something queer abou steaming so fast through a fog, but answered them all:

"Oh, we're all right. We're on on usual track, and nothing gets in on

This was true to some extent, by the risk was enormous, and every mitthat we got nearer land I got man and more nervous. However, to cut a long story shor

we gained New York Harbor at 3.5 on Wednesday afternoon, nearly res

As soon as we arrived I hurris gram from him and the Captain to the Home Secretary in London. I als wired to the Governor of the ja where Rupert was waiting executed to Rupert himself, and to my sister The message to the Home Secretary was a long one; I remember it cost m

about £5. I waited at the cable office for a re ply. It came within four hours, which was pretty quick work, as my messag would not reach London till about o'clock at night, English time being about five hours ahead of New York Rupert was respited till our evident

could be brought home and inquire into, and in less than another month had the pleasure of shaking him! the hand as an acknowledged innoted man, her Majesty having, in the per-liar fashion of the English law, bee pleased to grant him a "free parder for an offence he had never committee However, all was right at last. B

pert succeeded to his uncle's prope and married my sister Patty in di

But the two days following Cappa mole's confession were the most an ious time in my life. I was thorough upset and almost prostrate for a we afterward, which is saying a greater for a strong-nerved sailor. -- Tit-Ba

## A Pawned City.

Formerly it was not uncommon! kings and nobles to pawn a part their territory. But Wismar, in Grand-duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwin, on the Baltic Sea, probably end the distinction of being the only in Europe remaining so pawned this day. Wismar has a population 15,000, and belongs to Sweden In 1803 Sweden pawned it 1648. the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg 1,258,000 Hamburg thalers, to be deemed in 1903. One hundred ye interest at three per cent. will be swelled the amount due in 1903 27,000,000.

## Cranberries in Cholera.

Dr. Goriansky declares that the of the pure and fresh juice of ! cranberries, given freely, either the luted or with an equal part of wa is an excellent means of relieving thirst and vomiting peculiar to era. In fifty cases, in which ice narcotics failed to make the sligh impression, the cranberry juid checked both vomiting and name