REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SILENCE REIGNED IN HEAVEN.

The Sermon as Delivered by the Brooklyn Divine.

TEXT: *"There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."*—Revelation viii., 1.

The busiest place in the universe is heaven. It is the center from which all good influences start. It is the goal at which all good results arrive. The Bible represents it as active with wheels and wings and orchestras and processions mounted or chariot. But my text describes a space when the wheels ceased to roll, and the trumpets to sound, and the voices to chant. The riders on the white horses reigned in their chargers. The doxologies were hushed and the processions halted. The hand of arrest was put upon all the splendors. "Stop, heaven!" cried an omnipotent voice, and it stopped. For thirty minutes everything celestial stood still. "There was silence in heaven for half an hour."

From all we can learn it is the only time heaven ever stopped. It does not stop as other cities for the night, for there is no night there. It does not stop for a plague, for the inhabitant never says, "I am sick." It does not stop for bankruptcies, for its inhabitants never fail. It does not stop for impassable streets, for there are no fallen snows nor sweeping freshets. What, then, stopped it for thirty minutes? Grotius and Professor Stuart think it was at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem. Mr. Lord thinks it was in the year 311, between the close of the Diocletian persecution and the beginning of the wars by which Constantine gained the throne. But that was all a guess, though a learned and brilliant guess. I do not know when it was and I do not care when it was, but of the fact that such an interregnum of sound took place, I am certain. "There was silence in heaven for half an hour."

And first of all we may learn that God and all heaven honored silence. The longest and widest dominion that ever existed is that over which stillness was queen. For an eternity there had not been a sound. World making was a later day occupation. For unimaginable ages it was a mute universe. God was the only being, and as there was no one to speak to there was no utterance. But that silence has been all broken up into worlds, and it has become a noisy universe. Worlds in upheaval, worlds in congelation, worlds in conflagration, worlds in revolution. If geologists are right—and I believe they are—there has not been a moment of silence since this world began its travels, and the crashings, and the splittings, and the uproar, and the hubbub are ever in progress.

But when among the supernals a voice cried, "Hush!" and for half an hour heaven was still, silence was honored. The full power of silence many of us have yet to learn. We are told that when Christ was arraigned, "He answered not a word." That silence was louder than any thunder that ever shook the world. Oftentimes, when we are assailed and misrepresented, the mightiest thing to say is nothing, and the mightiest thing to do is nothing. Those people who are always rushing into print to get themselves set right accomplish nothing but their own chagrin. Silence! Do right and leave the results with God. Among the grandest lessons the world has ever learned are the lessons of patience taught by those who endured uncomplainingly personal or domestic or social or political injustice.

Stronger than any bitter or sarcastic or revengeful answer was the patient silence. The famous Dr. Morrison, of Chelsea, accomplished as much by his silent patience as by his pen and tongue. He had asthma that for twenty-five years brought him out of his couch at two o'clock each morning. His four sons and daughters dead. The remaining child by sunstroke made insane. The afflicted man said, "At this moment there is not an inch of my body that is not filled with agony." Yet, he was cheerful, triumphant, silent. Those who were in his presence said they felt as though they were in the gates of heaven.

Oh, the power of patient silence! Eschylus, the immortal poet, was condemned to death for writing something that offended the people. All the pleas in his behalf were of no avail, until his brother uncovered the arm of the prisoner and showed that his hand had been shot off at Salamis. That silent plea liberated him. The loudest thing on earth is silence if it be of the right kind and at the right time. There was a quaint old hymn, spelled in the old style, and once sung in the churches;

> The race is not forever got
> By him who fastest runs,
> Nor the Battel by those peopell
> That shoot with the longest guns.

My friends, the tossing Sea of Galilee seemed most to offend Christ by the amount of noise it made, for He said to it, "Be still!" Heaven has been crowning kings and queens unto God for many centuries, yet heaven never stopped a moment for any such occurrence, but it stopped thirty minutes for the coronation of Silence. "There was silence in heaven for half an hour."

Learn also from my text that heaven must be an eventful and active place, from the fact that it could afford only thirty minutes of recess. There have been events on earth and in heaven that seemed to demand a whole day or whole week or whole year for celestial consideration. If Grotius was right and this silence occurred at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, that scene was so awful and so prolonged that the inhabitants of heaven could not have done justice to it in many weeks.

After fearful besiegement of the two fortresses of Jerusalem—Antonio and Hippicus—had been going on for a long while, a Roman soldier mounted on the shoulder of another soldier hurled into the window of the temple a firebrand, and the temple was all aflame, and after covering many sacrifices to the holiness of God, the building itself became a sacrifice to the rage of man. The hunger of the people in that city during the besiegement was so great that as some outlaws were passing a doorway and inhaled the odors of food, they burst open the door, threatening the mother of the household with death unless she gave them food, and she took them aside and showed them it was her own child she was cooking for the ghastly repast.

Six hundred priests were destroyed on Mount Zion because the temple being gone there was nothing for them to do. Six thousand people in one cloister were consumed. There were one million one hundred thousand dead, according to Josephus. Grotius thinks that this was the cause of silence in heaven for half an hour. If Mr. Lord was right and this silence was during the Diocletian persecutions, by which eight hundred and forty-four thousand Christians suffered death from sword and fire and banishment and exposure, why did not heaven listen throughout at least one of those awful years? No! Thirty minutes! The fact is that the celestial programme is so crowded with spectacle that it can afford only one recess in all eternity and that for a short space.

While there are great choruses in which all heaven can join, each soul there has a story of divine mercy peculiar to itself and it must be a solo. How can heaven get through with all its recitatives, with all its cantos, with all its grand marches, with all its victories? Eternity is too short to utter all the praise. In my text heaven spared thirty minutes, but it will never again spare one minute. In worship in earthly churches, when there are many to take part, we have to counsel brevity, but how will heaven get on rapidly enough to let the one hundred and forty-four thousand get through each with his own story, and then the one hundred and forty-four million, and then the one hundred and forty-four billion, and then the one hundred and forty-four trillion.

toNot only are all the triumphs of the past be commemorated, but all the triumphs to come. Not only what we now know of God, but what we will know of Him after everlasting study of the Deific. If my text had said there was silence in heaven for thirty days, I would not have been startled at the announcement, but it indicates thirty minutes. Why, there will be so many friends to hunt up; so many of the greatly good and useful that we will want to see; so many of the inscrutable things of earth we will need explained; so many exciting earthly experiences we will want to talk over, and all the other spirits and all the ages will want the same, that there will be no more opportunity for cessation.

How busy we will be kept in having pointed out to us the heroes and heroines that the world never fully appreciated—the yellow fever and cholera doctors who died, not flying from their posts; the female nurses who faced pestilence in the lazarettos; the railroad engineers who staid at their places in order to save the train though they themselves perished.

Hubert Goffin, the master miner, who, landing from the bucket at the bottom of the mine, just as he heard the waters rush in, and when one jerk of the rope would have lifted him into safety, put a blind miner who wanted to go to his sick child in the bucket and jerked the rope for him to be pulled up, crying, "Tell them the water has burst in and we are probably lost, but we will seek refuge at the other end of the right gallery;" and then giving the command to the other miners till they digged themselves so near out that the people from the outside could come to their rescue. The multitudes of men and women who got no crown on earth we will want to see when they get their crown in heaven. I tell you heaven will have no more half hours to spare.

Besides that, heaven is full of children. They are in the vast majority. No child on earth that amounts to anything can be kept quiet half an hour, and how are you going to keep five hundred million of them quiet half an hour. You know heaven is much more of a place than it was when that recess of thirty minutes occurred. Its population has quadrupled, sextupled, centupled. Heaven has more on hand, more of rapture, more of knowldge, more of intercommunication, more of worship.

There is not so much difference between Brooklyn seventy-five years ago, when there were a few houses down on the East river and the village reached up only to Sands street, as compared with what this great city is now—yea, not so much difference between New York when Canal street was far up town, and now when Canal street is far down town, than there is a difference between what heaven was when my text was written and what heaven is now. The most thrilling place we have ever been in is stupid compared with that, and if we now have no time to spare we will then have no eternity to spare. Silence in heaven only half an hour.

My subject also impresses me with the immortality of a half hour. That half hour mentioned in my text is more widely known than any other period in the calendar of heaven. None of the whole hours of heaven are measured off, none of the years, none of the centuries. Of the millions of ages past and the millions of ages to come not one is especially measured off in the Bible. The half hour of my text is made immortal. The only part of eternity that was ever measured by earthly timepiece was measured by the minute hand of my text.

Oh, the half hours! They decide everything. I am not asking what you will do with the years or months or days of your life, but what of the half hours. Tell me the history of your half hours and I will tell you the story of your whole life on earth and the story of your whole life in eternity. The right or wrong things you can think in thirty minutes, the right or wrong things you can say in thirty minutes, the right or wrong things you can do in thirty minutes are glorious or baleful, inspiring or desperate. Look out for the fragments of time. They are pieces of eternity.

It was the half hours between shoeing horses that made Elihu Burritt the learned blacksmith; the half hours between professional calls as a physician that made Abercrombie the Christian philosopher; the half hours between his duties as schoolmaster that made Salmon P. Chase chief justice; the half hours between shoe lasts that made Henry Wilson vice president of the United States; the half hours between canal boats that made James A. Garfield president.

The half hour a day for good books or bad books, the half hour a day for prayer or indolence, the half hour a day for helping others or blasting others, the half hour before you go to business and the half hour after your return from business—that makes the difference between the scholar and the ignoramus, between the Christian and the infidel, between the saint and the demon, between triumph and catastrophe, between heaven and hell. The most tremendous things of your life and mine were certain half hours.

The half hour when in the parsonage of a country minister I resolved to become a Christian then and there; the half hour when I decided to become a preacher of the Gospel; the half hour when I first realized that my son was dead; the half hour when I stood on the top of my house in Oxford street and saw our church burn; the half hour in which I entered Jerusalem; the half hour in which I ascenced Mount Calvary; the half hour in which I stood on Mars hill; the half hour in which the dedicatory prayer of this temple was made, and about ten or fifteen other half hours are the chief times of my life. You may forget the name of the exact years or most of the important events of your existence, but those half hours, like the half hour of my text, will be immortal.

I do not query what you will do with the Twentieth century. I do not query what you will do with 1892, but what will you do with the next half hour? Upon that hinges your destiny. And during that some of you will receive the Gospel and make complete surrender, and during that others of you will make final and fatal rejection of the full and free and urgent and impassioned offer of life eternal. Oh, that the next half hour might be the most glorious thirty minutes of your earthly existence.

Far back in history a great geographer stood with a sailor looking at a globe that represented our planet, and he pointed to a place on the globe where he thought there was an undiscovered continent. That undiscovered continent was America. The geographer who pointed where he thought there was a new world was Martin Behaim, and the sailor to whom he showed it was Columbus. This last was not satisfied till he had picked that gem out of the sea and set it in the crown of the world's geography. Oh, ye who have been sailing up and down the rough seas of sorrow and sin, let me point out to you another continent, yea, another world, that you may yourselves find a rapturous world, and that is the world a half hour of which we now study. Oh, set sail for it! Here is the ship and here are the compasses.

In other words, make this half hour, beginning at twenty minutes to twelve by my watch, the grandest half hour of your life and become a Christian. Pray for a regenerated spirit. Louis XIV, while walking in the garden at Versailles, met Mansard, the great architect, and the architect took off his hat before the king. "Put on your hat," said the king, "for the evening is damp and cold." And Mansard, the architect, the rest of the evening kept on his hat. The dukes and marquises standing with bare heads before the king expressed their surprise at Mansard, but the king said, "I can make a duke or a marquis, but God only can make a Mansard." And I say to you, my hearers, God only by His convincing and converting grace can make a Christian, but He is ready this very half hour to accomplish it.

Again my text suggests a way of studying heaven so that we can better understand it. The word "eternity" that we handle so much is an immeasurable word. Knowing that we could not understand that word the Bible uses it only once. We say, "Forever and ever;" but how long is "forever and ever?" I am glad that my text puts under our eyes heaven for thirty minutes. As when you would see a great picture you put a sheet of paper into a scroll and look through it, or join your forefinger to your thumb and look through the circle between, and the picture becomes more intense, so this masterpiece of heaven by St. John is more impressive when we take only thirty minutes of it at a time. Now we have something that we can come nearer to grasping, and it is a quiet heaven. When we discourse about the multitudes of heaven it must be almost a nervous shock to those who have all their lives been crowded by many people and who want a quiet heaven.

For the last thirty-five years I have been much of the time in crowds and under public scrutiny and amid excitements, and I have sometimes thought for a few weeks after I reach heaven I would like to go down in some quiet part of the realm with a few friends and for some little while try comparative solitude. Then there are those whose hearing is so delicate that they get no satisfaction when you describe the crash of the eternal orchestra, and they feel like saying, as a good woman in Hudson, N. Y., said, after hearing me speak of the mighty chorus of heaven. "That must be a great heaven, but what will become of my poor head?" Yes, this half hour of my text is a still experience.

"There was silence in heaven for half an hour." You will find the inhabitants all at home. Enter the King's Palace and take only a glimpse, for we have only thirty minutes for all heaven. "Is that Jesus?" "Yes." Just under the hair along His forehead is the mark of a wound made by a bunch of twisted brambles, and His foot on the throne has on the round of His instep another mark of a wound made by a spike, and a scar on the palm of the left hand. But what a countenance! What a smile! What a grandeur! What a loveliness! What an overwhelming look of kindness and grace! Why, He looks as if He had redeemed a world! But come on, for our time is short. Do you see that row of palaces? That is the Apostolic row. Do you see that long reach of architectural glories? That is Martyr row. Do you see that immense structure? That is the biggest house in heaven; that is "the House of Many Mansions." Do you see that wall? Shade your eyes against its burning splendor, for that is the wall of heaven, jasper at the bottom and amethyst at the top. See this river rolling through the heart of the great metropolis? That is the river concerning which those who once lived on the banks of the Hudson, or the Alabama, or the Rhine, or the Shannon say, "We never saw the like of this for clarity and sheen." That is the chief river of heaven—so bright, so wide, so deep. But you ask, "Where are the asylums for the old?" I answer, "The inhabitants are all young." "Where are the hospitals for the lame?" "They are all agile." "Where are the infirmaries for the blind and deaf?" "They all see and hear." "Where are the almhouses for the poor?" "They are all multimillionaires." "Where are the inebriate asylums?" "Why, there are no saloons." "Where are the graveyards?" "Why, they never die." Pass down those boulevards of gold and amber and sapphire and see those interminable streets built by the Architect of the universe into homes, over the threshold of which sorrow never steps, and out of whose windows faces, once pale with earthly sickness, now look rubicund with immortal health. "Oh, let me go in and see them?" you say. No, you cannot go in. There are those there who would never consent to let you come up. You say, "Let me stay here in this place where they never sin, where they never suffer, where they never part." No, no! Our time is short, our thirty minutes are almost gone. Come on! We must get back to the earth before this half hour of heavenly silence breaks up, for in your mortal state you cannot endure the pomp and splendor and resonance when this half hour of silence is ended.

The day will come when you can see heaven in full blast, but not now. I am now only showing you heaven at the dullest half hour of all the eternities. Come on! There is something in the celestial appearance which makes me think that the half hour of silence will soon be over. Yonder are the white horses being hitched to chariots, and yonder are seraphs fingering harps as if about to strike them into symphony, and yonder are conquerors taking down from the blue halls of heaven the trumpets of victory.

Remember, we are mortal yet, and cannot endure the full roll of heavenly harmonies and cannot endure even the silent heaven for more than half an hour. Hark! the clock in the tower of heaven begins to strike and the half hour is ended. Descend! Come back! Come down till your work is done! Shoulder a little longer your burdens! Fight a little longer your battles! Weep a little longer your griefs! And then take heaven, not in its dullest half hour, but in its mightiest pomp, and instead of taking it for thirty minutes take it world without end.

But how will you spend the first half hour of your heavenly citizenship after you have gone in to stay? After your prostration before the throne in worship of Him who made it possible for you to get there at all, I think the rest of your first half hour in heaven will be passed in receiving your reward if you have been faithful. I have a strangely beautiful book containing the pictures of the medals struck by the English Government in honor of great battles; these medals pinned over the heart of the returned heroes of the army on great occasions, the royal family present; the Crimean medal, the Victoria cross, the Waterloo medal.

In your first half hour in heaven in some way you will be honored for the earthly struggles in which you won the day. Stand up before all the royal house of heaven and receive the insignia while you are announced as the victor over the droughts and freshets of the farm field, victor over the temptations of the Stock Exchange, victor over professional allurements, victor over domestic infelicities, victor over mechanic's shop, victor over the storehouse, victor ever home worriments, victor over physical distresses, victor over hereditary depressions, victor over sin and death and hell. Take the badge that celebrates those victories through our Lord Jesus Christ. Take it in the presence of all the galleries—saintly, angelic and divine!

> Thy saints in all this glorious war
> Shall conquer though they die.
> They see the triumph from afar,
> And seize it with their eye.

How He Hoodwinked Her.

A celebrated German physician was once called upon to treat an aristocratic lady, the sole cause of whose complaint was high living and lack of exercise. But it would never do to tell her so, so his medical advice ran thus: "Arise at 5 o'clock, take a walk in the park for one hour, then drink a cup of tea, then walk another hour, and take a cup of chocolate. Take breakfrst at 8." Her condition improved visibly, until one fine morning the carriage of the baroness was seen to approach the physician's residence at lightning speed. The patient dashed up to the doctor's office, and on his appearing on the scene she gasped out: "Oh, doctor, I took the chocolate first."

"Then drive home as fast as you can," ejaculated the astute disciple of Esculap, rapidly writing a prescription, "and take this emetic. The tea must be underneath." The grateful patient complied. She is still improving.

California produced the first bars of American tin from American mines, worked by American machinery and dug out by American miners at Temescal, San Bernardino County.

A New Haven (Conn.) physician has come to the conclusion that clams propagate typhoid fever.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

A bee does not weigh the one-hundredth part of an ounce.

It is said that the grip this year partakes of the nature of neuralgia.

Electric motors have been so greatly improved of late that they will now pull nearly 30,000 pounds.

Naturalists have enumerated 657 different species of reptiles. Of this number 490 are as harmless as rabbits.

By a new system, compound sheets of platinum and gold are used to make crucibles for use in industrial chemistry.

The Maine Cattle Commission has discovered tuberculosis in cattle from Massachusetts, and has ordered that importation be stopped.

Steel smokestacks are being placed upon the locomotives of the elevated railroads in New York City, thus reducing the weight from 800 to about 100 pounds.

An apparatus for purifying lubricating oils coming from machinery has been patented in Norway whereby the same oil can be used many times at a trifling expense.

In order to photograph the flying insect, the exposure must last only 1-25,000th part of a second. This the French photographer, M. Marey, claims to have accomplished by the aid of a new instrument invented by himself. He has also photographed the blood globules circulating in a vein.

Owing to the lack of penetrating power possessed by the electric arc light in thick weather, its use in lighthouses is not recommended. Inventive talent is now being brought to bear in England to ascertain a better composition of the carbons, with a view to supplying the required rays for penetrating effect.

The effect of a recent explosion at Rome in which 265 tons of gunpowder blew up, has been observed on the barometer at the Roman College, which is four kilometres from the magazine. The increase of atmospheric pressure caused by the sudden evolution of gases made the mercury jump up 11.4 millimetres.

The recent rise in the price of cannel coal has led the English gas companies to look about for some other means of increasing the illuminating power of the gas. This has been found in Russian petroleum, from a light product of which according to Mr. Weaver, a rich gas is now being supplied in Kensington by the local company.

An extraordinary result has been obtained by some experiments made in England in signalling with electric lights turned vertically to the sky. The light of the Eddystone lighthouse can be seen only 17½ miles, and then on a clear night; but a vertical beam of light of far less power is visible just twice as far, with a strong chance of its surmounting an ordinary fog.

Professor Krail, of Vienna, Austria, in examining the bands of a mummy, probably of the age of the Ptolemies, which for the last forty years has been preserved in a museum, has found a strip of linen with several hundred lines of Etruscan writing. In this text, which is the longest we possess in that language, some words occur that are to be found in Etruscan inscriptions known to us, but the whole cannot, in the actual state of Etruscan studies, be deciphered.

Examination has shown that fish came back to the stream where they were born after having been out at sea for the winter months. This is known by the marks placed on them and by the general difference in the varieties of salmon and shad which came to different streams. This is not only a curious and interesting fact, but an important one in the consideration of the laws governing fisheries and fish culture, as it allows each State to have its own system and provide for its own fish.

Baffle the Counterfeiters.

"There is one feature of United States Treasury notes which counterfeiters find impossible to imitate," said a Treasury official to the Man About Town, "and that is the two blue silk threads which you have noticed run lengthwise through the bills. They are little over an inch apart, and though sometimes almost invisible they form part of every bill issued by the Government. These threads are put in the paper when it is made at the factory, and as it is a penitentiary offence for any paper manufacturer to make the paper it is impossible for counterfeiters to secure it. I never saw but one bad bill that had a silk thread in it, and that only had one thread instead of two, and was, therefore, easily detected as spurious. It was quite plain from the frayed edges of the thread that the counterfeiter had split the bill, and then putting the thread in had pasted the two parts together again. The fellow must have been very stupid not to know that genuine money has two threads instead of one."—St. Louis Republic.

Dog Meat for Consumptives.

How long will it be before canine cutlets will be a part of the regular menu in hospitals where pulmonary diseases are specially treated? A New York woman acknowledges that she fed her husband on dog meat for months and effected a complete cure, the good man believing the while that the wife had discovered a new and more palatable way of preparing mutton. This women is Mrs. Louise Schwartz, of East Ninth street. This was thirty-four years ago, and the husband died without learning of the deception his wife had practised on him, but he lived many years, and was finally carried away by a trouble that did not affect the lungs at all. But a Brooklyn German has gone a step further, he sells essence of dog, or perhaps it would be more proper to say extract of dog, at $1 a bottle, having rendered it from the carcass.—St. Louis Republic.

On the Eastern frontier of the Dark Continent coal is so plentiful that by lifting a shovelful of clay off any particular spot it may be reached. But there is no means of transporting it to market.

EGYPT'S NEW KHEDIVE.

The Career and Attainments of the Young Prince Abbas.

The late Khedive of Egypt, Tewfik Pacha, who died in Cairo on January 7, left four children, two boys and two girls, borne him by his only wife, Princess Emineh, whom he married in 1873. His eldest son, Abbas Bey, the present Khedive, was born on July 14, 1874, and therefore will attain his majority in six months.

Abbas Bey was educated by A. T. Butler, who acted for several years as his tutor, and who has been for a long while in the service

PRINCE ABBAS.

of the late Khedive. It is this circumstance which has given rise to the too general belief that the young Prince, having been at first under British tuition, would prove to be an Anglophite to a still greater extent than was his father, Tewfik. But it is difficult to decide that question, for Abbas Bey has not yet had an opportunity to show his sentiments and his opinion about the political affairs of his country. He has spent the last three years at the Oriental Academy of Vienna; and he speaks German and French as well as he speaks English.

MERINO-SHEEP BREEDERS.

The Annual Meeting of the Association Held at Steubenville.

Steubenville, Jan. 30—The seventeenth annual meeting of the United States Merino-Sheep Breeders' association was held here this week, with representatives present from half a dozen States. The work of the executive committee was approved, and J. B. Hewey selected as president pro tem.

W. B. Pollock, of Canonsburg, Pa., who was a delegate of the National Delaine association to a joint meeting of sheep-breeders with the World's Fair directors, presented a report, claiming that American breeders were discriminated against, as there would be considerable red tape connected with exhibiting. Exhibitions of Americans would have to be done as individuals as against English, Australian and Canadian sheep-breeders who could exhibit by States or counties.

A Pennsylvanian here arose and said that in the committee of thirty appointed to look after Pennsylvania's interests at the fair the farmer was not given half a show, as the only granger on the committee came from the East and that he hired his farm workers. They as an association, had asked that a practical sheep breeder be appointed, but their request was ignored. He also thought they should exhibit as an association, so that a good showing could be made. A committee of five was then appointed to look after their interests at the fair. A resolution was also passed asking that the fair be closed on the Sabbath and that no liquor be sold on the grounds. It was decided that all sheep to be registered must be presented by July 1, 1892, and 1892 lambs by October 1, 1892.

The following officers were then elected: President, T. G Donaldson, Scroggsfield, Ohio; vice presidents, W. L. Archer, of Burgettstown, Pa., and Robert Perrine, of Pattersons Mills, Pa.; secretary and treasurer, J. A. B. Walker, of Enon Valley, Pa.; member of executive board, James Buell, of Independence, Pa.; of auditing board, W. H. Buchanan, of West Middleton, Ohio; George J. Graham, of Smithfield, Ohio, and O. Watkins, of Maynard, Ohio; examining sheep, James Glass, of Burgettstown. The session adjourned to meet in Steubenville in January, 1893.

The greatest merino sheep raising interests in this district center around western Pennsylvania, West Virginia and eastern Ohio, within a radius of 100 miles, and many prominent sheep raisers of the district were in attendance.

BAKER BALLOT LAW TEST.

Supreme Court Asked to Declare the Ballot Law Unconstitutional.

Philadelphia, January 30.—Application was made to the supreme court for an injunction to restrain the commissioners, treasurer and controller of this county from putting the recently enacted Australian ballot law into operation. The petition is signed by a number of prominent citizens, and is a very lengthy one, setting forth a number of legal reasons. The petitioners are all Prohibitionists and claim that because their vote fell below the 3 per cent. required by the new ballot law it divides the voters into two classes, making numbers in the party groups an additional qualification for the free and equal exercise of the right of suffrage. It is also claimed that the law is in violation of the bill of rights, and petitioners pray the court to pronounce it unconstitutional.

FIRES AND FAILURES.

At Centralia, Ill., Wells & Garrett's hardware store and John Glorer's harness store were burned. Loss, $25,000. The *Guard* printing office was badly damaged.

The Chester, (S. C.) cotton factory burned. Loss, $220,000; insurance, $150,000. Over 200 operatives are thrown out of work.

At Duewest, S. C., the Erskine college was burned. Loss, $25,000, with out insurance.

At Kansas City, Mo., 300 mules and 16 horses in Sparks Bros.' mule market and a stallion worth $2,000, were consumed by fire. Loss, between $35,000 and $40,000; insurance not known.

At Pine Bluffs, Ark., a half block of business houses were burned. Loss, $150,000; insurance small.

At Chicago, a five story building, occupied by the Chicago Crutch & Machine company, the Illinois Broom company, and the Smith & Bayne's Piano company, was gutted by fire. Loss, $65,000.

A Wife Driven Insane.

Bethlehem, Pa., Jan. 30—Mrs. Catharine Johnson is a raving maniac by brooding over the mysterious disappearance of her husband two weeks ago. The couple are wealthy and recently moved here from Brooklyn. Nothing has been heard of John son since his disappearance.

PENNSYLVANIA NOTES.

A Few Condensations of Events Occurring Throughout the State.

Jacob Reikal, aged 65, while working in a sawmill at Kremis, a small village near Mercer, was caught in a belt and drawn between a fly-wheel and boiler, where he was crushed into a shapeless mass. He leaves a wife and four children.

Miles Bradshaw, of near Beaver Falls, on Monday night had 70 sheep, valued at $400, killed by dogs.

Before leaving for work Friday morning an oil driller named Stoner, living at Callery Junction, turned on the gas in the stove, leaving his wife and child sleeping in bed. Shortly after fire broke out, and before the neighbors could subdue the flames, both mother and babe were burned to death. They were found lying in bed, with the child clasped in its mother's arms.

The Painertown oil field, about nine miles southwest of Greensburg, is being developed successfully. It is known now that an exceptionally fine grade of lubricating oil has been found on the Fulton farm. Indications point to a good flow when the well is completed. Great secracy is maintained by those in charge of the premises. The oil, in its crude condition, is valued at $6 a barrel.

A lad named Michael McCloskey, aged 8 years, residing in Philadelphia, secured a bottle containing about a quarter of a pint of whiskey and drank the contents He had been a sufferer from valvular disease of the heart, and the whiskey so stimulated the action of that organ as to cause death.

Alfred James, a missing Washington boy, is supposed to have perished by freezing in the woods.

License court convened at Clarion. Judge Clark granted license to 38 out of 44 applicants, with an order that bars should be closed by 10:30 p. m.

A wire nail over an inch in length was found imbedded in the liver of a chicken killed at Rochester.

Bert Rush, a young man living at Farmington, Fayette county, was thrown from a pony Sunday and fataly injured.

John Wentzell, of Greensburg, was attacked and fatally injured by a ferocious dog.

John Watkins, of Kamerer, Washington county, accidentally shot himself through the heart.

The 3-year-old son of James Montgomery of Washington fell into the fire and was burned to death.

Oliver Mackin was killed while felling a tree within a mile of Johnstown, the tree crushing his body.

Senator Cameron has introduced petitions in the U. S. Senate from over 200 towns in Pennsylvania favoring the passage of a bill subjecting oleomargarine to the laws of the several States.

Daniel Weller died on his farm, where he was born, near Canonsburg, aged 91. He leaves 11 children, 27 grandchildren and one great grandchild.

John McClymods and his daughter, of Darlington, were perhaps fatally injured in a runaway accident at Beaver Falls.

Last week two children of the family of John Getz, a hotelkeeper at Landis Valley, died of diphtheria within half an hour of each other. Friday two more of his children died of the same disease. The first two children who died were buried at the same time and the two who died Friday also will be buried at one time.

George R. Senter, employed at the coal chute, was struck by an engine at Meadville and fatally hurt.

Mrs Davis, of Philadelphia, laid her sleeping infant on the open folding bed the other day, and went about her duties in another part of the house. While absent, her little son loosed the latch and the bed closed. He did not know baby was in the bed. Later the mother returned and found her baby dead, it having been suffocated.

Two dwellings on the Adair farm, Washing county, were totally destroyed by fire. The occupants lost all their effects. Total loss, $5,000.

John Barr, recently released from the Riverside penitentiary, was frozen to death near Enterprise Wednesday night. He had been drinking heavily and attempted to walk to the house of his sister.

On account of business engagements, Captain John W. Morrison, State-Treasurer-elect, has decided not to accept the cashiership of the treasury tendered him after him election by State Treasurer Boyer.

Robert F. P. Pollock, of Marchard, killed himself by the accidental discharge of a gun, while hunting.

An insane man, J. J. McFee, was strangled to death by a fellow inmate, O. A. Williams, at the Dixmont, (Pa.) insane asylum.

Peter Ryan, a prominent farmer living near Connellsville, while crossing a bridge on the Southwest Penn road, was struck by a train and instantly killed. He leaves a wife and six children.

Miss Allie Born, of Canonsburg, fell on the slippery pavement and fractured her skull. She is not expected to live.

The handsome Catholic church at Connellsville was destroyed by fire. The building including contents, was valued at nearly $100,000, on which there was only $25,000 insurance. The church was built in 1886, and the building, which was the finest church edifice in the country, alone cost $5,000.

John Lafferty, aged 84 years, was found frozen to death in a field adjoining his residence at East Nottingham.

Anthracite coal has been found in Berks county.

Seymour White, a brakeman in the Altoona yards, was run over and instantly killed by a shifting engine.

George Leinbach, of Leesport, aged 40, and one of the wealthiest citizens in Berks county, was killed in his stable by a vicious horse. He was kicked on the temple.

Mrs. Edward Kensinger, of Altoona, was probably fatally burned Saturday evening by the explosion of a lamp.

According to the first official report of Hoskins & McClintock, assignees of the Messrs. Delamater, the general creditors of the insolvent bankers will not receive more than 8 or 10 cents on the dollar.

Near Erie, fire destroyed the Lone Fisherman's inn, a widely known summer resort located on the bank of Presque Isle bay. Loss, $10,000; insurance unknown.

An incendiary fire at Altoona destroyed A. C. Mercer & Co.'s brick works. Loss, $6,000; partially insured.

THERE is no doubt that the noise of the city has been steadily increasing for many years. It is perhaps inevitable, and yet it is plain enough that, if some restriction is not put upon the unnecessary turmoil, there will be no such thing as residence here, except to those unable to retire into the suburbs. One easily becomes convinced of the insensible wear and tear upon the nerves of all the racket incident to the city by noting the irritability it occasions after the annual return from the country, when a term of rural quiet has taken us back to our normal sensibility. Oh, for the conveniences of the city and the country's opportunities for rest.

The man whose name is most often under a cloak is the umbrella-maker.—Puck.