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SUNDAY SERMON

A series of the series of the

plorers from the cindery and crumbing births. It seems like the asylum of ranniac elements.

At one time far back its top had been a fortress, where Spartacus fought and was surrounded and would have been destroyed had it not been for the grapevines which clothed the mountainside from top to base, and laying hold of them he climbed hand under hand to safety in the valley. But for centuries it has kept its furnace burning as we saw it that night on our arrival in November of 1889.

Of course the next day we started to see some of the work wrought by that frenzied mountain. "All out for Pompell!" was the cry of the conductor. And now we stand by the corpse of that dead city. As we entered the gate and passed between the walls I took off my hat, as one naturally does in the presence of some imposing obsequies. That city had been at one time a capital of beauty and pomp. The home of grand architecture, exquisite painting, enchanting sculpture, unrestreined croussal and rart assemblage. had been at one time a capuse popp. The home of grand architecture, exquisite painting, enchanting sculpture, unrestrained carousal and rapt assemblage. A high wall twenty feet thick, three-fourths of it still visible, encircled the city. Of those walls, at a distance of only 100 yards from each other, towers rose for armed men who watched the city. The streets ran at right angles and from wall to wall, only one street angles.

each other, towers rose for armed men who watched the city. The streets ran at right angles and from wall to wall, only one street excepted.

In the days of the city's prosperity its towers glittered in the sun; eight strong gates for ingress and egress; Gate of the Seashore. Gate of Herculaneum, Gate of Vesuvius being perhaps the most important. Yonder stood the Temple of Jupiter, holsted at an imposing elevation, and with its six coriation columns of immense girth, which stood like carved ieobergs shimmering in the light. There stands the Temple of the Twelve Gods. Yonder see the Temple of Hercules and the Temple of Mercury, with altars of marble and bas-relief, wonderful enough to astound all succeeding ages of art, and the Temple of Gesulapius, brilliant with sculpture and gorgeous with painting. Yonder are the theethree, partly out into surrounding hills, and glorified with pictured walls, and entered under arches of imposing masoury, and with rooms, for capitated and applaudatory audiences easted or standing in vest semi-circle. Yonder are the costly and immense public baths of the city, with more than the modern ingenuities of Carlobad. Notice the warmth of those ancient tepladariums, with hovering radiance of roof, and the vapor of those caldariums, with decorated alcoves, and the cold dash of their trigidariums, with hovering radiance of roof, are the barracks of the celebrated gladiators. Yonder is the summer home of Sallost, the Roman historian and Seantor, the architecture as elaborate as his character was corrupt. There is the residence of the poet Pansa, with a compressed Louvre and Lucembourg within his walls. There is the home of tartius Diome, at the summer home of Sallost, the Roman historian and Seantor, the architecture as elaborate as his character was corrupt. There is the residence of the poet Pansa, with a compressed Louvre and Lucembourg within his walls. There is the home of tartius Diome, after war or the city are men of might and women of beauty formed into bronze that many centuries

sames and Tacitus and Cieoro pronounced it.

Stand with me on its walls this evening of August 23, A. D. 79. See the throngs passing up and down in Tyrian purple and girdles of drabesque, and necks enchained with precious stones, proud official in imposing toga meeting the slave carrying trays a-clink with goblets and a-smoke with delicacies from paddock and sea, and moralist musing over the degradation of the times passes the predigrate doing his best to make them worse. Hark to the clatter and rataplan of the boots on the streets paved with blocks of basalt. See the verdured and flowered grounds sloping into the most beautiful bax at all the converted of the companies of the converted of the

fai summer centre sate and the morning of the 24th of August, A. D. 79, has arrived, and the days roll on said it is 7 o clock, in the afternoon. "Look" I say to you, standing on this wall, as the state of Pliny said to him, the Roman conspire and navail commander, on the day of which I speak, as she pointed him in the direction in which I boint you.

she pointed him in the direction in which I point you.

There is a peculiar cloud on the sky; a spotted doud, now with now black. It is venutually saw that it is venutually saw that it is to the sky and stand of that black monster throat fine and great of that black monster throat fine and great, as, by my greater, I now the same it is the same great of the same in the same i

For three days the entombment proceeded. Then the clouds lifted, and the anning. of that Apollyon of mountains subelded. For 1700 years that city of Pouped lay burded and without anything to show its place of doom. But after 1700 years of obliferation a workman's spade, digging a well, strikes some antiquities which ead to the exhumtion of the city. Now walk with me through some of the streets and into some of the houses and smid the roins of basilion and temple and algosithéatre.

From the morgest the guide met us at the gate on entewing Pompelt that day in Nowember, 1889, until he loft us at the gate on our departure, the emotion I felt was indescribable for elevation and solempity and sorrow and awe. Come and see the petrified bodies, of the dead found in the city, and now in the museums of Italy. About 450 of those embalmed by that cruption have been recovered. Mother and child, noble and serf, merchant and beggar, are presentable and natural after 1700 years of burial. That woman was found clutching her adorments when the storm of ashes and fire began, and for 1700 years she continued to clutch them. There at the soldlers' barracks are sixtyfor skeletons of brave men, who faithfully stood guard of their post when the tempest of inders began, and after 1700 years were still found standing quard. There is the form of gentee womanhood impressed upon the hardened ashes. Pass along, and here we see the deep ruis in the basalite pavements worn there by the wheels of the charicts of the first century. There, over the doorways and in the porticoss, are works of art immortalizing the debauchery of a city, which, notwithstanding all its splendors, was a vestibule of perdition.

Those gutters ran with the blood of the gladiators, who were prizefighters of those ancient times, and it was sword parrying sword, until, with one skilful and stort plunge of the sharp edge, the mailed and

which notwithstanding all its splendors, was a vestibule of perdition.

Those gutters ran with the blood of the gladiators, who were prizefighters of those ancient times, and it was sword parrying sword, until, with one skilful and stout plunge of the sharp edge, the mauled and gashed combatant reeled over dead, to be carried out amid the huzzas of enraptured spectators. We staid among those suggestive scenes after the hour that visitors are usually allowed, there and staid until there was not a footfall to be heard within all that eity except our own. Up this silent street and down that silent street we wandered. Into that windowless and roofless home we went and came out axain onto the pavements that, now forsaken, were once thronged with life. And can it be that all up and down these solemn solitudes, hearts more than 1800 years ago ached and rejoiced, and feet shuffled with the gait of old age or danced with childish glee, and overtasked workmen carried their burdens, and drunkards staggered? On that measic floor did glowing youth clasphands in marriage vow. and cross that threshold did pallbearers carry the beloved dead; and gay groups once mount those now skeletons of staircases?

While I walked and contemplated the city seemed suddenly to be thronged with all the population that had ever inhabited it, and I heard its laughter and groan and uncleanness and infernal boast as it was on the 23d of August. 49- And Vesuvius; from the mild light with which it flushed the sky that summer evaning as I stood in disentended Pompeil, seemed suddenly again to heave and flame and rock with the lava and darkness and decolation and woe with which more than eighteen centuries ago it submerged formed by the submerged Pompeil, as with the liturgy of fire and storm the mountain proclaimed at the burial, "Ashes to ashee, dust to dust."

My friends, I cannot tell what practical suggestion comes to your mind from this walk through uncovered Pompeil, but the first thought that absorbs mo. Is that, while art and culture are impo

the sun.
Yet how many think that all that is neces-Yet how many think that all that is necessary is to cultivate the mind and advance the knowledge and improve the arts. Have you the impression that eloquence will do the elevating work? Why, Pompeil had Cleero half of every year for its citizen. Have you the idea that literature is all that is necessary to keep a city right? Why, Sallust, with a pan that was the beast of Roman literature, bad a mansion in that doomed city. Do you think that soulpture, and art are quite sufficient for the production of good morals? Then correct your delusion by examining the statutes in the Temple of Mercury at Pompeil, or the winged figures of its Parthenon, and the colonnades and arches of this house of Dlomed.

and Dore exhibitions and galleries where the genius of all the centuries can bank itself up in snowy sculpture, and all bricabrac, and all pure art, but nothing save the religion of Jesus Christ can make a city moral. In proportion as churches and Bibles and Christian printing presses and revivals of religion abound is a city pure and clean. What has Buddhism or Confucianism or Mohammedanism done in all the hundred of years of their progress for the elevation of the contract of the confusion.

dean. What has Buddhism or Confuctanism into the dept.

The mornB. The mornD. 79, has and proper of their progress for the elevation of society? Absolutely nothing.

Peking and Madras and Cairo are just that they were age ago, except as Christianity has modified their condition. What is the difference between our Brooklyn and their Pompell? No difference; except that which I is larger than the difference between our Brooklyn and their Pompell? No difference; except that which Christianity has wrought. Favor all good art, but take best care of your change, and your Bibles, and your family altars.

Yes, see in our walk through uncovered which their cores, and is the core of Good. Cities are sometimes affected just as good people are afficted just as good people are afficted, and the earthquake, and the options, and the options, and the options are interesting the core of the core

But the cemetery of dead clies is not yet filled, and if the present cities of the world forget God and with their indecencies shock the heavens let them know that the God who on the 24th of August. 79, dropped on a city of Italy a superincumbrance that staid there seventeen centuries is still alive and hates sin now as much as He did then and has at His command all the armament of destruction with the 15th and 15 tion with which He whelmed their iniquitous predecessors.

tion with which He whelmed their iniquitous pradecessors. It was only a few summers ago that Brooklyn and Now York felt an earthquake throb that sent the people afrighted into the streets and that suggested that there are forces of nature now suppressed or held in check, which easier than a child in a nursery. knocks down a row of block houses could prostrate a city or engulf a continent deeper than Pompeli was engulfed. Our hope is in the mercy of the Lord continued to our American cities.

It amazes me that this city, which has the quiescer saocatns on the continent and the best order and the highest tone of morals of any city that I know of, is now having brought into as near neighborhood as Coney Island carnivals of purglism as debasing as any of the gladiatorial interests of Pompeil. What a percelous crew that Coney Island Athletic Club is, under whose auspices these orgies are enacted! What a degradation to the adjective "athletic," which ordinarily suggests health and muscle developed for useful purpose? Instead of calling it an athletic club they might better style it "The Rufflan Club For Smashing the Human Vibage."

singgests health and muscle developed for useful purpose? Instead of calling it at athletic club they might better style it "The Ruffian Club For Smashing the Human Visage."

Vile men are turning that Coney Island, which is one of the finest watering places on all the Atlantic coast, into a place for the offscouring of the earth to congregate, the low horse jockeys and gamblers, and the boffscouring of the earth to congregate, the low horse jockeys and gamblers, and the puglists and the pleckpockets, and the bloats regurgitated from the depths of the worst wards of these brites. They invite delegates from universal losferdom to come to their carnival of knuckles. But I do not believe that the puglists contracted for and advertised for next December will take place in our neighborhood.

Evil sometimes defeats itself by going one step too far. You may drive the hoop of a barrel down so hard that it breaks. I will not believe that the international prize fight will take place on Long Island or in the State of New York until I see the rowdy rabble rolling drunk off the ears at Flatbush avenue and with faces banged and cut and bleeding from the imbruting scene. Against this infraction of the laws of the State of New York I lift solemn protest. The currse of Almighty God will rest upon any community that consents to such an outrage. Does any one rank it cannot be stopped, and that the contabulary would be overborne? Then left over the contabulary would be overborne? Then left over the militan and they will clean out the nuisance in one hour.

Warned by the doom of other cities that have perished for their ruflanism, or their cuelty, or their idolarty, or their diolarty, or their di

Deums" and "Jubilates of moral and religious victory." Show that the day is coming when a great tidal wave of salvation will roll over all our dities. Show how Pompeli buried will become Pompeli resurrected. Demonstrate the fact that there are millions of good men and women who will give themselves no rest day nor night until cities that are now of the type of the buried cities of Italy shall take type from the New Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven. I had the advancing morn. I make the same proclamation to-day that Gideon made to the shivering cowards of his army. "Whosoever is fearful and straid, let him return and depart early from Mount Gillad." Close up the ranks. I fift the goepel standard. Forward into this Armaged-don that is now opening and lot the word varies for the first three points and the contract of the contr eathered, though burn in the color of the co

look be upon city halls where justice reigns, or demagagues plos for the saturing of belief boxes? Shall we sit for the last time in some church where flod is worshiped with the contrile heart, or where cold formalism goes through unneaning genuflexions? God save the cities! Righteousness is life; iniquity is death. Remember picturesque, terraced, templed, sculptured, boasful, God defying and entombed Pompell?

THE MOORISH WAR.

Spaniards Seem Anxious to Join the Campaign.

MADRIE, Oct. 7.—Cable communication with Melilla which has been interrupted is restored. The latest news from the fortress is that the Moors are invisible. It is supposed that they are hiding in the val-leys near Melilla, awaiting reinforcements or some favorable opportunity to make an attack. The first attachment of military reinforcements from Spain have reached Mebila and marched to the fort. The Spanish squadron has been ordered to cruise along the Moorish coast. The sec cruise along the Moorist coast. The sec-ond army corps will be concentrated prob-ably at Seville's o as to be ready for any emergency at Meililla. The enthusiasm for a war policy grows hourly among the people. The discontent with the govern-ment's domestic policy has abated and the protests against paying taxes have been stilled temporarily. The whole army wish to go to the North African coast and a dozen regiments have volunteered to forego the extra pay usually given for active campaign work.

THE CENSUS.

Wright Will Complete the Work as Soon as Possible.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 7.— Carroll D. Wright, the new superintendent of the census office, was questioned yesterday as to what policy he would pursue in completing the census work. He had not yet had 'time, he said, to familiarize himself with the status of the work, but speaking generally he expected to first complete the three leading features of the census, population, agriculture and manufactures. He would then preserve all the main features of the subsidiary topics keeping in mind lines of positive value, leaving out, if anything, those which are simply interesting without attempting any abrogation in the original plans. He expects to complete the census as anickly and as enouncied as original plans. He expects to complete the census as quickly and as economical as possible and in a manner creditable to the government.

NEW YORK REPUBLICANS. Picket Nominated at the Syracus Convention.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Oct. 7. -The repubican state convention yesterday nominate the following ticket:

the following ticket:

Secretary of State Gen. Palmer

State Treasurer — A. B. Colvin.

Attorney General—Theodora C. Hancock.

State Engineer and Surveyor Camp
well W. Adams.

Associate Justice of the Court of Appeals—Judge Bartlett.

DETROIT ORDERED TO RIO

DETROIT ORDERED TO RIO,

The Instructions Were to Proceed With Despatch.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 6 .- According to a despatch received at the navy department the United States cruiser Detroit left Himpton roads at 8 a. m. under orders to proceed to Rio "with despatch," stopping

proceed to not with despaten, stopping at Fort Thomas or Barbadoes. L. coal, if necessary, and for any instruction the navy department may wish to send. The Charleston is now in Rio harbor, the Newark is due there about the 15th inst., and the Detroit will probably reach Rio about the 20th.

Perhaps a Meteorite.

HARTORD, Conn., Oct. 9.—What is supposed to be a meteorite has been dug up on the Loomis lot at Windsor. It is a hard, smooth, peculiarly formed stone, about 3 1-2 feet by 2 1-2 feet and 18 inches about 5 1-2 test of 5 1-2 test and to find thick with a knob at one end. It was found about four feet below the surface, with indications that it had been driven there by some great force. There is no stone of a similar character in the neighborhood.

Returns to California.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 7.—It is stated that Mrs. Leland Stanford's visit to Washington is for the purpose of dismantling the handsome residence of the late ing the namesome residence of the late senator. Mrs. Stanford has concluded to reside permanently in California, and to this end she has rented the Washington mansion to a United States senator, and will remove all the furniture and beautiful and costly articles to her California

Quincy's Fine Hand.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 7:—Josiah Quincy, whose vigiting Washington at this time tions made yesterday, left for Boston. Mr. Quincy's departure marks the end of his official and unofficial connection with the administration and also the practical clearing-up of the work of selecting per-sons for appointment to consular office.

Retting on the Race.

the maritime exchange favor against Valkyrie and many were willing to bet 2 to 1 that the American boat will to bet 2 to 1 that the American boat will win the series. One bet of \$,000 to \$800 on the Vigilant was made yesterday.

Smallpox in New York.

NEW YORK, Oct. 7 .-- Two new cases of smallpcx were reported yesterday. Be were removed to North Brothers island

Brunswick's Epidemic.

BRUNSWICK, Ga., Oct. 7.—Twenty-two

Pallas' Fate.

DARCELONA, Oct. 5.—Pallas, the anarch-lat and would be assassin of Gen. Martines de Campos, will either be shot to-day or Friday.

WEAVING

I placed my loom the slender threads along-I laughed to see them glisten; Then-idle weaver! sat with careless hands

And dreamful eyes to listen. The whirring song crooned vibrantly, the

warp Was wondrous fair that day; At eve I rose-I had forgot the weft!

The threads were all one way, A useless fabric, with unwoven shreds

Across-no binding ties : The warp of sime may glint, but idly runs, In which no purpose lies.

O careless heart! I said, and are you thus An instrument unstrung? A strain of harmony but half complete,

For words you left unsung? O listless dreamer | weaving shadows there, To echoes half confest, Across the loom, if you will only look,

Love, smiling, holds the weft.

-Louise Warson.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Ruled off-Ledgers.

A tweed garment -A sac coat.

"Get off the earth," the cyclone said to the barn.

A nervous affection-A man on the eve of proposal.

The crawfish is not very good to eat, but it will do at a pinch.—Truth.

One characteristic of good old Elijah was his raven-ous appetite.—Cleveland Plaiu Dealer.

London's constant fog may be caused by the continuous reign.— Dallas News. The fine wheat will insure the farmer

and the English sparrow full crops.— Cleveland Plain Dealer.

People who are always scheming generally pay about double for what-they get.—Milwaukee Journal.

When a man is dressed in a little brief authority, he makes it more con-spicuous than a red neck-tie. Puck.

So far no one has ever made the blunder of painting a Cupid to look as if he had any sense. Atchison Globe. "Why does Snagsby keep his hair

"Because he's getting cut so short?" bald, and he won't have it long." Philadelphia Record.

"He says he owes you a licking, does he? Well, you'll never get it."
"How do you know?" "I'm his tailor." Chicago Tribune.

"He's a very modest young man, isn't he?" "Modest as a burglar; he doesn't even want the credit of his own work."--Philadelphia Record.

An enterprising hosier has announced a new button, which he calls The Old Maid's Wedding. Why? Because it never comes off.—Tit-Bits.

The coalman's season may be the winter, the summer the iceman's harv-est, so that it's possible the milkman finds his greatest profit in the spring.

Shall I from her sweet spell depart,
Or take her for better or worse?
The choice is —will she break my heart,
Or shall she break my purse.

-Puck. Demonstrator in Natural Science-

"Gentlemen, I hold in my hand three shells." Voice (from amphitheatre)— "It isn't under any of them."—Detroit Free Press.
Watts-"I wonder how this world

will get along when you and I have left it?" Potts—"You'd better be wondering how we'll get along?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Pipkin—"Does your wife know anything about cooking?" Potts—"I guess she does; you can't get her into any of your cheap restaurants."—Kate Field's Washington. "Hello, Bingley, how did the doctor succeed in breaking up your fever?" "Oh, easy enough; he presented his bill, and I had a chill in fifteen minutes."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"Can I get this note shaved?" he "Can I get this note shaved: he timidly asked the money-lender. "Gracious!" ejaculated the broker, as he glanced at the date, "it's old enough to need it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Unless old words can be exchanged for the new ones that are being rapidly coined, English dictionaries will soon

have to be taken to a cotton compress to be rendered portable.—Dallas News. Applicant for Work—"But the oc-Applicant for Work—"But the oc-empation seems to schangers are." Manager—"Yes; but then in case you are killed the company would send flowers to your funeral."—Boston Transcript Transcript.

Richard-"When my wife agreed to share her lot with me I didn't know there was a mortgage on it." Harry
— "A mortgage?" Richard—"Her
mother, I found, went with the lot." -Boston Transcript.

A fellow in Smithville who couldn't spare \$2 a year for a newspaper sent fifty two-cent stamps to a down-east Yankee to know how to raise beets. He got an answer, "Take hold of the He got an answer, "Take hold of tops and pull for all you are worth.

A Comment

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Oswego Times.

Oh, the gold is rolling in From beyond the briny seas.
Millions rolling in each day, Bringing us fluancial ease.
Millions more are on the way.
Rolling onward to this goal.
And as we are none too flush.
Why, well just let her roll!

Edison, the electrician, makes rubies that excel the genuine.