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KENTUCKY STATE NEWS.

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RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

BUNTING

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# CARLISLE MERCURY.

VOLUME XXVI. CARLISLE, NICHOLAS COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1892. NUMBER 23.



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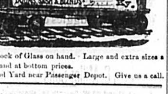


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## FIFTY-SECOND CONGRESS.

First Session.

## A TORNADO.

**Leaves Death and Destruction in Its Wake in Kansas—The Principal Business Street of Wellington, Kan., in Ruins.**

WELLINGTON, May 28.—The city had a visitation Friday night, from the funnel-shaped cloud, which plowed its devastating track through the business part of the town, with immense destruction of property and some loss of life, just how many it is impossible to tell at this writing. A heavy storm of wind preceded the tornado about half an hour. A few minutes after 9 o'clock the tornado struck the city, coming from the southwest. There were no premonitory signs. Everybody was in doors, and the cloud passed with its destructive rush and awful roar unseen.

Washington avenue, the principal business street, is lined on both sides for blocks with ruins. To add to the horror fire broke out among the debris of Col. Robinson's block, and a woman, Mrs. Susan Ashor, is supposed to have perished in the flames. A solid block of brick buildings containing a half dozen stores and the Monitor Press and Voice printing offices, lies a tumbled heap of bricks and mortar. Just across the street a laborer named Fanning was taken out of the ruins, and there are supposed to be other bodies in them. Hundreds of dwellings are either totally destroyed or more or less damaged. The city is in darkness, as broken mains made it necessary to shut down the gas works and save destruction from fire. Hon. James Lawrence, candidate for attorney general, had an arm broken. Walter Forsthen was taken from the ruins dangerously injured, and his brother Ed was heard calling for an hour before his release.

Seven bodies have been taken out of the Phillips house ruins, and a large force of men is at work removing the debris. Two members of the Salvation army are expected to die of the injuries received. At Squire Smith's residence seven persons are more or less injured. The streets are littered with tin roofing, cloth awnings and broken timbers. Everybody is on the streets carrying lanterns, and it is utterly impossible to get at the exact facts.

The destruction is simply awful, and every minute adds to the horror of the situation. The Standard and Mail offices are wrecked. The opera house and dozens of the best business buildings are useless. Fine school buildings and churches are ruined, and the loss will foot up many thousands of dollars. No reports have been received from other points. Wellington is the county seat of Sumner county, and has a population of over ten thousand inhabitants. It is in the center of a thickly settled agricultural district. It is the most prominent town in southern Kansas.

Silva and Walter Forsythe were taken out of the ruins of Conrads' restaurant [illegible]

## KENTUCKY STATE NEWS.

Legislative Proceedings.

[illegible]

The contract has at last been closed between J. P. Martin, of Xenia, O., and the Hopkinsville city council, which guarantees water works and electric lights to that city. Mr. Martin's franchise is for twenty years at $5,000 per annum for street lights and hydrants. Work is to be commenced within thirty days, and completed in six months.

The Kentucky democratic convention met in Louisville, the other afternoon, and elected Messrs. Henry Watterson, Jas. A. McKenzie, John B. Castleman and W. C. Owens delegates at large to the national convention. John D. Carroll was chosen chairman of the State Central committee to succeed Col. Castleman, resigned.

At Dreamon Springs, Warren Hudson was shot and killed by George Hellman. [illegible]

## SPECIAL PRAYER.

**Thunder, in the Bible, is the Symbol of Power.**

**St. James and St. John Were Called "The Sons of Thunder."—The Religious Power to the Church Has a Hiding Place—Dr. Talmage's Sermon.**

Dr. Talmage took for his sermon last Sunday, Psalms lxxxi, 7: "I answered thee in the secret place of thunder."

It is past midnight, and 2 o'clock in the morning, far enough from sunset and sunrise to make the darkness very thick, and the Egyptian army in pursuit of the escaping Israelites are on the bottom of the Red sea, its waters having been set up on either side in masonry of sapphire, for God can make a wall as solid out of water as out of granite, and the trowels with which these two walls were built were none the less powerful because invisible. Such walls had never before been lifted.

When I saw the waters of the Red Sea rolling through the Suez canal they were blue and beautiful and flowing like other waters, but to-night, as the Egyptians look up to them built into walls, now on one side and now on the other, they must have been frowning waters, for it was probable that the same power that lifted them up might suddenly fling them prostrate. A great lantern of cloud hung over this chasm between the two walls. The door of that lantern was opened toward the Israelites ahead, giving them light, and the back of the lantern was toward the Egyptians, and it growled and rumbled and jarred with thunder; not thunder like that which cheers the earth after a drought, promising the refreshing shower, but charged and surcharged with threats of doom.

The Egyptian captains lost their presence of mind, and the horses reared and snorted and would not answer to their bits, and the chariot wheels got interlocked and torn off, and the charioteers were hurled headlong, and the Red sea fell on all the host. The confusing and confounding thunder was in answer to the prayer of the Israelites. With their backs cut by the lash, and their feet bleeding, and their bodies decrepit with the suffering of whole generations, they had asked Almighty God to ensepulcher their Egyptian pursuers in one great sarcophagus, and the splash and the roar of the Red sea as it dropped to its natural bed were only the shutting of the sarcophagus on a dead host. That is the meaning of the text when God says: "I answered thee in the secret place of thunder."

Now thunder, all up and down the Bible, is the symbol of power. The Egyptian plague of hail was accompanied with this full diapason of the heavens. While Samuel and his men were making a burnt offering of a lamb, and the Philistines were about to attack them, it was by terrorizing thunder they were discomfited. Job, who was a combination of the Dantesque and the Miltonic, was solemnized on this reverberation of the heavens, and cried, "The thunder of his p[illegible] can understand?" and he challenges the universe by saying: "Canst thou thunder with a voice like Him?" and he throws Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" into the shade by the Bible photograph of a warhorse, when he describes his neck as "clothed with thunder." Because of the power of James and John they were called "the sons of thunder." The law given on the basaltic crags of Mount Sinai was emphasized with this cloudy ebullition. The skies all around about St. John at Patmos were full of the thunder of war, and the thunder of Christ's triumph, and the thunder of resurrection, and the thunder of eternity.

But when my text says, "I answered thee in the secret place of thunder," it suggests there is some mystery about the thunder. To the ancients the cause of this bombarding the earth with loud sound must have been more of a mystery than it is to us. The lightnings, which were to them wild monsters ranging through the skies in our time have been domesticated. We harness electricity to vehicles, and we cage it in lamps, and every schoolboy knows something about the fact that it is the passage of electricity from cloud to cloud that causes the heavenly racket which we call thunder. But, after all that chemistry has taught the world, there are mysteries about this skyey resonance, and my text, true in the time of the Psalmist, is true now and always will be true, that there is some secret about the place of thunder.

To one thing known about the thunder there are a hundred things not known. After all the scientific batteries have been doing their work for a thousand years to come and learned men have discoursed to the utmost about atmospheric electricity and magnetic electricity and galvanic electricity and thermotic electricity and friction electricity and positive electricity and negative electricity my text will be as suggestive as it is to-day, when it speaks of the secret place of thunder.

Now right along by a natural law there is always a spiritual law. As there is a secret place of natural thunder, there is a secret place of moral thunder. In other words, the religious power that you see abroad in the church in the world has a hiding place, and in many cases it is never discovered at all. I will use a similitude. I can give only the dim outline of a particular case, for many of the remarkable circumstances I have forgotten. Many years ago there was a large church. It was characterized by strange and unaccountable conversions. There were no great revivals, but individual cases of spiritual arrest and transformation.

A young man sat in one of the front pews. He was a graduate of Yale, brilliant as the north star and notoriously dissolute. Everybody knew him and liked him for his geniality, but deplored his moral errantry. To please his parents he was every Sabbath morning in church. One day there was a ringing of the doorbell of the pastor of that church, and that young man, whelmed with repentance, implored prayer and advice and passed into complete reformation of heart and life. All the neighborhood was astonished and asked, "Why was this?" His father and mother had said nothing to him about his soul's welfare.

On another aisle of the same church sat an old miser. He paid his pew rent, but was hard on the poor, and had no interest in any philanthropy. Piles of money! And people said, "What a struggle he will have when he quits this life to part with his bonds and mortgages." One day he wrote to his minister: "Please to call immediately. I have a matter of great importance about which I want to see you." When the pastor came in the man could not speak for emotion, but after awhile he gathered self control enough to say: "I have lived for this world too long. I want to know if you think I can be saved, and, if so, I wish you would tell me how." Upon his soul the light soon dawned, and the old miser, not only revolutionized in heart but in life, began to scatter benefactions, and toward all the great charities of the day he became a cheerful and bountiful almoner. What was the cause of this change? everybody asked, and no one was capable of giving an intelligent answer.

In another part of the church sat Sabbath by Sabbath, a beautiful and talented woman, who was a great society leader. She went to church because that was a respectable thing to do, and in the neighborhood where she lived it was hardly respectable not to go. Worldly was she to the last degree, and all her family worldly. She had at her house the finest germans that were ever danced, and the costliest favors that were ever given, and though she attended church she never liked to hear any story of pathos, and as to religious emotion of any kind, she thought it positively vulgar. Wines, cards, theaters, rounds of costly gayety were to her the highest satisfaction.

One day a neighbor sent in a visiting card, and this lady came down the stairs in tears and told the whole story of how she had not slept for several nights, and she feared she was going to lose her soul, and she wondered if some one would not come around and pray with her. From that time her entire demeanor was changed, and though she was not called upon to sacrifice any of her amenities of life, she consecrated her beauty, her social position, her family, her all to God and the church and usefulness. Everybody said in regard to her, "Have you noticed the change, and what in the world caused it?" and no one could make satisfactory explanation.

In the course of two years, though there was no general awakening in that church, many such isolated cases of such unexpected and unaccountable conversions took place. The very people whom no one thought would be affected by such considerations were converted. The pastor and the officers of the church were on the lookout for the solution of this religious phenomenon. "Where is it?" they said, "and who is it and what is it?" At last the discovery was made and all was explained. A poor old Christian woman standing in the vestibule of the church one Sunday morning, trying to get her breath again before she went up stairs to the gallery, heard the inquiry and told the secret.

For years she had been in the habit of concentrating all her prayers for particular persons in that church. She would see some man or some woman present, and, though she might not know the person's name, she would pray for that person until he or she was converted to God. [illegible] her prayers were for that one person—just that one. She waited and waited for communion days to see when the candidates for membership stood up whether her prayers had been effectual. It turned out that these marvelous instances of conversion were the result of that old woman's prayers as she sat in the gallery Sabbath by Sabbath, bent and wizened and poor and unnoticed.

A little cloud of consecrated humanity hovering in the [illegible]. That was the secret place of the [illegible]. There is some hidden, unknown, mysterious source of almost all the moral and religious power demonstrated. Not one out of a million—not one out of ten million—prayers ever strike a human ear. On public occasions a minister of religion voices the supplications of an assemblage, but the prayers of all the congregation are in silence. There is not a second in a [illegible] are not ascending, but myriads of them are not even as loud as a whisper, for God hears a thought as plainly as a vocalization. That silence of supplication—hemispheric and perpetual—is the secret place of thunder.

In the winter of 1875 we were worshiping in the Brooklyn Academy of Music in the interregnum of churches. We had the usual great audiences, but I was oppressed beyond measure by the fact that conversions were not more numerous. One Tuesday I invited to my house five old, consecrated Christian men—all of them gone now, except Father Pearson, and he, in blindness and old age, waiting for the Master's call to come up higher.

These old men came, not knowing why I had invited them. I took them to the top room of my house. I said to them: "I have called you here for special prayer. I am in an agony for a great turning to God of the people. We have vast multitudes in attendance and they are attentive and respectful, but I can not see that they are saved. Let us kneel down and each one pray and not leave this room until we are all assured that the blessing will come and has come." It was a most intense crying unto God. I said, "Brethren, let this meeting be a secret," and they said it would be. That Tuesday night special service ended.

On the following Friday night occurred the usual prayer meeting. No one knew of what had occurred on Tuesday night, but the meeting was unusually thronged. Men accustomed to pray in public in great composure broke down under emotion. The people were in tears. There were sobs and silences and solemnities of such unusual power that the worshipers looked into each other's faces, as much as to say, "What does all this mean?" And when the following Sabbath came, although we were in a secular place, over four hundred arose for prayers, and a religious awakening took place that made that winter memorable for time and for eternity. There may be in this building many who were brought to God during that great ingathering, but few of them know that the upper room in my house on Quincy street, where those five old Christian men poured out their souls before God, was the secret place of thunder.

The day will come—God hasten it—when people will find [illegible] the velocity, the majesty, the multipotence of prayer. We brag about our limited express trains which put us down a thousand miles away in twenty-four hours, but here is something by which in a moment we may confront people five thousand miles away. We brag about our telephones, but here is something that beats the telephone in utterance and reply, for God says, "Before they call, I will hear." We brag about the phonograph, in which a man can speak, and his words and the tones of his voice can be kept for ages, and by the turning of a crank the words may come forth upon the ears of another century, but prayer allows us to speak words into the ears of everlasting remembrance, and on the other side of all eternities they will be heard. Oh, ye who are wasting your breath, and wasting your brains, and wasting your nerves, and wasting your lungs wishing for this good and that good for the church and the world, why do you not go into the secret place of thunder?

"But," says some one, "that is a beautiful theory, yet it does not work in my case, for I am in a cloud of trouble, or a cloud of sickness, or a cloud of persecution, or a cloud of poverty, or a cloud of bereavement, or a cloud of perplexity." How glad I am that you told me that. That is exactly the place to which my text refers. It was from a cloud that God answered Israel—the cloud over the chasm cut through the Red Sea—the cloud that was light to the Israelites and darkness to the Egyptians. It was from a cloud, a tremendous cloud, that God made reply. It was a cloud that was the secret place of thunder. So you can not get away from the consolation of my text by talking that way. Let all the people under a cloud hear it. "I answered thee in the secret place of thunder."

This subject helps me to explain some things you have not understood about men and women, and there are multitudes of them, and the multitude is multiplying by the minute. Many of them have not a superabundance of education. If you had their brain in a postmortem examination, and you could weigh it, it would not weigh any heavier than the average. They have not anything especially impressive in personal appearance. They are not very fluent of tongue. They pretend to nothing unusual in mental faculty or social influence, but you feel their power; you are elevated in their presence; you are a better man or a better woman, having confronted them. You know that in intellectual endowment you are their superior, while in the matter of moral and religious influence they are vastly your superior. Why is this?

To find the revelation of this secret you must go back thirty or forty or perhaps sixty years to the homestead where this man was brought up. It is winter morning, and the tallow candle is lighted, and the fires are kindled, sometimes the shavings hardly enough to start the wood. The mother is preparing the breakfast, the blue edged dishes are on the table, and the lid of the kettle on the hearth begins to rattle with the steam, and the shadow of the industrious woman by the flickering flame on the hearth is moved up and down the wall. The father is at the barn feeding the stock—the oats thrown into the horses' bin and the cattle crunching the corn. The children, earlier than they would like and after being called twice, are gathered at the table.

The blessing of God is asked on the food, and, the meal over, the family Bible is put upon the white tablecloth and a chapter is read and a prayer made, which includes all the interests for this world and the next. The children pay not much attention to the prayer, for it is about the same thing day after day, but it puts upon them an impression that ten thousand years will only make more vivid and tremendous. As long as the old folks live their prayer is for their children and their children's children. Day in and day out, month in and month out, year in and year out, decade in and decade out the sons and daughters of that family are remembered in earnest prayer, and they know it, and they feel it, and they can not get away from it.

Two funerals after awhile—not more than two years apart, for it is seldom that there is more than that lapse of time between father's going and mother's going—two funerals put out of sight the old folks. But where are the children? The daughters are in homes where they are incarnations of good sense, industry and piety. The sons, perhaps one a farmer, another a merchant, another a physician, another a minister of the Gospel, useful, consistent, admired, honored. What a power for good those seven sons and daughters! Where did they get the power? From the schools, and the seminaries, and the colleges? Oh, no, though these may have helped. From their superior mental endowment? No, I do not think they had unusual mental caliber. From accidental circumstances? No, they had nothing of what is called astounding good luck.

I think we will [illegible] a train and ride to the depot nearest to the homestead from which those men and women started. The train halts. Let us stop a few minutes at the village graveyard and see the tombstones of the parents. Yes, the one was seventy-four years of age and the other was seventy-two, and the epigraph says that "after a useful life they died a Christian death." How appropriately the Scripture passage cut on the mother's tombstone, "She hath done what she could." And how beautiful the passage cut on the father's tombstone, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

On over the country road we ride—the road a little rough, for the spring weather is not quite settled, and once down in a rut it is hard to get the wheels out again without breaking the shafts. But at last we come [illegible] the lane in front of the farmhouse. Let me get out of the wagon and open the gate while you drive through. Here is the arbor under which those boys and girls many years ago used to play. But it is quite out of order now, for the property is in other hands. Yonder is the orchard where they used to thresh the trees for apples, sometimes before they were quite ripe. There is the mow where they hunted for eggs before Easter. There is the doorsill upon which they used to sit. There is the room in which they had family prayers and where they all knelt—the father there, the mother there and the boys and girls there.

We have got to the fountain of pious and gracious influences at last. That is the place that decided those seven earthly and immortal destinies. Behold! Behold! That is the secret place of thunder. Boys are seldom more than their fathers will let them be. Girls are seldom more than their mothers will let them be. But there come times when it seems that parents can not control their children. There come times in a boy's life when he thinks he knows more than his father does, and I remember now that I knew more at fifteen years of age than I have ever known since.

There come times in a girl's life when she thinks her mother is notional and does not understand what is proper and best, and the sweet child says, "Oh pshaw!" and she longs for the time when she will not have to be dictated to, and she goes out of the door or goes to bed with pouting lips, and those mothers remember for themselves that they knew more at fourteen years of age than they have ever known since. But, father and mother, do not think you have lost your influence over your child. You have a resource of prayer that puts the sympathetic and omnipotent God into your parental undertaking. Do not waste your time in reading flimsy books about the best ways to bring up children. Go into the secret place of thunder.

**Missionaries to be Protected.**

We are glad to learn that the United States government has undertaken to redress the wrongs suffered by American missionaries in Turkey. These unoffending men were arrested without cause, their Bibles and other books were confiscated and their property was spoiled. Had this been done by a mob it would have been excusable, though no less an infringement of right, for a mob has many heads, but no brains. But it was the arbitrary act of a Turkish governor, who ought to be retired to private life. The missionaries are no less entitled to protection than the traders, so long as they conduct their operations within the laws, as they should seem to have done in this case. Fold around them the Stars and Stripes.—St. Louis Republic.

—John Blocher, of Buffalo, has bequeathed his large house to be used as a charitable home for aged men, and has provided for the endowment of the institution by bestowing upon it his fortune of $2,000,000.

—I attended a funeral in a crowded church where there was but one really happy face, and that was the face of the dead, sleeping amid white flowers.—Talmage.

—A lie always carries a dagger in its hand, and, like an old Venetian bravo, loves best to stab in the dark and in the back.—Carlos Martyn.

—The grip of sin is mighty, but the power of Jesus Christ is mightier.—Herrick Johnson.