A MONSTER JUBILEE.

AN INTERESTING PROPOSITION FROM DR. TALMAGE.

He Suggests an International Jubilee to Celebrate the Nineteen Hundredth Birthday of Christ—A Banquet for the Hungry —An Interesting Sermon.

The Tabernacle Pulpit.

At the Brooklyn Tabernacle Sunday forenoon Rev. Dr. Talmage preached a sermon of unusual interest to a vast audience, the subject being "The Nineteen Hundredth Anniversary. A Proposition Concerning It." The text was taken from Isaiah ix., 6, "To us a child is born."

That is a tremendous hour in the history of any family when an immortal spirit is incarnated. Out of a very dark cloud there descends a very bright morning. One life spared and another given. All the bells of gladness ring over the cradle. I know not why any one should doubt that of old a star pointed down to the Saviour's birthplace, for as near of joy points down to every honorable nativity. A new eternity dates from that hour, that minute.

Beautiful and appropriate is the custom of celebrating the anniversary of such an event, and clear on into the eighties and nineties the recurrence of that day of the year in an old man's life causes recognition and more or less congratulation. So also nations are accustomed to celebrate the anniversary of their birth and the anniversary of the birth of their great heroes or deliverers or benefactors. The 22d of February and the 4th of July are never allowed to pass in our land without banquet and oration and bell ringing and cannonade. But all other birthday anniversaries are tame compared with the Christmas festivity, which celebrates the birthday described in my text.

Protestant and Catholic and Greek churches, with all the power of music and garland and procession and doxology, put the words of my text into national and continental and hemispheric chorus, "To us a child is born." On the 25th of December each year that is the theme in St. Paul's and St. Peter's and St. Mark's and St. Isaac's and all the dedicated cathedrals, chapels, meeting houses and churchs clear round the world.

We shall soon reach the nineteen hundredth anniversary of that happiest event of all time. This century is dying. Only seven more pulsations and its heart will cease to beat. The fingers of many of you will write it at the head of your letters and at the foot of your important documents, "1900." It will be a physical and moral sensation unlike anything else you have before experienced. Not one hand that wrote "1801" at the induction of this century will have cunning left to write "1901" at the induction of another.

The death of one century and the birth of another century will be sublime and suggestive and stupendous beyond all estimate. To stand by the grave of one century and by the cradle of another will be an opportunity such as with few generations of the world's inhabitants never experienced. I pray God that there may be no sickness or casualty to hinder your arrival at that goal or to hinder your taking part in the valedictory of the departing century and the salutation of the new.

But as that season will be the nineteen hundredth anniversary of a Saviour's birth, I now nominate that a great international jubilee or exposition be opened in this cluster of cities by the seacoast on Christmas day, the 25th of December, 1900, to be continued for at least one month into the year 1901. This century closing Dec. 31, 1900, and the new century beginning Jan. 1, 1901, will it not be time for all nations to turn aside for a few weeks or months from everything else and emphasize the birth of the greatest being who ever touched our planet, and could there be a more appropriate time for such commemoration than this culmination of the centuries which are dated from his nativity? You know that all history dates either from before Christ or after Christ, from B. C. or A. D. It will be the year of our Lord 1900 passing into the year 1901.

We will call the Centennial at Philadelphia, celebrative of the one hundredth anniversary of our nation's birth. We have had the magnificent expositions at New Orleans and Atlanta and Augusta and St. Louis. We have the present World's Exposition at Chicago, celebrative of the four hundredth anniversary of this continent's emergence, and there are at least two other great celebrations promised for this country, and other countries will have their historic events to commemorate, but the one event that has the most to do with the welfare of all nations is the arrival of Jesus Christ on this planet, and all the enthusiasm ever witnessed at London or Vienna or Paris or any of our American cities would be eclipsed by the enthusiasm that would celebrate the ransom of all nations, the first step toward the accomplishing of it being taken by an infantile foot one winter's night about five miles from Jerusalem, when the clouds dropped the angelic cantata, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

The three or four questions that would be asked me concerning this nomination of time and place I proceed to answer. What practical use would come of such international celebration? Answer—The biggest stride the world ever took toward the evangelization of all nations. This is a grand and wonderful convocation, the religious congress at Chicago. It will put intelligently before the world the nature of false religions which have been brutalizing the nations, tramping womanhood into the dust, enacting the horrors of infanticide, kindling funeral pyres for shriking victims, and rolling juggernauts across the mangled bodies of their worshipers.

But no one supposes that any one will be converted to Christ by hearing Confucianism or Buddhism or any form of heathenism eulogized. That is to be done afterward. And how can it so well be done as by a celebration of many weeks of the birth and character and achievements of the wondrous and unprecedented Christ? To such an exposition the kings and queens of the earth would not send their representatives—they would come themselves.

The story of a Saviour's advent could not be told without telling the story of his mission. All the world would say, "Why this ado, this universal demonstration?" What a vivid presentation it would be, when at such a convocation the physicians of the world should tell what Christ had done in the government of earthly dominions!

Thirty days of such celebration would do more to tell the world who Christ is than any thirty years. Not a land on earth but would hear of it and discuss it. Not an eye so dimmed by the superstition of ages but would see the illumination. The difference of Christ's religion from all others is that its one way of dissemination is by a simple "telling," not argument, not skillful exegetists, polemics or the science of theological fisticuffs, but "telling." "Tell ye the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy King cometh." "Go quickly and tell his disciples that he has risen from the dead." "Go home to thy friends and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." "When he is come, he will tell us all things." A religion of "telling."

And in what way could all nations so well be told that Christ had come as by such an international emphasizing of his name? All India would cry out about such an affair, for you know they have their railroads and telegraphs. "What is going on in America?" All China would cry out, "What is that great excitement in America?" All the islands of the sea would come down to the gangplanks of the arriving ships and ask, "What is that they are celebrating in America?" It would be the mightiest missionary movement the world has ever seen. It would be the turning point in the world's destiny. It would waken the slumbering nations with one touch.

Question the Second—How would you have such an international jubilee conducted? Answer—All arts should be marshaled, and art in its most attractive and impressive shape. First, architecture. While all academies of music, and all churches, and all great halls would be needed, there should be one great auditorium erected to hold such an audience as has never been seen on any sacred occasion in America.

If Scribonius Curio, at the cost of a kingdom, could build the first two vast amphitheaters, placing them back to back, holding great audiences for dramatic representations, and then by wonderful machinery could turn them round with all their audiences in them, making the two auditoriums one amphitheater, to witness a gladitorial contest, and Vespasian could construct the Coliseum with its 80 columns, and its triumphs in three orders of Greek architecture, and a capacity to hold 87,000 people seated and 15,000 standing, and all for purposes of cruelty and sin, cannot our glorious Christianity rear in honor of our glorious Christ a structure large enough to hold 50,000 of its worshipers?

If we go groping now among the ruined amphitheaters of Verona and Pompeii and Capua and Puzzuoli and Tarraco, and then stand transfixed with amazement at their immense sweep that held from 50,000 to 100,000 spectators gathered for carousal and moral degradation, could not Christianity afford one architectural achievement that would hold and enthrall its 50,000 Christian disciples? Do you say no human voice could be heard throughout such a building? I tell you you were not present when at the Boston peace jubilee Parepa easily with her voice enchanted 50,000 auditors.

And the time is near at hand when in theological seminaries, where our young men are being trained for the ministry, the voice will be developed, and instead of the mumbling ministers, who speak with so low a tone you cannot hear unless you lean forward and hold your hand behind your ear, and then are able to guess the general drift of the subject and decide quite well whether it is about Moses or Paul or some one else—instead of that you will have coming from the theological seminaries all over the land young ministers with voice enough to command the attention of an audience of 50,000 people. What is the reason that the Lord gives us two lungs instead of one. It is the Divine way of saying physiologically, "Be heard!"

Yea, let sculpture stand on pedestals all around that building—the forms of apostles and martyrs, men and women, who spoke or wrought or suffered by headsman's ax or fire. Where is my favorite of all arts, this art of sculpture, that it is not used for Christ or that its work is not better appreciated? Let it come forth at that world's jubilee of the nativity. We want a second Phidias to do for that new temple what the first Phidias did for the Parthenon. Let the marble of Carrara come to resurrection. Let sculptors set up in that auditorium of Christ's celebration bas-relief and intaglio descriptive of the battles won for our holy religion. Where are the Canovas of the nineteenth century? Where are the American Thorwaldsens and Chantreys? Hidden somewhere, I warrant you.

Let sculpture turn that place into another Acropolis, but more glorious by as much as our Christ is stronger than their Hercules, and has more to do with the sea than their Neptune, and raises greater harvests than their Ceres, and rouses more music in the heart of the world than their Apollo. "The gods of the heathen are nothing but dumb idols, but our Lord made the heavens." In marble pure as snow celebrate Him who came to make us "whiter than snow." Let the chisel as well as pencil and pen be put down at the feet of Jesus.

Yea, let painting do its best. The foreign galleries will loan for such a jubilee their Madonnas, their Angelos, their Rubens, their Raphaels, their "Christ at the Jordan," or "Christ at the Last Supper," or "Christ Coming to Judgment," or "Christ on the Throne of Universal Dominion," and our own Moran will put his best pencil into the nineteen hundredth anniversary, and our Bierstadts from sketching "The Domes of the Yosemite" will come to present the domes of the world conquered for Immanuel.

Added to all this I would have a floral decoration on a scale never equaled. The flowers and open gardens could not furnish it for all the winter, and that season appropriately chosen, for it was into the frosts and desolations of winter that Christ immigrated when He came to our world. But while the fields will be bare, the conservatories and hot-houses within 200 miles would gladly keep the sacred holiday-time bright and aromatic during all the convocations.

Added to all let there be banquets, not like the drunken bout at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, celebrating the centennial of Washington's inauguration, where the rivers of wine drowned the sobriety of so many senators and governors and generals, but a banquet for the poor, the feeding of scores of thousands of people of a world in which the majority of the inhabitants have never yet had enough to eat, not a banquet at which a few favored men and women of social or political fortune shall sit, but such a banquet as Christ ordered when He told His servants to "go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in." Let the Mayors of cities and the Governors of States and the President of the United States proclaim a whole week of legal holiday—at least from Christmas day to New Year's day.

Added to this let there be at that international moral and religious exposition a mammoth distribution of sacred literature. Let the leading ministers of religion from England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, and the world take the pulpits of all these cities and tell what they know of him whose birth we celebrate. At those convocations let vast sums of money be raised for churches, for asylums, for orphanages, for colleges, all of which institutions were born in the heart of Christ. On that day and in that season when Christ gave himself to the world let the world give itself to him.

Why do I propose America as the country for this convocation? Because most other lands have a state religion, and while all forms of religion may be tolerated in many lands America is the only country on earth where all evangelical denominations stand on an even footing, and all would have equal hearing in such an international exposition. Why do I select this cluster of seacoast cities? Answer—By that time—Dec. 25, 1900—these four cities of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, and Hoboken, by bridges and tunnels, will be practically one and with an aggregate population of about 6,000,000. Consequently no other part of America will have such immensity of population.

Why do I now make this nomination of time and place? Answer—Because it so happened that in the mysterious providence of God, born in a farmhouse and of no royal or princely descent, the doors of communication are open to me every week by the secular and religious printing presses and have been open to me every week for many years, with all the cities and towns and neighborhoods of Christendom, where printing presses have been established, and I feel that if there is anything worthy in this proposition it will be heeded and adopted. On the other hand, if it be too sanguine, or too hopeful, or too impractical, I am sure it will do no harm that I have expressed my wish for such an international jubilee, celebrative of the birth of our Immanuel.

That such a celebration of our Lord's birth be kept up for days and months, would please all the good of the earth and mightily speed on the gospel chariot and please all the heavens, saintly, cherubic, seraphic, archangelic, and divine, is beyond question. Oh, get ready for the world's greatest festivity! Tune your voices for the world's greatest anthem. Lift the arches for the world's mightest procession. Raise the expanding standard of the army of years. While it has inscribed on one side of it "1900" and on the other side "1901," have also inscribed on it the most charming name of all the universe—the name of Jesus.

Whether this suggestion of a world's celebration of the nativity be taken or not, it has allowed me an opportunity in a somewhat unusual way of expressing my love for the great central character of all time and eternity. He is the infinite nonesuch. The armies of Heaven drop on their knees before Him. After Bourdaloue, before overwhelmed audiences, has preached Him, and Milton in immortal blank verse has sung Him, and Michael Angelo has glorified the ceiling of the Vatican with His second coming, and martyrs in the gridiron have canopied with the flames of the stake Him, with burning lips kissed His memory, and in the "hundred and forty and four thousand" of Heaven with feet on seas of glass intershot with sunrise, have with uplifted and downswung baton, and sounding cornets, and waving banners, and Heaven capturing doxologies celebrated Him, the story of His loveliness, and His might, and His beauty, and His grandeur, and His grace, and His intercession, and His sacrifice, and of His birth, and His death will remain untold. Be His name on our lips while we live, and when we die after we have spoken farewell to father and mother and wife, and child let us speak that name which is the lullaby of earth and the transport of Heaven.

Before the crossing of time on the midnight between December 31, 1900, and the 1st of January, 1901, many of us will be gone. Some of you will hear the clock strike 12 of one century and an hour after hear it strike 1 of another, but many of you will not that midnight hear either the stroke of the old city clock or of the old timepiece in the hallway of the household, seven years cut a wide swath through the churches and communities and nations.

But those who cross from world to world before Old Time in this world crosses that midnight from century to century will talk among the thrones of the coming earthly jubilee, and on the river bank and in the house of many mansions, until all Heaven will know of the coming of that celebration, they will fill the earthly nations with joy and help augment the nations of Heaven. But whether here or there we will take part in the music and the banqueting if we have made the Lord our portion.

Oh, how I would like to stand at my front door some morning or noon or night and see the sky part and the blessed Lord descend in person, not as He will come in the last judgment, with fire and hail and earthquake, but in sweet tenderness to pardon all sin, and heal all wounds, and wipe away all tears, and feed all hunger, and right all wrongs, and illumine all darkness, and break all bondages, and harmonize all discords. Some think he will thus come, but about that coming I make no prophecy, for I am not enough learned in the Scriptures, as some of my friends are, to announce a very positive opinion.

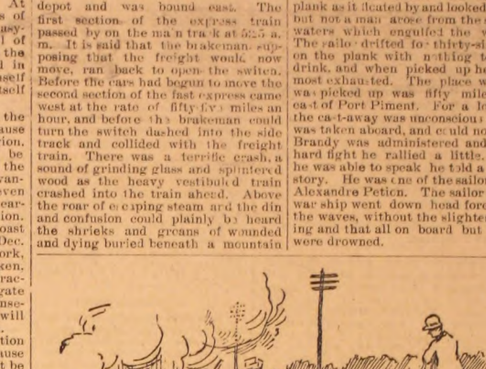
HORROR ON THE RAIL.

ELEVEN PEOPLE KILLED ON THE WABASH.

West-Bound Chicago Express Crashes Into a Freight—Frightful Scene Among the Dead and Dying—Over a Score Are Injured.

Due to Mistake in Orders.

In a frightful collision between a freight train and the Toronto and Montreal express on the Wabash Railroad at Kingsbury, Ind., eleven persons lost their lives and a score of others were injured, many of them fatally. The freight was on a siding west of the depot and was bound east. The first section of the express train passed by on the main track at 5:25 a. m. It is said that the brakeman supposing that the freight would now move, ran back to open the switch. Before the cars had begun to move the second section of the fast express came west at the rate of fifty-five miles an hour, and before the brakeman could turn the switch dashed into the side track and collided with the freight train. There was a terrific crash, a sound of grinding glass and splintered wood as the heavy vestibuled train crashed into the train ahead. Then the roar of escaping steam and the din and confusion could plainly be heard the shrieks and groans of wounded and dying buried beneath a mountain



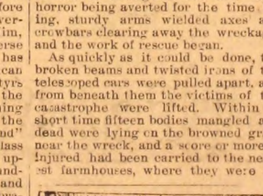
REMOVING THE DEAD AND INJURED.

of debris. The crash was heard by the station agent, who instantly divined the cause and alarmed the town. Relief parties immediately started for the scene, carrying improvised couches, blankets, liniment, etc. Wagons, buggies, and every imaginable vehicle were pressed into service. All the physicians in town were notified and hurried toward the wreck. Neighboring towns and villages were called upon for assistance, and responded with food, medicine, clothing and physicians.

Scene at the Wreck.

The scene at the wreck was something fearful, and the first relief parties reaching the ground stood horror-stricken, appalled by the awful sight. The wrecked train had telescoped the freight and the rear cars of the passenger had telescoped each other. Piled up in great confusion part of the wreckage had caught fire and the shrieks of the injured and dying as this latest horror presented itself aroused the spectators from their lethargy. Strong and willing hands went to work at once to extinguish the fire. This horror being averted for the time being, sturdy arms wielded axes and crowbars clearing away the wreckage, and the work of rescue began.

As quickly as it could be done, the broken beams and twisted irons of the telescoped cars were pulled apart, and from beneath them the victims of the catastrophe were lifted. Within a short time fifteen bodies mangled and dead were lying on the browned grass near the wreck, and a score or more of injured had been carried to the nearest farmhouses, where they were attended to by physicians from Laporte and other close-by towns.



WHERE THE WRECK OCCURRED.

All the horrors incident on fatal railroad accidents were here in most hideous aspect. For a time the work of relief was necessarily slow, and the moans and cries of the injured could be heard in the clear morning air even over the hiss of escaping steam and the blows of the axes and hammers plied on the ruins of the cars in the effort to release the unfortunates who were still pinned beneath the wreck. The spectacle presented by the dead and dying, as they lay in rows like soldiers cut down by a volley of musketry fired at short range, was fearful. Strong men from the neighboring farms could not endure the sight and turned away sick.

Relief trains were started from Chicago and St. Louis at an early hour, and when they arrived such of the injured as were in a condition to be removed were taken on to Chicago.

WENT DOWN WITHOUT WARNING.

Mysterious Foundering of the Haytian War Ship Alexandre Petion.

The suddenness and completeness of the disaster to the Haytian man-of-war Alexandre Petion, which went down in the Gulf of Mexico with ninety souls on board, makes the affair most mysterious, and it is probable that the real cause of the wrecking of the ship will never be known. According to the testimony of the sole survivor there was absolutely no warning. Neither collision with another vessel, submerged coral reef, nor storm can account for the occurrence. The day was fair, the wind was nothing more than a gentle breeze, and the passengers were enjoying themselves in the cabin. Suddenly the vessel began to sink. The officer on the watch ordered the men to pass the word in the cabins and the forecastle to reach the deck as quickly as possible and jump overboard. It was already too late. There was terrible confusion in the cabin as the panic-stricken passengers struggled to reach the deck, blocking the passage way as they did so and preventing one another from escaping from what was destined to be their tomb. For only a moment the awful struggle lasted. In one minute and a half from the time when she began to sink the vessel was entirely under water. One sailor, as the ship sank under him, snatched a pair of oars from the life boat and threw himself into the water. He caught a plank as it floated by and looked around, but not a man arose from the swirling waters which engulfed the warship. The sailor drifted for thirty-six hours on the plank with nothing to eat or drink, and when picked up he was almost exhausted. The place where he was picked up was fifty miles southeast of Port Piment. For a long time the cast-away was unconscious after he was taken aboard, and could not speak. Brandy was administered and after a hard fight he rallied a little. When he was able to speak he told a terrible story. He was one of the sailors of the Alexandre Petion. The sailor said the war ship went down head foremost in the waves, without the slightest warning and that all on board but himself were drowned.

FALLING OFF IN PENSIONS.

Commissioner Lochren Files His Annual Report to the Secretary of Interior.

Washington dispatch: Pension Commissioner Lochren submitted his annual report to the Secretary of the Interior Friday. The document shows that the number of pensioners on the roll of the bureau is 966,012, with a net increase of 89,944 during the last year. During the year 24,715 claims for increase of pension and 31,990 for additional pension under the act of June 27, 1890, were allowed, while 115,228 claims were rejected. Claims pending consideration July 1 numbered 71,150. The amount of money paid for pensions during the year was $156,740,467. Balance at the close of the year was $2,437,371. The appropriation for the next fiscal year, Commissioner Lochren says, will be ample, and the estimates for the fiscal year 1895 amount to $142,631,570. Regarding these estimates, Commissioner Lochren says they were based wholly on the experience of former years. The year 1895 is the thirtieth after the close of the civil war. The pension roll will by that time have reached its limit and begin to decrease. The falling off in the presentation of new claims appears from the fact, shown by the last report, that there were filed on Oct. 12, 1892, 788,061 claims pending in the bureau, while July 7, 1893, the number of claims pending had been reduced to 711,150. It is apparent, therefore, that the filing of new claims and claims for increase has ceased to exceed the number of cases disposed of by the work of the bureau.

CENSURES THE COMPANY.

Verdict of the Coroner's Jury in the Matter of the Manteno Disaster.

The coroner's verdict, rendered over the causes of the Manteno (Ill.) railroad disaster, reads as follows:

We do find that David Jackson and others came to their deaths at Manteno, Sept. 9, 1893, while riding as passengers on the first section of the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis Railway on the Chicago Central tracks by being run into by the second section, said second section being in charge of Conductor Charles W. Eden and Engineer Thomas Ames, and we do further find that Thomas Ames engineer of the second section of said train No. 48, and Orville Duncan, flagman on the first section of said train No. 44, were then and there guilty of criminal carelessness in the discharge of their duties as engineer and flagman of said trains, thereby causing the death of David Jackson and others, and we recommend that the said Thomas Ames and Orville Duncan be held to answer for such unlawful killing. We further believe that Conductor W. R. Tyner of the first section of train 48, and William Sampell, engineer of said train, were guilty of gross carelessness in the discharge of their duties as conductor and engineer of said train. We further believe that the Illinois Central Railroad Company is guilty of gross negligence in not providing proper signals and telegraph stations for locating passenger trains while running between Homewood, Ill., and Kankakee, Ill., on said road.

Death in a Tenement-House Fire.

There was a panic, one death, and a number of narrow escapes from death among the tenants in the five-story tenement 293 West 54th street, New York, which caught fire about two o'clock in the morning. The house is in a row of four tenements, and is occupied by twenty families. When the tenants were aroused the stairway was ablaze, and escape this way was cut off.

CANON HOLLAND, of England, while greatly pleased with the World's Fair, says it is not as comprehensive in respect to nations and languages as he had hoped.

BANDITS BEATEN OFF.

ATTEMPTED ROBBERY OF AN EXPRESS TRAIN.

New Orleans Limited Stopped Near Centralia, Ill.—Engineer, Fireman and Conductor Shot and One Robber Wounded—No Money Secured.

Robbers Are Captured.

The New Orleans limited train on the Illinois Central Railroad was held up shortly after 11 o'clock the other evening just outside Centralia, Ill., and in the battle which followed between the three robbers and the train hands one of the robbers was wounded and three of the train crew were badly hurt. The thieves got nothing in the way of booty. There were seven mail and express coaches on the train and a combined baggage and express car. When the train pulled out from the platform the robbers climbed upon the blind baggage and thence to the top of the express car and remained there until the train reached the coal shaft, three-quarters of a mile south of the station. At this point one of the robbers climbed upon the tender and began firing at Ben Young, the engineer. Young mistook the shooting at first for a torpedo alarm and reversed his engine. The third shot, however, struck him in the back and seriously crippled him. The robbers then turned their attention to Fireman Charles McDowell and wounded him slightly in the chin with the next shot, and the two men closed. In the scuffle which ensued the fireman struck the robber on the head with a monkey-wrench and knocked him from the train. The robber fled south toward the coal mine, and was headed off there by the night watchman and forced to return. He fell exhausted to the ground before he reached the train and was taken in charge by the crowd and hurried off to the city jail. He gave his name as William Jones, of Kansas City.

The train was backed up to the station, a new crew put in charge, and sent on its destination. The whole city was aroused this time by the ringing of fire-bells, and the captured bandit, was threatened with lynching unless he made a full confession. Jones made a full confession. He said his accomplices were O'Dwyer, Harding, and Nichols. He also implicated a man by the name of Marion, from DuQuoin, who, he claimed, was not with the gang at the time of the robbery. All four men are under arrest, three at Centralia and one at Odin.

RAIN CAME TOO LATE.

Extensive Areas West of the Mississippi Still Suffering.

The weekly crop report of the Weather Bureau says that, except in the northwestern border States, but little rain fell during the week to the west of the Mississippi, as during the previous week; there are extensive areas over which there has been no rain whatever. In the Ohio valley and Atlantic coast States the rains have greatly improved pastures, and have put the ground in good condition for fall plowing, which is progressing rapidly in the States named, fall seeding being about completed in New Jersey and New York. In the Northern Wisconsin, Missouri, Arkansas, and Nebraska but little fall plowing has yet been done, owing to the dry and baked condition of the ground, and seeding is delayed in consequence. Reports by States are as follows:

New England—Frosts have done damage in exposed places, but have not been general; corn and potatoes below average; pasturage good.

Mississippi—Warm days and cool nights favorable to cotton, but does not offset last week's rain and continued ravages of worms; picking and ginning progressing; crop poor; ordinary crop; turnips, peas, and potatoes good; pastures improved.

Texas—Rain severe, except over the east coast; cotton is opening and being rapidly picked; that planted late is opening prematurely; shedding and rotting in parts of State, as the plant is dying; the yield per acre, as generally reported, is about one-third of a bale.

Tennessee—Tobacco good in northeast. In middle and north it is making new growth; crop will be good if not injured by frost; rains damaged some cotton; Irish potatoes, turnips and pastures improving.

Kentucky—Badly distributed rain the first part of the week was of great benefit to late tobacco, pastures and gardens; cutting of corn and fall plowing is progressing.

Missouri—Little plowing or seeding done yet; corn practically safe from frost, but maturing too rapidly.

Illinois—Rainfall below the average and badly distributed; frost in Jo Daviess and Dupage Counties the 17th; corn generally safe from frost and is maturing rapidly; much being cut; plowing and seeding progressing in southern portion, elsewhere retarded; rain badly needed.

Ohio—Rains started vegetation and advanced fall plowing; seeding over in many counties, in others still retarded by dry weather; corn cutting well advanced; buckwheat, turnips and millet improved; early sown wheat coming up.

Michigan—Rains early part of the week much improved pasture, meadow lands and grapes; corn all cut; fall seeding and plowing under way with most counties.

Wisconsin—Forest fires in north part of State, probable damage $5,000,000; drought unbroken and little fall plowing done; crops no better than expected, nearly average yield; husking begun; potatoes, light crop.

Minnesota—Drought continues; corn ripening too fast, with slight falling off in crops; pastures dried up; fall plowing suspended.

Kansas—Rain during middle of week, damaging pastures, late corn and uncut fodder; water falling; wheat sowing delayed by drought.

Washington—Harvesting and thrashing in progress; hop picking begun; gardens and pastures improved.

Oregon—Fair warm weather the past week promoted hop-picking; rain of previous week benefited late vegetables and fall crops.

California—Hop-picking nearly completed, with quality good and average yield; frost in mountains slightly injured grain; rain struck; fruit-drying and raisin-curing much retarded by abnormal amount of moisture in the air, drenching dews at night.

Currencies Condensed.

PRINCE BISMARCK is improving.

PEACE prevails in Nicaragua again.

CHOLERA continues to spread in England.

SMALLPOX has broken out in New York.

THE net gold in the treasury is $97,038,094.

MICHIGAN sawmills are resuming operations.

FIRE at Louisville, Ky., caused a loss of $25,000.