

THE WICKED WORLD. OCCURRENCES THEREIN FOR A WEEK.

BLOOD TELLS HERE. HALF-BREED OSAGES RESENT EXPULSION.

From Far and Near. -Garrison, Ok., (writing to the arbitrary action of the Osage Tribal Council a few days ago the tribe is now on the verge of a civil war, which is likely to result in bloodshed any hour. The tribe has an immense amount of money and the Government, the interest on which pays all the expenses of government and gives every member of the tribe a monthly income of \$25. Should the wealth be divided each member would receive only \$2.50. The full-blooded Indians have long felt that the mixed bloods in the tribe should not be entitled to full privileges, nor as much wealth as those whose blood was untainted with the white race's, and are desiring to take full advantage of their authority to pass an act expelling 600 half-breeds, mixed blood, and adopting citizens from the tribe, thereby increasing their own wealth. They are estimated at \$3,000,000, and their monthly income in proportion. The expelled members vow they will die rather than give up their rights and fortunes, and open conflict is looked for hourly. A troop of cavalry from Fort Reno has gone to the scene to preserve the peace and the Indian Department will be compelled to act in the matter, as any attempt to carry out the orders issued by the council would result in war.

The Wichita, Kan., chief of police received a letter from some crank residing at Keosauqua, Mo., in which there was inclosed \$10 to buy white flowers to be placed upon the body of Mrs. Lease on the day of her funeral. He says that the Nazarene came to him in a vision with a crown of blood painted upon his breast and commanded him to kill Mrs. Lease. He alleges that the Nazarene also told him that President Cleveland was all right and that President Roosevelt was all wrong and that President Roosevelt is going to be made an arch-angel after being hanged. Mrs. Lease has a half-brother of her name Frank.

-Advised from St. Anne du Parado, Quebec, near where the St. Alban landslide occurred, say that serious landslides are occurring on the east side of St. Anne's River from the Canadian Pacific Railroad bridge extending north. The river has been rising for the last few days and the banks have been undermined. Immense quantities of timber stored along the shore have been swept away. The farm buildings of Xavier Lebourd and a dozen others were swept away and the houses are in great danger and have been abandoned. The landslides are gradual, but the whole bank of the river, with its valuable farming property, seems destined to be swept into the river. The inhabitants are in a state of consternation.

-Cashier J. C. Thompson, of the failed First National Bank at Fedalia, Mo., has not yet been found. He left Friday for Washington, but a telegram from Congressman John T. Heard says that he has not arrived. It is generally known that warrants for Thompson are in the hands of the Federal officers charging the missing cashier with embezzlement, false bookkeeping and false reports to the Controller. Bank Examiner Latimer advised that Cashier Thompson had refused to say a word, but the belief now is that the bank has been systematically and completely looted. President Cyrus Newkirk, who has been ill some time, has been placed at death's door by the shock of the events and the cashier's flight. Thompson's wife is also in a serious condition.

-As an example of what can be done with an old ship naval engineers point with pride to the Alert, which has just been thoroughly overhauled at the Mare Island yard, Cal., and is the best vessel now in the fleet. The vessel was built over twenty years ago, and has worked out two sets of boilers. Chief Engineer Knutz, who is in charge of the mechanical department of the Mare Island yard, took the ship in hand recently, put in two boilers, originally intended for the tugboat Monadnock and made other alterations at little expense, the result of which was to increase by fifty the horse-power of the vessel and to increase the coal capacity 50 percent, thus making the Alert a much more serviceable cruiser than she formerly was.

-By the addition of the Sena collection to the Newberry Library, Chicago has come into possession of the best medical collection in the United States and one of the best in the world. The latter fact is due to the fact that the Newberry of the books that confer this distinction has been in progress for several days and is now nearly completed. Its latest addition to the library, which will soon be brought to completion, is the gift of Dr. Sena of Sena, Chicago. It is known throughout the medical world as the "great Sena collection." It comprises over 10,000 volumes, and has been the result of ten years of work. The rest of the books will soon be brought from Milwaukee, the former residence of Dr. Sena, where they have been stored since shipment from Europe.

-The Argentine Consul General informed the Argentine Consul at Rio de Janeiro that a revolution had broken out at Buenos Ayres. Inquiries at the Argentine legation in London, the Barings & Messageries Bank at the River Plate, Rio de Janeiro, have revealed that nothing had been heard of the revolution.

-The Springfield, Ill., suburb of Pawnee was almost wiped off the face of the earth by fire at 3 o'clock Tuesday morning. The entire residential district, a square, with adjacent houses in its midst, and the population of the suburb is now a mass of ruins. Twenty-five firms and families are ruined. The total loss will reach \$100,000. It is thought that the cause was the work of an incendiary. Much excitement prevails there.

-The schooner American Union, without cargo, went ashore in Thomas Bay near Alpena, Michigan. The boat was owned by Captain James Goldman, of Chicago.

-Jacob Rudolph, a henchman of blind Willie Buckley, shot Business Manager Elliot of the San Francisco Chronicle. A silver dollar saved Elliot's life.

-Obituary: At Cincinnati, Banker Theodore Cook, aged 65.—At Rockford, Ill., George J. Robertson, aged 84.—At Eau Claire, Wis., Russell Westcott, the oldest man in the State, aged 93.—At Bourbon, Ind., William Weissert, aged 76.—At Paris, France, General Theophile A. Ferron, 84.

TALMAGE'S SERMON. HE GIVES AN ELOQUENT ANNUAL DISCOURSE.

A Discourse Appropriate to the Generations Past, Present, and Those to Come. The Distinguished Pastor Announces the Scope of His Coming Vacation.

The Tabernacle Folio.

Last Sunday was a great day in the history of the Brooklyn Tabernacle. The figures in flowers back of the platform, 1869 and 1894, indicated Rev. Dr. Talmage's time of beginning work in Brooklyn and the present celebration, and were introductory to the great meetings in honor of Dr. Talmage's pastorate to take place on the following Thursday and Friday, presided over by the Mayor of the city and ex-Secretary of the Navy Gen. Tracy, and to be participated in by Senators and Governors and prominent men from



REV. DR. WITT TALMAGE, D. D.

north, south, east, and west. The subject of the sermon was "The Generations," the text being Ecclesiastes, i, 4, "One generation passeth away and another generation cometh."

According to the longevity of people in their particular century has a generation been called 100 years, or fifty years, or thirty years. By common consent in our nineteenth century a generation is fixed at twenty-five years.

The largest procession that ever moved is the procession of years, and the greatest army that ever marched is the army of generations. In our century there are about nine full regiments of days. These 9,125 days in each generation march with wonderful precision. They never break ranks, they never ground arms, they never pitch tents, they never halt. They are never off on furlough. They come out of the eternity past, and they move on toward the eternity future. They cross rivers without any bridge or boats. The 600 immortals of the Crimea dashing into them cause no confusion. They move as rapidly as a musket ball, and as accurately as a rifle. At midnight as at midnoon. Their haversacks are full of good bread and bitter aloes, clusters of richest vintage and bottles of agonizing tears. With a regular tread that no order of angels could equal, they march on and on, and on white mountains crumble and pyramids die. "One generation passeth, and another generation cometh."

This is my twenty-fifth anniversary sermon, 1869 and 1894, his 25 years ago he landed in Brooklyn, and he has passed. A whole generation has passed. Three generations we have known—that which preceded our own, that which is now at the front and the one coming on. We are at the heels of our predecessors and our successors are at our heels. What a generation it was that preceded us! We who are now in the front regiment are the only ones competent to tell the new generation just how coming in sight our predecessors were. Biography cannot tell it. Autobiographies cannot tell it. Biographies are generally written by special friends of the departed, perhaps by wife or son or daughter, and are the only good thing that comes of the passing. The biographers of our first Presidents of the United States make no record of the President's account books, now in the archives at the capitol, which I have seen, telling how they lived, and what they were doing, and what they were wearing, and what they were eating. The biographers of one of the early Secretaries of the United States never described the scene that day witnessed when the secretary was carried dead drunk from the State capitol into his own home, and the biography is written by the man himself, and no one would record for future time his own weakness and moral deficits. Those who keep diaries put down only things that read well. No man or woman of our generation would dare to make full record of all the thoughts and words of a lifetime. We who saw and heard much of the generation marching just ahead of us are privileged to see the fullness of the record, and to write it accurately to our successors who our predecessors were. Very much like ourselves, thank you. Human nature in them very much like human nature in us. At our time of life they were very much like us are. At the time they were in their teens they were very much like you who are in your teens, and at the time they were in their twenties they were very much like you who are in your twenties. They were a human race, and a human twist under a fruit tree in Eden, and though the grace of God does much to straighten things, every new generation has the same twist, and the same work of straightening out has to be done over again.

A Glance at History. A mother in the country districts expecting the neighbors at her table on some gain night had with her own hands arranged everything in taste, and as she was about to turn round to receive her guests, saw her little child, by accident, upset a pitcher all over the white cloth and soil everything, and the mother lifted her hand to slap the child, but she suddenly remembered the time when a little child herself, in her father's house, where they had always before been set at candles, on the purchase of a lady which was a matter of rarity and pride, she took it in her hands and dropped it, crushing into pieces, and looking up in her father's face, expecting a chastisement, heard only the words: "It is a sad loss, but never mind. You did not mean to do it." History repeats itself. Generations are constantly passing. Among that generation that is past, as in our own, and as it will be in the generation following us, those who succeeded became the target, shot at by those who did not succeed. In those times, our forefathers, our man's bitterest enemies were those whom he had befriended and helped. Hates, jealousies, and avenging were just as lively in 1869 as in 1894. Typocryy snuffed and looked solemn as now. There was just as much aversion among the apple barrels as now, among the cotton bales, and among the wheelbarrows as among the locomotives. The tall candles were the same size that are now found under the electric lights. Homespun was just as proud as is a modern fashion plate. Twenty-five years—yea, twenty-five centuries have not changed human nature a particle. I say this for the encouragement of those who think that our times monopolize all the abominations of the ages. One minute after Adam got outside of Paradise he was just like you, O man! One stop after Eve left the gate she was just like you, O woman! All the faults and vices are many times centenarians. Yea, the cities Sodom, Gomorrah, Pompei, Herculaneum, Heliopolis, and ancient Memphis were as much worse than our modern cities as you might expect from the fact that the modern cities have somewhat yielded to the restraints of Christianity, while those ancient cities were not limited in their abominations.

Now at the right time. Yea, that generation which passed off with the last 25 years had their bereavements, their temptations, their struggles, their disappointments, their successes, their failures, their gladness, and their griefs, like these last generations. I have a right to say in advance, and that following. But the twenty-five years between 1869 and 1894—how much they saw! How much they discovered! How much they felt! Within that time they had performed the miracles of the telephone and the phonograph.

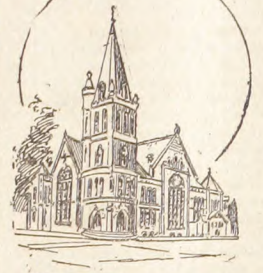
There are not ten men or women on the earth now prominent who were prominent twenty-five years ago. The crew of this old ship of a world is all changed. Others at the helm, others in the lookout, others on the deck. Time is a dector who with perfect anodyne has put an entire generation into sound sleep. Time, like another Cromwell, has roughly progressed, parliament and with iconoclasm down nearly all the rulers except one queen from their high places. So far as I observed that generation, for the most part they did their best. Ghastly exceptions, but so far as I see they did their duty well, and many of them gloried in their work. They were born at the right time, and they died at the right time. They left the world better than they found it. We are indebted to them for the fact that they prepared the way for our coming. Eighteen hundred and ninety-four reverently and gratefully salutes 1869. "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh."

An Anthem. "Here are fathers and mothers here whom I baptized in their infancy. There is not one person in this church's board of session or trustees who was here when I came. Here and there in this vast assembly is one person who heard my opening sermon in Brooklyn, and more than one person in every 500 now present. Of the seventeen persons who gave me a unanimous call when I came only three, I believe, are living. "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh." Nothing can rob us of the satisfaction that uncounted thousands of the generation just past were converted, comforted, and harvested for Heaven by this church, whether in the present building or in the many other buildings in which they worshipped. The two great organs of the previous churches went down in the memorable fires, but the multitudinous souls they led now year were not recalled or injured. There is no power on earth or hell to kill a ballistics. It is impossible to arrest a hosanna. What a satisfaction to know that there are as many of you as there were of my eternal welfare in glory on whose behalf I have labored, and who will remember the time when a little child herself, in her father's house, where they had always before been set at candles, on the purchase of a lady which was a matter of rarity and pride, she took it in her hands and dropped it, crushing into pieces, and looking up in her father's face, expecting a chastisement, heard only the words: "It is a sad loss, but never mind. You did not mean to do it." My lady, I can

only think of one passage or Scripture, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die, and the seed shall die with it." "The seed that sinneth, it shall die." Can't you think of something else in the Bible to cheer me up? Well, sailors are kind, and they tried to think of some other passage, but they could not, but they could not. One of them said: "Let us call up the cabin boy. His mother was a Christian, and I guess he has a Bible." The cabin boy was called up, and the flying sailor asked him if he had a Bible. He said, "Yes." But he could not exactly find it, and the flying sailor scolded him and said, "Ain't you ashamed of yourself not to read your Bible?" So the boy explored the bottom of his trunk and brought out the Bible, and his mother had marked a passage that fitted the dying sailor's case. "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all unrighteousness." That helped the sailor to die in peace. So one generation helps another, and good things written or said or done are reproduced long afterward.

God's Answer to Prayer. During the passing of the last generation some peculiar events have unfolded. One day while resting at Sharon Springs, N. Y.—I think it was in 1870, the year after my settlement in this building, I was walking through the park of that place. I found myself asking the question, "I wonder if there is any special mission for me to execute in this world? If there is, may God show it to me." If there soon came upon me the best answer I have ever had. I realized that the vast majority of people, even in Christian lands, never enter a church, and that it would be an opportunity of usefulness infinite in that they would not be used. And so I recorded that prayer in a blank book and offered the prayer day in and day out until the answer came, though in a way different from that which I had in mind. It came through the misrepresentation and persecution of enemies, and I have to record it for the encouragement of all ministers of the gospel who are misrepresented that if the misrepresentation and persecution are enough there is nothing that so widens one's field of usefulness as hostile attack, if you are really doing the Lord's work. The bigger the lie told about me the bigger the field of usefulness I got. I really was doing a new stage of sermonic publication to which the work has gone on until week by week and for about twenty-three years I have had the world for my audience as I have had the world for my mission. More than at any other time. The synecrites inform me that my sermons go now to about 25,000,000 of people in all lands. I mention this not in vain boast, but as a testimony to the fact that God answers prayer. Would God had been more consecrated to the world! May God forgive me for lack of service in the past, and double and quadruple my work in the future.

Free Gospel. We have raised in this church over \$1,000,000 for church charitable purposes, and the free pastorate, while we have raised only a few hundred, the gospel to hundreds of thousands of strangers year by year. I record with gratitude to God that during this generation of twenty-five years I have had the most abundant field of service for the free gospel, anything like physical disposition. Almost a fanatic on the subject of physical exercise, I have made the parks with which our city is blessed the means of good physical condition. A daily walk and read to others climbing the world and ready for work and in good humor with all the world. I say to all young ministers of the gospel it is easier to keep good health than to regain it when once lost. The reason so many good men think they have no work to do is because their own physical condition is on the down grade. No matter how good a man is, if he has a diseased liver or an enlarged spleen. There are two things ahead of us that ought to be done. One is to get our work—Heaven and the millennium.



THE BROOKLYN TABERNALE.

From the observatory other worlds have been seen to have in sight. Six presidents of the United States have been inaugurated. Transatlantic voyage accomplished in ten days to five and one-half. Chicago and New York, once three days apart, now only twenty-four hours by the vestibule limited. Two additional railroads have been built to the Pacific. France has passed from monarchy to republicanism. Many of the cities have nearly doubled their populations. During that generation the chief surviving heroes of the civil war have gone into the camp of the grave. The chief physicians, orators, orators, merchants, have passed off the earth or are in retirement waiting for transition. Other men in editorial chairs, in pulpits, in governors' mansions, in legislative, senatorial and congressional halls, have passed away.

Most of you are aware that I propose at this time, between the close of my twenty-fifth year of pastorate and before the beginning of my twenty-sixth year, to be absent for a few months in the order to take a journey around the world. I expect to sail for San Francisco in the steamer Alameda May 31. My place here on Sabbath will be fully occupied, while on Mondays, and every Monday, I will conduct my special service to the printing press in this and other lands, as before. Why do I do it? To make pastoral visitation among people whom I have never seen, but to whom I have been permitted a long while to address my words, and to whom I have my own cities, towns, and neighborhoods. I want to know what are their perplexities, what their adversities and what their opportunities, and so enlarge my work and get more adapted purposes. I want to freshen my mind and heart by new scenes, new faces, new manners and customs. I want better to understand what are the wrongs to be righted and the waste places to be reclaimed. I will put all I learn in sermons to be preached to you when I return.

And so I hope to come back refreshed, re-enforced, and better equipped to do my work for the next few years more of effectual work than I have done in the last twenty-five.

Now in this twenty-fifth anniversary sermon I propose to do two things—first, to put a garland on the grave of the generation that has just passed off and then to put a new branch in the hand of the generation just now coming on the field of action, for my text is true, "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh." And now I twist a garland for that departed generation. It need not be costly, perhaps just a handful of clover blossoms from the fields through which they used to walk, or a ring of myrtle as you could hold between the thumb and the forefinger, plucked out of the garden where they used to walk in the glow of the day. Put these old-fashioned things on the grave, and let the heart that never again will ache with the feet that will never again be weary, and the arm that has forever ceased to toil, Peace, father! Peace, mother! Give my love to all that for the generation gone. There is more foolishness in the world than anything else.

ROYAL FIRE FIGHTER. EMPEROR WILLIAM RUNS WID DE MACHINE. Fire at Nannau. Trolley Must Go from Gettysburg's Field—Wichita National Bank Suspends—Mobile and Ohio Men Accept a Cut—Big Fire at Nannau.

It isn't often that the people of Gatow a suburb of Berlin, have an emperor for a friend, but they had one Monday when Emperor William visited the humblest citizen of the town to see what the fire department was saving the property of the people. When word that Gatow was in flames was conveyed to William he called for his horse, and while it was being prepared for him he alarmed the Sunday garrison and summoned assistance from the fire department of Berlin. Then he rode at full gallop to Gatow. Once there he mingled with the men of the village who were fighting the fire, and his extraordinary interest in the apparent reckless and daring of the people. The emperor set an ax and led the villagers on a new line of defense. The flames from one building were threatening another, when the emperor climbed to the roof and against the wind the emperor struck a long strip of the structure until he had cut it off and so saved the adjoining building from taking fire. A shower of sparks fell around him, and he cut a noble figure as he swung his ax over his head, and Joppe came down from his fiery field he helped the firemen to carry buckets of water, and in many other ways assisted in subduing the flames. His presence and his work went far toward saving the village, but the worst had not been done. When the worst was passed, His Majesty was foremost in organizing parties for succor of those who had been rendered homeless by the fire. Entire communities were taken care of. A court case, once surrendered to him, and the solidly and prompt fashion in which he laid out plans and executed them won for him the admiration of all who saw him work.

The directors of the electric railway Co. at Gettysburg have been advised by eminent counsel that they have no appeal from the decision of the Government commission to condemn every portion of the railway on ground that was occupied by Federal or Confederate troops. The board of directors will be taken up from "Hancock's Front," "Little Round Top," and "the Valley of Death."

The State National Bank, at Wichita, Kan., suspended Monday morning, and great alarm prevails in the city. This institution was considered one of the strongest in the West. William D. Kilmer was president and the Lombards were interested in it. The bank officers have not yet made any statement of its condition. Swift & Co. made a deposit of \$960 the last thing Saturday night. Large depositors are left in a state of consternation.

Mobile and Ohio locomotive engineers have accepted a cut of 8 per cent. in wages to remain in force until December, when wages will be restored. If at the end of another four months business does not justify full wages the 8 per cent cut will be permanent.

Fire at Nannau, B. C., Monday morning destroyed the electric light and power works, Craig's carriage factory, the city bridge manufactory, and several stores. Hardy Eastman, a fireman, fell from a burning roof and died an hour later. Another man was badly injured, and may die. The reported loss is \$100,000.

A charitable party broke into a Lyster, Minn., house on being refused money with which to buy beer. Three of its members were shot.

Two New York men who refused to be vaccinated and threatened to sue the health officers secured their freedom by habeas corpus proceedings.

The assessors of the town of Northbridge, Mass., have decided to tax bicyclists. They estimate that there are 300 bicyclists in the town, valued at \$25,000. Wheelmen expect the tax to be a means of improving the roads and will not object.

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FLATHEAD, VALLEY. A PICTURESQUE AND DECIDEDLY FERTILE REGION.

Rich Farming Lands—Excellent Timber—Lumbering Mineral Wealth—Large Rivers and Lakes—Mild and Healthful Climate—A Paradise for Sportsmen.

Garden of the Northwest. Kalispell, Mont., correspondent. In only two localities in the United States can the Rocky Mountains be seen from a steamboat, and both of these are in Montana; first on the Missouri River at Fort Benton, east of the range, and then on the Flathead river and lake, west of it. Surprises await the tourist who descends into the mountain-girted valley of the Flathead, where he finds everything of a magnitude in keeping with his general features of the Rocky Mountains. Nature has created rivers, lakes, forests, prairies, and valleys upon a large scale. The Flathead, instead of being a shallow rivulet dashing down the mountain sides, is a majestic stream larger than the Mississippi at St. Paul. Flathead Lake is the largest body of fresh water west of the great lakes, and is but one of a number of pretty bodies of water scattered over the valley. Situated upon the Pacific side of the continent, the climate gives mild winters and fine autumns, which contrast with the seasons in the same parallel on the Atlantic coast. There are no blizzards and cyclones. The liberal rainfall has nurtured forests of pine and other trees, not only on the mountain sides, but in the valley itself. The time being interlarded with prairies which, in the country a park-like appearance resembling the oak openings of Michigan, Ohio, and New York. Unlike the soil where pine grows in other localities, here it is rich loam and makes the best kind of agricultural land when cleared.

"Seeing is believing" is an adage as old as it is true, and there are those so incredulous that only with reluctance will they accept any but this kind of proof. It is, in fact, a valley of this valley is a source of delight, and the only admission is that "the half has never been told." What a change, too, after the magnificent trip through the Rockies, over which the railway has been opened, to reach a valley so peaceful and so fertile. The prairies with cultivated fields and gardens, and see busy towns with hundreds of people engaged in the pursuits of peace and home-seeking, where only a few days ago a valley in wilds roamed in search of game and fish. A few years and thousands more white will be here sharing the plenty industry is certain to give all willing to woo the earth with its treasures of field, mine, forest and water.

Flathead valley, formed by the last glaciation, has an area of 7,000 square miles, a territory larger than the States of Connecticut and Rhode Island combined. The Great Northern Railway from its first station in the county on the east to its last on the west runs a double track through the Flathead River and tributaries, with 175 waters aggregating 600 miles in length converge at Kalispell, and the manufacture of lumber and shingles is becoming an important industry. The only large city in the valley is the city of Kalispell, which is a city of 10,000 people, often attaining a diameter of six feet, instead of being a mere telegraph pole as in the east. It makes fine furniture, samples of which were seen in the Montana Building at the World's Fair.

There is much that is attractive from a health-giving, scenic and sporting standpoint in this region. Snow peaks are in view all the year round, and the winters are seldom cold enough to close the streams to navigation. Lake McDonald, with its surrounding mountains, is a resort. Among the visitors last summer were Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, and Vice President Webb of the New York Central Railroad. Lakes and streams abound with trout and the hunt is as good as won with a modern rifle or deer and grouse. Farmers distant from town are aided by high fences around their gardens to keep the deer out. Skins to be seen at stores show that bear are still to be found.

The mountains in all directions contain precious and beautiful minerals, and in the northern part of the county large beds of coal and petroleum springs exist. Railway surveyors have been on a route to this section and also on a line south to Anaconda and Butte. New roads are being built and are being constantly brought to light as settlement progresses from the common centers along the railway, which gives connections between St. Paul, Minneapolis and Pocatello. Much of the country is rich in minerals, and valuable tracts of timber and farming land can be taken up under the homestead law. Two years ago the site of Kalispell was a vacant spot on the prairie; now it has over 3,000 people, several banks, three high schools, schools, churches, electric lights, waterworks, large flouring mill, saw mills, business houses and excellent hotels.

The other towns along the Great Northern Railway in this country are Columbia Falls, Placerville, Valley Jennings, Troy and Libby, the latter being a prominent point in the Kootenai mining district. Jennings is a steamer point for the Fort Steele gold district. In British Columbia Kalispell is a company stock and distribution point of the Great Northern Railway, with a two-story brick passenger depot and office building. The writer is indebted to C. E. Conrad, President of the Conrad National Bank at Kalispell, for much interesting information, and inquirers will get prompt attention from the same gentleman.

JOHN HARRINGTON. Miscellaneous Items. WHEN you had your skin good-by, don't shake hands with it. IT is exercise alone that supports the spirits and keeps the mind vigorous. IF it is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, why not do it with all thy heart? NO MAN doth safely rely but that hath learned gladly to obey.—Thomas à Kempis. THE man who is anxious to serve God never fails to wait long for a chance to go to work.

CONGRESSMAN GILMBY, of Detroit, who was left tottering by recent cold, is under treatment at New Rochelle, N. Y.

Three negroes suffering from smallpox appeared at the Harrison street station, Chicago, almost simultaneously and created a scare along the officers on watch.

Four persons were killed and thirty injured by an explosion of acids at the Coca Cola plant in London.

The seven courts imprisoned in the Fourteenth street station, Chicago, Dec. 28, were rescued by government engineers. They were almost insane from the nervous strain.