IN RELIGION'S REALM.

Expressions From the Various Religious Newspapers.

The Religious Thought of the Day as Expressed in the Sectarian Press—Some Matters of Interest to Both Ministers and Laymen.

The *Interior* (Pres.) observes that the Parliament of Religions, the sessions of which begin on Monday in Chicago, is objected to by a part of the evangelical press, and says: "A Parliament is a deliberative body of equals—while Christianity is exclusive, and cannot recognize any other of the great systems except as an adversary which attacks saving truth, and with whom it therefore can have no fellowship. This objection is emphasized when the Parliament is called a brotherhood of religions. We acknowledge and act upon universal human brotherhood, but there can be no such thing between Christ and Belial. We can clasp hands with a disciple of Gautama, and go with him to relieve the distress of a disciple of Mohammed; but if we say that Christ, Gautama and Mohammed are brother saviors, we relinquish our own. All this is so clear that no one will dispute it. The Buddhist and the Mohammedan will say the same. They both call us infidels, and think we will all be lost, though the one recognizes Christ as a great teacher, and the other ranks as a divine prophet—but they reject our final and highest divine authority as we do theirs. It is therefore evident that none of the parties to this Parliament regarded the agreement to assemble together as any concession of its own exclusiveness, or of any of the claims of the others. It is an agreement to be brotherly only so far as to exhibit to each other how the Christian and the Buddhist may go together to help a suffering Mohammedan—to compare views and thus see how far the doctrines of the great Prophet and Teacher—the only one acknowledged by all—are agreed to by all."

"There is always a loud outcry against sectarianism," says the *National Baptist*, "and we are constantly told of the wicked waste involved in half a dozen churches where the field will only supply one, and there is presented the beautiful picture of a village of a thousand people where everybody goes to the same church, all uniting in supporting one minister. Of course all this is delightful, but is it also practicable? Suppose a conscientious Presbyterian residing where there is only a Methodist Church; he hears, it may be, what he regards as the doctrines of the Gospel set at naught; he hears, perhaps, Calvinism denounced. If the case be reversed, the Methodist brother hears Calvinism, which he regards as a reproach to the Creator, preached. The beautiful ideal of one church in one town will never be realized until it pleases Divine Providence so to create people that they shall all see alike. A fallacy lurks in the word sectarianism. Sectarianism is bad; denominationalism is good and necessary. Denominationalism is the conscientiousness adherence to our own views formed after patient and impartial thought, and is fully consistent with love for all who hold different opinions. Sectarianism is a narrow-minded adherence to our prejudices, combined with overweening confidence in our own opinion, and more or less contemptuous hatred for those who differ from us. We abhor sectarianism; we do not see how we are to avoid denominationalism. The way to true Christian unity lies not in the effort to bring all into a single unsectarian church, but in a common effort to promote kind feeling and co-operation in the things wherein we are agreed and wherein we can work harmoniously."

The New York *Freeman's Journal* (R. C.) refers to a letter published in New York during the past week as a poor attempt to revive the discussion of the school question here on the old lines, while "insisting on minimizing to absurdity the latitude allowed by the recent letter of the Holy See to the hierarchy of this country," and says: "As if every one did not fully understand that where it is possible for an arrangement between Church and State that will conserve the interests of both, such as that which exists at Faribault and Poughkeepsie, it is perfectly legitimate to make it—and this without detriment to parochial schools and higher academies, supported by those who are able and prefer to have them. But even while this self-constituted dogmatist essays to circumscribe the actions of the Bishops, right here in the State of New York one of them ranges himself beside Archbishop Ireland and proposes to introduce the Faribault-Poughkeepsie plan into his diocese. We refer to Bishop Ludden of Syracuse, whose Vicar-General, the Very Rev. J. J. Kennedy, with his approbation, has laid before the Board of Education of Onondaga County a proposal to turn over to its jurisdiction the magnificent new St. Lucy Academy, finished by his congregation at a cost of $40,000, with, we are happy to hear, every prospect of its early acceptance. And in this Bishop Ludden and Father Kennedy show their good common sense. In the near future these reciprocal propositions will multiply, and as they mature into a practical and recognized modus vivendi, insuring harmonious relations, people will be found wondering why a thing so simple and so just should ever have met with the blind and unreasoning antagonism which has characterized its advancement from the outset."

"It is not surprising to those who have known of the motives actuating the clerical and lay delegates in Vermont that Father Hall has been elected by the Vermont Episcopalians to be their future Bishop," says the *Outlook*. "His learning, his zeal, his eloquence and his wide interest in religious devotion have long made him a conspicuous figure in the American Episcopal Church, and if Phillips Brooks had not been overwhelmingly popular in Massachusetts, he might have been the Bishop of Massachusetts in his place. He had a strong and determined following, and his course in assisting in the confirmation of Dr. Brooks, though he did not vote for him, was an important element in his admission to the episcopate. For this service Broad Churchmen were grateful to him, and Bishop Brooks fully appreciated the service which he rendered. That service cost Father Hall his position as a Boston clergyman. It caused him to be distrusted by the head of his order, and it led to his break with the extreme ritualists who were bitterly opposed to the confirmation of Bishop Brooks. His election as the Bishop of Vermont is an indorsement of his course by American Churchmen who represent neither extreme, and who are in search of an earnest man who will give his time and strength to the work of a Bishop in that State. His conversion to American ideas has been so well accomplished during his residence in Boston that his episcopate is not likely to be open to the objection commonly urged against Englishmen, that they are out of place in this office in this country. The House of Bishops will undoubtedly accept Father Hall when his credentials are presented to them, and it is stated by those who ought to know that there is no reasonable doubt that he will be released from his vow of obedience to the Society of St. John the Evangelist if he desires to accept the episcopate."

The *Religious Herald* (Cong.) of Hartford, Conn., says: "At the opening of the Model Sunday-school Building, Jackson Park, Dr. Goodwin said that 'during these weeks the first fruit of Briggism had showed itself. Every question under heaven or above it had been asked by inquirers in regard to the fallibility and authenticity of the Bible.' If this be the first fruit, what will 'the lump' be? If inquirers after personal reconciliation with God must first dive into antiquity and settle all minor questions about books before they repent of sin, they may as properly dive into ethical metaphysics and decide all the problems lately started about conscience by which they have knowledge of sin. And these abstruse and elaborate investigations being brought into the inquiry meeting, how long would it require to bring about, say, one conversion? Pert critics of former days have made a great bugbear of protracted heart-searching and contrition, such as used to precede a blessed 'peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ,' attained in old-time experience by thorough and honest seeking. It made personal salvation 'so long' a process. And now they have brought in preliminaries vastly longer, more perplexing and more precarious, certain also to fritter away sincere spiritual inquiry. And when settled at last no moral issue between a holy God and a sinful soul is settled thereby."

Speaking of the close of the Hebrew year, the *Jewish Messenger* says: "Upon the whole, the old year has witnessed a commendable amount of activity along various lines, which prove that American Judaism is by no means slumbering. There are, however, many difficult problems to be solved, some of which concern the life blood of our faith. The process of elimination would seem to be carried so far that it is impossible to distinguish in many instances the original elements of Judaism which have perpetuated the Jew and his religion. On the one side we have the frosts of infidelity under the varnish of ethical sentimentality, which has lost its balance wheels of old-fashioned Jewish belief and reverence, and has not the courage to acknowledge its un-Jewish character while its representatives draw their goodly salaries from the synagogue. On the other we have the fires of mediævalism with its exaggerations and aberrations that are spurned by the intelligent and are no less a travesty on the faith of prophet and sage. May the New Year's trumpet-call summon the great body of American Israel who wish their religion to represent more than the transient whims of temporary leaders, to more earnest and energetic efforts, to maintain and defend the laws and statutes which God revealed as an everlasting covenant with Israel, with all their precious associations that make for righteous living."

"Do we want another Protestanism?" asks *Unity*, and it answers the question as follows: "Yes, a Protestantism, not of one theology against another theology, but a protest against the dictatorial power of all theologies. We want a Protestantism not to annihilate, but to right the sects—a protestantism that will prick the bubble of complacency that under the guise of liberality and culture turn deaf ears to those who in bad English and in dirty clothes are praying in various ways for companionship with man and communion with God. We want a Protestantism that will eventually make a theological Protestantism unnecessary by making unrighteousness the supreme test, love the only confession and truth the adequate quest. It is obvious that at the present time there is no movement before the public represented by any organization that does represent just this Protestantism. It is equally obvious that thousands do feel underneath such a Protestantism an everdeepening faith. To such a Protestantism the bloodless little creed of the Universalists, used to circumscribe their universality, is as offensive as the Thirty-nine Articles, whose place in the church economy is determined by the churchman's skill in explaining them away. This Protestantism has as great a protest to make against the class distinctions of society as against the thought distinctisns of the creeds. This Protestantism seeks to unite the millionaire and the day laborer upon the things they hold in common. It will be a church for the masses, a working church, a seven-day church, not in one, but in many ways. Not for all, but for many, it will be a worshiping church, tending more and more to devoutness. When the coercive element in worship is eliminated, the worshiping spirit, which is jealous of its freedom and which must always have a spontaneous element in it, will grow."

"There is an alarming condition of affairs in New England," says the *Central Baptist*. "The census of 1890 shows that the communicants of Roman Catholics in New England exceed the number of all the members of Protestant Churches combined by nearly a quarter of a million. New England churches contain 1,005,120 Catholics and 763,987 Protesants. Dr. Wordsworth in the *Congregationalist* explains the condition of affairs in this wise: 'The pulpit of New England in the last twenty-five years has changed as to the style and quality of its preaching. Up to that time it had a strong doctrinal cast and tone. The older New England pulpit was militant, and was not only ready to defend itself, but to attack error and unbelief on any ground it might choose to occupy. But for a generation it has been growing pacific, and has been quite content to let false doctrine and false teaching shift for themselves, while its own tone has been apologetic, and as little antagonistic as possible. There has been a cry: Let controversy alone. Don't hold up the dry bones of Orthodoxy. Preach Christ, and cease from the hard doctrines of the fathers! The cry has prevailed, and the pulpit has supplied the demand made upon it. The old doctrines are still formulated in the creeds, and are still assented to by the candidates for church membership; but they are held very much as the fossils of extinct animals are held in our cabinets of natural history.' The lesson for us to learn in view of these facts is this: First, that we should maintain a high degree of spirituality and that we 'contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints,' without fear, favor or affection. A cold-hearted membership and a cringing, time-serving ministry present the most inviting field on earth for the Catholics."

NATURE'S GOD.

In the silence of the woodland
I am sitting, quite at rest;
And the soft breeze bears a message,
From the fair land of the blest.

While I feel God's tender presence,
Feel his all-prevading love,
'Til a perfect peace falls on me,
Like a blessing from above.

Here, I understand the Father,
With his constant love and care;
And I understand his purpose,
For 'tis written everywhere.

When men tell of the Dread Being,
When his eye that sees each fall;
How, in his great wrath he'll scourge us,
How his curse may fall on all,

Then my heart grows hard and bitter
And I say "God is not just,
For he owes us more than cursing
Since he made us but of dust."

But now soon my doubts all vanish,
When I wander in the wood;
Where each leaflet, as it flutters,
Seems to whisper, "God is good."

All the voices of the forest,
All the music of the stream;
All the insects' drowsy humming
Is about this one great theme.

And the silent, close communion
With the mind, which rules the light,
Floods my path with brightest sunshine,
Quickly puts all doubts to flight.

—Frances Forrester in Inter-Ocean.

Cycling in France.

Cycling is reported to be growing rapidly in popularity with the French women of all classes. They were much slower in taking to it than their English sisters, who have long ago adopted the tricycle as a ladies' machine. The French women, however, have gone beyond them. They scorn the tricycle and take to the bicycle at once. Moreover, they usually wear some sort of a suitable gymnastic costume for riding, an innovation which the English and American women have not ventured to adopt to any great extent.

Three miles an hour is about the average of the gulf stream, though at certain places it attains a speed of not less than fifty-four miles an hour. In the Yucatan Channel, for instance, where it is ninety miles wide and 1,000 fathoms deep, the current is not over one-fourth of a mile an hour. In the Straits of Bemini the current is so rapid that the phosphorescent glow gives the whole the appearance of being a sheet of flame.

AN ARMY VACATION.

How Some of McClellan's Soldiers Secured It in 1863.

A Long Ride in Box Cars—A Winter's Guard Duty at the Johnson Island Prison—How the Boys Enjoyed Their Outing and the Way They Were Entertained.

Following is an extract from a paper read by Captain S. A. McDonald of Cleveland at a recent banquet of the Loyal Legion of Ohio:

Thirty years ago we were engaged in a conflict which during four years attracted the attention of the whole civilized world—a struggle that was to test the stability of our system of government, and which was destined to demonstrate that this was a nation; that this union was lasting and could not be disrupted by the machinations of traitors, nor the direct assaults of open enemies.

Twenty-seven years ago the last shot of battle had been fired, but the echoes from the battlefields of the "War of the Rebellion" still reverberate over hill and dale. For over a quarter of a century the individual acts of heroism and deeds of personal daring, the movements of armies with the clash of battle, the stirring incidents of that four years' contest, have inspired both poet and historian, and have been the theme of song and story.

We who participated in the important events of these historic times have most of us reached an age when we take pleasure in reviewing the past. We delight to recall our own experience, and listen with interest to the recital of the part played by others during those four years of active warfare. To us the oft-told story is always new and entertaining.

The old soldier who served in the war of the rebellion delights in telling of his experience upon the battlefield. He fights his battles over again at every favorable opportunity, and it does not matter to him if his crimson-hued tales are not strictly in line with the records of history; he helped to make history, and if the records are not in accordance with his ideas of the eternal fitness of things, then he considers it a horse on the historian.

When "vet" meets "vet" then comes the talk of war, and some one has said that the pilgrimages made by the veterans to the annual encampment of the G. A. R. are wholly and solely for the purpose of "swapping lies."

The recital of these wondrous and highly-colored tales is not confined to the bronzed hero who stood in the battle front. The mendacious "coffee cooler" who "snuffed the battle from afar" very far indeed, in the rear, is a very successful romancer when he has an appreciative and not too critical or well posted audience; the fiercer he can make the contest and the bloodier the strife, the better is he pleased with his effort.

I propose to abandon the beaten path which so many delight to travel, and instead of endeavoring to depict scenes of carnage or describe the horrors of war, will confine myself to telling of an episode in the history of my regiment which all who took part in it recall with feelings of pleasure and satisfaction, and which though it occurred in war time, is minus the blood-curdling features of the old soldiers' tales of warfared.

The regiment in which I had the honor of serving for three years during the "late unpleasantness" was recruited in the summer of 1862, when the outlook for the ultimate success of the cause of the Union was gloomy and discouraging, but the nation's urgent need decided the question as to the extent of the duty owed to the country by each individual citizen, and the call for troops was responded to with alacrity. The day of the big Government bounty had not yet arrived; conscription was still a thing of the future; the substitute and "bounty jumper" racket had not been established as one of our "infant industries." Canada, the paradise of the boodler of the present day, had not yet attained notoriety as being the haven of refuge for the "skedaddler."

Recruiting went on rapidly and soon the ranks were filled, and after some time spent in camp at its rendezvous, the regiment was mustered into the United States service August 28th, and three days later, on a bright Sabbath morning, took the cars, bound for Washington and the seat of war, gaily singing as the train left the depot, "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more."

The youth who was doomed to fall a victim to the deadly rebel bullet, and he who should prove false to his oath and desert his colors; the unfortunate one who was fated to languish in rebel prison pen, and still more unfortunate who was to writhe in agony upon the battlefield and in after years drag his crippled limbs around; all were bright and hopeful and unconcerned as to what the fortunes of war might have in store for them. It is well that the happenings of the future are wisely hidden from us. Well was it for this gallant band of 1,000 light-hearted young men that they did not know that owing to the casualties of war a skeleton of a regiment numbering less than three hundred would be all that would return to be mustered out of service at the close of the war. Upon our arrival at Washington we were assigned to the Army of the Potomac and campaigned under command of McClellan, Burnside, Hooker and Meade, our brigade being commanded by Brigadier-General Alexander Shaler.

On November 26, 1863, we celebrated Thanksgiving Day by starting on the Mine Run campaign. This was a campaign barren of result; the Army of the Potomac simply indulged in another of its characteristic grand military quadrilles, in which the principal changes were "Cross over!" "Forward and back!" "All promenade!" After the Mine Run fiasco we returned to our old camps near Brandy Station, and it was the generally received opinion that we would remain there in winter quarters, but on the 5th of January, '64, the brigade received orders to be in readiness to move by rail, at a moment's notice. This was a new departure, a complete surprise party, and many were the conjectures as to our destination. At midnight orders were received to move at 1:30 A. M., and promptly at the appointed hour the whole brigade moved off and boarded the cars which were in readiness, and the trains were headed towards Washington, which city we reached just before night, and after a tiresome delay were transferred to a train on the Baltimore and Ohio Railway.

At Washington it leaked out that Sandusky, O., was our destination, and that we were to be engaged in guarding rebels instead of fighting them.

Box cars were furnished as the means of transportation; these cars were without seats or stoves. About fifty men were packed in each car. The company officers rode with their comrades and shared the discomforts of the trip. The "headquarters" car was not a magnificent affair in which the commanding officer traveled in solitary grandeur; it was simply a box car fitted up with a stove and some temporary seats made from rough boards without backs or cushions; the comfort to be derived from the use of them depended upon circumstances and physical conditions; the fattest man had the softest seat.

The first night on the road was spent in a manner never to be forgotten. A considerable quantity of whisky had been smuggled aboard the cars, and many of the boys had improved the time and opportunity in Washington to imbibe freely, so that between the natural buoyancy of spirits caused by the knowledge of the good times in store for us, and the effect of sundry potations strong and deep, the spirits of the whole command were elevated to the highest notch and found vent in a variety of humorous commands and lively movements not to be found in Casey's Tactics or Army Regulations. To make confusion worse confounded the happy fellows seemed musically (?) inclined, and favored their comrades with spirited songs, with but little regard for harmony. One party shouted at the full capacity of their lungs a "Farewell to my old Virginny shore," whilst another affirmed with equal vigor, "This is the way we long have sought and mourned because we found it not." And so we went our way, all in the best of spirits and bubbling over with good humor.

The wind was blowing a perfect gale and a fierce storm of snow impeded our progress; little did we care for wind or weather. Above the howling of the storm and the clatter of the wheels arose the refrain, "We are going home, we are going home, we are going home to Sanduskee."

From Martinsburg to Wheeling I rode in the headquarters car with the Colonel and two or three other officers of my regiment. At one of our many stopping places one of the party secured a bottle of "S. T. 1860 X Plantation Bitters." I do not know that the article called "Plantation Bitters" is made or sold now; nor can I recall for which of the many ills that flesh is heir to it was offered as a sovereign remedy, but I do most distinctly remember that its exhilarating properties were fully equal to any native distilled "Apple Jack," and that its "O be joyful" powers were not supassed by the article that in the soldiers' vocabulary was familiarly known as "commissary"; and as a truthful historian I must record the fact that the quiet game of whist with which we had been whiling away the time soon became a very spirited contest.

The delays in transit are frequent and very wearisome, but finally on the 13th of January, after being on the road for seven day, we arrived at Sandusky.

Four regiments of the brigade were at once transferred to the island, and there General Shaler established his headquarters and assumed commond of the post. My regiment was quartered in the town.

There was a general disposition shown by the citizens to make the stay of the soldiers as pleasant as possible. Numerous entertainments were gotten up for their amusement and the homes of the citizens were open to the deserving ones. Rank counted for but little; shoulder straps were not necessarily prerequisites to social recognition. We did not, at any time, "paint the town red," yet I doubt if the staid and sober town of Sandusky was never so gay as during the time that the troops from the Army of the Potomac were quartered there.

Time passed rapidly away and we scarce noted its flight until the spring days were upon us, and one day in April the Hoffman Battalion from Cleveland marched down the street in magnificent array, and after giving a dress parade that astonished the natives, and excited the admiration (if not envy) of the old soldiers, they were transferred to the island and relieved part of our brigade.

The arrival of these troops was looked upon as a sure indication that we would soon have marching orders, and leave for the front. Then farewell to the gay scenes that had enlivened our stay upon Lake Erie's shore.

No more should we mingle in the maze of the giddy dance with Sandusky's fair daughters, or whisper sweet trifles into willing ears. No more should we quench our thirst with the foaming lager, quaff Sandusky "native wine," or feast upon the toothsome pretzel. Full soon it would be our lot to dwell upon the tented field, renew our acquaintance with our old friend hardtack, and instead of listening to music from flute, and viol, and bassoon, our ears would be greeted with the plaintive note of the sweet songster, the army mule.

On the 13th of April, after a sojourn at Sandusky of exactly three months, we took train to return to the front; there were many sorrowful hearts in the regiment and also among the citizens; the parting with our friends was sad and trying. The poet (?) of the brigade struck his tuneful lyre and in a "B flat" minor key indulged in the following double barreled doleful wail, as being expressive of our feelings upon that occasion:

How beautiful the ladies who in Sandusky dwell,
How mournful every heart is, for we've learned to love them well,
The veterans round their fires at night, fond tales of thee shall tell,
Oh! scene of such short-lived delight, Sandusky, fare thee well.

—Cleveland Leader.

UNCLE PETE'S STORY.

And He Expected the Boys to Believe Every Word of it.

"Did you ever hear how the Tremper boys got their winter supply of popcorn?" asked Uncle Billy, when the children teased him for a story.

"Do tell us?" cried the two little boys together.

"Well, old Farmer Tremper was a very mean man. He raised lots of popcorn for the market, but the little Tremper boys never had any popcorn. His barn was full of it, but the little Tremper boys begged in vain for a small supply to pop on winter evenings.

"'It's a shame!' said Johnnie Tremper, looking at the big barn full of popcorn. The market wagon stood ready to start with a load to market.

"'Yes, it's a shame!' said Billy.

"'Let's take a couple of ears and pop 'em now!' said Johnnie.

"'Let's' said Billy. So the boys started a little fire behind the barn and tried to pop corn. But the fire did stay little. It flared up and caught some loose boards, and in five minutes the back of the barn was a sheet of flame. The little boys made frantic efforts to put it out, the farmer and his men rushed out, but nobody could stop it, and the whole barn burned down.

"Then a curious thing happened. As the fire grew hot the corn in the barn began to pop. Pop! Pop! Pop! it went. Pop! Pop! Pop! Thousands and thousands of grains flew into the air, and sounded like hail dropping on the roof. When the grains flew they fell in showers all around and over the barn, until they actually buried the barn out of sight, and put the fire clean out!"

"Uncle Peter!" cried the little boys, both at once. "You don't expect us to believe that?"

"Certainly, I do," said Uncle Peter. "You've got to believe a story when I tell it to you!"

"Well, we'll try, Uncle Peter," answered the little boys together.

"Of course, a barnful of popcorn would be ten times as big after it was popped as before—that stands to reason," went on Uncle Peter. "And so the mountain of popcorn grew and grew until it got so big it covered adjoining fields, and the farmer was glad to let the whole family live on popcorn as long as it lasted."

"There must have been an awful lot, Uncle Peter," said the little boys together.

"Worse than that," said Uncle Peter. "The farmer's old cow was in the field behind the barn, and when she saw the showers of popcorn coming down she thought it was snowing. She began to shiver so hard she couldn't stand up. So she lay down in it, and the farmer found her frozen to death underneath it the next day!"

"Do you expect us to believe that, too, Uncle Peter?" asked the little boys together.

"I certainly do!" replied Uncle Peter, promptly.

TO EUGENE FIELD, M. A.

[Knox College has conferred the honorary degree of Master of Arts upon Eugene Field of the Chicago *Record*.]

They've made you Master of the Arts,
What branch of arts, Eugene?
Is it of speech, its arts and parts,
Or art of touching human hearts?
What does the title mean?

O poet of the empty purse,
O scholar ere you're gray,
Your genius might have served you worse,
But will you write beneath your verse:
"Eugene Field, Bard, M. A."?

And on the campus green to graze
Let your Pegasus stray?
To college yells devote your lays,
Or tune your lyre to Field-day praise,
Professor Field, M. A.?

Eugene, I'm no calumniator,
I simply do regret
That you accept, to make you greater,
From such a foster alma mater
"M. A.," sir, by brevet.

I would not bring you any pain,
O rhyming master, nay;
But don't you think your muse is vain,
When she will wear, for sordid gain,
A gewgaw like "M. A."?

—Wm. Harold Bolce.

Formed by thy converse happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

TWO KINDS OF WOLVES.

The Biped and the Quadruped Variety.

A Montana Ranchman's Story of How He and His Friends Showed Gratitude for the Service Done Them by a Herd of Elk.

"One season, three or four years ago, a pack of white wolves laid siege to my ranch and some of the neighboring ranches around the head of Wind River," said Miles Holden of Montana to a New York *Sun* man, "and played hob with our cattle and sheep. The white wolf is bigger and more aggressive than the black timber wolf. He grows to be almost as big as a yearling calf. His strength is most extraordinary. As fleet as the wind he defies all pursuit, and, even if he were not so swift afoot, his remarkable cunning would amply serve him in eluding his pursuers. This big and fierce beast of prey will kill a cow with ease, and a pack of them prowling about the range will soon make alarming inroads on the size of a man's herd.

"This is just what this pack was doing the season I speak of, and my neighbor and myself had spent much time and ridden many miles in fruitless efforts to hunt the marauders down. They had inflicted hundreds of dollars' loss upon us, and the way they were keeping up their raids they threatened to break us all up in business before the war was out. More than once we started out to follow the trail of these wolves, determined to bring them to bay before we let up, only to come back foiled and to find that while we supposed we were pressing in their wake they had been back to the ranch of some one of us and despoiled it of several head more of fat cattle. I afterward learned that no one ever knew a white wolf to be caught or killed by either of those methods.

"At last, after a more than usually destructive and comprehensive raid on the ranches around us, a half dozen of us got together and resolved to take the warpath against the pack, and to remain on it night and day until we either wiped its members off the face of the earth or drove them out of that country. We started out thoroughly equipped for the crusade. We called ourselves wolf hunters, but, from the way the hunt ended we should have been called wolves instead of hunters, for we were guilty of a most bloodthirsty act at its close. We deserved to be hunted down like wolves ourselves for it. Until my dying day I will be ashamed for having had part in it.

THE ELK AND THE WOLVES.

"We struck the trail while it was fresh. It led us a wild and tortuous chase all day, and when we had to camp for the night we didn't suppose we were any nearer the sly marauders than we were when we started. We halted in a narrow valley, which was closed at one end by a border of thickly growing bushes and had its head at the foot of a high bluff. A little stream flowed through it. We camped at one edge of this valley. We were astir at daybreak, eager to start on the chase again. While we were eating a hasty breakfast we felt a curious trembling of the ground. One of our party, an old hunter, said that it was caused by a herd of animals of some kind that were coming to the creek for water. We hid in the bushes to see what they might be. We had hardly done so when a pair of great antlers parted the bushes at the lower end of the vale only a few rods away, and following them a magnificent bull elk stepped cautiously through into the opening. He held his head high in the air, sniffed suspiciously in every direction, and then, as if satisfied that no danger lurked near, he made a peculiar whistling sound and marched forward confidently. Responding to his signal, such a procession as I can never hope to have the good fortune to see again came proudly in his wake, a herd of thirty elk, stately bucks, sleek cows and glossy calves. All of the bulls were large and splendidly antlered, but none of them approached in majestic proportion of mien the noble leader of the herd.

"For a moment every one of us gazed spellbound on the grand spectacle, and then the brute instinct in us asserted itself, and every man's rifle went to his shoulder. But before one of us could fire there broke upon the scene something that gave quite another aspect to it, and mechanically every man's gun was lowered. An immense white wolf dashed through the fringe of bushes through which the elk had just made their way, and with a frightful yell sprang upon a calf that stood by the side of its mother while the latter was quenching her thirst at the creek. The calf, bleating pitifully, went down beneath the leap of its bloodthirsty foe, and instantly the wolf's fangs were at its throat, and the next instant the whole pack came rushing and yelping like demons in upon the startled herd. That this was the pack we were pursuing there could be no doubt. Chased from their quest of blood at the ranches, they had struck the trail of the elk and had crept upon them in that quiet vale. There were twelve in the pack, not one of them less than five feet in length. True to their kind, they all pounced upon the calf that the first wolf had killed, and the gnashing, snarling and snapping of their great jaws as they fought for a morsel of the meat was enough to frighten an Indian from the spot. Before we had time to think what it would be best for us to do to make our attack on the wolves most effective, a movement among the bull elks caused us to postpone consideration of the attack.

RAVENOUS BRUTES TORN TO PIECES.

"At the first onslaught of the wolves the elk stood as if paralyzed with fright or astonishment, but before the ravenous pack could strip the meat from the bones of the calf the bull elks separated from the cows and joined each other in a group. There were nine of them. For a moment they tossed their great antlered heads in the air, pawed the ground, and made everything tremble with their loud bellowing. Then they formed in a circle about the snapping and snarling wolves, their bristling cheveaux de frise of horns turned toward them. The wolves, intent on tearing and gorging on their prey, had not noticed the action of the elks, and not until they had left nothing but the skeleton of the calf and turned to look for another victim did they discover the threatening circle of terrible heads that confronted them. With gleaming fangs, blood-red jaws wide open and eyes blazing like coals of fire, they attacked the elks with a ferocity that few things could have stood firm against, but they only hurled themselves upon the sharp and rugged fronts of the lowered antlers to be cast back within the circle howling with pain of wounds the well-thrust horns inflicted.

"With the repulse of this assault of the wolves the elks stepped forward a pace or two, reducing the limits of the bloody circle. For a moment the wolves huddled together in the center, uttering fierce cries, and then they sprang to the attack again. Again they were met by the terrible antler thrusts, and three of the white demons fell to the ground disemboweled. The avenging bulls again reduced the circle by a pace or two, and the remaining wolves were huddled in a space that left them little room for action. They leaped against the elks again, to be hurled back torn and bleeding. Now the elks closed in the circle upon their foe and waited for no further attack. With hoofs and horns they beat and gored and ripped and tramped the yelping, howling, snapping, snarling wolves that struggled in the bloody ring from which there was no escape, until at last there was nothing left but flattened carcasses of all that savage pack. Their enemies annihilated, the bull elks, bellowing triumphantly, mingled with the herd again, and for a time there was great snorting and pawing of dirt by the entire herd. That phalanx of bull elks had in a short time accomplished what we had been striving in vain to do, and what we in all likelihood never would have done.

"And now it came our turn to show gratitude to them for that great service. And how nobly we did it! As the conquering bulls stood in a group, receiving the congratulations of the herd, each man of us picked out one of the finest of the lot, the magnificent leader among them, and bored it through at sixty paces with a Winchester bullet. Then, as the unsuspecting herd, panic-stricken at the new terror that had lain six of its leaders low, turned and swept madly toward the sheltering woods, six more bullets followed the flying elk and four more of the herd fell dead. It was not until the last one of the fleeing elk disappeared that it occurred to any of us what an utterly despicable, treacherous, cold-blooded act we had committed. It would have been a wanton and inexcusable act if we had shot the elk before any wolf had appeared on the scene. To slay them after they had slain the wolves was but little better than murder. The least we could do was to bury the slaughtered animals, which we did in one immense grave on the bank of the stream. But we returned home from our wolf hunt feeling that we were worse than wolves ourselves, and I feel so yet."

Uncle Sam in the Fair.

Many a visitor, foreign and domestic both, has not scrupled to say that in her share of the show the United States of America has little to be proud of, but people so saying do not stop to think. To begin with, when France, Great Britain, Germany and Russia opened to the public gaze the treasure-houses of their products, there was no minor exhibit by department, county or principality to detract from the magnificent whole of the nation. How is it with us? Each one of our forty-four States is perfectly at liberty to set up shop for itself, be its own exhibitor and let that inconspicuous dot on the map, the District of Columbia, with all that therein is, do the best it can with what the Senators and Representatives in Congress of these several and sovereign States saw fit to afford it.

England and France, Germany, Austria and Russia liberally endowed their exhibits and exhibitors. Columbia, ever saving at the spigot and running at the bung, could indulge in little of self-glorification on the allowance allotted to her. Leaving to her children the pride and pleasure of showing their visitors through homes of plenty and prosperity such as the masses of the Old World have never equaled, she points with calm satisfaction to a new-made city the like of which, in grandeur of design, in beauty of architecture, in splendor of proportion, no other nation ever dreamed of building for such a purpose; and, coupling this with the characteristic and often beautiful edifices erected by the States, she declares these to be America's exhibit, and this affair in the drab-colored chicken-coop merely a side show. Were there the least pretense or ostentation about it, the so-called Government exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition would remind one irresistibly of the poor relation at a family festival.—Charles King, U. S. A., in Lippincott's.

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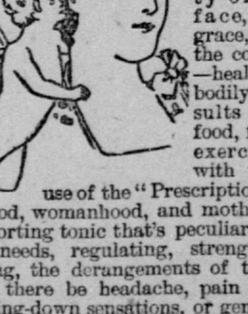

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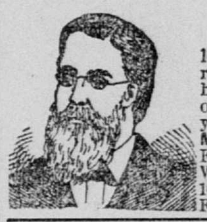
PURSUANT TO THE PROVISIONS OF A certain deed of trust executed by Catherine A. Pearson, now of the County of Glenn (but formerly of the County of Colusa), State of California, to E. C. Atkinson and E. J. Croly of the City of Sacramento, County of Sacramento and State of California, as trustees, dated October 18, 1888, and recorded October 19, 1888, in the office of the County Recorder of the County of Colusa, State of California, in Book 17 of Deeds, page 198 and following, and on application of the holder and owner of the promissory note secured to be paid by said deed of trust, and because default has been made in the payment of the indebtedness secured to be paid by said deed of trust, the undersigned trustees will sell at public auction to the highest and best bidder for cash in United States gold coin, at the front of the Courthouse of the County of Sacramento, in the City of Sacramento, State of California, on SATURDAY, the 14th day of October, 1893, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 12 M. of that day (said sale commencing at the said hour of 10 A. M. of said day), the following described real estate, with the improvements thereon, situated in the County of Glenn, State of California, to wit: The east one-half of the southeast one-quarter of section twenty-two, the west one-half of the southwest one-quarter of section twenty-three, the east one-half of the northeast one-quarter of section twenty-seven, the west one-half of the northwest one-quarter of section twenty-six, all in township nineteen north, range six west, M. D. B. and M.

E. C. ATKINSON, Trustee.
E. J. CROLY, Trustee.

September 20, 1893.
A. L. HART, Att'y.
s21-22-23-28-29-30-o5-6-7



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