THE NORTHWEST.

A Summary of the Important Events of the Week in the Northwestern States.

MINNESOTA.

St. Cloud is to have a flour mill that will employ 100 men.

There are now 328 prisoners in the Stillwater penitentiary.

Robert Saxton committed suicide in a St. Paul hotel by taking morphine.

The assessed valuation of Duluth perso nal and real property is $37,900,177.

Dunn & Allen, well known saloonkeepers of Minneapolis have been closed by their creditors.

A. H. Smith, a printer, and the husband of four wives, has skipped from Rush Lake to escape prosecution for bigamy.

A. S. Sackett, one of the oldest and best known men in Olmstead c ounty, has become insane through the excessive use of alcohol.

Judge L. Hasen, of Owatonna, and Miss Mofford of the same place, were married. The judge is 73 years of age.

Austin Hill, an employe in the shoe factory at Anoka, was assaulted by three footpads and badly injured. They secured no money.

George Anderson, of Jackson was accidently shot by a target gun in Lake field, July 4, and has since died from the wound.

John and Willie Donaldson, aged 15 and 9 years, respectively, were drowned while bathing in the Straight river at Owatonna.

John B. Mueller, the Minneapolis brewer, committed suicide by shooting himself through the head. Brooding over money matters was the cause.

John Welch died at Hokah the other day at the age of 101 years. He was a native of Ireland and came to this country fifty years ago.

Thomas B. Strike, a well to do farmer, was thrown from his buggy near Forest City, and so severely wounded that he died a few hours later.

Father Anslem, a young St. John's college cleric, was drowned in Lake St. John, near St. Cloud, by the capsizing of a boat. He was 26 years of age,

The hardware store and postoffice at Kellogg was entered by burglars the other night and robbed of $150 in money, $65 in stamps and a gold watch and chain valued at $100.

Sneak thieves ransacked the dwelling of William Bartrow, at Verndale, and stole $325, which was concealed in some bedclothes in a bureau drawer.

A farmer named Oeffner, while walking along the Great Northern track at St. Cloud, was struck by a passenger train and instantly killed. He was deaf and could not hear the danger signals.

Edward Boew aged 16, was killed at Fergus Falls by being thrown from a load of hay. The wagon passed over him and he was found dead in the road three miles from town.

It is estimated that within the past 30 years 100 persons have been drowned while bathing in the Minnesota river between Mankato and St. Peter. The current is very treacherous.

Rochester suffered from one of the hottest days of the season, the atmosphere being unusually oppressive. A farmer named Brooks was sunstruck and two horses dropped dead from the heat.

Andrew Thompson, a Swede, was drowned while bathing in the Minnesota river, near Redwood. He was about twenty years of age, unmarried and had been in this country about a year. He is not known to have had any relatives except a brother at Litchfield.

The clerk at the Grand Pacific hotel at St. Cloud was horrified when he discovered the dead body of John McCarthy with his throat cut from ear to ear, in his room at the hotel. McCarthy was an engineer and had been on a spree for several weeks, and, it is thought, committed the deed in a fit of drunken frenzy. He was a brother of Mrs. Mary Bowman, who two years ago attempted suicide by jumping from the Mississippi river wagon bridge, and also of Carrie McCarthy, the somewhat noted courtesan who made way with herself about the 1st of July by taking laudanum at St. Paul.

John Trimble an innocent old farmer from Clow, Kittson county, was worked by a confidance man in St. Paul. On the way to the depot he was accosted by a man who claimacquaintance and said he was on his way to Pennsylvania. Trimble said he was going to Pennsylvania too. The two went to the train together and took the same seat. The stranger finally got up and said he was going to get $600 out of his grip which was checked in the baggage car. In a few minutes he retnrned and told Trimble that they would not let him have the grip before they reached Chicago unless he put up $50 as security. He did not have quite enough, and asked Trimble to help him out until he could get the $600. Trimble had $36, and he let the stranger have $35 of it, and has not yet seer the man.

NORTH DAKOTA.

William Talbot, aged 13, was drowned while bathing in the Heart river at Mandan.

Capt. Dan Maratta has been indorsed by the democrats of Fargo for governor of North Dakota.

Governor Miller of North Dakota issues a circular in which he states that the Mexican Lottery company is trying to secure a charter in that state.

The telegraph service suffered severely from the tornado in North Dakota the other day. Over 500 telegraph poles were leveled to the ground between Felton and Glyndon.

O'Hare, who was sentenced to life imprisonment in the Bism arck penitentiary from Trail county for murder, has been relea sed on some legal quibble and is now a free man.

At the special city election at Grand Forks the proposition to bond the city for $50,000 for a sewer system was carried by a large majorty.

North Dakota's candidate for admission to West Point failed to pass examination and the alternative declined to enter, hence that state has no representative at West Point this year.

Luger & Gschwend, engaged in the upholsterin g business at Grand Forks, are among the missing. Legions of creditors have attached their stock. They were apparently prosperous and their sudden leavetaking has created considerable surprise.

Agnes Baldwin, the woman who murdered John Kennedy at Devil's Lake and afterward chopped his body to pieces with an ax, is held for trial, without bail to answer to the charge of murder. Jennie Blue, an accomplice in the crime, is held in $1,000 bail.

While playing on the counter in the Grand Pacific hotel at Fargo the other day the little 3-year old son of Landlord Bruns literally "hung himself on the hook." He suddenly fell backward, and in his descent his foot struck the sharp point of a bill file, which penetrated the tendons and suspended him head downward. The little fellow had just recovered from a fracture of the same leg.

At Fort Rice, in Morton county, in the post graveyard lie the remains of some fifty soldiers who were massacred by the Indians some years ago while building the fort. The place was visited by relatives the other day who report the graves in a wofully neglected condition. An effort will be made to have congress pass a special act consecrating the grounds as a national cemetery and thus secure proper care for the graves by the government.

A violent wind and hail storm passed over Stuttsman county, blowing down scores of barns and outbuildings, and in the southern portion devastating several thousand acres of grain. The hailstones were as large as hen's eggs, and in many places not a stalk of grain was left standing. Near Jamestown John Foster and wife and baby were killed by lightning. They were sleeping on the floor and the bolt entered an open window. The building was not damaged and people in another room escaped injury.

Senator Casey introduced a resolution passed by the board of county commissoners of Pierce county asking congress to make an appropriation for irrigation. Accompanying the resolution is a statement made by the commissioners to the senators showing the climatic conditions of that section of the state. This with other irrigation papers will be used by Senator Casey in an effort to convince the senate that something should be done for the Dakotas where the people are now located and where irrigation will do some good as well as upon the far Western mountains and plains.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

Contract has been let for sinking an artesian well at Parkston to supply the town with water and run a flouring mill.

Dr. George P. Dix, of Mitchell has a fig tree growing in his garden, which this season will produce a fair crop of fruit.

From all over South Dakota comes word that the supply of harvest hands will not equal the demand, and wages are expected to be ordinately high.

Henry Bentner, a 14-year-old boy living at Crow Lake, Aurora county, committed suicide by hanging himself with a harness line. He let a horse fall in a well, and, fearing the displeasure of his father, hung himself.

The Chamberlain Democrat says that owing to the delay of congress in passing the Indian appropriation bill the Red men at the Lower Brule and Crow Creek agencies are running short of meat and are beginning to conplain in a vigorous manner.

The Deadwood Pioneer says George H. Willard, of that city, "has received the sad and painful news of the death of a great uncle in England, who leaves an estate of $16,000,000," of which he is heir to one eighth, and that he will go over and get his share of the "scads" as soon as he recovers from his "pains of sadness."

While the Deadwood and Sturgis stage coach was making a trip the other night a cabin midway between the two places was discovered to be on fire. The coach was stopped and a passenger, through courtesy, went over and peeped through the window to see if there was anyone on the inside. Three men were lying in bed fast asleep and would undoubtedly have been badly burned but for the timely arrival of the coach.

An electric battery fiend in an Aberdeen hotel caught an old farmer with his infernal machine the other day and narrowly escaped becoming a murderer. The old man was afflicted with heart disease and fell to the floor in an unconscious condition and had to be removed to a physician's office for treatment. The man will recover, and the practical joker can congratulate himself on being on the outside of the penitentiary.

Among the most prosperous people in the state are the Mennonites of Hanson and Hutchinson counties. In the former county, a short distance south of Alexandria, is located what is known as the Lockport colony. They deal largely in stock and are extensive wool growers. Although the colony is small it possesses some goodly herds, the crop of lambs alone this season being over 1,000. The other day they marketed 15,000 pounds of wool, the product of 2,600 sheep. This year they have 700 acres of wheat, which is in fine condition and promises a yield high above the average.

WISCONSIN.

Mrs. Becker, of Watertown, dropped dead of heart disease. She was 86 years old.

The population of Portage is 5,145, a gain of 799 in ten years.

Fred. Hurlbut, of Green Bay, has petitioned the city Council of Green Bay for a franchise to construct and maintain a street railway in that city. He agrees to have a part of the line in operation in sixty days.

Star mail service has been ordered put on from Milberg to Maiden Rook, six and one-half miles, and back, six times a week, by a schedule not to exceed one and three-quarters hours running time each way.

Beloit Parties who attended the prize fight across the Illinois line from that city are uneasy because of the fact that Illinois officials are looking up the names of parties who were present at the match. It is expected that a number of arrests will be made.

Report has been made to the Racine police that an unknown man engaged an express wagon and, driving to the barn of ex-Mayor Mitchell, stole a chest of tools belonging to Josiah Hocking and his men. They were carted to a pawnshop and sold for $10, although they were easily worth $100.

E. J. Turner, of Pittsburg, has obtained a requisition from Gov. Hoard for Michael Callahan, alias Dougherty, who is wanted by the Pennsylvania authorities for burglarizing freight cars at Newcastle, Pa. Detective Turner followed his man from Newcastle to Ashland, Wis., where he arrested him, but Callahan refused to return without the necessary papers. Turner says the prisoner was one of the principal members of a gang of car robbers which has been operating on the Pennsylvania lines for some months.

IOWA.

There is a brick kiln at Dawson, Dallas county, that uses natural gas for the burning of its brick. The company has four gas wells south of town.

While swimming in Skunk river, near Burlington, a young man named Edward Hardy was attacked with cramps and drowned before assistance could reach him.

David Weld, a negro over 112 years old, died at Newton the other day. He was a slave in Virginia and after the war located near Newton with his relatives.

Dan Ford, a watchman in the state treasurer's office at Des Moines, was severely bitten by a dog supposed to be suffering from rabies. The animal was killed, and no serious results are expected.

The Wellman original package case at Shenandoah is turning out rather disastrously for the defendant, the jury returning a verdict of guilty on twenty-four counts, the fine of which cannot be less than $1,200.

Frank Sonkeys, a wealthy farmer of Greeley township, Audubon county, went down into an old well on his farm to remove the carcas of a rabbit. When he was at the bottom the well caved in, burrying him beneath twenty-two feet of soil and rock. He leaves a wife and four children.

The Clinton Herald tells of a farmer near Comanche, whose truth and veracity has never been questioned, who some time ago set a hen on twelve double-yolked eggs. In due time twenty-four healthy chickens appeared. Twenty-three of them now are alive and doing well, the twenty-fourth having died after an existence of several days.

A queer thing was witnessed in Ellis township, Hardin county the other day. A young man named Carpenter was working in a field when he noticed what at first appeared as merely a small speck in the sky, no larger than a sparrow, but which rapidly increased in size as it came nearer. The object fell in an adjoining field and was found to be a piece of hardwood timber, several feet in length and weighing about 100 pounds. It is supposed it was picked up by a tornado, which occurred the day previous several miles distant, and was sustained by the air currents until it reached the place where it fell.

FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

Dr. Talmage Says We Shall Know Our Friends in Heaven.

He Preached a Sermon at Waseca, Minn., to a Large Audience.

WASECA, Minn., Special.—Dr. Talmage preached to an enormous out-door gathering to-day. His subject was: "Meeting our friends in heaven." The eminent clergyman took for his text II. Samuel xii., 23. "I shall go to him." His sermon was as follows:

There is a very sick child in the abode of David, the king. Disease, which stalks up the dark lane of the poor and puts its smothering hand on the lip and nostril of the wan and wasted, also mounts the palace stairs, and bending over the pillow blows into the face of a young prince the frosts of pain and death. Tears are wine to the King of Terrors. Alas! for David the king. He can neither sleep nor eat, and lies prostrate on his face, weeping and wailing until the palace rings with the outcry of woe.

What are courtly attendants or victorious armies, or conquered provinces under such circumstances? What to any parent is all splendid surroundings when his child is sick? Seven days have passed on. Then in that great house two eyelids are gently closed, two little hands folded, two little feet quiet, one heart still. The servants come to bear the tidings to the king, but they stand at the door whispering about the matter, and David hears them and he looks up and says to them, "Is the child dead?" "Yes, he is dead." David rouses himself up, washes himself, puts on new apparel and sits down to food. What power hushed that tempest? What strength was it that lifted up that king whom grief had dethroned? Oh, it was the thought that he would come again into the possession of that darling child. No grave-digger's spade could hide him. The wintry blast of death could not put out the bright light. There would be a forge somewhere that with silver hammer would weld the broken links. In a city where the hoofs of the pale horse never strike the pavement he would clasp his lost treasure. He wipes away the tears from his eyes, and he clears the choking grief from his throat, and exclaims, "I shall go to him."

Was David right or wrong? If we part on earth will we meet again in the next world? "Well," says some one, "that seems to be an impossibility. Heaven is so large a place we never could find our kindred there." Going to some city, without having appointed a time and place for meeting, you might wander around for weeks and for months, and never see each other; and heaven is vaster than all earthly cities together, and how are you going to find your departed friend in that country? It is so vast a realm. John went up on one mountain of inspiration, and he looked off upon the multitude, and he said, "Thousands of thousands." Then he came up to a greater altitude of inspiration and looked off upon it again and he said, "Ten thousand times ten thousand." And then he came on a higher mount of inspiration, and looked off again and he said, "A hundred and forty and four thousands and thousands of thousands." And he came to a still greater height of inspiration, and he looked off again, and exclaimed, "A great multitude and no man can number." Now I ask, how are you going to find your friends in such a throng as that? Is not this idea we have been entertaining after all a falsity? Is this doctrine of future? Recognition of friends in heaven a guess, a myth, a whim, or is it a granitic foundation upon which the soul pierced of all ages may build a glorious hope? Intense question! Every heart in this audience throbs right into it. There is in every soul here the tomb of at least one dead.

Tremendous question! It makes the lip quiver, and the cheeks flush, and the entire nature thrill: Shall we know each other there? I get letters almost every month asking me to discuss this subject. I get a letter in a bold scholarly hand, on gilt-edged paper, asking me to discuss this question, and I say, "Ah! that is a curious man, and he wants a curious question solved." But I get another letter. It is written with a trembling hand, and on what seems to be a torn-out leaf of a book, and here and there is the mark of a tear; and I say, "Oh, that is a broken heart and it wants to be comforted."

The object of this sermon is to take this theory out of the region of surmise and speculation into the region of positive certainty. People say, "It would be very pleasant if that doctrine were true. I hope it may be true. Perhaps it is true. I wish it were true." But I believe that I can bring an accumulation of argument to bear on this matter which will prove the doctrine of future recognition as plainly as that there is any heaven at all, and that the kiss of reunion at the celestial gate will be as certain as the dying kiss at the door of the sepulcher.

Now, when you are going to build a ship you must get the right kind of timber. You lay the keel and make the framework of the very best materials, the keelson, stanchions, plank-shear, counter-timber-knee, transoms, all of solid oak. You may build a ship of lighter material, but when the cyclone comes on, it will go down. Now we may have a great many beautiful theories about the future world, built out of our own fancy, and they may do very well as long as we have smooth sailing in the world: but when the storms of sorrow come upon us, and the hurricane of death, we will be swamped—we will be foundered. We want a theory built out of the solid oak of God's eternal Word.

The doctrine of future recognition is not so often positively stated in the word of God as implied, and you know, my friends that that is, after all, the strongest mode of affirmation. Your friend travels in foreign lands. He comes home. He does not begin by arguing with you to prove that there are such places as London and Stockholm, and Paris and Dresden and Berlin, but his conversation implies it. And so this Bible does not so positively state this theory as, all up and down its chapters, take it for granted. What does my text imply? "I shall go to him." What consolation would it be to David to go to his children if they would not know him? Would David have been allowed to record this anticipation for the inspection of all ages if it were a groundless anticipation? We read in the first book of the Bible, Abraham died and was gathered to his people. Jacob died and was gathered to his people. Moses died and was gathered to his people. What people? Why, their friends, their comrades, their old companions. Of course it means that. It cannot mean anything else. So in the very beginning of the Bible four times that is taken for granted. The whole New Testament is an arbor over which this doctrine creeps like a luxuriant vine full of the purple clusters of consolation. James, John and Peter followed Christ into the mountain. A light falls from heaven on that mountain and lifts it into the glories of the celestial. Christ's garments glow and His face shines like the sun. The door of heaven swings open. The spirits come down and alight on the mountain. The diciples look at them and recognize them as Moses and Elias. Now, if those diciples standing on the earth could recognize these two spirits who had been for years in heaven, do you tell me that we, with heavenly eyesight, will not be able to recognize those who have gone out from among us only five, ten, twenty, thirty years ago?

The Bible indicates, over and over again, that the angels know each other; and the Bible says that we are to be higher than the angels, and if the angels have the power of recognition, shall not we, who are to be higher than they in the next realm, have as good eyesight and as good capaciy? What did Christ mean in His conversation with Mary and Martha, when he said, "Thy brother shall rise again?" It was as much as to say, "Don't cry. Don't wear yourselves out with this trouble. You will see him again. Thy brother shall rise again." The Bible describes heaven as a great home circle. Well, now, that would be a very queer home circle where the members did not know each other. The Bible describes death as a sleep. If we know each other before we go to sleep, shall we not know each other after we wake up? Oh, yes. We will know each other a great deal better then than now, "for now," says the apostle, "We see through a glass darkly, but then face to face." It will be my purified, enthroned, and glorified body gazing on your glorified body.

Now, I demand, if you believe the Bible, that you take the theory of future recognition out of the rain realm of speculation and surmise into the region of positive certainity, and no more keep saying, "I hope it is so." I have an idea it is so; I guess it is so." Be able to say, with all the concentrated energy of body, mind and soul, "I know it is so."

Again: I accept this doctrine of future recognition because the world's expectancy affirms it. In all lands and ages this theory is received. What form of religion, planted it? No form of religion, for it is received under all forms of religion. Then, I argue, a sentiment, a feeling, an anticipation, universally planted, must have been God-implanted, and if God-implanted, it is rightfully implanted. Socrates writes: "Who would not part with a great deal to purchase a meeting with Orpheus and Homer? If it be true that this is to be the consequence of death, I could even be able to die often." Among the Danes, when a master dies a servant sometimes stabs himself that he may serve his master in the future world. Cicero, living before Christ's coming, said, "Oh glorious day when I shall retire from this low and sordid scene, to associate with the divine assemblage of departed spirits, and not only with the one I have just now mentioned, but with my dear Cato, the best of sons and most faithful of men. If I seemed to bear his death with fortitude, it was by no means that I did not most sensibly feel the loss I had substained. It was because I was supported by the consoling reflection that we could not long be seperated." The Norwegian believes it. The Indian believes it. The Greenlander believes it. The Swiss believes it. The Turk believes it. Under every sky, by every river, in every zone, the theory is adopted; and so I say a principle universally implanted must be God-implanted, and hence a right belief. The argument is irresistible.

Again: I adopt this theory because there are features of moral temperament and features of the soul that will distinguish us forever. How do we know each other in this world? Is it merely by the eye, or the length of the hair, or the facial proportions? Oh, no. It is by the disposition as well, by natural affinity, using the word in the very best sense: and if in the dust our body should perish and lie there forever, and there should be no resurrection, still the soul has enough features to make us distinguishable. I can understand how in sickness a man will become so delirious that he will not know his own friends, but will we be blasted with such insufferable idiocy, that, standing beside our best friends for all eternity, we will never guess who they are?

Again: I think that one reason why we ought to accept the doctrine is because we never in this world have an opportunity to give thanks to those to whom we are spiritually indebted. The joy of heaven, we are told, is to be inaugurated by a review of life's work. These Christian men and women who have been toiling for Christ, have they seen the full result of their works? Oh, no. In the church at Somerville, N. J., John Vredenburgh preached for a good many years. He felt that his ministry was a failure, and others felt so, although he was a faithful minister preaching the Gospel all the time. He died, and died amid discouragements, and went home to God; for no one ever doubted that John Vredenburgh was a good Christian minister. A little after his death there came a great awakening in Somerville, and one Sabbath 200 souls stood up at the Christian altar espousing the cause of Christ, among them my own father and mother. And what was peculiar in regard to nearly all of those 200 souls was that they dated their religious impressions from the ministry of John Vredenburgh. Will that good Christian man before the throne of God never meet those souls brought to Christ through his instrumetality? Oh, of course he will know them.

I remember one Sabbath afternoon, borne down with a sense of my sins and knowing not God, I took up Doddridge's "Rise and Progress." Oh, what a dark afternoon it was, and I read the chapters, and I read the prayers, and I tried to make the prayers my own. Oh, I must see Philip Doddridge. A glorious old book he wrote. It is out of fashion now.

There is a mother before the throne of God. You say her joy is full. Is it? You say there can be no augmentation of it. Can not there be? Her son was a wanderer and a vagabond on the earth when that good mother died. He broke her old heart. She died leaving him in the wilderness of sin. She is before the throne of God now. Years pass and that son repents of his crimes and gives his heart to God and becomes a useful Christian and dies and enters the gates of heaven. You tell me that that mother's joy cannot be augmented. Let them confront each other. The son and the mother. "Oh," she says to the angels of God, "rejoice with me! The dead is alive again, and the lost is found. Hallelujah! I never expected to see this lost one come back."

The Bible says nations are to be born in a day. When China comes to God will it not know Dr. Abeel? When India comes will it not know Dr, John Scudder? When the Indians come to God will they not know David Brainard?

I see a soul entering heaven at last, with covered face at the idea that it has done so little for Christ, and feeling borne down with unworthiness, and it says to itself, "I have no right to be here." A voice from a throne says, "Oh, you forget that Sunday-school class you invited to Christ! I was one of them." And another voice says, "You forget that poor man to whom you gave a loaf of bread. I was that man." And another says, "You forget that sick one to whom you gave medicine for the body and the soul. I was that one." And then Christ, from a throne overtopping all the rest, will say, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, you did it to me." And then the seraphs will take ther harps from the side of the throne and cry, "What song shall it be?"

And Christ, bending over the harpers, shall say, "It shall be the Harvest Home."

One more reason why I am disposed to accept this doctrine of the future recognition is that so many in their last hour on earth have confirmed this theory. I speak not of persons who have been delirious in their last moment and knew not what they were about, but of persons who died in calmness and placidity, and who were not naturally superstitious. Often the glories of heaven have struck the dying pillow, and the departing man has said he saw and heard those who had gone away from him. How often it is in the dying moments parents see their departed children and children see their departed parents! I came down to the banks of the Mohawk river. It was evening, and I wanted to go over the river, and so I waved my hat and shouted, and after awhile I saw some one waving on the opposite bank, and I heard him shout, and the boat came across, and I got in and was transported. And so I suppose it will be in the evening of our life. We will come down to the river of death and give a signal to our friends on the other shore, and they will give a signal back to us, and our departed kindred and the oarsmen, the fires of the setting day tingeing the tops of the paddles.

Oh, have you never sat by such a deathbed? in that hour you hear the departing soul cry, "Hark! look! You hearkened and you looked. A little child pining away because of the death of its mother, getting weaker and weaker every day, was taken into the room where hung the picture of her mother. She seemed to enjoy looking at it, and then she was taken away, and after a while died. In the last moment that wan and wasted little one lifted up her hands, while her face lighted up with the glory of the next world, and cried out, "Mother!" You tell me she did not see her mother? She did. So in my first settlement at Belleville a plain man said to me, "What do you think I heard last night? I was in the room where one of my neighbors was dying. He was a good man and he said he heard the angels of God singing before the throne. I haven't much poetry about me, but I listened and I heard them to." Said I, "I have no doubt of it." Why, we are to be taken up to heaven at last by ministering spirits. Who are they to be? Souls that went up from Madras, or Antioch, or Jerusalem? Oh, no; our glorified kindred are going to troop around us.

Now I bring you this glorious consolation of future recognition. If you could get this theory into your hearts it would lift a great many shadows that are stretching across it. When I was a lad I used to go out to the railroad track and put my ear down on the track, and I could hear the express train rumbling miles away, and coming on; and to-day, my friends, if we only had faith enough we could put our ears down to the graves of our dead, and listen and hear in the distance the rumbling on of the chariots of resurrection victory. O heaven! Sweet heaven!

You do not spell heaven as you used to spell it. You used to spell it h-e-a-v-e-n heaven. But now when you want to spell that word you place side by side the faces o the loved ones who are gone, and in that irradiation of light and love, and beauty and joy, you spell it out as never before, in songs and hallelujahs.

CONGRESSIONAL.

A Resume of the Proceedings of Congress During the Past Week.

SENATE.

The two shipping bills passed the senate by nearly a party vote. Senators Vest and George spoke in opposition to the bills and Messrs. Stewart and Harris in favor of them.

The senate caucus committee met and spent some time trying to devise a plan to carry out the absolute instruction of the caucus to report a rule, a modification of the existing rules or a practicable method of procedure by which a majority of the senate may reach a vote upon the national election bill or any other pending measure within a reasonable space of time. The committee did not reach a conclusion, but hopes to be able to report to the caucus soon.

HOUSE.

The conference report on the silver bill was passed by the house by a strict party vote. The silver bill has now passed both houses of congress in the identical terms in which it came from the conference committee.

SENATE.

While the sundry civil bill was under consideration Senator Stewart came round to Senators Moody and Casey and asked them if they were ready to make a fight for their wells for irrigation in the Dakotas. Both of these gentlemen are primed with statistics on this point and will make every effort to have the amendment inserted in the bill. There is some fear of losing the amendment repealing the act withdrawing the lands susceptible to irrigation, as a point of order may be made against it and sustained.

HOUSE.

The session of congress, which will probably close within the next five weeks, has been an exceedingly poor one for claimants. Speaker Reed early in the winter disclosed the fact that he was not disposed to encourage legislation looking to disbursements of public money for claims against the government, private or otherwise, and he has been sustained by a large contingent in the house, embracing the conservatives in each of the political parties. There are many just claims that have been pending for years, but they are so commingled with the jobs that they suffer the fate of the latter.

SENATE.

The senate resumed consideration of the sundry civil appropriation bill, the first item being one of $250,000 for surveying the public lands, the committee recommending an increase to $600,000.

Senator Powers presented a mammoth petition from fifty-one towns in Montana, signed by 2,310 citizens, asking for legislation to preserve to the people of the state the mineral lands in it, and to prevent the Northern Pacific from acquiring lands to which it is not clearly entitled under its charter.

HOUSE.

The house, after routine business, went into committee of the whole on the bill appropriating $636,189 for additional clerical force for the pension office, a two-hours debate ensued.

The Indian committee of the house has reported an omnibus bill for Indian schools, locating one in Montana convenient to the most prominent railroad center, in South Dakota at Chamberlain, and in Minnesota at Pipestone.

A bill was introduced to give the widow of Gen. John C. Freemont a pension of $3,000 a year.

SENATE.

The resolution of Senator Cullom for an investigation of the Canadian Pacific railroad in relation to alleged evasions of the interstate commerce law, seems to have been a boomerang. Senator Washburn offered an amendment which investigates the Grand Trunk road, which is just what Cullom did not want.

Senator Pettigrew of South Dakota is not very well satisfied with the present session of congress and thinks that neither house has been businesslike or practical in its work. He says that three months have been consumed and nothing done.

There is a general impression among some senators on the Republican side that neither the federal election law nor the tariff bill will pass the senate at this session.

HOUSE.

The house committee on rules considered the resolution providing for an investigation of pension office methods under Commissioner Raum, but came to no conclusion. On account of the discussion in the house of the present administration of the pension office, it is believed that an investigation will be ordered.

The house went into committee of the whole on the land grant forfeiture bill. Mr. Stockdale of Mississippi advocated the bill. Mr. Holman of Indiana reviewed the land grant legislation of congress and argued in favor of a forfeiture of all lands not earned within the time limited in the granting acts.

SENATE.

The monotony of the discussion of the irrigation bill was changed by a speech from Senator Moody of South Dakota, who talked two hours and a half. Senator Moody protested most emphatically against the withdrawal of lands in the western part of South Dakota. He also made a plea for artesian irrigation. In his remarks to show that Powell did not know what he was talking about, he read a letter from an engineer of the army addressed to himself and another addressed to Senator Casey. The letter was in reply to queries as to what was being done by Powell, and showed conclusively that there was far too much guess work in the irrigation survey.

HOUSE.

Hermann of Oregon offered an amendment to the Northern Pacific forfeiture bill, the only amendment which was adopted, providing that the settlers who had gone on the railroad lands intending to purchase in good faith from the railroad company, should be allowed to acquire from the government 820 acres of land so purchased at $1.25 per acre. The bill is a senate bill with a house substitute, forfeiting land granted to aid in the construction of railroads opposite to and co-terminous with the portion of any such road not now completed.

SENATE.

The consideration of the sundry civil appropriation bill was resumed—the pending question being, the amendment repealing the irrigation provision in the like bill of Oct. 2, 1888—excepting that reservoir and canal sites hereto ore located or selected shall remain segregated and reserved from entry or settlement.

Mr. Reagan continued his argument against the amendment and in favor of the irrigation scheme initiated by the act of 1888. After further discussion by Messrs. Plumb, Cockrell, Teller and Stewart the question was put and the amendment was agreed to.

HOUSE.

The "original package" bill was then taken up. E. B Taylor, in advocating the measure, said that never had such a blow been given to state sovereignity and state rights as had been given by the ascertainment that under the constitution of the United States, the citizens of a foreign state might take into another state any property that was a subject of commerce and there sell it without liability of taxation or the burden of taxation.

Mr. Culbertson, of Texas, said the effect of the senate bill would be to transfer a power vested exclusive in congress to the states, and the states themselves would execute a power which they had parted with when the constitution was adopted.

Mr. Henderson, of Iowa, said that no decision rendered by the supreme court since that court had decided that a human soul was a proper article of merchandise had so excited the feelings of the country as the original package decision.

Rending the discussion the House adjourned.

Solomon's Temple Not Much.

Solomon's temple, as described in the Scriptures, would not now be regarded as a very imposing structure Its length was 107 feet, breadth 36 feet and heigth 54 feet; the porch was 36 feet long and 18 feet wide. So, on the whole, you see it did not surpass many private houses of the present day, but it was looked upon as one of the wonders of the ancient world. —Chatter,

THE DWARF BEBE.

A Tom Thumb of the Last Century Belonging to the Polish King.

The story of Bebe is a quaint bit of last century's history which has just been rescued from oblivion by a continental Dryasdust. Bebe is supposed to have been the littlest man who ever lived. He was born by a peasant woman in Lorraine just 150 years ago and was called Bebe because the first few years of his life he could articulate only "b-b." The day of his birth Bebe was smaller than his mother's hand. Ten days afterwards he was taken to the village church to be baptized in his mother's wooden shoe because he was too tiny to be carried safely in her arms. During the next six months the same wooden shoe served as Bebe's crib.

Bebe's early childhood was uneventful. He did not grow and he did not talk. He was famous throughout Lorraine, however, as the cunningest and tiniest bit of humanity ever seen. He was perfectly proportioned, had wonderfully large and beautiful brown eyes, and was remarkably active upon his diminutive legs. When Bebe was about 7 years old King Stanislaus Lesczynski of Poland, who was then living in Lorraine, heard what a wonderful little fellow he was and ordered the child's father to bring him to court. Bebe, Sr., carried his son to the royal palace in a small basket. As the father came into the king's presence the king asked him very gruffly why he had not brought his son with him.

Bebe, Sr., answered this question by opening the basket on his arm and dragging forth the child. Stanislaus said at once that Bebe must become his court dwarf. Bebe's father was induced to accede to this proposal with a good bit of Polish gold and Bebe was made a regular follower of the king's court.

At the time of his introduction to court life Bebe was just twenty inches tall and weighed eight pounds. He never grew larger. At first the king tried to teach him jokes, and fairy stories, and bits of questionable poetry. Bebe's intelligence, however, was not equal to the demands thus made upon it. His memory was so weak that he forgot one hour what he had learned the hour before. Reading and writing were for him quite impossible. With all these failings, however, he was by no means a failure as a court dwarf. He had a sweet little voice, a good ear for music, and nimble legs. He could dance, and kick, and sing with the best of the king's courtiers. He was very useful as a table ornament at all the king's great banquets. His most famous appearance in this rather curious role took place at a dinner which Stanislaus gave to the ambassador of a great power in 1755. In the middle of the table was an immense sugar castle. Shortly before the guests rose to leave the door of the castle opened, and a knight in full armor stepped out with a drawn sword in his right hand. All the guests thought the knight must be some wonderful automation which the king had obtained from the skilled mechanics across the Rhine. He wasn't, however. He was none other than little Bebe. He walked around the table, shook his sword in the face of every guest, saluted the king, and then turned back to the castle entrance, where he assumed the position of sentry. At a signal from the king everyone began to bombard him with small sugar balls. Bebe hurried at once into the tower, locked the door, mounted the tower, and pretended to return the fire by setting off a lot of perfumed explosives.

Within ten or twelve years after Bebe's appearance in court he was one of the most celebrated persons in royal society on the continent. With fame, however, came to him numerous perils. All the sovereigns of Europe were coveting him, and many of them tried hard to steal them. In 1758 the Empress Catharine of Russia sent an emissary after him to the court of the Polish king. Late one evening, when the royal palace was almost deserted, Catharine's emissary snapped Bebe up and stuffed him into the pocket of his great coat. Bebe screamed so lustily that he revealed the plot to the guard at the door. The emissary was arrested, and Bebe was rescued. Not long afterward Bebe accompanied Stanislaus to the court of Louis XV., in Versailles, where he again narrowly escaped abduction. A lady of the French court had been holding him in her lap between the courses of a court dinner. Suddenly she rose to leave the room. Her first step was accompanied by a shrill cry from the folds of her gown: "Your majesty, your majesty, this lady has stuck me in her pocket and is running away with me." The voice was Bebe's. He was immediately dragged from the court lady's pocket and placed under the guard of two pages, who were instructed by King Stanislaus to watch him day and night.

The perils through which he had passed, and the strict surveillance to which he was now subjected, depressed Bebe's spirits and demoralized his nervous system. He became melancholy, morose, round-shouldered, and haggard. The king thought he needed a companion to cheer him up, and therefore married him with great pomp and ceremony to Therese Souvray, a dwarf of about his age and slightly greater stature. That was the last drop in Bebe's cup. Two weeks after his marriage he lost his mind. He ceased to talk entirely, ate little, and passed most of his time in his crib.

His honeymoon was hardly up when he died. Shortly before his death his clouded mind was cleared in a most remarkable manner. His memory, which had always been weak and after his marriage had vanished, suddenly returned. He recollected all the incidents of his early childhood, his mother's face, which he had not seen for fifteen years, and all the songs which had been taught him since his advent to court. His wife Therese survived him forty-two years.

What It Was Good For.

He was one of those men who are obviously born to sell patent nostrums and who were fulfilling that destiny with perfect success, says the Boston *Courier*. He called the other day upon Mrs. Vacant for the purpose of selling her a patent grease extractor, with which it was possible to remove stains rather quicker than they were put on. He proved the power of his preparation by putting a drop of oil upon a bit of flannel and then washing it out, while all the time he discoursed volubly upon the merits of the stuff.

"It an't only that it takes out grease so wonderful," he said, "but you see, marm, it smells so good one could use it for perfumery if you want to. It is wholesome, too, and good for the lungs if you happen to breath any of it in while you are using it."

And so he ran on until, of course, Mrs. Vacant, who has no more mind than could be poised upon the point of a [illegible] old lady looked at the seller, [illegible] evidently trying to remember [illegible] had seen him do with it and was not having a very brilliant success.

"First," she said questioningly, "you put some tallow on the stuff and then you wash it off; but," she added, a growing doubt taking possession of her, since the tongue of the charmer, silenced by the price of the bottle, had ceased to charm, "what is it good for besides perfumery?"

"It is very good to have in the house," he replied with gravity. "Good morning, marm; you'll never regret having it in the house, marm."

And the seller departed, leaving dear Mrs. Vacant quite satisfied.

What Women Like in Men.

Women, I think, like manly, not lady-like men.

They like honesty of purpose and consideration.

They like men who believe in women.

They like their opinions to be thought of some value.

They like a man who can be strong as a lion when troubles comes, and yet, if one is nervous and tired, can button up a shoe and do it with an amount of consideration that is a mental and a physical bracer-up.

They like a man who can take hold of the baby, convince it of his power and get it to sleep after they have been worrying with it, and walking with it, until their eyes are tired and they feel as if they had no brains.

They like a man who is interested in their new dresses, who can give an opinion on the fit, and who is properly indignant at any article written against women.

They like a man who knows their innocent weaknesses and caters to them; who will bring home a box of candy, the last new magazine, or the latest puzzle sold on the street, that will do more than its duty in entertaining everybody for the whole evening.

They like a man who is the master of the situation—that is, who has brain enough to help a woman to decide what is the best thing to do under the circumstances, and who has wit enough to realize, when one of the fairer sex is slightly stubborn, that persuasion is more powerful than all the arguments in the world.

They like a man who likes them—who doesn't scorn their opinions, who believes in good taste, who has confidence in their truth, and who, best of all, knows that the love promised, is given him.

That's the sort of a man woman likes, and her every sigh of satisfaction, as his virtues are mentioned, is a little prayer that says: "God bless him."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Kneeling at the Threshold.

I'm kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint, and sore,
Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door—
Waiting till the master shall bid me rise and come
To the glory of his presence, to the gladness of his home.

A weary path I've traveled, 'mid darkness, storm, and strife,
Bearing many a burden, struggling for my life;
But now the morn is breaking—my toil will soon be o'er;
I'm kneeling at the threshold—my hand is on the door.

Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed as they stand
Singing in the sunshine of the far-off, sinless land.
Oh, would that I were with them, amid the shining throng,
Mingling in their worship, joining in their song.

The friends that started with me have entered long ago;
One by one they left me struggling with the foe;
Their pilgrimage was shorter, with triumph sooner won;
How lovingly they'll hail me when all my toil is done!

With them the blessed angels, that know no grief or sin,
I see them by the portals, prepared to let me in.
O Lord, I wait thy pleasure—thy time and way are best;
But I'm wasted, worn, and weary; O father, bid me rest!

—W. L. Alexander in Christian at Work.

A Home in a Canoe.

I have been leading a strange but far from disagreeable life. I have been exploring and surveying a large district between Old Calabar and the Cameron. To do the water part of the journey I hired at Old Calabar a large native canoe with a house in it, an arrangement faintly resembling the house boat on the Thames.

At one end of it is a large box of sand. On this my cooking fire is made. A fire, in fact, is kept burning day and night, so that with a few minutes' notice I can have a cup of tea or cocoa.

In the house, which has two small windows and two sliding doors and a thatched roof, there is just room for my bed, dressing bag, table, chair, and canteen. The canteen is a wicker-work boy, with knives, forks, plates, etc. There are also shelves and hooks in the house, by which a lot of things are stowed away in a surprisingly small space.

Outside the house, in the forward part of the canoe, is a clear space with a level floor and small seats around, sheltered by an extension of the thatched roof. Here, in daytime, I put my table and sit, either eating my meals or making my survey, as the canoe glides along, propelled by eighteen paddlers. This is really most pleasant, writes H. H. Johnstone, the celebrated explorer, from Cape Colony. The motion of the canoe is so smooth that I can write or draw unshaken, and when my table is laid with a white cloth, napkin and bright silver, it at once provokes an appetite.

Unique Advertisement.

A Connecticut Granger, under the "Farm for Sale" head, makes the following lively announcement in a Waterbury exchange: "I would like $20,000 for my farm at Oakville, but will take one-half that sum if I can get it. I will sell it for a song, but don't try and sing too near the premises, as there is a cross-eyed dog on the place who is no judge of music. Go and look for the dog and you will see the farm, even if you don't find the dog. I bought it (the place, not the dog) for my wife's relations; it was a mistake; I should have bought only the dog. I was told when I purchased the farm that I could sell in Waterbury all that was raised on the premises. Now, if I could only sell in our blessed city but one-half the mischief that has been raised there since I bought it all the good Republicans in this town would be leaving Waterbury before night. If you don't want the farm I will lend you the dog should you need him."

A Queer Memento.

A wealthy citizen of Osaka, Japan, who is the owner of a rich copper-mine, has celebrated in a rather peculiar manner the two hundredth anniversary of the mine coming into the possession of his family. On that occasion each of his 800 or more employes received as a memento of the occasion a [illegible] bw-tail coat.