

OUR HOME IN HEAVEN

Dr. Talmage Preaches on the Glories of Our Father's House.

There Are in It Many Rooms, and There is a Place for Every One of God's Children.

(Copyright, 1898, by Louis Klopfch.) Washington, Nov. 5.

In a unique way the Heavenly world is discussed upon by Dr. Talmage in this sermon under the figure of a home; text, John 14:2: "In my father's house are many rooms."

Here is a bottle of medicine that is a cure all. The disciples were sad, and Christ offered Heaven as an alternative, a stimulant and a tonic. He shows them that their sorrows are only a dark background of a bright picture of coming felicity. He lets them know that, though they live on the lowlands, they shall yet have a house on the uplands. Nearly all the Bible descriptions of Heaven may be figurative. I am not positive that in all Heaven there is a literal crown or harp or pearly gate or throne or chariot. They may be only used to illustrate the glories of the place, but how well they do it! The favorite symbol by which the Bible presents celestial happiness is a house. Paul, who never owned a house, although he hired one for two years in Italy, speaks of Heaven as a "house not made with hands," and Christ in our text, the translation of which is a little changed, so as to give the more accurate meaning, says: "In my Father's house are many rooms."

This Divinely authorized comparison of Heaven to a great homestead of large accommodations I propose to carry out. In some healthy neighborhood a man builds a very commodious habitation. He must have room for all his children. The rooms come to be called after the different members of the family. That is mother's room, that is George's room, that is Henry's room, that is Flora's room, that is Mary's room, and the house is all occupied. But time goes by, and the sons go out into the world and build their own homes, and the daughters are married or have talents enough singly to go out and do a good work in the world. After awhile the father and mother are almost alone in the house, and, seated by the evening stand, they say: "Well, our family is no larger now than when we started together 40 years ago." But time goes still farther by, and some of the children are unfortunate, and return to the old homestead to live, and the grandchildren come with them, and perhaps great-grandchildren, and again the house is full.

Millennia ago God built on the hills of Heaven a great homestead for a family innumerable, yet to be. At first He lived alone in that great house, but after awhile it was occupied by a very large family, cherubic, seraphic, angelic. The eternities passed on, and many of the inhabitants became wayward and left, never to return, and many of the apartments were vacated. I refer to the fallen angels. Now these apartments are filling up again. There are arrivals at the old homestead of God's children every day, and the day will come when there will be no unoccupied room in all the house.

As you and I expect to enter it and make there eternal residence, I thought you would like to get some particulars about the many roomed homestead. "In my Father's house are many rooms." You see the place is to be apportioned off into apartments. We shall love all who are in Heaven, but there are some very good people whom we would not want to live with in the same room. They may be better than we, but they are of a divergent temperament. We would like to meet with them on the golden streets and worship with them in the temple and walk with them on the river banks, but I am glad to say that we shall live in different apartments. "In my Father's house are many rooms." You see, Heaven will be so large that if one wants an entire room to himself or herself it can be afforded.

An ingenious statistician, taking the statement made in Revelation, twenty-first chapter, that the Heavenly Jerusalem was measured and found to be 12,000 furlongs and that the length and height and breadth of it are equal, says that would make Heaven in size 948 sextillion 988 quintillion cubic feet, and then, reserving a certain portion for the court of Heaven and the streets and estimating that the world may last a hundred thousand years, he ciphers out that there are over 5,000,000,000,000 rooms, each room 17 feet long, 16 feet wide, 15 feet high. But I have no faith in the accuracy of that calculation. He makes the rooms too small. From all I can read, the rooms will be palatial, and those who have not had enough room in this world will have plenty of room at the last. The fact is that most people in this world are crowded, and, though out on a vast prairie or in a mountain district people may have more room than they want, in most cases it is a house built close to house, and the streets are crowded, and the cradle is crowded by other cradles, and the graves crowded in the cemetery by other graves, and one of the richest luxuries of many people in getting out of this world will be the gaining of un hindered and uncrowded room. And I should not wonder if, instead of the room that the statistician ciphers out as only 17 feet by 16, it should be larger than any of the rooms at Berlin, St. James or Winter palace. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

Carrying out still further the symbolism of the text, let us join hands, and go up to this majestic homestead and see for ourselves. As we ascend the golden steps an invisible guardian swings open the front door, and we are ushered to the right into the reception room of the old homestead. That is the first place where we first meet the welcome

of Heaven. There must be a place where the departed spirit enters, and a place in which it confronts the inhabitants celestial. The reception room of the newly arrived from this world—what scenes it must have witnessed since the first guest arrived, the victim of the first fratricide, pious Abel! In that room Christ lovingly greets all newcomers. He redeemed them, and He has the right to the first embrace on arrival. What a minute when the ascended spirit first sees the Lord! Better than all we ever read about Him or talked about Him or sang about Him in all the churches and through all our earthly lifetime will it be, just for one second, to see Him. The most rapturous idea we ever had of Him on sacramental days or at the height of some great revival or under the uplifted baton of an orator is a bankruptcy of thought compared with the first flash of His appearance in that reception room. At that moment when you confront each other, Christ looking upon you and you looking upon Christ, there will be an ecstatic thrill and surging of emotion that beggar all description. Look! They need no introduction. Long ago Christ chose that repentant sinner, and that repentant sinner chose Christ. Mightiest moment of an immortal history—the first kiss of Heaven! Jesus and the soul! The soul and Jesus!

But now into that reception room pour the glorified kinsfolk, enough of earthly retention to let you know them, but without their wounds or sicknesses or their troubles—see what Heaven has done for them!—so radiant, so gleeful, so transportingly lovely! They call you by name. They greet you with an ardor proportioned to the anguish of your parting and the length of your separation. Father! Mother! There is your child. Sisters! Brothers! Friends! I wish you joy. For years apart, together again in the reception room of the old homestead. You see, they will know you are coming. There are so many immortals filling all the spaces between here and Heaven that news like that flies like lightning. They will be there in an instant. Though they were in some other world on errand from God, a signal would be thrown out that would fetch them. Though they might at first feel dazed and overawed at their supernal splendor, all that feeling will be gone at their first touch of Heavenly salutation, and we will say: "Oh, my lost boy!" "Oh, my lost companion!" "Oh, my lost friend! Are we here together?" What scenes in that reception room of the old homestead have been witnessed! There met Joseph and Jacob, finding it a brighter room than anything they saw in Pharaoh's palace; David and the little child for whom he once fasted and wept; Mary and Lazarus after the heart-break of Bethany; Timothy and grandmother Lois; Isabella Graham and her sailor son; Alfred and George Cookman, the mystery of the sea at last made manifest; Luther and Magdalene, the daughter he becomomed; John Howard and the prisoners whom he gospelized, and multitudes without number who, once so weary and so sad, parted on earth, but gloriously met in Heaven. Among all the rooms of that house there is no one that more enraptures my soul than that reception room. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

Another room in our Father's house is the music room. St. John and other Bible writers talk so much about the music of Heaven that there must be music there, perhaps not so much as on earth was thrummed from trembling string or evoked by touch of ivory key, but if not that, then something better. There are so many Christian harpists and Christian composers and Christian organists and Christian choristers and Christian hymnologists that have gone up from earth, there must be for them some place of especial delectation. Shall we have music in this world of discords and no music in the land of complete harmony? I cannot give you the notes of the first bar of the new song that is sung in Heaven. I cannot imagine either the solo or the doxology. But Heaven means music, and can mean nothing else. Occasionally that music has escaped the gate. Dr. Fuller, dying at Beaufort, S. C., said: "Do you not hear?" "Hear what?" exclaimed the bystanders. "The music! Lift me up! Open the windows!"

In that music room of our Father's house you will some day meet the old masters. Mozart and Handel and Mendelssohn and Beethoven and Doodridge, whose sacred poetry was as remarkable as his sacred prose, and James Montgomery, and William Cowper, at last got rid of his spiritual melancholy, and Bishop Heber, who sang of "Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand," and Dr. Raffles, who wrote of "High in yonder realms of light," and Isaac Watts, who went to visit Sir Thomas Abney and wife for a week, but proved himself so agreeable a guest that they made him stay 36 years, and side by side Augustus Toplady, who has got over his dislike for Methodists, and Charles Wesley, freed from his dislike for Calvinists, and George W. Bethune, as sweet as a song-maker as he was great as a preacher and the author of "The Village Hymns," and many who wrote in verse or song, in church or by eventide cradle, and many who were passionately fond of music, but could make none themselves, the poorest singer there more than any earthly prima donna and the poorest player there more than any earthly Gottschalk. Oh, that music room, the headquarters of cadence and hymn, symphony and cadence, psalm and antiphon! May we be there some hour when Haydn sits at the keys of one of his own organs, and David the psalmist fingers the harp, and Miriam of the Red sea banks claps the cymbals, and Gabriel puts his lips to the trumpet and the four and twenty elders chant, and Lind and Parepa render matchless duet in the music room of the old heavenly homestead! "In my Father's house are many rooms."

Another room in our Father's house will be the family room. It may correspond somewhat with the family room on earth. At morning and evening, you know, that is the place we now meet. Though every member of the household have a separate room, in the family room they all gather, and joys and sorrows and experiences of all styles are there rehearsed. Sacred room in all our dwellings, whether it be luxurious with ottomans and divans and books in Russian lids standing in mahogany case or there be only a few plain chairs and a cradle. So the family room on high will be the place where the kinsfolk assemble and talk over the family experiences of earth, the weddings, the births, the burials, the fatal days of Christmas and Thanksgiving reunion. Will the children departed remain children there? Oh, no! Everything is perfect there. The child will go ahead to glorified maturity, and the aged will go back to glorified maturity. The rising sun of the one will rise to meridian, and the descending sun of the other will return to meridian. However much we love our children on earth, we would consider it a domestic disaster if they staid children, and so we rejoice at their growth here. And when we meet in the family room of our Father's house we will be glad that they have grandly and gloriously matured, while our parents, who were aged and infirm here, we shall be glad to find restored to the most agile and vigorous immortality there. If 40 or 45 or 50 years be the apex of physical and mental life on earth, then the Heavenly childhood will advance to that, and the Heavenly old age will retreat to that. When we join them in that family room we shall have much to tell them. We shall want to know of them, right away, such things as these: Did you see us in this or that or the other struggle? Did you know when we lost our property and sympathize with us? Did you know we had that awful sickness? Were you hovering anywhere around us when we plunged into that memorable accident? Did you know of our backsliding? Did you know of that moral victory? Were you pleased when we started for Heaven? Did you celebrate the hour of our conversion? And then, whether they know it or not, we will tell them all. But they will have more to tell us than we to tell them.

Ten years on earth may be very eventful, but what must be the biography of ten years in Heaven? They will have to tell us the story of coronations, story of news from all immensity, story of conquerors and hierarchs, story of wrecked or ransomed planets, story of angelic victory over diabolic revolts, of extinguished suns, of obliterated constellations, of new galaxies kindled and swung, of stranded comets, of worlds on fire and story of Jehovah's majestic reign. If in that family room of our Father's house we have so much to tell them of what we have passed through since we parted, how much more thrilling and arousing that which they have to tell us of what they have passed through since we parted! Surely that family room will be one of the most favored rooms in all our Father's house. What long lingering there, for we shall never again be in a hurry! "Let me open a window," said a humble Christian servant to Lady Raffles, who, because of the death of her child, had shut herself up in a dark room and refused to see anyone. "You have been many days in this dark room. Are you not ashamed to grieve in this manner, when you ought to be thanking God for having given you the most beautiful child that ever was seen, and instead of leaving him in this world till he should be worn with trouble, has not God taken him to Heaven in all his beauty? Leave off weeping and let me open a window." So to-day I am trying to open upon the darkness of earthly separation the windows and doors and rooms of the Heavenly homestead. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

How would it do for my sermon to leave you in that family room to-day? I am sure there is no room in which you would rather stay than in the enraptured circle of your ascended and glorified kinsfolk. We might visit other rooms in our Father's house. There may be picture galleries penciled not with earthly art, but by some process unknown in this world, preserving for the next world the brightest and most stupendous scenes of human history, and there may be lines and forms of earthly beauty preserved whiter and chaster and richer than Venetian sculpture ever wrought—rooms beside rooms, rooms over rooms, large rooms, majestic rooms, opalescent rooms, amethystine rooms. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

I hope none of us will be disappointed about getting there. There is a room for us if we will go and take it, but in order to reach it it is absolutely necessary that we make the right way, and Christ is the way, and we must enter at the right door, and Christ is the door, and we must start in time, and the only hour you are sure of is the hour the clock now strikes, and the only second the one your watch is now ticking. I hold in my hand a roll of letters inviting you all to make that your home forever. The New Testament is only a roll of letters inviting you, as the spirit of them practically says: "My dying yet immortal child in earthly neighborhood, I have built for you a great residence. It is full of rooms. I have furnished them as no palace was ever furnished. Pearls are nothing, emeralds are nothing, chrysopterus is nothing, illumined panels of sunrise and sunset nothing, the aurora of the northern heavens nothing, compared with the splendor with which I have garnished them. But you must be clean before you can enter there, and so I have opened a fountain where you may wash all your sins away. Come now! Put your weary but cleansed feet on the upward pathway. Do you not see amid the thick foliage on the heavenly hilltops the old family homestead?" "In my Father's house are many rooms."

GEN. WHITE IN A TRAP.

Persistent Rumors of His Surrender Make Uncertain the Conjectures as to His Fate.

Liebon, Nov. 6.—Persistent reports are in circulation here that Gen. Sir George Stewart White, British commander in Natal, has capitulated to the Boers.

Brussels, Nov. 6.—The Belgian newspapers continue to publish telegrams from Amsterdam and Berlin reporting the capture of Ladysmith, but no such information has been received at the official residence of Dr. Leyds. The members of the Transvaal agency declare that the only knowledge they have on the subject is derived from the newspapers. They decline to divulge the whereabouts of Dr. Leyds, but say he is neither in Brussels nor Berlin.

London, Nov. 6.—The general belief in London is that the Boers are now waiting for more guns from Pretoria before attacking Ladysmith. The fact that Sir Redvers Buller appears to have ordered a retirement from Stromberg, and perhaps from other places, relieves to some extent the public mind, which, otherwise, would have been further alarmed. Confidence is felt in any measures that Gen. Buller may deem desirable. The knowledge that the pigeon post is working has also come as a relief to the great anxiety previously felt.

London, Nov. 6.—The war office has issued the following announcement: "The colonial office has received information to the effect that the British troops have withdrawn from Colenso and have concentrated further south; but we have no news of any engagement in that neighborhood."

At six p. m. Sunday the colonial office announced that no further information had been received regarding the retirement of the British forces from Colenso, and that the reported rising of the Basutos had not been confirmed.

London, Nov. 6.—News that Colenso has been evacuated was another bitter pill for the British public, and is arousing fears that the continental statements of a second serious defeat of Gen. White may prove true. A significant fact is that the war office does not say when Colenso was evacuated, so the statement which emanated Thursday from Dr. Leyds, the diplomatic representative of the Transvaal, who is located at Brussels, that the Boers had occupied Colenso, was possibly true. There is much apprehension that the war office is suppressing bad news.

Colenso, Nov. 2.—(Delayed in transmission.)—Colenso at this hour is threatened by the enemy. His patrols, in advance of Boer forces 2,000 strong, but without field guns, are marching in an easterly direction to the north of Colenso. Shots have been exchanged between the British and Boer patrols, the latter being driven inward upon the main body. The British patrols lost one man killed and the Boer patrols lost two. Heavy firing is now in progress at Ladysmith, which the Boers are shelling from their positions on Groblerskloof hill, this side of Ladysmith.

London, Nov. 6.—A special from Ladysmith describing the engagement at Bester's hill says the Boers were completely routed and suffered heavy loss. Their entire camp was captured. The correspondent goes on to say:

"The artillery duel at dawn, in which the Boers' guns were silenced, was intended to occupy the Boers and to enable Sir George Stewart White to achieve his object—the capture of the Boer camp behind Bester's hill. For this purpose the lancers, hussars, Natal carbiniers and Natal border rifles started under Gen. French at sunrise, a gun which he took into the camp, inflicting terrible loss and spreading panic among the enemy. Our cavalry then stormed the position, the Boers replying with spirit, but bad aim. The British quickly sent a 45-pound shell into the camp, inflicting terrible loss and spreading panic among the enemy. Our cavalry then stormed the position, the Boers fleeing precipitately, leaving many dead and wounded, as well as the whole camp and equipment, in the hands of the British. Their success will upset the plans of the Orange Free State commanders and possibly will prevent them giving the British further trouble from the west."

London, Nov. 6.—The war office issued the following at 11:40 p. m. Sunday:

"Buller, to the Secretary of State for War, Cape Town, Nov. 5, 8:40 p. m.—The commandant at Durban sends the following, received from Ladysmith by pigeon post, dated November 3: Yesterday Gen. French went out with cavalry and field artillery and effectively shelled the Boer laager, without loss on our side. Lieut. Egerton, of the Powerful, is dead. Gen. Joubert, sent in Maj. C. B. Kincaid, of the Royal Irish fusiliers, and nine wounded prisoners. Eight Boers were sent out in exchange, no others being fit to travel.

"Col. Brecklehurst, with cavalry, field artillery, the imperial light horse and the Natal mounted volunteers, was engaged to-day with the enemy to the southwest of Ladysmith. The fighting lasted several hours. Our loss was very small.

"The bombardment of Ladysmith continued yesterday and to-day, many Boer shells being pitched into the town.

"Our troops are in good health and spirits and the wounded are doing well."

Durban, Natal, Nov. 2.—(Delayed in transmission.)—The official roll call shows that 843 members of the Gloucestershire regiment and of the Royal Irish fusiliers are missing as the result of the engagement on Farquhar's farm. Thirty-two members of the Gloucestershire regiment, ten members of the Royal Irish fusiliers and two members of the Tenth mountain battery were found killed. Between 70 and 100 escaped and returned to Ladysmith, whither 150 wounded have been brought.

SOME FIRST APPEARANCES.

Envelopes were first used in 1839. The first air pump was made in 1654. Anesthesia was first discovered in 1844. The first balloon ascent was made in 1783. The first lucifer match was made in 1829. The first horse railroad was built in 1826-7. The first matches were made at Nuremberg in 1477.

PEACE OFFERINGS.

They Preceded Him and as His Wife Predicted He Was Home with His Purchases.

She received a large box full of American beauty roses by messenger from her husband along toward four o'clock the other afternoon.

"James is absorbing Martigny cocktails again," she mused shrewdly.

Half an hour later another messenger brought her five pounds of expensive candy from her husband.

"James has ordered that \$80 overcoat he was talking about, but said he couldn't afford," she mused again.

Half an hour later a wagon drew up, with a florist's name painted on the sides thereof, and two handsome, full-grown palms were delivered at her door marked as coming from her husband.

"Give branches preceding him," she mused some more. "He'll be home by dark." He was home by dark. He had been absorbing Martigny. He had ordered the \$80 overcoat. The presence of the modern married woman is sufficiently awe-inspiring to persuade any man to raise his bonnet thereto.—Washington Post.

Give the Children a Drink called Grain-O. It is a delicious, appetizing, nourishing food drink to take the place of coffee. Sold by all grocers and liked by all who have used it, because when properly prepared it tastes like the finest coffee but is free from all its injurious properties. Grain-O aids digestion and strengthens the nerves. It is not a stimulant but a health builder, and children, as well as adults, can drink it with great benefit. Costs about 25¢ as much as coffee. 15 and 35¢.

Matter of Length. "How long should mourning gowns be worn by a widow of 22?" was the question that came sobbing through the mails. Now it chanced to be the sporting editor's day off, and the religious editor, therefore, was attending to the Side Talks with Young Persons. "There is no hard and fast rule," wrote the religious editor, confidently, "but they ought to come down to the boot tops, at least." This incident illustrates the occasional awkwardness of a newspaper standing as a bulwark of morals to the exclusion of everything else.—Detroit Journal.

For Whooping Cough, Fio's Cure is a successful remedy.—M. P. Dieter, 67 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, '94.

It is a matter of wonder that nobody ever excused his tardiness by claiming that the sun rose too late.—Ledger Monthly.

DOCTORS INSIST that their patients use "5 DROPS" for

RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY DISEASE

etc. Read the following letter:

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO.: When I wrote you for a sample bottle of "5 DROPS" my wife was suffering terribly from Rheumatism and was very discouraged, as I had tried everything the doctors prescribed, even sending her to Richfield Springs, etc. My doctor is very much surprised at the progress my wife is making, and she is so well that she refused to keep her seamstress and is now doing her own sewing. The doctors insist on her taking "5 DROPS" and assure her that it is now only a matter of a few days and she will be entirely cured, and as we are very well known here, the "5 DROPS" is receiving considerable attention and praise. F. E. PRITCH, Jersey City, N. J., Oct. 13, 1899.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO.: I suffered terribly with Kidney Trouble for years, and after using less than two bottles of "5 DROPS" I am now entirely well and I give "5 DROPS" the praise for my cure. I could not find anything that would give me the slightest relief until I tried this remedy, and I recommend it to everybody as a permanent cure for Kidney Disease. MARY A. CARBAUGH, Black Gap, Pa., Aug. 22, '99.

"5 DROPS" is the most powerful specific known. Free from opiates and perfectly harmless. It gives almost instantaneous relief, and is a positive cure for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Backache, Asthma, Hay Fever, Catarrh, La Grippe, Croup, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Nervous and Neuritic Headaches, Saracoe, Toothache, Heart Weakness, Dropsy, Melancholia, Creeping Numbness, etc., etc.

30 DAYS guaranteed, or your money back. A sample bottle will continue you. Also, large bottles (24 doses) \$1.00, 6 bottles for \$5. Sold by all druggists. AGENTS WANTED in New Territory. WRITE US TODAY. SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 160 to 164 Lake St., CHICAGO, ILL.

HOLIDAY GIFTS FOR ALL

A DOLLAR STRETCHER One lady writes that the greatest "Dollar Stretcher" she has ever found is the new and original method by which J. C. Hubinger is introducing his latest invention, "Red Cross" and "Hubinger's Best" starch. She says: "With your Endless Chain Starch Book, I received from my grocer one large package of "Red Cross" starch, one large package of "Hubinger's Best" starch, and two beautiful Shakespeare panels, all for 5c. How far my dollar will go, I am unable to figure out. Ask your grocer for this starch and obtain the beautiful Christmas presents free.

JOHN M. HAYTH CO.

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We offer this buggy at actual factory wholesale price, the equal of which is frequently sold by the dealers at not less than \$60.00, so that they who buy direct from us save fully \$35.00 and get a better buggy.

We give you either piano or Cornish style body, and springs of swivel side-bar springs, narrow or wide track, 34, 36 or 40 inch tires, all wood trim, or genuine leather trim, and furnish the buggy complete with extra heavy full rubber top, brussels carpet, storm screen, boot, and dash rail, shafts, anti-rattlers, etc. Painting is perfect and equal to \$50.00 heavy painting. Wheels are Garvon patent, warranted second growth hickory.

We are bound to make this buggy so perfect that it will sell many more for us. Only a limited number will be sold at our special price of \$34.95. We will ship C. O. D. anywhere in the United States out of the Rocky mountains on receipt of only \$5.00 as evidence of good faith.

MAMMOTH CATALOGUE

Everything is listed at lowest wholesale prices in which to get wear and use, is furnished on receipt of only 10¢ to partly pay postage or express, and as evidence of good faith the 10¢ is allowed on first purchase amounting to \$1.00 or above.

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SOLDIERS ADD Homestead Rights Bought. If you are a soldier less than 60 years of age, and have served in the U. S. Army, Navy, or Marine Corps, you are entitled to a homestead of 160 acres of land, or 320 acres of swampy land, or 640 acres of timber land, or 1280 acres of prairie land, or 2560 acres of woodland, or 5120 acres of mountain land, or 10240 acres of desert land, or 20480 acres of swampy land, or 40960 acres of timber land, or 81920 acres of prairie land, or 163840 acres of woodland, or 327680 acres of mountain land, or 655360 acres of desert land, or 1310720 acres of swampy land, or 2621440 acres of timber land, or 5242880 acres of prairie land, or 10485760 acres of woodland, or 20971520 acres of mountain land, or 41943040 acres of desert land, or 83886080 acres of swampy land, or 167772160 acres of timber land, or 335544320 acres of prairie land, or 671088640 acres of woodland, or 1342177280 acres of mountain land, or 2684354560 acres of desert land, or 5368709120 acres of swampy land, or 10737418240 acres of timber land, or 21474836480 acres of prairie land, or 42949672960 acres of 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or 3022314549036572936765440 acres of timber land, or 6044629098073145873530880 acres of prairie land, or 12089258196146291747061760 acres of woodland, or 24178516392292583494123520 acres of mountain land, or 48357032784585166988247040 acres of desert land, or 96714065569170333976494080 acres of swampy land, or 193428131138340667952988160 acres of timber land, or 386856262276681335905976320 acres of prairie land, or 773712524553362671811952640 acres of woodland, or 1547425049106725343623905280 acres of mountain land, or 3094850098213450687247810560 acres of desert land, or 6189700196426901374495621120 acres of swampy land, or 12379400392853802748991242240 acres of timber land, or 24758800785707605497982484480 acres of prairie land, or 49517601571415210995964968960 acres of woodland, or 99035203142830421991929937920 acres of mountain land, or 198070406285660843983859875840 acres of desert land, or 396140812571321687967719751680 acres of swampy land, or 792281625142643375935439503360 acres of timber land, or 1584563250285286751870879006720 acres of prairie land, or 3169126500570573503741758013440 acres of woodland, or 6338253001141147007483516026880 acres of mountain land, or 12676506002282294014967032053760 acres of desert land, or 25353012004564588029934064107520 acres of swampy land, or 50706024009129176059868128215040 acres of timber land, or 101412048018258352119736256430080 acres of prairie land, or 202824096036516704239472512860160 acres of woodland, or 405648192073033408478945025720320 acres of mountain land, or 811296384146066816957890051440640 acres of desert land, or 1622592768292133633915780102881280 acres of swampy land, or 3245185536584267267831560205762560 acres of timber land, or 6490371073168534535663120411525120 acres of prairie land, or 12980742146337069071326240823050240 acres of woodland, or 25961484292674138142652481646100480 acres of mountain land, or 51922968585348276285304963292200960 acres of desert land, or 103845937170696552570609926584401920 acres of swampy land, or 207691874341393105141219853168803840 acres of timber land, or 415383748682786210282439706337607680 acres of prairie land, or 830767497365572420564879412675215360 acres of woodland, or 1661534994731144841129758825350430720 acres of mountain land, or 3323069989462289682259517610700861440 acres of desert land, or 6646139978924579364519035221401722880 acres of swampy land, or 132922799578491587290380704428034