by the blows of axes and sledges. The excitement ceased in a few seconds.

"We're not so badly hurt, after all," said one to another, and then examination of every car was begun systematically.

"No one is killed," shouted a tall man who had mounted the overturned baggage car.

"Here's one!" came the answering shout, from a party just coming down the embankment from the uninjured coaches.

The one lay about midway between the track and the remains of the wrecked cars. His face was buried in the snow, his arms were stretched out on either side and one leg twisted beneath his body and out of sight, as he had been flung lifeless in that plunge down the embankment. The snow about him was crimson. His right side had been torn away. The still warm viscera had melted a hole in the snow.

"It's Akers," said one of the first to him. Then they bore the mangled body to one side and carefully covered it from view. The watch in the dead man's pocket had stopped at 12:58, the instant life was torn from his clay. He was dead and past need of assistance.

Up and down the steep embankment and around the splintered, shattered cars, through the deep snow and slush, the uninjured tramped to the rescue of the injured. All was quiet and orderly now. Mattresses and car doors, wrenched off in the hurry, supported the injured as they were carried to the rear. The sleeping car in the rear accommodated those not seriously hurt. It didn't take long to care for them, so few injured among so many. By far the greater number of passengers walked up and down the track, congratulated themselves and one another on their escape, told and retold their experiences, evolved theories of the cause, examined the track, picked up pieces of wood, railroad spikes, seat braces and window brasses as souvenirs and asked, "What are we going to do now?" And so they passed a couple of hours.

The cause of the wreck was not a broken rail, as the railroad company announced to the public. Whether the rails spread or whether one of the cars mounted the rail is a question. It is certain, however, that the cause of this wreck, the one thing that jeopardized the lives of hundreds of people, was the insecure spiking of a rail to the ties. No rail was broken where the trouble began.

The second coach seems to have been the one which first left the track. Occupants of the first coach and the baggage car say thatt the first jerk came from the rear. It is certain that the forward trucks of the second coach first left the track. The position of the wreck indicates this. The engine did not leave the track until it almost stopped, the drivers being then off the track. The tender was pulled over and smashed. The baggage car and two coaches lay in the ditch in the form of a segment of a semi-circle, all of them on their sides. The third coach was headed down the bank and canted so that it seemed ready to fall at the slightest touch. The forward trucks of the fifth coach were off the track. The second coach, the one supposed to have been the one which first left the track, was farthest away, fully fifty feet from the rails.

As before stated, the cause of the wreck seems to have been a case of defective track. A freight wreck occurred at that same point last Monday. The people who live near the track say that it was repaired carelessly after that wreck. The ties where the first break occurred were clearly unsound, as could have been demonstrated by even a cursory examination. Where rails were torn off, in some places the spikes were pulled out without bending, an indication that the ties into which they were driven were unsound. The derailed cars tore up the track for a distance of nearly 100 yards, and along that stretch the quality of the ties was clearly discernible.

Some of the wrecked passengers took upon themselves to examine the track carefully. They became convinced that the Chicago Great Western's track at that point had been sadly, if not criminally, neglected. At a point about 100 feet ahead of where the engine stopped, a rail was found which was so loose that it could be displaced five or six inches by the foot alone.

### FORTUITOUS CIRCUMSTANCES

**Some of the Things Which Prevented Greater Destruction.**

Mike Shea and B. W. Foster, two of the employes of the commissary department, located in the baggage car, did more to prevent great and horrible loss of life than all others. In the commissary the employes were just washing up the dishes used at lunch time when the overthrow came. Two gasoline stoves were burning. Had they been overturned while still in operation that baggage car must inevitably have been filled in an instant with flame. Escape for the occupants would then have been impossible. Just as the baggage car lunged for the ditch, Mike Shea sprang for the gasoline stove nearest him. He burned his hand and arm quite badly, but he disabled that engine of destruction. B. W. Foster, well known to restaurant habitues as "Blossom," was nearest the other gasoline stove. He was knocked under a table Another man fel[l on] him. Boxes fell all about him and [pinned] him down. In spite of it all he [reached] the cock and shut off the other stove just in the nick of time. He is badly used up now and is in St. Luke's hospital, St. Paul. He seems to be a worthy object for the attentions of those who would reward a life-saver.

"Sam" Eaton, one of the best known of the lumber salesmen, undoubtedly saved the first coach from burning up. In all the coaches but the first the heaters remained intact. In the first, however, the pipe broke, the doors flew open and live coals rolled into the car. Mr. Eaton employed hat and hands to throw snow on the coals just at the moment of danger. The resulting steam filled the car and frightened a good many, but a conflagration was prevented. Mr. Eaton was badly scared himself for an instant. He says:

"I was up near the heater when we went over, and found myself on my knees just in front of it as the coals rolled out. My first thought was to put out those coals. After that I cannot well describe my sensations. I tried my hat as a scoop on the snow through the broken window. It didn't work well, so I went at it with my hands. At about the fourth handful my hand plunged into something wet. It was crude petroleum. Did my hair go up as

"I thought of that pool of oil, a foot deep, under us and of the chance of its taking fire? Well, rather! I didn't go so deep for snow after that."

The oil struck by Mr. Eaton was a legacy from the freight wreck of Monday. Suppose that foot-deep pool of oil, separated from the wrecked cars by only a few inches of snow, had caught fire?

### ATTENDING THE WOUNDED.

**How the Injuries Were Looked After.**

Dr. E. R. Perkins worked like a dynamo in dressing up wounds. Dr. C. E. Bockman, of Minneapolis, although badly bruised, also rendered valuable assistance. Al Moore was one of the best and hardest workers. Mr. Moore is from Marshalltown, Io. Originally he had charge of the commissary. He did the work of a physician after the wreck. He demonstrated that he could handle cuts and scalp wounds as well as a regular doctor, and he did it. He never stopped working until he arrived in Minneapolis. He plied scissors, water, court plaster and bandages. Occasionally he took a stitch or two in a scalp.

Charles Kerrick, representing the N. P. Clarke Lumber company, was another tireless worker for the injured. Fred Stevens was another, and so was Miller, of the J. W. Day Lumber company.

About two hours after the wreck Drs. C. I. Hooker, E. H. Plorch and S. H. Amond, of Keno, Stockton and Yellow Creek, neighboring villages, arrived and helped the other doctors. Drs. McCarthy and Guthrie, of Dubuque, arrived along in the night. At Dubuque, on the trip out, Dr. Millard, of St. Paul, the railroad's physician, took charge of the "hospital" in the sleeping cars.

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### THE AKERS OBSEQUIES.

**They Will Be Held as Soon as the Deceased's Parents Arrive.**

The parents of W. E. Akers, who was killed in the accident, will arrive in Minneapolis tonight. They reside near Decorah, Io. The funeral will be held at the deceased's late residence, 3121 Lyndale avenue, but the time has not yet been designated. A large number of the members of the bar association will attend the funeral. The remains of Mr. Akers are at Johnson & Landis' undertaking apartments at 618 Nicollet avenue.

There was some talk of an inquest, but it is not likely it will be deemed necessary, for there is no question as to how he came to his death. A burial permit was secured at Kent.

### ARRIVAL AT ST. PAUL.

**Fourteen Injured at St. Luke's Hospital—Dr. Millard Withholds Names.**

The passengers on the train wrecked at Kent on the Chicago Great Western road arrived in St. Paul yesterday afternoon. They came from the scene of the wreck on three trains, the first arriving at 2 o'clock, the second an hour later and the third at 4 o'clock. The third section carried those most seriously injured, the sleeping car Sussex being used as a temporary hospital. Fourteen of those hurt were taken from the train at the station in West St. Paul. This was done to avoid the crowd which had assembled in the union depot. The ambulance, four patrol wagons and a squad of police were on hand when the train drew up at the station. Officials of the railway had secured a number of hacks, and, under direction of Dr. P. H. Millard, the maimed were at once taken to St. Luke's hospital. Nearly all the excursionists on the train were bruised and marked by the shaking up received, and presented a sorry appearance. Some had their heads bandaged, others their hands, and the display of countenances disfigured by court plaster strips was particularly noticeable.

A GLOBE reporter called at the hospital at 6 o'clock last evening to get a list of the men taken there and the extent of there injuries. He was informed that Dr. Millard, surgeon for the road, would be there at 8 o'clock, when the names and other information would probably be ready. Shortly before 8 o'clock Dr. Millard telephoned the hospital to allow no one to see the injured and not to give out any information. Seen at his residence on Holly avenue later in the evening, Dr. Millard said only one person, W. E. Ackers, of Minneapolis, was killed and twenty-eight injured. Of that number fourteen were at St. Luke's hospital. Only one of them, H. S. Ottie, of Minneapolis, was dangerously injured. Ottie is injured internally, and, in the opinion of the doctor, if he lives through the night his chances for recovery will be favorable. The doctor could not give the names of the injured in the hospital nor the extent of their injuries. He said he had been working on the persons injured all day, and was not prepared to give particulars. All of the men, he thought, would be able to go to their homes within a week, and some of them today. The accident, he said, occurred on a straight piece of the road two miles from Kent, and was caused by a broken rail. The train was running about ten miles an hour. The engine crossed over the broken rail all right, but the tender and three of the coaches left the track. The injured, he said, were in an exhausted condition, and he had given orders at the hospital not to allow any one to see them. Several of the people had requested him not to make public their names, so that relatives and friends would not be alarmed.

J. H. Tennant, who resides at 422 Sixth street south, Minneapolis, was in the fifth coach from the engine. The first intimation the passengers had was a jar, and then, as the coach left the track, a jolting over the ties, and the car fell over the embankment. It all came so suddenly that the first he knew he and other passengers were climbing out of the windows, the car being on its side. The scene that followed, Mr. Tennant said, could not be described. The majority of the passengers were so excited they did not seem to know what to do. A number of them hurried forward to assist those injured in the forward coaches, while others walked up and down the wreck too excited to be of any service to themselves or others.

L. A. Barber, of the firm of Payton, Kimball & Barber, of Duluth, was in the third coach from the engine, and, fortunately, escaped injuries. He said the scenes following the wreck were hard to describe. Of the nine cars in the train, five of them left the track and rolled down an embankment ten or fifteen feet. Two of the cars turned over, and were resting on the roof of the others on the side. One of the cars was thrown forty feet from the track. It was in this coach that the passengers were most seriously injured. At the time of the accident the rain was falling fast and steadily, but the weather was warm, which was exceedingly fortunate, especially for the passengers more seriously injured. J. Watson, colored, who was employed in the coach used as a commissary headquarters, was severely cut about the head. According to his statement, W. E. Akers, who was the only passenger killed, had just left the commissary car and was on the platform when the coaches left the track: Aker's body was found in a snow drift some distance from the wreck, and was frightfully mangled.

### THREE CANNOT LIVE.

FREEPORT, Ill., Jan. 29.—The wreck on the Chicago and Great Western railroad at Kent was cleared, and the track was repaired this morning so as to allow the excursion to proceed on its way to the North. A hospital was established at Byron, the only town of any size accessible, and there the unfortunate passengers were conveyed and cared for. Those not too badly wounded continued on the excursion home. Peter Christianson, of Sleepy Eye, Minn.; W. E. Attic, of Chicago, the traveling representative of Goodell & Waters, and M. J. Riley, of Rhinelander, Wis., who were injured internally, cannot live. Among those at first thought to have been killed was L. J. Moss, who was found alive, and, although very badly injured, will, it is thought, survive.

**But It Is All a mistake.**

Special to the Globe.

GRANITE FALLS, Jan. 29.—The young man, Adrian A. Bennett, killed by accident on the lumbermen's excursion this side of Chicago, is the son of C. A. Bennett, editor of the Granite Falls Journal, and was associate editor of that paper. His age was twenty-three. The telegram announcing his death reached here today noon.

Bennett is at St. Luke's hospital, St. Paul, and only slightly injured.

# BROOKS' INFLUENCE.

**Rev. Dr. Vail Preaches on the Dead Bishop From Experience.**

**A Close Analysis of His Character and Methods of Thought.**

**Great in Many Respects, in Others He Was Not Pre-Eminent.**

**His Impress on the Minds of His Hearers Will Be Lasting.**

Among the men who have recently passed away, to many the sudden death of Bishop Brooks will come with peculiar impressiveness. Certainly his funeral presented a rare spectacle, both in showing the interest his life awakened among the people of Boston and the interest his words had among the students of Harvard college, a thousand of whom stood uncovered while the body was carried along. When a student I heard Bishop Brooks every Sunday afternoon for a long time—two years or more—and of course the consideration of his death comes to me somewhat as the memory of a man whose face and figure were very familiar to me, and whose sermons I had listened to on many occasions.

He was a man of heroic physical size. Fully six feet high, he was heavy in proportion to his height. His face was grave and kindly, and he ever held himself in that perfect control that enabled him always to make the most of all his personal gifts. His voice was rich, mellow and sympathetic. He always filled the stage, an ability that was supposed by some to belong to his heroic size. This, however, was not the case. Booth, with a slender, lithe form, had the same characteristic—had it to such a degree that wherever he stood was the center of the stage, just as the place where The McGregor sat was always the head of the table. That quality is the gift of nature and has been called by many names, but whatever it may be properly called was possessed in eminent degree by Bishop Brooks. As a speaker, judged by the rules of the elocutionist, he had about

**All the Vices of Delivery—**

he was rapid to a degree seldom seen in a public speaker; he was never composed, never prepared to make the most of his thoughts and points; he rushed and rattled like a heavy train going down grade; and yet he was a man who commanded the most complete attention.

Another fact that I would make prominent is this. There is in the very atmosphere of the conditions surrounding the boyhood and youth of Bishop Brooks a subtle influence that makes the man who is fully saturated with it more than himself—yes, it makes the man himself and then adds much of what the nation is and has been to his character, so that he really embodies its early hardy manhood, patriotism, eagerness for knowledge, serious estimation of life. And the one city that is able to give this sentiment is Boston. It is able to do it because its people are not so much in a hurry to crowd somebody over the embankment in order to reach the main chance in as some other cities of the Union, and because a life has been lived within its environment that is good enough to repeat in the later lives and sentiments of men.

Think what the past life of that city was to you when you touched it for the first time, when you said, as you stopped under the old elm, "Here the boys defended their skating ground, and over there, in Faneuil hall, the orators have moved the people at the approach of every crisis from the days of Sam Adams down to Wendell Phillips." And a little while after you see the towers of the same old North church where the friend of Paul Revere hung the lantern. And out there in Cambridge is the life of the minuteman and Washington still seems a living person, and Old Putnam is riding across the neck to Charlestown. Indeed there is the

**Embodiment of Sentiments**

the most patriotic, the records of orators the most brilliant, the life of men the most sacrificing that one touches in that city. Is it any wonder, then, that this boy was touched by the environment of his boyhood? And enlarging the view, is it a wonder that he seems to us to touch and in a certain way fill out the development of religious movements that had their influence on New England in earlier times? If we go back to those movements we shall find at the opening of the centuries two distinctively liberal tendencies that were offset by the orthodoxy of Emmons and Edwards, orthodoxy very strong and very aggressive, whose fundamental statement was enough to indicate its character, and that fundamental principle declared that a condition hopeful of salvation was indicated by a willingness to be damned. The protest had two spokesmen, Channing and Ballou. Channing was the cultured scholar; Ballou was the man of the people. Both dealt without fear or favor with the conditions of the time. Each addressed his own constituency in his own way, and there was often little sympathy between the constituencies.

But another movement was a part or continuation of the two. That movement was called transcendentalism, and its two prophets were Emerson and Theodore Parker. The very mention of this movement is likely to produce a smile, and yet in most respects it was important beyond anything we may think. Nor do I think its meaning hard to understand. These men said, "A miracle performed in Palestine is no evidence to us," and then they

**Went One Long Stride**

and they said if religion ever meant anything to the future times it must be based on an endowment of our nature. Well, the established conclusion of the Christian world is that this movement was a failure, but we are returning to its ideas, and Emerson and Parker would find in every church today many followers. Certain it is that all classes who read at all, read Emeroon, and those of every school who read him find in him strength to the spiritual life.

Brooks came as a complement to these movements. He came as a successor in the orthodox church of New England orthodoxy, and he comes in the direct line of sympathy with the liberal movements of which I have spoken. And, coming as a representative of the liberal spirit, he seems to me to carry out the conclusion that Channing gave to the cultured and Ballou to the common people in the great idea that the Creator is a kind Father, and that Christ is the elder brother of a race that is joined together by the band of brotherhood; but he seems to me also to carry out the idea of Parker and Emerson that the machinery of proof is not needed, and religion, if it exists at all, exists because man is endowed with a capacity for it, with a faculty like conscience, like reason, a sense analagous, the bodily sense of sight by which he lays hold of the eternal truths.

If I am right about this it may explain the cause of the entire absence of controversy in the sermons of Dr. Brooks. He never preached directly on the problems of the day, although these were to him symptoms of certain ailments in the heart of the nation. Andover never was flint to strike fire from his steel, although he has watched a discussion for twenty years that must have been of absorbing interest to him. Earlier, in the seventies, when the wave of discussion on the problem of endless punishment swept the land, he did not make direct allusion to it at all, and it was men like Canon Farrar who placed themselves on record in dealing with the topic. Indeed, I think that on the topics where liberal men have dwelt with great emphasis, he has hardly put himself on direct record at all. But he is still the man who is most interesting to the liberal thinker, and he does in a certain way point out the probable direction of

**Our Future Preaching.**

Points out the direction of our future preaching, I say, for it seems to me that his method will make many more liberal thinkers than the controversial method so long in vogue in distinctively liberal churches, and yet there are two things to be said at this point, two things that will hold us in check if we are about to run headlong into a fulsome eulogy.

The first of two things to be said is that no one man combines all the elements needed in a century, and, while Brooks was a great preacher on given lines, there are other men equally great on lines that he did not touch or touched but lightly, and that therefore we are to mention Caird, the theologian, who has made a great success on a distinctly theological basis; and we are to mention, likewise, Fiske and Savage, who are trying to give meaning to the interpretation of the scientific side, and we are to mention men of much less reputation, like his own neighbor, Allen, of the Episcopal divinity school, who touches the Christian problem from the historical side; and we are to mention Martineau, a much greater thinker, who approaches the problem from the metaphysical and historical side, and presents many phases of truth that Brooks entirely ignored.

But with all these facts in view, with the idea before us that his mission was to carry a broader religion to a conservative people, that his home and his place and his sympathies led him to touch the conservative and the cultivated, that it seemed his special mission to influence the young men of Harvard college, we must conclude that he

**Filled a Special Mission**

of the highest kind. The speaker went into a somewhat lengthy estimate of Dr. Brooks' preaching, showing the difficulty of making a just estimate of what a man really meant by such expressions as preaching Christ or preaching doctrine, because preaching might mean one thing to Cardinal Gibbons and quite another to Mr. Savage. But he said he thought Bishop Brooks had used an expression in his Yale lectures that was far enough outside theological channels to mean practically the same thing to all thinking men. That expression was embraced in the declaration, "The renewing and perfecting of their characters (referring to men in general) is the great end of all," The speaker then continued:

Of course, all men do not enjoy such preaching as his nor believe much in it. There is a large and respected class who want to see you draw your weapon and lift the banner of war when you come on the platform. They want to see you apply the keen edge of the blade and let a line of blood follow it as you go along. When you come to the bed of the sick they want you to lecture on the lack in the other man's remedies to your waiting patient. And such men do not enjoy this method of preaching that has some indefiniteness. But look at it and tell me if it does not have the feature of a good and valuable method. The best orator is not the one whose pose and presence you remember longest: it is the one who made your blood thrill and your heart stir with emotion and prepared you to espouse his cause. The best singer is not the one whose every movement you watch, who is exploiting a brilliant voice as an artist—the best singer is the one that fills your mind with its own hopes and sets you living again in your past or your own future at such a rate that you forget all around you in those memories and hopes. And Phillips Brooks was the best preacher, because he did not bother men with theories that were dead or unborn—because he had the power to wake—the hearer just that past that is either the pride or the sorrow of each, and, in connection with it, the hopes that always come to the person believing in human

**Improvement and Progress.**

There are two things, it seems to me, that every one felt who attended the ministry of Phillips Brooks, and those two things, combined with the memories and hopes called out by the vital and inspiring presentation of them, united to make those deep and lasting impressions he produced on his time.

The first was the feeling that in the divine there was humanity. His God was fully interested in men, full of solicitude for them, loved them—his God was the same that Whittier presented in poetry. And his Christ was none the less sympathetic and humane. What his theory was of the life of Christ may still be and forever remain a question. Whether He was more than He is to you, or less than to Cardinal Newman, I do not know; but the one thing I do know was that his Christ was full of all sympathy with the woes and burdens of men; that his was deeply, profoundly humane.

The second fact that one always felt was that there was a divinity in his idea of humanity. What God was in essence man was in his essence. If the essence of God was eternal and divine, also was the essential life of man. There might be more to this—more that we do not know or cannot explain; but this much we do know and can explain. These are the two great facts that one always heard, not in bold statements, but woven into the most beautiful and poetic sermons that were preached in our day, and uttered with a faith in them so profound and vital that the weary went away strengthened, and the common man better prepared for the duties of life.

### ROMANTIC AND SCENIC.

**"Eagle's Nest," by Edwin Arden, Well Received at the Grand.**

The heroic and romantic, the scenic, sensational and sentimental in the drama were well represeuted at the Grand last evening, by Edwin Arden in "Eagle's Nest." Mr. Arden is part author of the play, and presents the character of Jack Trail, the young California mountaineer, in a very realistic manner. It is his first appearance in St. Paul, and quite a success. He is easy and graceful, very lithe of limb, and in several of his feats of climbing, especially the one up the flag staff, he carries the upper house by storm. The closing scene of the fourth act was received with such enthusiasm that the entire company was called in review before the curtain. In the death struggle at the close of the play Mr. Arden displayed considerable ability as a wrestler, and caught the male portion of the audience very strong with his full Nelson throw of the villain.

Two of St. Paul's old favorites, Frank Losee and Miss Marion Elmore, who have been seen here in Litt's stock company, are in the support, and give splendid aid to the presentation of the play. Frank Losee, as the villian, and Marion Ellmore, as Sierra Suze were well received, and both received a handsome ovation on their appearance.

The play as a whole is very good, but in many parts is overdrawn. So near the West, where these things are and have been seen within the memory of those living, and to others known by history, some of the camp and mountain incidents are a little odd, but they are really ahead of usual scenes in plays of this character. The scenery is well put on, and the bridge and burning cabin scenes are pieces of good work. Same bill the remainder of the week.

## VERY EASILY CAUGHT.

**That Is the Universal Opinion of One of the Most Dangerous Things in the World.**

This has been a cold winter, often bitterly cold, and in far too many cases it has produced colds. A cold is easily caught and is always the beginning of disease, often serious disease. A cold may come in many forms. Sometimes it is with a chill, a shuddering chill; sometimes with a pain in the shoulders and the arms; sometimes with a vague aching in the muscles or the limbs. In whatever form it may come, it is a cold and it means disease: often dangerous disease or death, unless taken in hand promptly

You cannot afford to neglect a cold. It may run along into something that is dangerous. Remember that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. What should you do as a sensible man or woman. Watch the symptoms, guard against the first signs, fortify against everything that can be unpleasant, injurious or dangerous. There is only one way by which this can be done. It is by the use of some pure, reliable stimulant, something that will quicken the pulse, renew the life, bring into action and aglow all the faculties; something which has been tested and tried, something that is superior to everything else. You do not need to ask what this is. It is sufficient to name it. Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey has been proven to be superior to anything; all things that have been presented to the public for checking a cold, curing pneumonia, and rendering the life at this season of the year happier and better. It has been used by more people and is more popular today than any other known preparation in the world, and it deserves its popularity because it has proven its merits by the cures it has effected, colds it has prevented and lives it has saved. Care should be exercised that no unscrupulous druggist or grocer tries to substitute anything which he may claim to be "just as good." There is nothing that can take its place.

### FOR RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

**The State Association Enters Its Usual Protest.**

The meeting at Odd Fellows' hall last night, in the interests of religious liberty, was well attended. H. F. Phelps, state press agent of the National Religious Liberty association, again gave the principal address. Other speakers were present. Rev. A. J. Breed, vice president of the association, of Minneapolis, was called to the chair. The choir added to the interest of the occasion by rendering several patriotic pieces. In substance, Mr. Phelps said: We are to find the origin of Sunday laws and give their result. This can easily be done. The names given to our days of the week were in honor of pagan gods. And Webster says of Sunday: "So called because this day was anciently dedicated to the sun or to its worship." This may be a key to the problem. Of all forms of idolatry, none is more ancient or more widespread. It may almost be called universal, for scarce a nation can be found who have not in some form engaged in sun-worship. From the worship of Ra and Osiris of the Egyptians, the Baal and Moloch of the Chanaanites to the worship of Appollo and Herculees by the Grecians and Romans, was only sun-worship in some form. And under whatever name or form, a female divinity was associated with it, and the result was to deify the faculties, desires and lusts of man. All of which led to the greatest excesses possible of the most degrading nature. Scripture represents the condition of the nations of Chanaan as of such a nature that "the land vomitted out the inhabitates thereof."

The worship of the sun was some mark of reverence at the sun rising with the face toward the east. This being so, the temple of the Lord was builded with the door looking toward the east, so that the worshipers at the temple would turn their back to the east; the meaning of which is that those who enter the Lord's service must turn their backs upon all kinds of idolatry. In the eighth chapter of Ezekiel is represented the abominations of the children of Israel, the greatest of which is sun worship. In verse 16 men are represented "with their backs to the temple of the Lord, and their faces toward the east; and they worshiped the sun toward the east."

The fallen church of today desires a monopoly. The Sunday newspaper, the theater and the world's fair are the successful competitors of the church. They are the church seeking for a monopoly, and are compassing heaven and earth to bring about her purposes. And when they secure the monopoly, they cannot escape that which will be sure to come with it. woe and misery and the destruction of the nation, with all our free institutions. Will the people allow of all this? Will they take warning? Then repeal all and every religious law enacted by the state, Sunday laws and all. Teach men to be independent, and the church to depend upon the everliving God. That House File 42 is a step in the right direction. Let the people support it. Let it become a law. At the close the resolution favoring the Wacek bill, that was tabled at the last meeting, was taken up, and passed unanimously. The following resolution was also adopted:

Resolved, That in behalf of the members of the National Religious Liberty association, found in nearly every state in the Union, we do hereby extend a vote of thanks to the papers of this city for their courtesy in publishing reports of these meetings, thus giving publicity to the principles of the association and awakening a deeper interest in behalf of rights of conscience.

### SUPREMACY OF LAW.

**Judge Brill's Excellent Address in Crusaders' Hall.**

The feature of the entertainment given by the Crusaders' T. A. society yesterday afternoon was the address of Hon H. R. Brill upon "Some Dangers to Our Government and the Duties of Citizenship."

He said: "The greatness of our country, the advantages of our institutions, the privileges we enjoy as citizens of the republic are trite themes. They become to us as idle tales which we do not heed. We comprehend in a vague, general, abstract way that we have privileges which the inhabitants of many other countries do not possess, but we fail to realize that we hold our common, every-day blessings, the peace of the community, the right to work and to play without disturbance, the enjoyment of our homes, the opportunities of accumulating property, of becoming rich, of improving our minds, of rising to positions of honor and influence, of making our lives comfortable and being happy, though we are not rich or learned or influential—we fail to remember that these are ours largely because of the civil institutions under which we live. One of the privileges we all realize, however, and which we are fast coming to exercise to the fullest extent, is the right to find fault. We used to be called by our enemies a nation of braggarts. We might now almost be called a nation of faultfinders. It is a hopeful indication, however, when we look up our faults and dangers—if we attempt to correct and remedy them. There is nothing aside from our personal salvation in which we are each more intimately interested — nothing more vital to our happiness and welfare than our civil institutions. We are ourselves the governing power; we are the rulers; we constitute society, and the government and laws and society are just as good and just as bad as we are—no better and no worse."

"One of the dangers which, it seems to me, now threatens our institutions is not that we may think them all right, but that we may come to think them all wrong. The republic which has not the respect and confidence of its citizens is on the verge of dissolution, and the man who by wholesale pours out careless and unwarranted criticism and denunciation of the government and of society—though he may do it in the name of liberty—is breaking down the respect and destroying the confidence of the people in our free institutions and paving the way for their destruction."

The speaker then took up the question of the growing disrespect for law, and treated it in a manner which testified to his close observation of the subject.

J. J. Regan delivered a well-worded address for the society; Master J. Ryan recited well; Messrs. Foot, Dougherty and Burke gave instrumental musical selections, and choice vocal solos were rendered by Messrs. Gehan and Keating. At the close of the meeting several joined the society.

**Believe Him a Thief.**

James Powell, who purchased a lot of the cutlery stolen from Schnell & Krank's store, will be arraigned in the police court this morning. When arrested Powell had in his possession four pieces of cloth, evidently from some tailoring establishment. The police think it part of a lot of goods stolen from a merchant in West Superior. The firm that lost the cloth will have a representative examine it today.

### ALL WITHIN REACH.

**The Police Have Three Thugs in Their Clutches.**

The man who was "held up" on Eighth street a week ago and robbed of a watch and chain and $2 in money turned up yesterday at police headquarters. The men who robbed him, John Somlenski and George Decker, are still where the police can reach them. Somlenski is at the workhouse doing a thirty days' sentence, and Decker is in jail awaiting his trial on a charge of vagrancy. Their victim gives the name of J. A. Sinclair, and lives at 238 Granite street. The watch, which was recovered by the police in a pawn shop, is valued at $100. John Mosic, who pawned the timepiece, is at the workhouse, serving a thirty days' sentence for vagrancy, but will be indicted for receiving stolen property. Decker and Somlenski will be charged with highway robbery.

### BY STERLING PLAYERS

**Is Shakspeare's Great Tragedy, "Julius Cæsar," Given.**

While it was an ordinarily good audience at the Metropolitan last night, it was not nearly so large as the merits of the production certainly warranted. "Julius Cæsar" had often been seen in St. Paul, but seldom does an audience have the pleasure of seeing the great tragedy produced in the manner and with the surroundings given by Warde and James. This pair of sterling players have not only surrounded themselves with a first-class company, but they produce these standard plays with every attention to those details of stage furnishings that go so far toward the realism of the play. "Julius Cæsar" was well staged, and that was only one of its many merits. The three great parts of Antony, Brutus and Cassius were admirably handled, and it seemed like an all-star combination. The work of Warde as the first named was excellent, as is everything he undertakes, and in the forum scene he received a double encore. James was strong and dignified as Brutus, and gave to the great Roman character a splendid interpretation, while the companion part of Cassius was no less ably cast. The play is long, but the greatest compliment was found in the fact that the audience wanted to stay for an encore for the closing scene. Warde and James deserve well of the amusement public for their scholarly and faithful efforts, and this engagement should prove a signal success. Tonight the bill will be a very attractive one, "Francesca da Rimini."

### CITY DRIFT.

George R. Phelps, of Chicago, spent Sunday in St. Paul.

Grandest masquerade ever in the city this evening, given by Kleist's Second Regiment band at Market hall. Tickets, 50 cents.

Fire was discovered at 4 o'clock yesterday morning between the two dwelling houses at 153 and 155 Robertson street. The fire, supposed to be of incendiary origin, was extinguished before any damage was done.

At Hotel Metropolitan—J. B. Leslie, London, England; B. W. Barnes, Shell Lake, Wis.; C. S. Fuller, Chicago; James Dunn, Lioux City: B. Tekirian, New York; M. M. Sacubian, New York; E. E. Williams, Buffalo; J. J. Leeson, Buffalo; C. H. Chester, Chicago.

Early yesterday morning Asa Morrisette, an elderly man, was found by Officer Newell in the railroad yard at the foot of Chestnut street. He was steepid from the effects of liquor, and was taken to the central station. On being searched there $117 was found in his pockets.

The board of public works is busily engaged in preparing the assessment lists for the Indian Mound park. The territory embraced in the assessed territory includes nearly all the platted part of Dayton's bluff. Over 5,000 pieces of property will be assessed for the improvement.

The typographical union will arrange for the burial of W. C. Deverell, who suicided Saturday. A telegram was received yesterday from a brother of the deceased at Toledo announcing that he would be in St. Paul Tuesday.

The sale of seats for the engagement of Rosina Vokes opens at the box office of the Metropolitan opera house this morning. The repertoire has been arranged in the following manner: Thursday and Friday evenings, "Crocodile Tears," "The Circus Rider" and "My Lord in Livery;" Saturday matinee and night, "A Game of Cards," "That Lawyer's Fee," and "A Double Lesson."

William Miller, of Turtle Lake, Wis., arrived in the city yesterday. Miller is the man who had his head broke with a coupling pin by Joe Murphy and Thomas Wilson on Broadway last fall. His assailants secured $60 in cash and a watch, but were afterward arrested. Miller's visit is to prosecute the thugs, whose trial comes up in the district court today.

Yesterday morning Joe Reilly and James Nolan visited at second-hand store at 89 East Sixth street. While looking over the stock Reilly hoisted a pair of pants and a suit of underwear. The proprietor reported the loss to Officer Meighan, and two hours afterward the twain were locked up. Reilly is from Wabasha, Minn., and says he is a ball player. Nolan lives here, and was drunk at the time.

### AT THE HOTELS.

At the Clarendon—P. H. Foley, Superior; Henry D. James, Spokane; Joseph Laird, Lanark, Ill.

Lloyd Brazee, a prominent Chicago newspaper man, was at the Ryan yesterday, but he left for home on the evening train.

At the Merchants'—A. H. Fawley, Slayton; T. L. Olcott, Cumberland, Wis.; J. Shuly, Austin; O. W. Schmidt, Mankato; A. B. Baxter, West Superior; W. H. Blades, Duluth; H. Hall, Duluth; A. H. Wilcox, Frazer City.

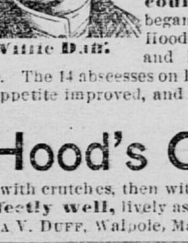
At the Windsor—G. C. Builen, Victoria; Rev. W. H. Foor, A. Jackson, Eau Claire; George W. Martin, West Superior.

H. G. McMicken, the general agent of the Great Northern railway at Toronto, is at the Windsor. For several years Mr. McMicken was stationed at Winnipeg, but within the past month he was transferred to Toronto.

At the Ryan—E. D. Freswell, Bridgeport, Conn.; Arthur E. Miller, Duluth; Fred Hartley, Superior; W. E. Hamilton, Winona; H. C. Wood and wife, Hutchins, Kan.; James Barnes Jr., Great Falls.

## A Mother's Story

"When my boy was 2½ years of age, a fall brought on hip disease, which gradually grew worse until, when he was 6, **he could not walk,** and we had him treated 9 months at the Children's Hospital in Boston. But when he came home he was worse, and the doctors said **nothing could be done.** I began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and he improved at once. The 14 abscesses on his hip healed up, his appetite improved, and he could walk, at first



Willie Duff.

## Hood's Cures

first with crutches, then without. He is now **perfectly well,** lively as any boy." MRS. EMMA V. DUFF, Walpole, Mass.

**HOOD'S PILLS** do not purge, pain or gripe, but act promptly, easily and efficiently 25c.

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"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils."

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*Style A, Sycamore and Maple Mandolin* ... $10.00, worth $15
*Style B, Bird's Eye Maple Mandolin* ...... $14.00, Regular price, $20.00.
*Style C, Rosewood and Maple Mandolin* .... $17.00, Good value at $25.00.
*Style D, Rosewood Mandolin* ........... $20.00, Usually sold at $30.00.

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Nearly all our remaining stock of Men's and Boys' Tailor-Made Overcoats and Suits reduced from

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READ THE GLOBE! WANTS!

Fifty Years Settles It.

CONSUMPTION!

CAN BE CURED.

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A Specific for Consumption

and for all diseases of the Lungs. No treatment in the world can place as many permanent cures of Consumption to its credit as Dr. Schenck's. Nothing in Nature acts so directly and effectively on the lung membranes and tissues, and so quickly disposes of tubercles, congestion, inflammation, colds, coughs and all the seeds of Consumption as

Dr. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup

When all else fails it comes to the rescue Not until it fails, and only after faithful trial should any one despond. It has brought the hopeless to life and health. It has turned the despair of ten thousand homes into joy. It is doing it now. It will continue to do it throughout the ages. Dr. Schenck's Practical Treatise on Consumption, Liver and Stomach Diseases mailed free to all applicants. Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Philadelphia, Pa.

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