

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "A Religious Movement in '91."

TEXT: "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endowed with power from on high."—Luke xxiv. 49.

For a few months, in the providence of God, I have two pulpits, one in Brooklyn and the other in New York, and through the kindness of the publishing press, I am ever widening opportunity. To all such hearers and readers I come with an especial message. The time has arrived for a forward movement such as the church and the world have never seen. That there is a need for such a religious movement is evident from the fact that never since the world was sown out among the planets has there been such an organized and determined effort to overthrow righteousness, and make the Ten Commandments obsolete and the whole Bible a delusion. Meanwhile alcoholism is taking down the victims by the hundreds of thousands, and the political parties get down on their knees, practically saying: "O thou almighty rum! how low down before thee! Give us the offices—city, State and national. Oh, give us the offices, and we will worship thee for ever and ever! Amen!"

The Christian Sabbath, once upon a time, appointed for physical, mental and spiritual rest, is being secularized and abolished. As if the bad publishing houses of our own country had exhausted their literary skill, the French and Russian servers have been invited to pour their secular, immoral slush into the trough where our American servers are now wallowing. Meanwhile there are enough houses of infamy in all our cities, open and unopened to the law, to invoke the omnipotent wrath which buried Sodom under a deluge of brimstone. The pandemonium world, I think, has never known. In the next I think, at this moment, playing their batteries upon family circles, church circles, social circles, political circles and national circles. Apollon is in the saddle, and riding at the head of his myrmidons to capture this world for darkness and death.

That is one side of the conflict now raging. On the other side we have the most magnificent gospel machinery that the world ever saw or heaven ever invented. In the first place there are in this country more than eighty thousand ministers of religion, and take them as a class, more consecrated, holier, more consistent, more earnest, more faithful than ever lived. I know them by the thousands. I have met them in every city. I am told, not by them, but by people outside of our profession, people engaged in Christian and reformatory work, that the clergy of America are the best in the world. But I come to a later time—1891—remembered by many who are here. I remember it especially, as I had just entered the office of the ministry. It was a year of hard times. A great panic had flung hundreds of thousands of people into the streets. Starvation entered habitations that had never before known a want. Domestic life in many cases became a tragedy. Suicide, garroting, burglary, assassination were rampant. What an awful day that was when the banks went down! There has been nothing like it in thirty years, and I pray God there may not be anything like it in the next thirty years. But I come to a later time—1891—remembered by many who are here. I remember it especially, as I had just entered the office of the ministry. It was a year of hard times. A great panic had flung hundreds of thousands of people into the streets. Starvation entered habitations that had never before known a want. Domestic life in many cases became a tragedy. Suicide, garroting, burglary, assassination were rampant. What an awful day that was when the banks went down! There has been nothing like it in thirty years, and I pray God there may not be anything like it in the next thirty years.

In addition to their equipment in moral character the clergy of this country have all that the schools can give. All archaeological, rhetorical, scientific, scholastic, literary attainments. Much for the Christian ministry of all denominations. In the next place on our side of the conflict we have the grandest churches of all time and higher style of membership and more of them, and a host without number of splendid men and women who are doing their best to have this world purified, elevated, gospelized. But we all feel that something is wanting. Enough hearty songs have been sung and enough earnest sermons preached within the last six months to save all the cities of America, and saving the cities you save the world, for they overflow all the land either with their religion or their infidelity.

But look at some of the startling facts. It is nearly nineteen hundred years since Jesus Christ came by the way of Bethlehem caravansary to save this world, yet the most of the world has been no more touched by his love than the world of old. Like the stars in the firmament, all eternity than if on the first Christmas night the beasts of the stall, amid the bleatings of their own young, had not heard the bleating of the Lamb that was to be slain. Out of the eighteen hundred million of the human race fourteen hundred million are without God and without hope in the world. The camel driver of Arabia, Mahomet, with his nine wives, having half as many disciples as our blessed Christ; and more people are worshipping chunks of painted wood and carved stone than are worshipping the living and eternal God. Meanwhile, the most of us who are engaged in Christian work—I speak for myself as well as others—are toiling up to our full capacity of body, mind and soul, harnessed up to the last buckle, not able to draw a pound more than we are drawing or lift an ounce more than we are lifting.

What is the matter? My text lets out the secret. We all need more of the power from on high. Not muscular power, not logical power, not scientific power, not social power, not financial power, not brain power, but power from on high. With it we could conquer the world in a hundred years. And I am going to get it, if in answer to prayer, earnest, and long continued, God will grant it to me. His unworthy servant. Men and women who know how to pray, when you pray for yourself, pray for me that I may be enabled to give power from on high. I want that power that is all the diamond fields of Golconda, and all the pearls of the sea, and all the gold of the mountains. Many of the mightiest intellects never had a touch of it, and many of the less than ordinary intellects have been enriched with it. And every man and woman on earth has right to as much of it, a right to pray for it, and, properly persistent, will obtain it.

Power from on high is a good thing, such power as may give you, or you may give me, by encouraging words and actions. Power from on high, when we stand by each other in any Christian undertaking. Power from on high, when other nations are in accord with ours. Power from on high, when the religious and secular press forward our Christian undertakings. But power from on high is not sufficient. Power from on high is what we need to take possession of the world straight from God. Supernatural power, omnipotent power, all conquering power. Not more than one out of a thousand of the ministers has it continuously. Not more than one out of ten thousand Christians has it all the time. Given in abundance, these last few years of the nineteenth century will accomplish more for God, and the church, and the world than the previous ninety years of this century.

A few men and women in each age of the world have possessed it. Caroline Fry, the immortal Quakeress, and it, and three hundred of the depraved and suffering of Newgate prison, under her exhortation, repented and believed. Jonathan Edwards had it, and Northampton meeting house heard the outburst of religious emotion as he spoke of righteousness and judgment to come. Samuel Ender, the Christian merchant, had it, and his benevolence showed the world. John Newbould had it. Philip Latimer had it. Isaac Graham had it. Andrew Fuller had it. The great evangelists Daniel and Dr.

Nettleton and Truman Osborn and Charles G. Finney had it. In my boyhood I saw Truman Osborn rise to preach in the village church at Somerville, N. J., and before he had given out his text of utterance a word people in the audience sobbed out with religious emotion. It was the power from on high. All in greater or less degree may have it. Once got it and nothing can stand before you. Satan goes down. Caricature goes down. Infidelity goes down. Worldliness goes down. All question goes down. Several times in the history of the church and the world has this power from on high been demonstrated. In the seventeenth century, after a great season of moral depression, this power from on high came down upon John Cotton and Owen and Farel and Baxter and Bunyan and others, and was a deluge of mercy higher than the tops of the highest mountains of sin. In the eighteenth century, in England and America, religion was at a low water mark. William Cowper, writing of the clergy of these days, said:

Except a few with Eli's spirit blast, Hobdill and Phineas may describe the rest.

The infidel writings of Shaftesbury and Hobbes and Chubb had done their work. But power from on high came upon both the Wesleyes and Lady Huntingdon on the other side the Atlantic, and upon William Tennant and Gilbert Tennant and David Brainerd on this side the Atlantic, and both hemispheres felt the force of a pardoning God. Coming to later date, there may be here and there in this audience an aged man or woman who can remember New York in 1831, when this power from on high descended most wonderfully. It came upon preachers and congregations and theatres and commercial establishments. Chatham Street Theatre, New York, was the scene of a most tremendous religious awakening.

A committee of Christian gentlemen called upon the lessee of the theatre, and said they would like to buy the lease of the theatre. He said: "I am sorry to hear of it." They replied, "For a church." "For what?" said the owner. "For a church," was the reply. The owner said: "You may have it, and I will give you a thousand dollars to help you on with your work." Arthur Tappan, a man highly respected in his time, as honest and pure and good as any man I ever knew, stepped on the stage of old Chatham Theatre as the actors were closing their morning rehearsal and said: "There will be preaching here to-night on this stage," and then gave out and sang with such people as were there the old hymn:

The voice of free grace cries, escape to the mountain.

For all that believe Christ has opened a fountain.

The barroom of the theatre was turned into a prayer room, and eight hundred persons were present at the first meeting. For seventy successive nights religious services were held in that theatre, and such scenes of mercy and salvation as will be subjects of conversation and congratulation as long as time lasts. But I come to a later time—1891—remembered by many who are here. I remember it especially, as I had just entered the office of the ministry. It was a year of hard times. A great panic had flung hundreds of thousands of people into the streets. Starvation entered habitations that had never before known a want. Domestic life in many cases became a tragedy. Suicide, garroting, burglary, assassination were rampant. What an awful day that was when the banks went down! There has been nothing like it in thirty years, and I pray God there may not be anything like it in the next thirty years.

This nation in its extremity felt helpless before the Lord and cried for pardon and peace, and upon ministers and laymen came power from on high descended. Engine houses, warehouses, hotel parlors, museums, factories, from 12 to 1 o'clock, while the operatives were resting, were opened for prayers and sermons and inquiry rooms, and Burton's old theatre on Chambers street, where our ancestors used to assemble to laugh at the comedies, and all up and down the streets, and out on the docks and on the decks of shipping at the wharf people sang: "All hail the power of Jesus' name," while others cried for mercy. A great mass meeting of Christians on a warm day, in Jayne's Philadelphia building, telegraphed to Fulton Street Prayer Meeting in New York, saying: "What hath God wrought?" and a telegram went back saying: "Two hundred souls saved at our meeting to-day." A ship came through the Narrows into our harbor, and the crew had been converted to God between New Orleans and New York.

In the busiest marts of our busiest American cities, where the worshippers of Mammon had been counting their golden years, men began to calculate: "What shall I profit me if I gain the whole world and lose my soul?" The waiters in restaurants after the closing of their day's work kept among the tables where they had served. Policemen asked consent of the Commissioner of Police to be permitted to attend religious meetings. At Albany members of the New York Legislature assembled in the room of the Court of Appeals at half-past eight o'clock in the morning for prayer and praise. Printed invitations were sent out to the firemen of New York saying: "Come to our service in glory as long as heaven lasts. If you citizens' dress, but come! come!" Quarrymen knelt among the rocks. Fishermen knelt in their boats. Weavers knelt among the looms. Sailors knelt among the hammocks. Schoolmasters knelt among their classes. A general prayer meeting was held in Washington City, and he might have added a line of prayer meetings from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, and from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico.

In those days when some what sermons, what tunings to God, what recital of thrilling experiences, what prodigals brought home, what burning tidings of souls saved, what sermons of sin emancipated, what wild rout of the forces of darkness, what victories for the truth! What millions on earth and in heaven are now thanking God for 1837, which though the year of worst financial calamity, was the year of America's most glorious blessing. How do you account for 1837, its spiritual triumphs on the heels of its worldly misfortunes? It was what my text calls the power from on high.

That was thirty-three years ago, and though there have been in various parts of the land many stirrings of the Holy Ghost, there has been no general awakening. Does it not seem to you that we ought to have and may have the scenes of power in 1837 eclipsed by the scenes of power in 1891? The circumstances are somewhat similar. While we have not had national panic and universal prostration as in 1837, there has been a stringency in the money market that has put many of the families of the earth to their wits' end. Large commercial interests collapsing have left multitudes of employees without means of support. The razed brains of business men have almost or entirely given way. New illustrations all over the land, of the fact that riches have not only cost, but which they walk slowly as they come. But wings on which they speed when they go. Eternal God! I know how you cramp and sever and sever a time it is with money. And as the business ruin of 1837 was followed by the glorious triumphs of grace, let

the awful struggles of 1890 be followed by the hellish joys of a nation saved in 1891.

Brethren in the Gospel ministry! If we spent half as much time in prayer as we do in the preparation of our sermons, nothing could stand before us. We would have the power from on high as we never had it. Private membership of all Christians! If we spent half as much time in positive prayer for this influence as we do in thinking about it and talking about it, there would not be so many names enough to fill down the names of these who want to give in their names for enlistment.

As the power from on high in 1837 was more remarkable in academies of music and lyceum halls and theatres than in churches, why not this winter of 1891 in these two academies of music, of secular entertainment, where we are during the rebuilding of our Brooklyn Tabernacle, so grandly and graciously treated by the owners and lessors and lessees; why not expect and why not have the power from on high, comforting power, arousing power, convincing power, converting power, saving power, omnipotent power? My opinion is that in this cluster of cities by the Atlantic coast, there are five hundred thousand people now ready to accept the Gospel call, if freed from all the conventionalities of the church, and were earnestly and with strong faith presented to them.

In these brilliant assemblies there are hundreds who are not frequenters of churches, and who do not believe much if at all in ministers of religion or ecclesiastical organizations. But God knows you have struggles in which you need help, and here comes in which you want solace, and persecutions in which you ought to have defense, and perplexities in which you need guidance, and with a profound thoughtfulness you stand by the grave of the old year, and the cradle of the new year, wondering where you will be and what you will be when rolling years shall cease to move? Power from on high descend upon them!

Men of New York and Brooklyn, I offer you God and heaven! From the day you came to these cities what a struggle you have had! I can tell from your careworn countenances, and the tears in your eyes, and the deep sigh you have just breathed that you want re-enforcement, and here it is, greater than Blucher when he re-enforced Wellington; greater than the Bank of England when last month it re-enforced the Bankers—namely, the God who has through Jesus Christ, is ready to pardon all your sin, comfort all your sorrows, scatter all your doubts, and swing all the shining gates of heaven wide open before your redeemed spirit. Come into the kingdom of God! Without a half second of delay come in!

Many of my hearers to-day are what the world calls, and what I would call splendid fellows, and they seem happy enough, and are so, and obliging, and if I were in trouble I would go to them with as much confidence as I would to my father, if he were yet alive. But when they go to their rooms at night, or when the excitement of social and business life are off, they are not contented, and they want something better than this world can offer. I understand them so well I would, without any fear of being thought rough, put my right hand on their one shoulder and my left hand on their other shoulder and push them into the kingdom of God. But I cannot. Power from on high, lay hands on them, and the dedication of our former church three hundred and twenty-eight souls stood up in the aisles and publicly espoused the cause of Christ. At another time four hundred souls; at another time five hundred; and our four thousand five hundred and thirty-nine souls, the day after to-morrow, will be in the next city east of these who within those sacred walls took upon themselves the vows of the Christian. What turned them? What saved them? Power from the level? No. Power from on high.

But greater things are to be seen if ever this city and this world is to be taken for God. There is one class of men and women in all these assemblages in whom I have especial interest, and that is those who had good fathers and mothers once, but they are dead. What multitudes of us are orphans! We may be 40, 50, 60 years old, but we never get used to having father and mother, and Oh how we long for them! I would like to have told them, and we always felt as long as father and mother were alive we had someone to whom we could go. Now I would like to ask if you think that all their prayers in your behalf have been answered? No, you say, that it is late, the old folks are gone now.

I must courteously contradict you. It is not too late. I have a friend in the ministry who was attending the last hours of an aged Christian, and my friend said to the old Christian: "Is there no trouble on your mind?" The old man turned his face to the wall for a few moments, and then said: "Only one thing. I hope for the salvation of my ten children, but not one of them is yet saved. Yet I am sure they will be. God means to wait until I am gone." So he died. When my friend told of the old man's last eight of his children, and the Lord, and I have no doubt the other two before this have found Him. Oh, the long postponed answers to prayer for you, my brother, for you, my sister, might this hour descend in power from on high.

Oh, unanswered prayers of father and mother, where are you? In what room of the old homestead have they hidden? Oh, unanswered prayers, rise in a mist of many tears into a cloud, and then break in a shower which shall soften the heart of that man who is so hard he cannot cry, or that woman who is so proud she cannot pray. Oh, armchair of the aged, now empty and in the gutter among the rubbish, speak out! Oh, staff of the pilgrim who has ended his weary journey, tell of the parental anxieties that bent over thee! Oh, family Bible, with story of births and deaths, rattle some of the wrinkles hands that once turned thy pages, and explain that spot where a tear fell upon the passage: "Oh, Absalom, my son, my son, would God I had died for thee."

Good and precious God! what will become of us, if we have had such a devout and praying parentage, we never pray for ourselves! We will pray. We will begin now. Oh, for the power from on high, power to move this assemblage, power to save Brooklyn and New York, power to evangelize the world, power to girdle the round earth with a red girdle dipped in the blood of the cross! If this forward movement is to begin at all, there must be some place for it to begin, and why not this place? And there must be some time for it to begin, and why not this time? And I sound for your ears a rhythmic invocation, which, until a few days ago, never came under my eye, but it is so sweet, so soothing with pathos, so triumphant with joy, that whoever chimed it, instead of being anonymous, ought to be immortal: Thy altar I have on Calvary's peak, Thy stripes, thy die, were laid on me, That peace and pardon might be free—O wretched sinner, come!

Blessed with guilt, wouldst thou be blest? Trust not the world; it gives no rest; I bring relief to hearts oppressed—O weary sinner, come!

Come, leave thy burden at this cross; Count all thy gains but empty dross; Thy sins are pardoned, and thy soul is free—O needy sinner, come!

Come, bring thy burden to this cross; Thy sins are pardoned, and thy soul is free—O needy sinner, come!

THE NEWS.

Mauro Candana, a Mexican mayor, was arrested at El Paso, Texas.—It is rumored that the McCoy-Brumfield feud has broken out again in Logan county, W. Va., and that 6 men have been killed.—There is talk of impeaching Mr. McGrath, of the Kansas Alliance party.—At a banquet given by the Young Men's Democratic Association in Philadelphia, Mr. Cleveland made a speech. Ex-Secretary Bayard and others spoke.—A cyclone did considerable damage near Sherman, Texas.—Nineteen table glass manufacturers in Ohio, West Virginia and Pennsylvania have formed a combine.—Three prisoners escaped from the Ohio Penitentiary. By the explosion of a hecla powder cartridge at Amherst, Mass., several people were seriously hurt.—Samuel McGlennan, employed at George West's, Union Mill, Ballston Spa, N. Y., was drawn between two hot cylinders and crushed and roasted. He died in three hours.—Henry Redmond and Isaac McCutcheon were fatally hurt at Lancaster, Pa., by falling fifty feet from a scaffold.—The Wisconsin and Milwaukee Mutual Fire Insurance Companies are in the hands of receivers.—The real estate of the Huntingdon (Pa.) Manufacturing Company was bought by the Iron Car Equipment Company of New York, subject to a mortgage of \$40,000. The new company now has control of the entire plant.—John Morris and Frank Chatham, two ranchmen of Carbonade, renewed an old quarrel at Leadville and fatally shot each other.—Lieutenant Casey, of the Twenty-second Infantry, of General Brooke's command, was shot and killed by a Brule Indian while reconnoitering near the Indian camp.

General Schofield has authorized General Miles to appoint a military officer in charge of the agency at Pine Ridge, but not to change the Indian agents at any of the other agencies.—President Harrison has directed the Secretary of War to investigate the condition of the Sioux, and to see that troops are massed in the Indian country for the protection of the agencies and the settlers.—The funeral of Captain George D. Wallace, who was killed by the Indians in the battle at Wounded Knee, took place in Charleston, S. C., with military honors.—The Assistant Commissioner of Indian Affairs has been directed to proceed to the Indian Territory and pay the Creeks the \$400,000 authorized by the last Congress for land.—General Brooke is stationing troops around the Indian camp on White Clay Creek to prevent the hostiles from escaping.—The International Monetary Conference met at Washington.—Some correspondence about the Barrundia affair was made public, in which Secretary Tracy gives the reasons why Commander Rester was relieved and ordered home.—Robert De Rose shot and killed his wife at San Francisco.—During a fight among Italians in Chicago, one named De Meie was fatally cut.—Three men beat Robert Bruce, a lodging-house keeper in Chicago so badly that he will die.

A telegraph lineman has been sued by the Clay county (Indiana) Court for cutting down shade trees on the National road while erecting telegraph wires.—Col. Ray Meyers has sued the government of San Salvador for \$50,000 damages.—Three hundred and fifty girls, shirtmakers, struck at Troy, N. Y.—E. S. Peck, a banker of Frankfort, Ky., has been appointed receiver of the Farmers and Merchants' Bank, at Clarksville, Tenn.—Twenty-seven refractory prisoners were starved into submission at Chaitanoga.—Fire at Cairo, Ill., caused \$100,000 damage.—The trial of Rev. Howard B. McQuay, an Episcopal minister, at Canton, Ohio, for heresy, was begun at Cleveland.—A widow, named Sheely, seventy years old, was killed by a train at Duckworth, W. Va.

Colonel Forsythe has been temporarily relieved of his command of the Seventh Cavalry pending an investigation of the recent fight at Wounded Knee. It is reported from Washington that any attempt to substitute a military for a civil supervision of the Sioux would be vigorously opposed by the Interior Department officials. General Morgan, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, has written to Secretary Noble, expressing his willingness to visit the seat of war and endeavor to bring about a restoration of friendly relations with the hostile Indians. The hostilities have burned the houses of a number of settlers. The orders to disarm the Indians in the Cheyenne and Arapahoe country have caused great anxiety among settlers in Oklahoma and the Texas border. The sound of heavy firing was heard at Rushville, Neb., and it was reported a fight had occurred north of that point.—Judge D. C. Troup, died at Chattanooga, Tenn.—Emma Abbott, the opera singer, died at Salt Lake City.—Harry Stouffer, seventeen years old, died from the effects of whiskey at Bownsmansdale, Pa.—The Mutual Guaranty Fire Insurance Company, of Clinton, Iowa, assigned; liabilities \$50,000, assets \$232,200. The Duerber Watch Company, whose works are at Canton, O., assigned, nominal assets \$1,500,000, liabilities \$450,000.—The Pennsylvania State Supreme Court decided against Jno. B. Gloninger in the ten-million-dollar case of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.—Edwin Solomon accidentally killed himself with a pistol at Salt Lake City.—It is thought that the shocks felt at Elmwood, Ind., were due to explosions of natural gas.—Much uneasiness is felt along the Mississippi river, owing to the unsafe condition of the levees.—John Lacy, a tough, killed Edward Dietz at Columbus, Ind., with a razor.—The total amount of lumber surveyed at Bangor, Me., in 1890, was 179,106,727 feet.—John Rooney was burned to death in a barn near Plattsburg, N. Y.

"AN EPIDEMIC of enteric fever, having most of the symptoms of typhoid," is reported in Amsterdam, New York, about sixty cases being now under treatment. The first sign is frequent urines, followed by violent headache, soreness in the muscles, pains in the back, diarrhoea, and high fever. Frequently the patient retains a feverish temperature for 15 or 16 days.

THE TREACHEROUS REDS.

Lieutenant Casey Shot by a Supposed Friendly.

A Warning That Was Heeded Too Late—Old Red Cloud and His Wife Return to the Agency.

The latest despatches from Pine Ridge Agency, S. D., say: Yankton Charley, one of Buffalo Bill's men, now employed as scout here, brings particulars of the murder of Lieutenant Casey, of the Twenty-second Infantry, of General Brooke's command near the hostile camp.

Lieutenant Casey had started out to visit the hostiles to induce the chiefs to come in to talk with General Brooke. He passed a small band of Ogallallas, who were butchering, and proceeded farther, followed, however, by two of the Indians, who appeared to be friendly.

He was shortly afterwards met by Pat Richards, son-in-law of Red Cloud, who had been sent by the latter to warn him not to approach nearer the hostiles, because it was dangerous. The scout said he would ride to the top of a little knoll, whence he could get a view of the hostile camp.

Richards dismounted him, and he and Casey turned around and departed. Just then Richards heard a shot, and, turning back, saw Casey fall from his horse, the bullet passing through the latter's head.

The shot was fired by the younger of the two Ogallallas, who had followed Casey. Richards would have shot the murderer, but the cartridges did not fit his gun.

General Brooke sent out a detachment, under Lieutenant Gordon, to recover the remains of Lieutenant Casey. The body was found, stripped, but not mutilated. It was borne to Oelrichs, whence it will be sent to Fort Keogh, Montana.

Red Cloud came into the agency, and General Miles has appointed an hour to hold a conference with him. The old man stepped out of the hostile camp, and with his wife walked 16 miles to this place. General Miles is hopeful that his example will be followed by others.

Colonel Kent, inspector-general of the D. & C. railroad, Fifth Infantry, and Colonel Baldwin are ascertaining all the facts relative to the fight on Wounded Knee Creek. This is not, as has been stated, a court of inquiry. No charges have been made against Colonel Forsythe for his conduct in that engagement, nor has he been placed under arrest.

Medical Inspector Bach reports 25 wounded Indians and 15 soldiers in the hospital. General Colby, of the Nebraska State militia, has 18 companies protecting the towns of Valentine, Cody, Gordon, Rushville, Hay Springs, Chadron, Crawford and Harrison, extending 150 miles along the western border of the Pine Ridge and Rosebud agencies.

The companies comprise 1,700 men. Buffalo Bill is assistant to General Colby, and is at the agency to confer with General Miles. Colonel Baker, of Omaha, and Major Comery, of Cheyenne, are here to pay the troops in the field. It will require \$68,000. Colonel Shafter, who has been on sick leave, has returned.

The position of the various troops in the field was changed, and the places will be as follows: General Carr, with nine troops of the Sixth Cavalry, one company of the Seventeenth Infantry and two Hotchkiss guns, at the junction of Wounded Knee Creek and White River. Colonel O'Leary, with two troops of the Eighth Cavalry and six companies of the Seventh Infantry, will be on White River, about four miles southeast of Big Grass Creek. Colonel Sanford, with four troops of the Eighth Cavalry, four companies of the Second Infantry and one Hotchkiss gun, will be at the junction of White Clay Creek and White River. Col. Wheaton, with four troops of the Ninth Cavalry, four companies of the Second Infantry and two Hotchkiss guns, will be on White River, three miles north of Lower Lime Kiln Creek, and about eight miles from the hostile camp. Major Whitney, with three troops of the Ninth Cavalry and one company of the Eighth Infantry, will be on Wounded Knee Creek, a short distance from the late battle field. Captain Hiley, with four companies of the Seventh Cavalry, will be on Lower Limb Creek, four miles from his source. The effect of these movements will be to narrow the circle in which the hostiles are now gathered.

It was stated to the Associated Press war correspondent that 300 Indians said to be coming, are reported in camp three miles from the agency. The report has been verified.

All Hostiles Now.—Springfield, Neb.—Chief Yellow Horse, formerly lieutenant of the Indian police at Rosebud Agency, paid a long visit to town with a considerable following. When asked if he was not afraid to meet the warring element of his tribe, he replied: "No; we are all hostiles now."

Yellow Horse was supposed to be a friendly. Swift Bear and his band, formerly of the same agency, also declared for war. Both chiefs are supposed to be bearing for the hostile camp near Pine Ridge.

Advices from Nebraska border towns indicate a more quiet feeling since the arrival of the state militia. Settlers adjacent return to their farms during the day, though those in isolated districts still remain in town. Bodies of troops patrol the country roundabout.

The following is a list of the delegates present: Argentine Republic, Senor Don Vicente G. Quesada; Bolivia, Senor Don Melchor Obarrico; Chili, Senor Don Francisco Llanos; Ecuador, Senor Don Matias Romero; Hayti, Mr. Hannibal Price; Hawaiian Kingdom, Mr. H. A. P. Carter; Honduras, Senor Don K. W. Steven; Mexico, Senor Don Matias Romero; Nicaragua, Senor Don Horacio Guzman; Peru, Senor Don F. L. Zegarra; United States, Hon. James G. Blaine; Venezuela, Senor Don Eleanio Veturano Rendon.

THE Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway Company has commenced a system of retrenchment by reducing the wages paid to clerks, telegraphers, station agents and some section men. The reductions range from \$2 to \$35 per month.

FIFTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

SENATE.—There were 49 Senators present when the journal was read, including Mr. Allison, who had been absent from the city for some 10 days past. The Senator-elect from Idaho, Mr. McConnell, who has not yet been sworn in, was also present, and was introduced to a good many of the Senators, as was also Mr. Dubois, of Idaho, who has been elected for the term to begin on the 4th of March next. No business whatever was transacted and the Senate, on motion of Mr. Spooner, adjourned.

26TH DAY.—After the elections bill had been passed by the Senate, the bill was taken up in its amended form and read by the clerk. Mr. Stewart moved to amend it by adding a provision for free coinage of silver and spoke in favor of his amendment. Mr. Sherman made a lengthy argument against the amendment, and was replied to by Messrs. Stewart and Bagan. At the close of Mr. Bagan's remarks Mr. Teller obtained the floor, and the Senate at 5:10 adjourned.

27TH DAY.—It was some time this morning before a quorum made its appearance in the Senate. The financial bill was taken up immediately after the morning hour, and speeches were made by Messrs. Teller, Vest and Morris in its support. The bill for the public printing of the coinage of silver and Mr. Morrell opposed it.

28TH DAY.—In the Senate the final draft for terms of the two Idaho Senators took place, and Mr. McConnell drew the lot which assigned him to the class of Senators whose terms expire on March 3, 1891, and Mr. Shoup that which gave him the term to expire on March 3, 1892. The conference report on the bill containing deficiency bill was presented and agreed to. After some unimportant matters on the calendar had been disposed of the financial bill was taken up. Mr. Stewart suggested that an hour should be fixed for taking a vote on the bill and amendments, and he proposed a vote on Friday next. The bill in its present form met no particular opposition on either side, but as Mr. Cockrell suggested it would be well to let the question go over till tomorrow. Mr. Stewart assented, and said that he would to-morrow ask to have the time fixed for taking a vote on the bill and amendments. Speeches in favor of free coinage were made by Messrs. Daniel and Plumb, and Mr. Hancock opposed it.

29TH DAY.—The finance bill was taken up and Mr. Stewart asked unanimous consent that a vote should be taken on the bill and amendments at 4 o'clock on Saturday. Mr. Gorman expressed his surprise at the proposition. The amendment offered to the bill by the Senator from Nevada (Mr. Stewart) had been described by the Senator from Ohio (Mr. Sherman) as one of the most revolutionary measures introduced in Congress. Mr. Stewart realized the importance of Mr. Gorman's suggestion, but thought that, as the subject had been much discussed, the Senate ought to fix a time for taking the vote. Mr. Ingalls asked unanimous consent that general debate on the bill shall close with the adjournment on Tuesday next, and that on Wednesday debate shall be resumed on the bill and amendments under the 10 minutes' rule. The bill was taken up on the passage of the bill before adjournment on Wednesday. Mr. Tappan and Mr. Coke made speeches in favor of free coinage.

HOUSE.—24TH DAY.—In the House Mr. Henderson, of Iowa, presented the conference report on the urgent deficiency bill. It was agreed to. A number of unimportant bills were passed, and at 5:10 the House adjourned.

25TH DAY.—The House this morning passed the bill repealing the law authorizing the President to suspend tonnage dues. The House then turned to the consideration of the bill for the consideration of the shipping bill, and the remainder of the session was spent in the discussion of that measure. Without taking any action the committee rose and the House adjourned.

26TH DAY.—The House spent another day in committee of the whole discussing the shipping bill. No action was taken.

27TH DAY.—The House spent the day in committee of the whole discussing the shipping bill, and adjourned without taking any action.

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES.

A TRAIN on the Santa Fe Road was derailed near Wichita, Kansas, and Thomas Main and G. B. Holt were killed.

The Gem City Stone Works, in Dayton, Ohio, were destroyed by an explosion of natural gas, loss, \$50,000.

PATRICK McCarty was killed at an ice house at Schoharie Landing, on the Hudson, by being caught in a revolving shaft.

CLAUDE MCCARTHY, aged 13 years, and John Mahon, aged 12, were drowned by breaching through the ice while skating at Muskegon, Mich.

THE family of Benjamin Sours, at Luray, Va., were poisoned by eating pumpkin pie supplied to contain rat poison. Sours and one child are dead. The others are dangerously ill.

FREIGHT train and two "wild" engines collided near Fresno, California, killing a brakeman named Laberty. Two other train men who jumped off were injured, a fireman named Stevinger mortally.

LOUIS Schwing accidentally caused the death of his four-year-old daughter in Cincinnati by giving her carbolic acid in mistake for medicine which had been prescribed for her, she having diarrhoea.

E. J. KINNEY, a prominent Republican politician and attorney of Oange, Kansas, was found dead beside the railroad track near that place. It is supposed he fell from a train while passing from one car to another.

REPORTS from Eastern Colorado tell of destitution and famine among the settlers, owing to the lack of rain. It is said that many are dying of starvation, and that hundreds will follow if assistance is not soon rendered.

THE roof of the brewery of Herman Koehler, in New York, fell in, burying a number of workmen. Twelve were injured, James Duaneau and Lewis Weber fatally. The building was in course of reconstruction.

CAPTAIN PERRY and crew of the American schooner Dare, who were wrecked on Vancouver Island, on December 20, reached Victoria, British Columbia, having been brought by post Indians in canoes. The Dare left San Francisco