

OBSERVATIONS ABROAD.

Dr. Talmage Tells of Russia and Great Britain.

Distributing Wheat to Russia's Starving Peasantry—Interesting Discourse on His Tour of Great Britain—What He Saw.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage in a recent discourse at Brooklyn took for his subject "Observations in Russia and Great Britain," the text being: Psalm cxxxix. 9: "If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me."

What an absurd book the Bible must be to a man who has no poetry in his soul. "Wings of the morning!" What kind of a bird is it, and how long are its wings and of what color? Ah, some of us have seen and felt its wings. They are golden. They are buoyant. They are swift. They are widespread. The 15th of last June I took "the wings of the morning" and started for Europe. June 20, on "the wings of the morning" I started from Liverpool; July 19, on "the wings of the morning" I entered Germany, the land of Martin Luther and many of that ilk, living and dead. On "the wings of the morning" I entered Moscow. On "the wings of the morning" I entered the palaces of Russia, greeted by the emperor and empress, surrounded by a lovely brood of princes and princesses. On "the wings of the morning" I entered Inverness, the capital of the Scottish Highlands, country of Robert Burns and Thomas Chalmers, the one for poetry, the other for religion. September 21, on "the wings of the morning" I entered the finest haven of all the earth, New York harbor, and looked off toward the most interesting place I had seen in three months—South Oxford street, Brooklyn. O, I like "the wings of the morning." I am, by nature and by grace, a son of the morning. I think I must have been born in the morning. I would like to die in the morning. I have a notion that Heaven is only an everlasting morning. In the summer of 1892, my text was fulfilled to me again and again. "If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea even there shall Thy hand lead me."

You all know why I went to Russia this summer. There are many thousands of people who have a right to say to me, as was said in the Bible parable: "Give account of thy stewardship." The Christian Herald for months had put before the people the ghastly facts concerning 20,000,000 Russians who were starving to death, and subscriptions to the relief fund had come by letters that seemed not so much written with ink as with tears, some of the letters practically saying: "We find it hard to get bread for our own families, but we cannot withstand this cry of hunger from beyond the seas, and so please to receive the inclosed." We had gathered \$55,000 in money, which we turned into 3,000,000 pounds of flour.

Now, we know nothing about famine in America. The grasshoppers may kill the crops in Kansas, the freshets may destroy the crops along the Ohio, the potato worm may kill the vines of Long Island, the rust may get into the wheat of Michigan, yet when there has been dreadful scarcity in some parts of the land there has been plenty in other parts. But in districts of Russia, vast enough to drop several nations into them, drought for six consecutive years has devastated and those districts were previously the most productive of all the empire. It was like what we would have in America if the hunger fiend somehow got out of hell and alighted in our land and swept his wing over Minnesota and said: "Let nothing grow here," and over Missouri and said: "Let nothing grow here," and over New York and said: "Let nothing grow here," and over Ohio and Georgia and Massachusetts and Pennsylvania and Nebraska and Dakota and the Carolinas and said: "Let nothing grow here," and the hunger fiend had swept the same withering and blasting wing over the best parts of America in the years 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891 and 1892 and finally all our families were put on small allowances and we all had risen from the table hungry, and after awhile the children had only half enough and after awhile only one meal a day and after awhile no good food at all, but a mixture of wheat and chaff and bark of trees, and then three of the children down with hunger typhus and then all the family unable to walk and then crawling on hands and knees and then one dead in each room and neighbors, not quite so exhausted, coming in to bury them, and afterward the house becoming the tomb, with none to carry the dead to more appropriate sepulchre—whole families blotted out. That was what occurred in Russia in homes more than were ever counted, in homes that were once as comfortable and beautiful and bountiful as yours or mine, in homes as virtuous as yours or mine, in homes where God is worshipped as much as in yours or mine. It was to do a little something toward beating back that Archangel of wretchedness and horror that we went, and we have now to report that, according to the estimate of the Russian famine relief committee, we saved the lives of 125,000 people. As at the hunger relief stations, the bread was handed out—for it was made into loaves and distributed—many people would halt before taking it and religiously cross themselves and utter a prayer for the donors. Some of them would come staggering back, and say: "Please tell us who sent this bread to us." And when told it came from America, they would say: "What part of America? Please give us the names of those who sent it." Ah, God only knows the names of those who sent it, but he certainly does know, and many a prayer is going up, I warrant you, day by day for those who sent flour by the ship Leo. Perhaps some of us at our tables rattle off a prayer that may mean nothing, although we call it "saying Grace," but I warrant when those people who received the bread which saved their lives "said

grace," it meant something. Our religion may not demand that we "cross ourselves," but I have learned that while crossing one's self in some cases may mean nothing but mere form, I believe in most cases it means: "O, thou of the suffering cross of calvary, have mercy on me and accept my gratitude." Prefer your own form of religion by all means, but do not depreciate the religious form of others. From all I can learn there were several good people before we were born, and I rather expect there will be several left after we are dead. I have traveled in many lands but I tell you plainly as I told Emperor Alexander III. in the palace at Peterhoff that I had never been so impressed with the fidelity to their religion of any people as by what I had seen in Russia, and especially among her public men. I said respectfully to a Russian, when I saw him cross himself: "What do you do that for?" "O," he said, "when I do that I always say: 'God have mercy on me!'"

I hold in my hand something very suggestive. What does that black and uncomely thing look like? That is what is called hunger bread from Russia; that is what millions of people lived on for months before help came from England, Scotland, Ireland and America; that is a mixture which seems to have in it not one grain of sustenance. It is a mixture of pig weed and chaff and the sweepings of stables. That is something which, if dropped in the street, your dog or cat might sniff at, but would not eat. That was the only food on which millions of men and women lived. You must look at that hunger bread of Russia before you can get proper appreciation of what an attractive and beautiful thing a good loaf of bread is. It is so common to us we cannot realize its meaning.

Why does not some poet sing a canto on a loaf of bread, or some modern Raphael paint it, or some historian tell its history? Not like many articles of food, pretentious, and laced all over like wedding cake, or dotted with fantastic ingredients, but that grandest product of the earth, that richest yield of the flour mill, that best benediction of a hot oven, a God-given loaf of bread. But the rhythm of it, the luxury of it, the meaning of it, the benediction of it, the divine mercy of it only those who have seen a famine. No wonder Christ put this food into the sacrament and said of a broken loaf of bread: "This is my body." Thank God that I ever saw that transcendent and compact kinkness of the infinite God—a loaf of bread. And it was our joy this summer to hand over a ship load of material for gladdening many thousands of Russians with such a benediction.

But I have been asked by good people in Great Britain and America again and again, why did not the prosperous people of Russia stop that suffering themselves, making it useless for other nations to help? And I am always glad when I hear the question asked, because it gives me an opportunity to explain. Have you any idea what it requires to feed 20,000,000 people? There is only one Being in the universe that can do it, and that is the Being who, this morning, breakfasted 1,000,000,000 of the human race. The nobility of Russia have not only contributed most lavishly, but many of them went down and staid for months amid the ghastliness and the horror and the typhus fever and the smallpox, that they might administer to the suffering. I sat at the dining table in the house of one of our American representatives beside a baroness, who had not only impoverished her estates by her contributions to the suffering, but who left her own home and went down into the worst of the misery, and until prostrated with fever, then reviving, and toiling on until prostrated with the smallpox. She had come home to get a little strength, and in a few days she was going down again to the suffering districts, and she commissioned me to execute in America a literary enterprise by which she expects with her pen more money, all of which is to go for bread to those who lack it.

Then there are the Bobrinskoyas. They are of the nobility, not only the nobility of earth but the nobility of Heaven. You know we have in America certain names which are synonyms for benevolence—George Peabody, James Lenox, William E. Dodge, Mr. Slater and so on. What their names mean in America Bobrinski means in Russia. The emperor has made larger contributions toward this relief fund than any monarch ever made for any cause since the world stood and the superb kindness written all over the faces of emperor and empress and crown prince is demonstrated in what they have already done and are doing for the sufferers in their own country. When a few days ago I read in the papers that the emperor and empress, hearing an explosion, stopped the royal rail train to find out what accident had occurred and the empress knelt down by the side of a wounded laborer and held his head until pillows and blankets could be brought and the two wounded men were put upon the royal train to be carried to a place where they could be better cared for, I said to my wife: "Just like her." When I saw a few days ago in the papers that the emperor and empress had walked through the wards of the most virulent cholera, talking with the patients, shaking hands with them and cheering them up, it was no surprise to me; for I said to myself: "That is just like them." Any one who has ever seen the royal family will believe anything in the way of kindness ascribed to them, and will join me in exclamation of that too prevalent opinion that a tyrant is on the throne of Russia. If God spares my life, I will yet show by facts beyond dispute that the most slandered and systematically lied about nation on earth is Russia, and that no ruler ever lived more for the elevation of his people in education and morals and religion than Alexander, the third. God save the president of the United States! God save the queen of England! God save the emperor and empress of Russia! I will, whether in sermons or lectures, I have not yet decided, show that nineteenth-century of all the things written and published against Russia are furnished by men

who have been hired by other countries to "write up," or rather write down Russia, so as to divert commerce from that empire or because of international jealousies.

Yet, I must tell you of a picture of pathos and moral power impressed upon my mind so that neither time nor eternity can efface it. The ship Leo swung to the docks a few miles below St. Petersburg, loaded with flour from America. The sailors on board huzzed as they came to the wharf. From a yacht on which we had descended the river to the sea, the prominent citizens of St. Petersburg disembarked. The bank was crowded by prosperous citizens, who stood on the wharf, and back of them by poor laborers who had come down to offer their services free of all charge for the removal of the breadstuffs from the ship to the imperial freight train that took the flour to the interior free of charge. While we stood there the long freight train rumbled down to the docks, the locomotive and each car decorated with a flag—the American flag and the Russian flag alternating. Though a flag to some eyes is only a floating rag, you ought to see how the American flag looks 5,000 miles away from home. It looked that day like a section of Heaven let down to cheer mortal vision. Addresses of welcome and responses were made, and then the work began, the only contest being who should lift the hardest and be the most expeditious. From ship to rail train, from rail train to kneading board, from kneading board to oven, from oven to the white and quivering lips of the dying. Up... all who, whether by contribution small or large, helped make that scene possible, may there come the benediction of Him who declared: "I was hungry and ye fed me."

But I must also give a word of report concerning my other errand—the preaching of the gospel in Great Britain last summer. It was a tour I had for many years anticipated. With the themes of the gospel I confronted more people than ever before in the same length of time—multitudes after multitudes, and beyond anything I can describe. The throngs in all the cities were so great that they could be controlled only by platoons of police, so that none should be hurt by the pressure, each service indoors followed by a service for the waiting throngs outdoors, and both by hand shakings to the last point of physical endurance. From the day in which I arrived at noon in Liverpool, and that night addressing two vast assemblages, until I got through my evangelic journey, it was a scene of blessing to my own soul and I hope to others. At all the assemblages large collections were taken, the money being given to local charities, feeble churches, orphan asylums or Young Men's Christian association.

It seems to me that the gospel is making mighty strides over there. Only one thing I saw in the chapels and churches I did not like. That is a lack of appreciation of each other, as between the National church and the Dissenters. Now, each is doing a great work that the other cannot do. God speed them all, they of the Episcopal and they of the Dissenters! Some need the ritual of the National church and others the spontaneity of the Wesleyan. In the kingdom of God there is room for all to work and each in his own way. Some people are born Episcopalians and some Methodists and others Baptists and others Presbyterians, and do not let us force our notions on others. As for myself, I was born so near the line that I feel as much at home in one denomination as another, and when in the Episcopal church the liturgy stirs my soul so that I cannot keep back the tears and it overwhelms me with its solemnity and its power. When in an old fashioned Methodist church the responses of "Amen!" and "Hallelujah!" lift me up like Paul, I am in blessed bewilderment as to "whether in the body or out of the body God knoweth." And as for the Baptists, though I have never been anything but sprinkled, I have immersed hundreds and expect to immerse hundreds more in the baptistry under this pulpit where I now stand. What is the use of controversy about anything, except how we shall keep close to the cross and do the most for helping people for this world and the next? May there come in England more cordiality between the National church and the Dissenters.

If the pessimists would get out of the way the people who snivel and groan, and think everything has gone to the dogs or is about to go, I say if these pessimists would only get out of the way the world would soon see the salvation of God. Christianity is only another name for elevated optimism. Was Isaiah an optimist? See his deserts irradiated with red roses, and snowed under with white lilies. Was St. John an optimist? Read the uplifting splendors in the Apocalypse and the Hallelujah chorus with which the old book, which they cannot kill, closes. The greatest thing I can think of would be to have a triple alliance of America, England and Russia in complete harmonization, and then to have upon all of the name a deluge of the Holy Ghost. Let the defamations of other nations cease. Peace and good will to men. For that glorious consummation, which may be nearer than we think, let us pray, remembering that God can do more in five minutes than a man can do in five centuries. If the consummation is not effected in our day, I shall ask the privilege of coming out from Heaven a little while to look at this old world when it shall have put on its millennial beauty. I think God will let us come out to see it at least once in its perfected state before it is burned up. I should not wonder if all Heaven would adjourn for an excursion to this world to see how a shipwrecked planet was got off the breakers and set afloat again amid the eternal harmonies. Meanwhile let us do all we can to make it better, and let it somehow tell in the final result, though it be only a child sob hushed, or a trickling tear wiped from a pale face, or a thorn extracted from a tired foot, or a sinful soul washed white as the wool. May God help us to help others! And so these lessons of gratitude and sympathy and helpfulness and vindication I have brought you on the wings of this morning.

THE DEADLY PARALLEL.

What the Republican Administration Has Done for American Farmers.

A recently-published leaflet presents in "deadly parallel" what has been done during the present republican administration for the American farmer, and what was not, and what was proposed to be done during Mr. Cleveland's administration.

We will make a few quotations: WHAT THE PRESENT REPUBLICAN ADMINISTRATION HAS DONE FOR THE FARMER.

1. It has saved to the American farmer a home market for his home market worth over \$5,000,000 yearly.

2. It has saved to the American farmer a home market for his home market worth \$7,000,000 yearly.

3. It has saved to the American farmer a home market for his home market worth \$1,000,000 yearly.

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governmental expenses cannot be reduced (unless the democrats repeal the pension laws), and this \$229,000,000 must be raised by duties on imports.

The question then is, shall we leave the duties where they now are—on competing products—and let American competition keep prices down, or put them on non-competing products, and give ourselves over to the tender mercies of foreign producers? Toledo Blade.

A BID FOR VOTES.

Cleveland's Conciliatory Overture to A. H. Veterans.

Mankind, made wise by the experience of ages, always judges a man by what he has done, rather than by what he says. With the rugged fact of Cleveland's hundreds of pension vetoes while president, accompanied by venomous veto messages stigmatizing the intended beneficiaries of the bills as unworthy, the ex-soldiers of the United States are not inclined to put much faith in the platitudes he has set down in that portion of his letter of acceptance which deals with the subject of pensions, especially as a careful reading will show that in every important statement he makes he has been careful to insert some qualifying or limiting words.

Thus he says that "all patriotic and just citizens must commend liberal consideration for our worthy veteran soldiers." The word "worthy" here limits, and leaves the unavoidable inference that he considers there are "unworthy" veterans. He says that "no complaint" should be made about what is paid to those actually disabled or made dependent by army service." Here the limiting word "actually" confines the statement to those injured while in service. That is the plain English of it. When he says that the pension roll "should be a roll of honor, uncontaminated by ill desert," the plain inference is that the present pension roll is "contaminated" by bearing the names of those who do not deserve pensions. And in his closing sentence on this subject, speaking of the employment of soldiers in the public service, he used the limiting words "capable and worthy," as though there were ex-soldiers in government positions who are not "capable and worthy."

It will thus be seen that the glittering generalities of his deliverance upon pensions are so hedged by limitations as to be applicable to a very small portion of the old soldiers. If pensions are to be confined to only those who were disabled in active service, then no dependent pensions can be given. And it is a gratuitous insult to insinuate that the country is full of "unworthy" veterans. The patriotic people of this country are not in the habit of drawing this discrimination when they refer to the old soldiers. Unworthy ones there may be, but they are so few that it is neither kind nor just to draw an unnecessary line with so much painstaking care. It is of a piece with some of his ill-tempered scolding veto messages.—Toledo Blade.

POLITICAL DRIFT.

Cleveland says he has not changed the opinions that he entertained in 1888. Hence there is no reason why the people should reverse the verdict which they have rendered in his case.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Hon. Wayne MacVeagh, who has been playing around the democratic back door in the shade for some years, has now attracted a little attention by going around to the front and taking a seat on the porch.—Philadelphia Press.

The appeal for funds by the democratic national committee has not been wholly in vain. Mr. Cleveland has sent in his check for ten thousand dollars. It will be remembered that he contributed a similar amount toward his defeat in 1888.—Troy Times.

There is said to be a lack of money in the democratic committee at New York. A democratic campaign of education without the efficient service of a barrel is a novelty and will not win over many converts. The dollar is the only effective argument the democrats have left.—Omaha Bee.

The democratic millionaires are begging five-cent contributions from democratic voters instead of putting their hands into their own pockets for funds Cleveland might contribute that one hundred thousand dollars he made out of his red top real estate speculation at Washington, etc.—Toledo Blade.

The supreme court has declared the McKinley law constitutional. The decision of the highest court in the land, however, is of no more importance to the free traders than the protectionist views of Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, Andrew Jackson and the other fathers of democracy.—Albany Journal.

The democrats are in error who suppose the hostility of the ex-soldiers to Cleveland is due to the fact that he stayed at home during the war. They hate him because he accompanied his votes of pensions by messages which not only insulted the applicant, but insulted every other old soldier. Hence the soldiers are against him, and will work and vote to defeat him.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The democratic party professes to be the enemy of all trusts, yet Mr. Whitney, the representative of the Standard oil monopoly, the greatest trust in the country, sends ten thousand dollars to the democratic national committee. Mr. Whitney as a good democrat doubtless understands the full measure of the democracy's real hostility to such combinations. He knows that it is hypocritical in this as in most other things.—Troy Times.

Wayne MacVeagh has been a stultifying mugwump for at least eight years, but the democratic bosses are now trying to revive the drooping spirits of their deluded and dejected followers by shouting that "Wayne MacVeagh is going to vote for Cleveland!" He voted for Cleveland in 1888 and in 1884. He left the republican party two years before Blunder Hoies did, and yet he is now claimed as a new convert to democracy! Why not warm up Gov. Hoies again, as a new convert?—Iowa State Register.

THREE MILLION ACRES.

The Amount of New Land to be Thrown Open Through the Comanches, Kiowas and Apaches Taking Allotments.

ANADARKO, Ok., Oct. 22.—After four weeks of council the Cherokee commission yesterday finished its negotiation with the Comanche, Kiowa and Apache tribes and effected an agreement. The negotiation began at Fort Sill the 26th of last month, at which time a proposition on the part of the government was submitted to the Indians. The proposition provided that these Indians should take allotments of 100 acres each and relinquish the residue of the reservation to the government to be attached to Oklahoma and opened to white settlement. For this surrender and relinquishment the Indians shall receive \$3,000,000.

Of this sum \$200,000 will be paid in cash within 120 days from the ratification of the agreement, \$200,000 within one year and \$1,000,000 within two years. The remaining \$1,500,000 will be left in the treasury and bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent. payable annually. Minor paragraphs of the agreement provide that existing treaties are not to be disturbed, legally executed leases shall not be interfered with until limit expires, customary school sections and land occupied and used for religious purposes to be reserved, and adopted members of the tribe are to receive lands. The proposition was accepted on the 7th and since that time the commission has been engaged in securing sufficient signatures to make it effective.

The treaty of 1868 entered into on Medicine Lodge creek provides that no agreement for the relinquishment of lands shall be valid unless signed by three-quarters of the male adults living upon the reservation. The three tribes number about 2,800 people and about 575 bucks over 21 years of age. Yesterday the requisite three-quarters were secured. The agreement will become effective when ratified by congress. Of these three tribes the Comanches are the most advanced in civilization and were the first to accept the proposition. These were followed by the Apaches. A large number of Kiowas banded together to oppose its acceptance and endeavored to intimidate those inclined to sign. The three head chiefs, however, attached their names.

The reservation lies between the Washita and Red rivers in the southwestern corner of the Indian territory and embraces nearly 3,000,000 acres. It is by far the best land yet negotiated for in the Indian territory. It is well watered and fertile and will develop into magnificent corn and cotton land. This is the tenth agreement entered into by the Cherokee commission since May, 1880, from which a total of almost 30,000,000 acres of land have been reclaimed from Indian occupation. Ten thousand five hundred Indians will have been placed upon allotments and will cease to draw rations from the government. Five of these agreements have been ratified by congress and the reservations have been opened to settlement. These are the Iowa, Sac and Fox, Potawatomi, Shawnee, and Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservations. Four have been reported to congress for legislative action—the Kickapoo, Wichita, Tonkawa and Cherokee outlet. Of the first three there is no time limit, but for that of the Cherokee outlet it is provided therein that unless ratified by congress by March 4, 1893, the agreement shall be void. Those interested in the opening of this domain would do well to note this feature of it. The commission will proceed to the Pawnee agency on the outlet to negotiate with that tribe.

STARTLING SUICIDE.

Tragic Occurrence at a Scene of Festivity in Vienna.

LONDON, Oct. 22.—The Vienna correspondent of the News reports a tragic occurrence in that city, bringing a scene of festivity to an abrupt and startling conclusion. While the 20-year-old son of Pater Benecle was playing on a violin at a party which had been given to celebrate his success at some examinations which he has just passed in a creditable manner, he suddenly threw down the instrument and before any of the guests could divine his intention he drew a revolver and shot himself dead. When the young man's father was informed of his son's suicide he appeared greatly shocked and fell dead from heart disease.

OPERATORS RESUME.

The Telegraphers' Strike in the Texas Division of the Santa Fe Ended.

GALVESTON, Tex., Oct. 22.—The latest development in the Santa Fe operators' strike situation is an agreement that the operators resume work pending a conference at Chicago between a Texas committee and President Marvel. The understanding is that the schedule that may be adopted at the Chicago conference shall have effect from the beginning of the strike. It is stated here that a conference by wire with President Marvel resulted in a practical agreement on all points except wages. All operators will be reinstated and an order from the strike committee to all operators to resume work was forwarded.

Charged With Muzzling.

New York, Oct. 22.—Edward Goodacre, a member of the firm of Redfern & Co., the women's tailors, and the manager of the New York branch of the establishment at 210 Fifth avenue, was arrested by special inspectors on a charge of smuggling clothes into this country by women agents.

Indians Terribly Scared.

WINNIPEG, Man., Oct. 22.—Indian throughout the Canadian northwest are in a high state of excitement. They declare that two new born infants on the Sorcee reserve, near the line of the Canadian Pacific railroad, had spoken and predicted that a terrible storm would sweep the country in a very short time and destroy trees, houses and every thing in its course. This absurd story has been taken throughout the country by Indian runners and the Indians are alarmed to such degree that they are now all engaged in digging large pits in which to take refuge when the storm comes.