

J. L. HERRON, Proprietor. HARRISON, N. DAKOTA.

The Allen Land Act. WASHINGTON, D. C., July 25.—The old principle that aliens cannot acquire public lands under any of the land laws is just asserted by Secretary Noble in a decision rendered in an appeal case brought by Henry Booth and James P. Robinson, who had located homes-acts on pre-emptive entries upon lands within the grant of the Central Pacific railroad company in the Salt Lake City land district. The secretary denied the appeal, holding that the settlement and residence of an alien upon the lands does not except from grant.

Women Fight a Duel. CHICAGO, ILL., July 25.—Lizzie Edwards, No. 128 Fourth avenue, and Birdie Lee, of No. 379 South Clark, fought a duel in front of Lizzie's place of abode. Five shots were exchanged and a portion of Birdie's chin was carried away by a bullet. Both were arrested and locked up at the armory. The fight was for the love of a worthless fellow who has been dividing his attentions between them and taking money for his support from both.

Did Great Damage. SHEBOYGAN, Wis., July 25.—A terrific electrical storm visited Sheboygan and did great damage. Two laborers at Elwills flour mill were struck, one William Strassburg, being instantly killed, and Samuel Litch, paralyzed. The stable was struck by lightning and consumed. Sehlcht's block was struck three times, destroying one of the stone towers. Electric fire alarm boxes, telephones, etc. were burned out.

A Victory For San Salvador. FAY VICTORY, July 25.—The Herald's special cablegram from Liberated, San Salvador, says: The latest news from the frontier confirms the reports in respect to the victory of San Salvador over the forces of Guatemala in the battle of July 17. Guatemala's 4,000 strong invaded Salvador under the command of Camilo Alvarez, Narciso Aliz and Pedro and Perez Barrios. The killed numbered over 200, with many wounded.

Thirty refugees from Salvador among them General Monteroz, have given themselves up to Salvadorans, General Villanueva, the Salvadoran traitor attacked the Salvadoran forces July 16 and was defeated. Guatemala commenced the warfare without a declaration of war. Many cases of rifles shipped from San Francisco for the Salvadoran government were seized and sent to the United States by the United States government.

It is believed that General Fabio Moron who was aboard the steamship and who is an aspirant for the presidency of Salvador, noted as informant to Guatemala and that the government seized the arms on information that he furnished.

A Bloody Fight. CHARLESTON, W. VA., July 24.—Partisners have just reached here of a bloody fight and riot in Pocahontas Va., Sunday night. Early in the afternoon a body of about twenty desperadoes headed by the notorious Jim Skinner, the well-known moonshiner, rode into town and began drinking whiskey. In a few hours they became riotous, flourishing their revolvers and firing at negroes as they passed. After two colored had been seriously wounded the citizens and the town authorities arrived to suppress the band and a general fight ensued. Two of the mob were shot and captured, while Charles Smith an unknown negro resident of Pocahontas received serious wounds, being shot in the head and arm.

The desperadoes fled back to West Virginia, where they have their headquarters in the mountains. A rumor reached Pocahontas Monday night that they would return to ransack their comrades, and it created such alarm that the mayor ordered out a posse of sixty men, who are now patrolling the town in expectation of an attack.

A Steamship Fire. STURBEVILLE, O., July 23.—A steamship fire is raging at Oadon, O., this morning. The loss will be heavy.

Chicago Market. WHEAT—Firm; cash, 93 1/2; September, 93 1/2; October, 93 1/2. CORN—Steady; cash, 39 1/2; September, 39 1/2.

OATS—Firm; cash, 23 1/2; September, 23 1/2. RYE—Firm; cash, 46 1/2; September, 46 1/2. BARLEY—Steady. HAY—TIMOTHY—\$1.40. CLAY—Steady at \$1.25.

WHEAT—Firm; cash, 91 1/2; September, 91 1/2. CORN—Steady; cash, 38 1/2; September, 38 1/2.

OATS—Firm; cash, 22 1/2; September, 22 1/2. RYE—Firm; cash, 45 1/2; September, 45 1/2.

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TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Dr. Talmage's sermon is on the "Wide Open Door," and his text, Rev. iv. 1. "And, behold, a door was opened in heaven." Following is his sermon:

John had been the pastor of a church in Ephesus. He had been driven from his position in that city by an indignant populace. The preaching of a pure and earnest gospel had made an excitement dangerous to every form of iniquity. This will often be the result of pointed preaching. Men will flinch under the sword stroke of truth. You ought not to be surprised that the blind man makes an outcry of pain when the surgeon removes the cataract from his eye. It is a good sign when you see men uneasy in the church pew and exhibiting impatience at some plain utterance of truth which smites a pet sin that they are hugging to their hearts. After the patient has been so low that for weeks he said nothing and noticed nothing, it is thought to be a good sign when he begins to be a little cross. And so I notice that spiritual invalids are in a fair way for recovery, when they become somewhat irascible and choleric under the treatment of the truth. But John had so mightily inculpated public iniquity that he had been banished from his church and sent to Patmos, a desolate island, only a mile in breadth, against whose rocky coasts the sea rose and mingled its voice with the prayers and hymns of the heroic exile.

You cannot but contrast the condition of this banished apostle with that of another famous exile. Look at the apostle on Patmos and the great Frenchman on St. Helena. Both were suffering among desolation and barrenness because of offenses committed. Both had passed through lives eventful and thrilling. Both had been honored and despised. Both were imperial natures. Both had been turned off to die. Yet mark the infinite difference: one had fought for the perishable crown of worldly authority, the other for one eternally lustrous. The one had marked his path with the bleached skulls of his followers, the other had introduced peace and good will among men. The one had lived chiefly for self aggrandizement and the other for the glory of Christ. The successes of the one were achieved amid the breaking of thousands of hearts and the acute, heaven-rending cry of orphanage and widowhood, while the triumphs of the other made joy in heaven among the angels of God.

The heart of one exile was filled with remorse and despair, while the other was lighted up with thanksgiving and inextinguishable hope. Over St. Helena gathered the blackness of the storm clouds lighted up by no sunbeams, but with a blinding and blinding with the lightning of a wrathful God, and the spray hung over the rocks seemed to him with the condemnation: "The way of the ungodly shall perish." But over Patmos the heavens were opened, and the stormy sea beneath was forgotten in the roll and gleam of waters from under the throne like crystal, and the barrenness of the ground under the apostle was forgotten, as above him he saw the trees of life all bending under the rich glow of heavenly fruitage, while the hoarse blast of contending elements around his suffering body was drowned in the trumpeting of trumpets and the harping of harps, the victorious cry of multitudes like the voice of many waters and the hosanna of hosts in number like the stars.

What a dull spot upon which to stand and have such a glorious vision! Had Patmos been so tropical island harbored with the luxuriance to perpetual summer and drowsy with breath of cinnamon and cassia and tesselated with long aisles of geranium and cactus we would not have been surprised at the splendor of the vision. But the last place you would go to if you wanted to find beautiful visions would be the island of Patmos. Yet it is around such gloomy spot that God makes the most wonderful revelation. It was looking through the awful shadows of a prison that John Bunyan saw the gate of the celestial city. God there divided the light from the darkness. In that gloomy abode on a scrap of old paper picked up about his room, the great dream was written. It was while John Calvin was a refugee from bloody persecution and was hid in a house at Angouleme, that he conceived the idea of writing his immortal Institutes. Jacob had many a time seen sun breaking through the wists and kindling them into shafts and pillars of fiery splendor that might well have been a ladder for the angels to tread on but the famous ladder which he saw soared through a gloomy night over the wilderness. The night of trial and desolation is the scene of the grandest heavenly revelations. From the barren, over-beaten of Patmos, John looked looked up and saw that a door was open into heaven.

Again: The announcement of such an open entrance suggests the truth that God is looking down upon the earth and observant of all occurrences. If we would gain a wide prospect, we climb up into a tower of mountains. The higher up we are the broader the landscape we behold. Yet our most comprehensive view is limited to only a few leagues—have a view and there is a limit and a narrowness and a partiality and what need to the glory of earth, in

the eye of Him who, from the door of heaven, beholds at one glance all mountains and lakes and prairies and oceans, lands bespangled with tropical gorgeousness and Arctic regions white with everlasting snows, Lebanon majesty with cedars and American wilds solemn with unbroken forests of pine, African deserts of glittering sand and wilderness of water unbroken by ship's keel, continents covered with harvests of wheat and rice and maize, the glory of every zone, the whole world of mountains and seas and forests and islands taken in a single glance of their great Creator.

As we take our stand upon some high point, single objects dwindle into such insignificance that we cease to see them in the minute, and we behold only the grand points of the scenery. But not so with God. Although standing far up in the very tower of heaven, nothing by reason of its smallness escapes His vision. Every lily of the field, every violet under the grass, the tiniest heliotrope, aster and gentian are as plainly seen by Him as the proudest magnolia, and not one vein of color in their leaf deepens or fades without His notice. From this door in heaven God see all human conduct and the world's moral charges. Not one tear of sorrow falls in hospital or workshop or dungeon but He sees it and in high heaven makes record of its fall. The worlds iniquities in all their ghastliness glower under His vision. Wars and tumults and the desolations of famine and earthquake, whirlwind and shipwreck spread out before Him. If there were no being in all the universe but God He could be happy with such an outlook as the door of heaven. But there he stands, no more disturbed by the fall of a kingdom than the dropping of a leaf, no more excited by the rising of a throne than the bursting of a bud, the falling of a deluge than the trickling of a raindrop. Earthly royalty clutches nervously its sceptre and waits in suspense the will of inflamed subjects and the crown is tossed from one family to another. But above all earthly vicissitudes and the assault of human passions in unshaken security stands the King of Kings, watching all the affairs of His empire from the introduction of an era to the counting of the hairs of your head.

Again, I learn from the fact that a door in heaven is opened, that there is a way of entrance for our prayers and of egress for divine blessings. It does not seem that our weak voice has strength enough to climb up to God's ear. Shall not our prayer be lost in the clouds? Have words wings? The truth is plain, Heaven's door is wide open to receive every prayer. Must it not be loud? Ought it not to ring up with the strength of steel hammers? Must it not be a loud shout, such as crowning man utter, like the shout of some chieftain in the battle? No; a whisper is as good as a shout, and the mere wish of the soul in profound silence is as good as a whisper. It rises just as high and accomplishes just as much.

But ought not prayer to be made up of golden words if it is to enter such a splendid door and live beside seraphim and archangels? Ought not every phrase be rounded into perfection, ought not the language be musical, and classic and poetic and rhetorical? No, the most illiterate outcry, the unjoined petition, the clumsy phrase, the sentence breaking into grammatical blunders, an unwieldy groan, is just as effectual if it be the utterance of the soul's want. A heart all covered up with garlands of thought would be no attraction to God, but a heart broken and contrite, that is the acceptable sacrifice. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," rising up in the mighty harmony of a musical academy may overpower our ear and heart, but it will not reach the ear of God like the broken-voiced hymn of some sufferer auld rags and desolation looking up trustfully to a Saviour's compassion, singing amid tears and pangs, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

I suppose that there was more rhetoric and classic elegance in the prayers of the Pharisees than of the publican, but you know when successful. You may kneel with complete elegance on some soft cushion at an altar of alabaster, and utter a prayer of Miltonic sublimity but neither your graceful posture nor the roll of your blank verse will attract heavenly attention, while over some dark cellar in which a Christian pauper is prostrate in the straw, angels bend from their thrones and cry out to another: Behold, he prays! Through this open door of heaven what a long procession of prayers is continually passing! What thanksgiving! What confessions! What intercessions! What beseechings! And behold a door was opened in heaven.

Again: The door of heaven is opened to allow as the opportunity of looking in. Christ when He came from heaven to Bethlehem, left it open, and no one since has dared to shut it. Matthew shows it still wide open when he came to write, and Paul pushed the door further back when he spoke of the glory to be revealed, and John in Revelation actually points us to the harp and the organ, and the crown, and the throne. There are no profane mysteries about that blessed place that we cannot enter. But look through this wide open door of heaven and see what you can see. God summons us to look and catch up only a few leagues—have a view and there is a limit and a narrowness and a partiality and what need to the glory of earth, in

Behold Him, the chief among ten thousand, all the bannered pomp of heaven at His feet. With your enraptured faith look up along these ranks of glory. Watch how their palms wave and hear how their voices ring. Floods clapping their hands, streets gleaming with gold, uncounted multitudes ever accumulating in number as ever rising up into gladder harmonies. If you cannot stand to look upon that joy for at least one hour, how could you endure to dwell among it forever? You would wish yourself out of it in three days and choose the earth again or any other place where it was not always Sunday.

My hearer in worldly prosperity, affluent, honored, healthy and happy, look in upon that company of the redeemed, and see how the poor soul in heaven is better off than you are, brighter in apparel, richer in estate, higher in power. Hearers, afflicted and tried, look in through that open door that you may see to what gladness and glory you are coming, to what life, to what riches, to what royalty. Hearers pleased to fascination with this world, gather up your souls for one appreciative look upon riches that never fly away, upon health that never sickens, upon scepters that never break, upon expectations that are never disappointed. Look in and see if there are not enough crowns to pay us for all our battles, enough rest to relieve our fatigues, enough glory to dash out forever and ever all earth's sighing and restlessness and darkness; battles ended, tears wiped away, thorns plucked from the bosom, stabs healed, the tomb riven—what a scene to look upon.

Again: The door of heaven stands open for the Christian's final entrance. Death to the righteous is not climbing high walls or fording deep rivers, but it is entering an open door. If you ever visit the old homestead where you were born, and while father and mother are yet alive, as you go up the lane in front of the farm house and you put your hand on the door and lift the latch, do you shudder with fear? No, you are glad to enter. So your last sickness will be only the lane in front of your Father's house from which you hear the voice of singing before you reach the door, and death, that is the lifting of the latch before you enter the greetings and embraces of the innumerable family of the righteous. Nay, there is no latch, for John says the door is already open. What a company of spirits have already entered those portals, bright and shining. Souls released from the earthly prison house, how they shouted as they went through! Spirits that sped up from the names of martyrdom making heaven richer as they went in, pouring notes into the celestial harmony.

And that door has not begun to shut. If redeemed by grace, we all shall enter it. This side of it we have wept, but on the other side of it we shall never weep. On this side we may have grown sick with weariness, but on the other side of it we shall be without fatigue. On this side we bleed with the warrior's wounds, on the other side we shall wave the victor's palm. When you think of dying what makes your brow contract, what makes you breathe so deep and sigh? What makes you gloomy in passing a grave yard? Follower of Christ, you have been thinking that death is something terrible, the measuring of lances with a powerful antagonist, the closing in of a conflict which may be your everlasting defeat. You do not want much to think of dying. The step beyond this life seem so mysterious you dread the taking of it. Why, what taught you this lesson of horrors? Heaven's door is wide open, and you step out of your sick room into those portals. Not as long as a minute will elapse between your departure and your arrival there. Not half so long as the twinkling of an eye. Not the millionth part of an instant. There is no stumbling into darkness. There is no plunging down into mysterious depths. The door is open. This instant you are here, the next you are there. When a vessel struck the rocks of the French coast, while the crew were clambering up the beach a cage of birds in the ship's cabin awakened, began to sing most sweetly, and when the last man left the vessel they were singing yet. Even so in the last hour of our dissolution, when driven on the coast of the other world, may our disembodiment from this rough, tossing life be amid the eternal singing of a thousand promises of deliverance and victory!

For all repenting and believing souls the door of heaven is now wide open, the door of mercy, the door of comfort for the poorest as well as the wealthiest, for the outlaw as well as for the moralist, for Chinese coolie as well as for his emperor, for the Russian boor as well as the czar, for the Turk as well as the sultan. Richer than all wealth, more refreshing than all fountains, deeper than all depths, higher than all heights, and broader than all breadths is the salvation of Jesus Christ, which I press upon your consideration. Come all ye travelers of the desert under these palm trees. Oh, if I could gather before you that tremendous future upon which you are invited to enter—dominions and principalities, day without night, twenty elders falling before it, stretching out in great distances the hundred and forty and four thousand, and thousands of thousands, how would I shake hands beyond rank in infinite distances, millions of the saved, until angels in visions came to catch anything more than the faint outline of whose company yet stretching beyond the capacity of any vision save the eye of God Almighty. Then, after I had beheld the scene, I would like to ask you if that place is not grand enough, and high enough, and if anything could be added, and glory to the wilderness of the saved, and glory to the wilderness of the saved, and all that may be given.

How to Talk Well

If one might choose between being very handsome, with tolerable manners, and being plain, with a fine, well modulated voice and better manners than ordinary, he would wisely prefer the latter. We do not feel the charm of well taught speech, because it is so seldom heard. But once felt it has a spell which lingers in the mind forever. The beauty of the face strikes the eye, the tone of the voice stirs the heart.

A fine voice, which does not mean a loud one by any means, is always a distinct one, which can be unerringly heard without effort of the speaker. An indistinct utterance is always a sign of mental or physical deficiency, which ought to be promptly mastered. And it takes very hard work often to get the better of this slovenly pronunciation. Learn to speak. It is easier when you come down in the morning to grunt in answer to good morning than to say the two words, but you must not allow yourself this piggy, boorish habit of grunting in place of speech. Neither, John Alexander, must you let your sleepy, dreamy, unsocial temper control you so that you speak in a dull, thick tone at the back of the throat, which is of all others the most trying voice to understand.

Slow speech is an intolerable affront to others and waste of time. I went to church yesterday and sat out a sermon which wasted thirty-five minutes of the possible forty years I have yet to live, listening to such novel and profound remarks as these: "Animals are endowed with life," "Human beings have reason," spoken in a ponderous way, as if the speaker's wits were wool, gathering each sentence. You may believe I would not have wasted so much of my precious life waiting on such sluggish mud flowing if the sexton had not seated me too far up the aisle to get out without making a procession of myself before the congregation. You must learn to talk to the point and with celerity—that is, not chattering, but with smooth, ready flow of language without jerks or confusion.

To speak sweetly, make the toilet of your mouth and nose with care three times a day. There should be three minutes after each meal given to personal care, rinsing the mouth, clearing the throat and using the handkerchief, which should then make its appearance as seldom as possible. A habit of deep breathing also clears the voice and gives it fullness and softness at command.

What to say, and how to say it, is all there is to the art of conversation. True, this is like saying that earth, air and water are all there is to the world, as is it were simple as beeswax. But it is something to know when you want to begin to improve talk, and that is by finding out just what you want to say. The other day a very bright woman asked me how she should write an advertisement for a merchant. I asked her for an idea of what she wanted to say, and the first sentence she uttered was the announcement complete. It was simple, concise, perfect. Happily the forms of polite speech are laid down for us—the "good morning" for those we meet with whom we are not intimate, the "how do you do" for friends and neighbors.

People don't always feel themselves the central interest in creation or wish to talk about themselves. They are rather complimented by talking about their tastes rather than their affairs or personal interests. You see the safe topics can only be indicated by teaching yourself pretty decidedly what not to say. Avoid questions if you can. It sounds better to say, "I hope you are not tired with your long walk," or "you must be tired with it," than to ask "Are you tired?" or "Have you come far?" Take everything creditable for granted of your companion. Don't ask for performance, "Do you like music?" in a crude way, but "You are musical," with the very faintest questioning inflection, or "You play tennis, I suppose?" And if your unhappy respondent does not understand either of these things, do not make him any more unhappy by pause or comment, but turn to something pleasanter for him.

Learn all the forms of courteous and complimentary speech, but use them with distinction. You should know when to say that you will be pleased to accept a courtesy or attention, when you will be "happy" to do the same, and when you will be glad, in the open-heartedness of frank intimacy, to share the shades of civility; they give value to intercourse and meaning to cordiality when it comes. Use the salt and spice of conversation freely, but be choice of your sugar, and above all, don't be oily! There are people so unctuously polite that one near he gets feels like being careful for fear he gets grease on his clothes. One has to take all their smooth words with much salt. Niceness courtesies need no flavoring added.—New York World.

Harshness With Children

I wonder if parents really know how much they are standing in their own light when they are so strict and severe with their children, forbidding them to play cards, dance and go to the opera and theatre. Let them reason with them and advise them not to go if they are opposed to such pieces of amusement, and give them amusement at home, but forbidding them will certainly make the children go in order to accomplish their end.—Farmer's Voice.

The Locust Tree

Cobbett, during a forced residence in the United States from 1817 to 1822, occupied himself in farming on Long Island, where he established a small nursery for the propagation of fruit and timber trees. It was at this time that he came to the conclusion "that nothing in the timber line could be so great a benefit as the general cultivation of the locust." On his return to England he carried a small package of the seeds of this tree home with him and began the systematic raising and selling of the locust tree, his total sales amounting to more than a million plants. This he tells in his book called "The Woodlands," which in some respects is the best book on tree planting which has been written in the English language. The author in his preface gives his reason for having written it: "Many years ago," he says, "I wished to know whether I could raise birch trees from the seed, I looked into two French books and into two English ones without being able to learn a word about the matter. I then looked into the great book of knowledge, the encyclopedia Britannica; there I found in the general directory, 'birch tree, see betula, botany index.' I hastened to betula with great eagerness, and there I found 'Betula, See birch tree.' That was all; and this was pretty encouragement to one who wanted to get, from books knowledge about the propagating and rearing of trees." There are the planters of the present generation who turn to the literature on the subject with results which are hardly more satisfactory. Cobbett's book has long been out of print, but no other work gives such clear and explicit direction for rearing and planting trees and there are portions of it which might well be reprinted for general circulation.

Cobbett's enthusiasm for the locust tree and his zeal in propagating it caused it to be planted generally in England in his time, and the fashion, as is always the case with English fashions, crossed the Atlantic, and fifty or sixty years ago no tree was so often planted in this country. Remnants of the old plantation may be seen up and down the Hudson river and in the neighborhood of all our seaboard cities, and the locust is now fairly naturalized in a large part of the country east of the great plains, although originally its range was a comparatively restricted one, it being found only in the forests of the Allegheny mountains, from Pennsylvania to northern Georgia, and, doubtfully, in a few isolated stations west of the Mississippi river. So far as the United States is concerned, however, the locust tree has not fulfilled the hopes of the early planters. It is proved upon this country by a horde of insects who bore into the trunk and destroy the trees of the value of their timber, and the prophecy of the young Michaux that the locust tree would be more common in Europe than in its native country has probably been fulfilled.—Gardner and Forest.

She Stared Calmly A Head

A young girl, tall, with wide blue eyes still innocent of evil, got into a Madison avenue car at Eighty-fifth street Sunday morning. She carried in her lap a prayer book and in her hand a novel—one of those paper bound novels with the title standing out in bold relief. Her expression was so demure that the three men in the car would have sworn she cared more for the prayer book than the novel. At Eightieth street a severe looking man and his wife, both gray haired, took the car. The older woman looked across at the young girl, at her novel and prayer book, frowned a little and turned and whispered something to her husband. He was a little deaf, but he made a good deal of noise, so he put his hand to his ear and said, "what?" His wife repeated her remark a little louder, and still he could not hear. Finally she shouted in a thin treble at that all the car should hear: "I think it is a shame to see a young woman with a Bible and a novel. Her thoughts are all on the novel, and would better have left the Bible at home." Every body looked at the girl with the novel but she stared calmly ahead and pretended to have heard nothing.—New York Press.

The Natural Beauty of the Nail

The nails of the fashionable woman are often—to put it strongly—a positive abomination. They are vulgar, just as anything that is overdone and pronounced is vulgar. And they are altogether "agin natur" quite as much as as if they were stained with henna like those of her East Indian sister. To conform to nature the nail should be trimmed round, to follow the line of the finger tip, instead of being slanted up in a long sharp point, which is supposed to add a tapering look to the finger but which really suggests the claws of a bird.

Aid that they are polished too highly. To a fastidious mind the overwrought glistening of the nail is as offensive—because it is unnatural—as the painted cheek or the darkened eye. Artificial in the finger tip is no less vulgar than artificial in the face. And it is not beautiful. Nature is an artist who does not make mistakes. If the beauty of the nail was really enhanced by having a hard-glossing polish upon it, she would have known how to do so.—New York Evening Star.