

keep away from Chicago for ever again, whereas, if he got a year or two in the penitentiary he would be back again as active as ever. The sheriff's office is not quite a Clan-na-Gael Camp, though one of his deputies is a member of the executive of that body. But it was shown he did not sanction the murder of Cronin. His name is Mortimer Scanlan. There are several deputies humble members of the Clan-na-Gael. John F. Scanlan is a brother of Morty's, and is booked for the office of special treasury agent here. He is also a Clan-na-Gael man. Governor Elfer has recently appointed Lord G. Brady, another Clan man, to the State Board of Education, so that murder and jury bribing have become fine arts in Illinois.

It may not be altogether uninteresting to hear what travelers from different quarters of the world have to say to Chicago people. Mr. Smith, of Huron, S. D., confirms the reports of suffering and destitution in both the Dakotas. Farmers are in dire straits. They have neither food nor clothing adequate to winter needs in that climate. Their stock are also in poor condition. They have no seed wherewith to carry on agricultural work in the spring, and are depending on the charity of the outside world. Land sharks and money lenders are severely censured. In a measure they are responsible for much of the suffering. They raised the boom which induced thousands to come unprovided to the Dakotas in the first place, and now when destitution exists, they are trying to smother the fact lest it would hurt their own little schemes of speculation and speculation.

Senor Aragen of Costa Rica is here. He tells us that an English company is about to build a trans-peninsular railway in his country, right through the Andes. The grant is issued to build from San Jose to Esparta, and when the road is completed the peninsula can be crossed in ten hours. In the near future, the Sepor thinks that with the Nicaragua canal and this Atlantic and Pacific railway, Costa Rica will have a sort of Chicago boom. The Senor sent a message of seventeen words to his home and paid \$18 for its transmission by cable. He says the Europeans are more energetic in pushing trade and opening communication with the Spanish Americas than are the citizens of the United States.

Mr. Hargraves of Liverpool, a man largely interested in Russian cereals, is here, and tells us that the produce of corn in Russia is not decreasing, but, on the contrary, fast increasing. Russia exports three times more corn at present than she did a few years ago, which fact proves that rural economy in that country is rapidly progressing. Of wheat export from Russia only 2 per cent is in the form of flour, while from the United States it is 36 per cent. The two great rivals of Russia in grain producing are British India and the United States. Russia can produce a "quarter" of wheat 58

cents cheaper than we can, but British India can produce it 66 cents cheaper than Russia.

F. A. Lusk of Wyoming Territory is here on his way home from Washington. He is satisfied that his territory will become a State before the present Congress terminates. He predicts a bright future for Wyoming. She has, he says, coal, copper, oil and soda in abundance, and only needs capital to develop her natural resources. These she can't get in her Territorial position. She has wealth, population and all the requisites for Statehood he says.

In today's Chicago *Tribune* there is a long letter from Salt Lake purporting to come from an accredited correspondent of the paper. It is probable that this correspondent may be a Chicago man. He says he knew Captain Bonfield here, and then proceeds to describe the Chicago anarchist exterminator in a sort of suicide Bill Nyestyle. Usually the Chicago *Tribune* gets its Salt Lake correspondence from one of Pat Lannan's hired men, or from the husband of Pat's business partner. It is possible that the *Tribune* sent a Chicago man specially to Salt Lake this time. If so, of course he remembers Captain Bonfield and the memorable Haymarket riots of 1886. There is now the statue of a policeman erected on the Haymarket, to commemorate the work of Bonfield, and erected, too, by funds collected through this same Chicago *Tribune*. So that Salt Lake scribe had better go slow. He remembers how he crouched behind Bonfield when the bullets were flying around. Like Bob Acres in "The Rivals" he is fighting Bob out in Salt Lake, but in Chicago he gets under Sir Lucius O'Trigger's coat tails. What is written in the columns of the Chicago *Tribune* alone, in praise of Bonfield's valor, energy and bravery would make a large volume. What Bonfield will do with the anarchists of Salt Lake remains yet to be known. And they are as much anarchists as Parsons, Spies and Ling. JUNIUS.

CHICAGO, Feb. 7, 1890.

OUR EUROPEAN LETTER.

Was it Carlyle who said: "Modern shyness very much resembles old-fashioned impudence?" Some of the knowing ones in Europe are, according to the newspaper reports, slyly winking their eyes and asking if the Rev. Dr. Talmage may not in fact be a good illustration of "modern shyness." For weeks the London papers have been heralding his progress and describing his emotions while on his late trip to Palestine. This Mr. Talmage seems to be what is commonly called a very "subjective" writer. He is returning home from his religious tour, positively thrilling with the memories—not of the sacred spots themselves,—but of his own beautiful emotions in beholding them. For example, when he caught the first glimpse of the City of Jerusalem he exclaimed to his

Arab guide: "I have stood on the Sierra Nevada mountains, I have climbed the highest Alps, I have gone through the Yosemite Valley; but never did I see such a sight as this!" Some are inclined to wonder why he did not mention that he had seen Barnum's show also; but, perhaps, even this burst of eloquence was not fully understood or appreciated by the astonished Arab. But this is not the only time that Dr. Talmage seems much more anxious to inform the world of his own valuable sensations than of anything else connected with his tour. "Think," he says, "of how I felt when I reached Jordan after sleeping the previous night in the ruins of Joshua's Jericho! Think of how I felt when a man in our party asked me to baptize him, and he went down into the water, and there, under the willows, still green in mid-winter, I immersed the Christian. That was the most overwhelming moment of my life!" Possibly no one doubts this latter assertion; and the only wonder is that, after such a confession, he has not "overwhelmed" in water more of his followers, and why he himself has not been "overwhelmed" in water by one having Divine authority. After this we hardly require to be told that the distinguished preacher prepared himself for the better discharge of his spiritual function by eating fish caught in the sea of Galilee. It might be added that to have felt thoroughly apostolic he should have caught them himself. He also sailed on the waters until he was caught in a squall, in order that he might "realize how the ancient apostles felt when they were in a storm." Of course Dr. Talmage ascended the eminence generally considered to be Mt. Calvary, and there, on the spot where the monks told him had once stood the central cross, he read the story of the crucifixion. His feelings overcame him. He says that he "broke down," but, singularly enough, and as a proof of the versatility of this great (?) man's genius, it was just at this moment that—looking, no doubt, through the fingers with which he was covering his tearful eyes—he discovered an opportunity for a stroke of business. Just below him on the slope of the mount he espied a reddish colored rock, which had probably lain there since it was used in the construction of fortifications in the days of the crusaders. Just at this moment the thought flashed across the mind of Dr. Talmage that this reddish rock would be the very thing for the corner-stone of his new Tabernacle in Brooklyn. Accordingly he quickly calmed his agitated feelings, rolled the stone down the hill with his own hands, had it conveyed to Joppa, and it is now on its way to its American destination.

But this is not all. Mr. Talmage is desirous of following literally in the footsteps of St. Paul. As everybody knows, the famous apostle to the Gentiles once visited Athens and preached somewhere on the eminence commonly known as Mars Hill. Mr. Talmage, in his