A NEW YEAR'S SERMON.

PREACHED BY THE GREAT BROOKLYN DIVINE.

He Describes a Forward Movement—The Conflict Between Right and Wrong. Christians Should Not Lose Courage, but Should Pass on to Victory.

Dr. Talmage's sermon of ...st Sunday is a ringing battle cry to ministers and Christians everywhere, calling upon them to join in a combined charge on the intrenchments of sin an Satan.

The eminent preacher spoke as follows from the text Luke xxiv, 47, "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high:"

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 printing press an 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 our world was swung 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 derision. Meanwhile alcoholism is taking down its victims by the hundreds of thousands, and the political parties get down on their knees, practically saying: "Oh, though almighty rum jug! we bow 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 meanwhile, 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 filth, the French and Russian sewers have been invited to pour their scurrility and moral slush into the trough where our American swine are now swallowing. Meanwhile there are enough houses of infamy in all our cities, open and unmolested of the law, to invoke the omnipotent wrath which buried Sodom under a deluge of brimstone. The pandemoniac world, I think, has massed its troops, and they are this moment plying their batteries upon family circles, church circles, social circles, political circles, and national circles. Apollyon is in the saddle, and, riding at the head of his myrmidons, would capture this world for darkness and woe.

That is the 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 80,000 ministers of religion, and, take them as a class, more consecrated, holier, more consistent, more self-denying, more faithful men never lived. I know them by the thousands. I have met them in every city. I am told, not by them, but by people outside our profession, people engaged in Christian and reformatory work, that the clergy of America are at the head of all enterprises, and whoever else fail they may be depended on. The truth of this is demonstrated by the fact that when a minister of religion does fall, it is so exceptional that the newspapers report it as something startling, while a hundred men in other callings may go down without the matter being considered as especially worth mentioning.

In addition to their equipment in moral character the clergy of this country have all that the schools can give. All archæological, rhetorical, scientific, scholastic, literary attainment. So 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 have the world, for they overflow all the land either with their religion or their infamy.

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 this most stupendous fact of all eternity than if on the first Christmas night the beasts of the stall, amid the bleeting 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 worshiping chunks of painted wood and carved stone than are worshiping 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 accomplish more in one week than without it in a hundred years. And I am going to get it, if in answer to prayer, earnest and long continued, God will grant it me, his unworthy servant.

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 Tillotson and Owen and Flavel and Baxter and Bunyan, and there 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.

The infidel writings of Shaftesbury and Hobbes and Chubb had done their work. But power from on high came upon both the Wesleys and Lady Huntington 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 tread 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 wondrously. It came upon pastors and congregations and theaters and commercial establishments. Chatham Street Theater, New York, was the scene of a most tremendous religious awakening.

A committee of Christian gentlemen called upon the lessee of the theater and said they would like to buy the lease of the theater. He said, "What do you want it for?" They replied, "For a church." "For wh-a-a-t?" 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 mightily persecuted in his time, but a man, as I saw him in his last days, as honest and pure and good as any man I ever knew, stepped on the stage of old Chatham Theater 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 bar-room of the theater 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 theater, and such scenes of mercy and salvation as will be subjects of conversation and congratulation among the ransomed in glory as long as heaven lasts. But I come to a later time—1857—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 penniless. 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 centuries. Talk about your Black Fridays! It was Black Saturday, Black Sunday, Black Monday, Black Tuesday, Black Wednesday, Black Thursday as well as Black Friday.

This nation in its extremity fell helpless before the Lord and cried for pardon and peace, and upon ministers and laymen the power from on high descended. Engine houses, warerooms, 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 theater on Chambers street, where our ancesters used to assemble to laugh at the comedies, and all up and down the streets, and out on the docks and on the deck of ships lying 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 week day, in Jayne's hall, Philadelphia, 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."

The ship came through the Narrows into our harbor, the captain reporting that himself and all 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 beads, men began to calculate, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul? The waiters in restaurants after the closing of their day's work knelt among the tables where they had served. Policemen asked consent of the commissioners 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 8 o'clock in the morning for prayer and praise. Printed invitations were sent out to the firemen of New York saying, "Come as suits your convenience best, whether in fire or citizens' dress, but come! come!" Quarrymen knelt among the rocks. Fishermen knelt in their boats. Weavers knelt among the looms. Sailors knelt among their hammocks. Schoolmasters knelt among their classes. A gentleman traveling said there was a line of prayer meetings from Omaha to 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.

As the power from on high in 1857 was more remarkable in academies of music and lyceum halls and theaters than in churches, why not this winter of 1891 in these two academies of music, places 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, convicting power, converting power, saving power, omnipotent power? My opinion is that in this cluster of cities by the Atlantic cost there are 500,000 people now ready to accept the gospel call, if, freed from all the conventionalities of the church, it 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 bereavements 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 young 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 Barings—namely, the God who, 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 jolly 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 content, 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 hold of them!

At the first communion after 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 membership were but a small part of those 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 these cities and ever 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, 80 years old, but we never get used to having father and mother gone. Oh, how often we have had troubles that we would like to have told them, and we always felt as long as father and mother were alive we had some one to whom we could go. Now, I would like to ask if you think that all their prayers in your behalf had been answered. "No," you say, "but it is too 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 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 the circumstances eight of the ten had found the Lord, and I have no doubt the other two before this have found Him. Oh, that the long postponed answers to prayer for you, my brother, for you, my sister, might this hour descend in power from on high.

The history of these unanswered prayers for you God only knows. They may have been offered in the solemn birth hour. They may have been offered when you were down with scarlet fever or diphtheria or membranous croup. They may have been offered some night when you were sound asleep in the trundle bed, and your mother came in to see if you were rightly covered in the cold winter night. They may have been offered at that time which comes at least once in almost every one's life, when your father and mother had hard work to make a living, and they feared that want would come to them and you. They may have been offered when the lips could no longer move and the eyes were closed for the long sleep.

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 ashamed to pray! Oh, armchair of the age, now empty and in the garret 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, rustle some of thy time-worn, leaves, and let us know of the wrinkled 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 gracious God! what will become of us, if after having such a devout and praying parentage, we never pray for ourselves. We will pray. We will begin now. Oh, for the power on high, power to move this assemblage, power to save Brooklyn and New York, power of evangelism that shall sweep across this continent like an ocean surge, 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?

The Way it Happened.

Edgely—Hello, old man; I hear that you are married. Wasn't it rather sudden?

Wooden—Well, yes, a bit sudden, perhaps.

Edgely—How did it happen?

Wooden—Well, you see, it was this way. I was calling on Miss Simoon, from Chicago, and she said: "Do you think, Mr. Wooden, that marriage is always a failure?" "Why, no," said I, "not always. I can imagine a case where it would undoubtedly be a perfect success." At this she leaped up, threw her arms around my neck, and said: "This is very sudden, but you have made me the happiest of women. Let next Tuesday be the day."

Chinese Humor.

People sometimes wonder whether Chinamen have any wit, satire or humor in their make-up. The following experience may throw a little light on the subject: A couple of strangers in city thought it would be interesting to see an opium "joint." They were told that a certain Chinaman, who was standing before his door in Mott street, kept one. Approaching him, they made known their wish. A smile more spacious than pretty lit up the Mongolian's face as he replied: "Police-stranger and detlective pay me one dolla to smoke pipe, and then charge me two dolla for keep still. Now, I sell 'keep-still' myself to Melican man, and opium to my fiends."—*New York Times.*

The Value of Electricity.

One of the boneficent results of the various experiments which have been made during the last two years, with a view to determine the value of electricity for killing purposes, is the establishment of the fact that not only can cattle be despatched by the electric current without the least pain, but that the meat of the animal is actually improved by the passage of the current, and will keep longer than by any other method.

EMMA ABBOTT IS DEAD.

THE GREAT OPERATIC SINGER SUCCUMBS.

She Passes Away After a Two Days' Illness at Salt Lake City—Remarkable Career of a Vocalist Who Made a Million with Her Voice.

Emma Abbott (Mrs. Eugene Wetherell), the gifted and well-known opera singer, died of pneumonia in Salt Lake City, Utah, after an illness of but two days' duration.

Miss Abbott's career had been a remarkable one. She was born in Chicago in 1850 and went with her parents to Peoria, Ill., when four years of age. Here her early life was spent.

Her taste for music was hereditary, her father having been a music teacher. He was not very successful financially, however, but before she was ten years old Emma was able to give him considerable aid in keeping the family by singing at concerts, accompanying herself

EMMA ABBOTT.

on the guitar. She sang and played at country town concerts for several years, gradually widening the circle of her tours, and at sixteen gave it up for a while and settled down as a school teacher in Peoria. After a time she resumed her musical performances and at Toledo, Ohio, in 1870, she attracted the attention of Clara Louise Kellogg, who was struck with her talent and took an interest in her. Miss Kellogg sent her to New York, where she studied under Errani, and after a time was engaged as soprano at the Church of the Divine Paternity, of which Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin was pastor. There she attracted the attention of many prominent people, among whom were Horace Greeley, C. D. Huntington, George G. Lake and others. Mrs. Lake took her to her house, and an organized effort was made to give her a thorough training. She was sent to Italy in 1872, where she studied for some months under Giovanni at Milan, and then by the advice of Christine Nilsson, whose attention she had attracted, she went to Paris. There she took lessons in vocalization from Wartel and at the same time took lessons in French, Italian, dancing, fencing and acting at the Conservatoire and Opera Comique.

Miss Abbott made her debut at Florence and was enthusiastically encored. She then went to England and made her first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera, Convent Garden, and was received with great warmth. Then she went to the Crystal Palace, where her singing brought her to the favorable notice of Col. Mapleson, who engaged her for three years. She sang in all the principal towns in England, Ireland, and Scotland, and became a great favorite. She had already achieved a reputation abroad before her own country had an opportunity of hearing her after her voice and taste had been thoroughly trained.

She returned to the United States in 1880, and made her first appearance in New York, turning over the proceeds to a charity connected with the church through which she had been enabled to go to Italy. From that time on she became a general favorite all over the United States. She married Eugene Wetherell, her business manager, and organized a company of her own, which soon became very successful. Miss Abbott always selected her own assistants, tried their voices and assigned to them their parts. Her company was run on business principles. Mr. Wetherell died in Kansas City about a year ago while his wife was in Denver, and she retired for a time from the stage. She contemplated a permanent retirement, but was induced to give up the idea. Miss Abbott was very wealthy, her fortune being estimated at over $1,000,000.

Gossip About Women.

THE question of higher schools for girls in London has recently been attracting much attention.

THERE are now women students at the universities of St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kiew, Charkow and Odessa.

THE Queen of the Belgians is an excellent linguist and has just accomplished the task of learning the Walloon language.

PRINCESS BEATRICE is engaged upon a birthday book, which will soon be published, but it is only to be privately circulated.

SOME fond mothers are holding off the christening until they hear the full returns, after which some baby boy will bear the name of the winner.

MISS GRACE HARRIMAN, an English woman who has started a scheme for employing women as market gardeners, has subscribed all the capital for starting the work.

MISS HENRIETTA VINTON DAVIS, of Baltimore, is the name of a colored actress who made her debut in Washington in 1883 and has played Juliet, Desdemona, and Leah with success.

THE Silver Cross Circle of King's Daughters proposes soon to open a house where apartments of one, two or three rooms will be rented at the lowest possible rate to widows with children to support.

"Well, here is a photograph of the lady whom I have described to you." "But, my dear sir, according to this picture the lady is much older than you gave me any reason to believe." "O, I assure you that is a very old photograph."—*Fliegende Bladder.*

THE accumulation of wealth, estimated at 14 per cent. of the gross earnings of mankind, now aggregates $5,000,000,000 per annum, and is increasing, relatively as well as absolutely, from year to year.

LITTLE ones for a scent—Violets.

SLIGHTLY MIXED.

GLUE from whale refuse is a new article of commerce in Russia.

THE penitentiaries of Texas have contributed $71,000 to the State treasury the past year.

SIAM keeps up with the procession. She is to have an electric railroad thirty miles long.

THE people of the United States consume, it is said, 200,000,000 bottles of pickles annually.

SOMEBODY with plenty of leisure time has figured it out that one journal is published for every 85,100 individuals in the world.

GROUND was broken early in this month at Chicago for the great Newberry library, which has a fund of $5,000,000 behind it.

SILK from paper pulp is made smooth and brilliant, has about the same elasticity as ordinary silk, and is about two-thirds as strong.

NEARLY every page in the history of the human race illustrates the fiercer instincts that belong to the keeper of flocks compared with those of the tiller of fields.

THE number of men employed on the railroads of the country, by 1,750 companies, is now reported by the Inter-State Commission to be no less than 704,753.

HAMBURG drives what may be called a roaring trade in wild beasts. Lions and tigers can be ordered at 1,900 francs apiece. A good rhinoceros, however, will fetch from 8,000 francs to 23,000 francs.

THE British Museum has secured from Thibet a copy of the "Jangym," a monster encyclopædia of Thibetan Buddhism. It comprises 225 volumes, each of which is two feet long by six inches thick.

THE accumulation of wealth, estimated at 14 per cent. of the gross earnings of mankind, now aggregates $5,000,000,000 per annum, and is increasing, relatively as well as absolutely, from year to year.

SINCE sunflowers have been extensively cultivated near some swamps, not far from Washington, malarial fever in that vicinity has greatly decreased. Similar results have been observed in Holland, at the mouth of the Scheldt, and in other places.

How Brooms are Made.

Without doubt, a broom is the commonest article in domestic use, and everybody with eyes has seen one, but very few know how they are made. The process is simple, but interesting.

Doutless you have noticed the tassel on an ordinary corn-stalk. What the tassel is to the edible corn is found in the wisp that grows from the top of the broom corn, which bears no ears at all.

There are two kinds of broom corn, roughly speaking—the coarse for ordinary sweeping and the fine dwarf sort for "parlor brooms" and whisks. The fine stuff is plucked by hand, while he coarse variety is cut with the knife.

To begin with, the wisp tassels cut from the corn tops must be assorted as to length. This process is performed by an expert, who takes the wisps from the bale and distributes them among a series of compartments. The broom wisps, thus assorted, go into the hands of a man who holds the broomstick in a revolving vise with its end projecting—the end, that is to say, which is to be the broom.

This operator first passes a fine wire through the hole in the end of the broom-stick, and by the aid of a treadle makes the length of wood revolve until it has taken up three of four bindings of the wire from a great coil below. Then he grasps a number of wisps of long-stemmed broom corn, to serve for what is known technically as "handle stuff," fastening them to the stick high up with windings of the wire.

All the time the wire is wrapping the straw upon the stick, it is made to bind more tightly by blows from a hammer. Next is bound around the embryo broom what is called the "shoulder stuff," with shorter stems, which, as was the case with the handle stuff, is trimmed off close above the wire binding with a sharp knife. Stalks yet shorter, from which the stems have been cut off entirely, are finally wound upon the outside with more wire, and the whole business is clinched and fastened where the broom meets the stick with a strong belt of tinned brass, its corrugated edge bound down with the wire so that the straw is much a part of the broom-handle as if it grew upon it.

Now the broom goes to the sewer, who passes flaxen twine around its middle, and pierces the substance of the broom through and through with a needle provided with similar flaxen cord, so as to bind the straw together closely.

Now it only remains to chop the straw ends of the broom off even with a sort of cleaver knife, and to comb the seeds out of them with a revolving machine, armed with teeth, in order to make them ready for market.

Broom corn that is slightly green is much better for the purpose than the ripe material, because the latter is brittle, and, on this account, to deceive purchasers, it used to be the custom for manufacturers to tint their material green with the fumes of brimstone. At present the same effect is more cheaply obtained by soaking the stuff in a colored mixture.—*Golden Days.*

Always Afraid of Poison.

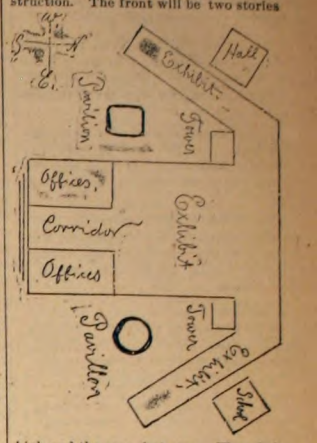
The food for the Sultan is cooked by one man and his aids, and no others touch it. It is cooked in silver vessels, and when done each kettle is sealed by a slip of paper and a stamp and this is broken in the presence of the Sultan by the High Chamberlain, who takes one spoonful of each separate kettle before the Sultan tastes it. This is to guard against poison. The food is almost always served to the Sultan in the same vessels in which it is cooked, and these are often of gold, but when of the baser metal the kettle is set in a rich golden bell-shaped holder, the handle which is held by a slave while the Sultan eats. The Sultan never uses a plate. He takes all his food direct from the kettles, and never uses a table, and rarely a knife or fork—a spoon, his bread, a pancake or fingers are found far handier. —*San Francisco Argonia.*

AFFAIRS IN ILLINOIS.

ITEMS GATHERED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

What Our Neighbors Are Doing—Matters of General and Local Interest—Marriages and Deaths—Accidents and Crimes—Personal Pointers.

PLANS for the Illinois building at the World's Fair have been accepted by the State Board of Agriculture. The building will occupy one of the most commanding sites in Jackson Park. It will be located just south of the boat house, near the small lake, and will be almost surrounded by a beautiful grove. There will be three buildings and two artistic pavilions in all. The main structure, 650 by 260 feet, will front south and extend back almost to the brink of the little lake. About four of the eight acres set apart for Illinois will be under the roof of this building. Joliet stone, glass and iron will enter into its construction. The front will be two stories



high and the rear but one. The whole building will be so constructed that it can be taken apart and sold after the exposition with comparatively little loss. All of the stone used will be in the form of slabs, 5 feet 4 inches by 8 feet, which can be taken out and used for paving stone. The building will cost about $350,000, and will be one of the handsomest of all the State buildings.

A CALL has been issued for a meeting of the Illinois Mexican War Veterans' Association in Springfield.

GOV. FIFER has issued a requisition on the Governor of Tennessee for Frank Harvey, who is wanted in Chicago for assault with intent to commit murder, and who is in custody at Memphis.

MANAGER BURGEON, at Decatur, appointed John H. Sessions to succeed Andrew Stevens as General Freight and Passenger Agent for the Terre Haute and Peoria Railway Company.

CHARLES GLIDDEN, JR., of Lincoln, is suffering from poison, superinduced by running the point of a lead-pencil into his hand.

H. M. SENSENY has taken the contract for furnishing the Joliet Penitentiary with 1,000 tons of nut coal at $1.25 per ton and 5,000 tons of lump coal at $1.60 per ton.

SO FAR this winter George Carlin of McLean has trapped twenty-five skunks, seventeen muskrats, and fifteen coons. He shipped their skins to New York City.

ONE of the barns on R. M. Patrick's farm at Marengo was burned. About 100 milch cows were burned, together with a great deal of hay, grain, and machinery. Loss, $10,000; insured for $5,200.

WHILE celebrating the New Year at Peoria, William Luckey fired a revolver in the face of a bootblack. The ball entered the nose and passed up into the brain, producing a fatal wound.

THE merchant tailoring establishment of Burton & Ahearn, Aurora, was closed by the Sheriff. The liabilities will not exceed $1,000, while the assets are much less.

DURING the year just ended the internal revenue receipts in the Peoria district amounted to $22,483,854. There were 24,780,558 tax-paid gallons of spirits and 6,241 barrels were shipped for export. The revenue receipts for the month of December were $23,518. The bank clearings were $38,363. During the year there were expended for building improvements $5,000,000.

W. F. MOORE, an ice and coal dealer in Joliet for several years, made an unsuccessful attempt to raise $3,000 by a clever forgery. He applied to H. N. Marsh & Co., real-estate agents, for the loan, offering as security a mortgage on an eighty-acre farm in Wilmington, owned by Mr. Dewill. The mortgage was acknowledged before a well-known notary of that place, named Johnson, and was accompanied by an abstract of title which was properly certified. Marsh & Co employed a lawyer to visit Wilmington for the purpose of verifying everything, and he brought back the news that Dewill and wife had never appeared before Johnson and had no intention of securing a loan on the farm. Moore has left.

DR. RICHARD EDWARDS submitted to the State Teachers' Association at their meeting at Springfield an estimate prepared by him for an educational exhibit at the World's Fair, and the association directed its President to appoint a committee of thirteen to consult with the management of the fair in regard to carrying out the ideas suggested. Dr. Edwards' estimate provides for the building of eight rooms, to cost not less than $40,000, to contain educational exhibits of schools of the State. He made a detailed explanation of his idea for preparing and presenting exhibits, and stated that $60,000 will be necessary to carry out the estimate, including the preparation and collection of papers and salary for the Superintendent of the exhibit.

MRS. PETER SMITH, whose husband is a Chicago millionaire, has been sued for slander by Mrs. Elizabeth McMahon, who lays her damages at $100,000. This is the outcome of an extended litigation growing out of the appointment of Peter Smith as guardian of Mrs. McMahon's young son at the instigation of her husband's (Edward McMahon's) parents, who are also wealthy.

A VICIOUS boar ruined three valuable horses for Robert Kimler of Arrowsmith by tearing the flesh from their legs in such a manner as to render them useless.

THE teachers of Franklin County held a midwinter institute at Benton.