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DWIGHT, - - - ILLINOIS.

OUR LADY FRIENDS.

A FEW FACTS FOR THE FAIR CREATURES.

Woman's Consistency—Worthy Work of Virginia Women—Women's Beauty Spots—What a Female Can Do—A Hustling New Yorker—Women's Sphere of Usefulness—Man Shocked at Face Powder.

Consistency.

I WOULDN'T want my wife to be a lawer if I was a man, for she would have to go into the court-room and hear such awful things," a bright, cultured young woman was heard to remark recently. Others say, "O! I wouldn't be a physician for any amount, women physicians have a terrible time." I wonder sometimes if it is any worse to go into a court-room and make a plea before a crowd of men, than it is to go to church, the opera, theater, lecture or parties with them. Is it any worse to be associated with them in a business way than a social one, for in our homes, in society and everywhere, we are sure to meet both lawyers and physicians. Many of these men who are so particular about their wives going into a public place or entering the business world, think nothing of inviting to their homes men of questionable character, unfit for any pure man or woman's company; they smoke in the presence of their wives, daughters, and mothers, and many of them even drink. They permit their wives and daughters to wear decolette costumes to balls and receptions, thus attracting much attention and causing no little criticism. "Consistency, thou art truly a jewel." O that we could be broader in our thoughts and more charitable. You have a talent for one thing my friend, and I for another. No woman is less womanly, less tender and affectionate because she enters the professions. Neither is a man less manly or brave because he loves his home and reveres his wife and family.

A Hustling New Yorker.

Miss Elizabeth Marbury, a versatile New York lady—dramatist, farmer, critic and traveler—who has had the refusal of a score of suitors and never the time to consider or investigate the offers, believes that the source of youth and beauty, health and peace of mind is hard work a few removes from slavery. Provided it is congenial and the heart of the laborer is in the task, she can club her brains and physicial forces half of the twenty-four hours and still be young and well and content. Miss Marbury makes a business

MISS ELIZABETH MARBURY.

of writing one-act plays and brushing, trimming and seasoning old ones. When she gets brain-fagged she locks her study, rushes out of the city and, after a good sleep or a day or two in her country garret just out of Babylon, goes to her hennery, which has a population of 500 bipeds and an odd hundred of fancy chickens. During her stay she has the eggs packed and sent to New York, and the poultry intended for Easter, Thanksgiving or some other great feast marked for sacrifice and fattened on the delicacies of the field. She has, in connection with her poultry farm, a small dairy, and her sweet yellow butter is put into patties the size of an Albert buscuit and sold at the rate of a dollar a pound.

Women's Sphere of Usefulness.

Those women are happiest, and will ever remain so, who can find a place for their activity in administering, or helping to administer, a household; and we do not hesitate to say, in spite of the most enlightened remonstrance, not only that this occupation is more healthy and natural to a woman, but that it is in reality a broader field, calls forth more faculties, and exercises and disciplines them more perfectly, than ninety-nine out of a hundred of the other avocations. It is only in the higher branches of superintendence and conduct of business that anything like it can be obtained. Women are in a position to suffer much less than men by the excessive division of labor and the narrowing influence it tends to exert. The greater part of them have a sphere in their own homes which calls for more varied faculties and higher powers than the unvaried task of the factory or the workshop. Every woman must govern more or less in her own house, or ought to do so; and to govern is not any easy thing, nor are servants or children the easiest things to govern. But the nature of women specially adapts them to govern; not, indeed, by a wise and far-sighted application of general ideas, but by choice of able ministers or immediate contact with the persons governed. Many women, even those whose minds are little cultivated, show a power and a breath of capacity in administering their households, and controlling into harmony difficult tempers and unruly wills, which few men could rival.

What a Female Can Do.

She can say No in such a soft voice that it means yes.

She can chew more gum in an hour than a man can in a day, and chew it without tiring her jaw.

Six of them can talk together and get along very nicely, and no half dozen of men can do that.

She can sharpen a lead pencil if you give her a good supply of pencils and lots of time.

She can fire a stone with a curve that would be a fortune to a base ball pitcher.

She can fasten fifty pins in her dress while a man is getting one under his thumb.

She can appreciate a kiss from her husband fifty years after marriage.

She can dance all night in a pair of shoes one and a half sizes too small for her and enjoy herself tolerably well.

She can arrive at a conclusion on the shortest notice without ever reasoning, and no sane man can do that.

She can stay up all night with a colicky baby in her arms without once "declaring herself" in favor of assassinating the infant.

She is as cool as the traditional cucumber in six or eight tight gowns, while a man will stamp and fret and fume in only one negligee shirt.

She can talk and be all smiles with the woman she hates, while two men would be boxing each other's heads before they had exchanged two words.

She can go to church and afterward tell you what every man and woman had on, and in some rare instances can give you a faint idea of what the sermon was about.

She can send a man insane in two hours and then bring him to paradise in a jiffy just by tickling him under the chin, and there does not breathe that mortal disciple of Adam's race who can do it.

Women's Beauty Spots.

The woman who wears the beauty spot veil is having a hard time of it these days. When you meet her on the street you will observe that she has a worried, anxious look that you don't understand. The secret of it is that she is wondering where on her facial anatomy that blessed beauty spot has located itself at the precise instant she is trying to look at you with her most cordial and assured smile. For it is just as likely to be on the tip of her nose as anywhere else, or worse still, to be planted under her left eye, giving her the look of an amiable slugger who has come off second best in her last encounter. But the worst is when the black disk gets itself located squarely in the center of her eye and lends to that mild-beaming organ the glare of a maniac or of a cat looking out from a dark corner. There are delightful possibilities in that polka-dot if it is rightly managed, cuddled closely up to the corner of the red lips or slyly accentuating the dimple in the left cheek. But, like all good things well placed, it is the most unkindly of instruments when placed awry. And the safe disposal of it adds still another burden to the life of the woman who is bent on achieving more beauty than her Creator saw fit to endow her with.—*New York Evening Sun.*

SHE was a young woman with ideas. She wanted to be original in her frocks, and she didn't know the originality and bad taste. If she hadn't been afraid of catching cold she would have shown a bare throat below the collar of her bear-skin cape, she would have worn glittering gold girdles on the street, and looked at once untidy and ignorant by arranging her hair in a mop when her frock was tailor-made. So she went to a woman who dressed well and asked her what she should do, and this was her answer: "You can have your gown anything you want—it can be Queen Anne, Medici, Marie Stuart, early English, Watteau, Florentine, or to-day, but it need not be loud and bizarre. You can always modify it so that while it has a dash of individuality it is not crudely original, a something that is offensive in a gown as in a woman. A woman who is too original is very apt to be a woman whose manners are bad, and you want both your frock and your knowledge of ettiquette to be perfect." Good advice, wasn't it?

Worthy Work of Virginia Women.

The women of Virginia who belong to the society for the preservation of the antiquities of that State, having purchased and restored the Powder Horn at Williamsburg and bought the house at Fredericksburg in which Washington's mother lived and died, are now moving to acquire the possession of the older portions of Jamestown, including the graveyard and ruins of the church tower. As the first English settlement of the United States and the scene of the exploits of Capt. John Smith and Pocahontas, it is to be hoped their efforts will succeed, and that they will be able to save these old memories as effectually as the women of the country have saved the relics at Mount Vernon.

Man Shocked at Face Powder.

"My first doubt of Alice's value," said a noted New Yorker to a *Sun* reporter, "was formed on the very night we became engaged. I noticed on my shoulder some white powder. I called Alice's attention to it and she said it must have rubbed off her face. It may have been foolish of me, but I was shocked by the idea of that beautiful young girl using face powder. I thought only actresses or vulgar women did that. After that she sometimes powdered her face in my presence. I never thought of her as tenderly afterward. She never knew I objected, however. It was a subject upon which I could not bring myself to venture an opinion."

A Wonderful Fluid.

A quack, having invented a wonderful hair-invigorating fluid, applied to an editor for a testimonial. He gave it in these terms: "A little applied to the inkstand has given it a coat of bristless, making it a splendid penwiper at little cost. We applied some to a tenpenny nail, and the nail is now the handsomest lather brush you ever saw, with beautiful soft hair growing from the end of it, some two or three inches in length. Applied to the door-stones, it does away with the use of the mat; applied to the floor, it will cause to grow therefrom hair sufficient for a Brussels carpet. A little weak lather sprinkled over a barn makes it impervious to the wind, rain or cold. It is good to sprinkle on the road-side or anywhere where luxuriant grass is wanted for use of ornament. It produces the effect in ten minutes."

A SERMON ON BABYLON.

DISCOURSE DELIVERED BY THE BROOKLYN PREACHER.

A Graphic Description of the Wonders of this Ancient Pagan City—Some Lessons That Should be Heeded to be Drawn from Its Fall.

Dr. Talmage's text was Daniel v, 30: "In that night was Belshazzar, the King of the Chaldeans, slain."

After the site of Babylon had been selected, two million of men were employed for the construction of the wall and principal works. The walls of the city were sixty miles in circumference. They were surrounded by a trench out of which had been dug the material for the construction of the city. There were twenty-five gates of solid brass on each side of the square city. Between every two gates a great tower sprang up into the heavens. From each of the twenty-five gates on either side a street ran straight through to the gate on the other side, so that there were fifty streets, each fifteen miles long, which gave to the city an appearance of wonderful regularity. The houses did not join each other on the ground, and between them were gardens and shrubbery. From housetop to housetop bridges swung, over which the inhabitants were accustomed to pass. A branch of the Euphrates went through the city, over which a bridge of marvelous structure was thrown, and under which a tunnel ran. To keep the river from overflowing the city in time of freshet, a great lake was arranged to catch the surplus, in which the water was kept as in a reservoir until times of drought, when it was sent streaming down over the thirsty land. A palace stood at each end of the Euphrates bridge: one palace a mile and three-quarters in compass, and the other palace seven and a half miles in circumference. The wife of Nebuchadnezzar, having been brought up among the mountains of Media, could not stand it in this flat country of Babylon, and so to please her Nebuchadnezzar had a mountain four hundred feet high built in the midst of the city.

This mountain was surrounded by terraces, for the support of which great arches were lifted. On the top of these arches flat stones were laid; then a layer of reeds and bitumen; then two rows of bricks, closely cemented; then thick sheets of lead, upon which the soil was placed. The earth here deposited was so deep that the largest trees had room to anchor their roots. All the glory of the flowery tropics was spread out at that tremendous height, until it must have seemed to one below as though the clouds were all in blossom, and the very sky leaned on the shoulder of the cedar. At the top an engine was constructed which drew the water from the Euphrates, far below, and made it spout up amid this garden of the skies. All this to please his wife! I think she must have been pleased.

In the midst of this city stood also the temple of Belus. One of its towers was one-eighth of a mile high, and on the top of it an observatory, which gave the astronomers great advantage, as, being at so great a height, one could easily talk with the stars. This temple was full of cups and statues and censers, all of gold. One image weighed a thousand Babylonish talents, which would be equal to fifty-two million dollars. All this by day; but now night was about to come down on Babylon. The shadows of her two hundred and fifty towers began to lengthen. The Euphrates rolled on, touched by the fiery splendors of the setting sun, and gates of brass, burnished and glittering, opened and shut like doors of flame. The hanging gardens of Babylon, wet with the heavy dew, began to pour from starlit flowers and dripping leaf a fragrance for many miles around. The streets and squares were lighted for dance and frolic and promenade. The theaters and galleries of art invited the wealth and pomp and grandeur of the city to rare entertainments. Scenes of riot and wassail were mingled in every street; godless mirth, and outrageous excess, and splendid wickedness came to the king's palace to do their mightiest deeds of darkness.

A royal feast to-night at the king's palace! Rushing up to the gates are chariots, upholstered with precious cloths from Dedan and drawn by fire eyed horses from Togarmah, that rear and neigh in the grasp of the charioteers, while a thousand lords dismount, and women dressed in all the splendors of Syrian emerald, and the color blending of agate, and the chasteness of coral, and the somber glory of Tyrian purple, and the princely embroideries brought from afar by camels across the desert, and by ships from Tarshish across the sea.

Open wide the gates and let the guests come in. The chamberlains and cup bearers are all ready. Hark, to the rustle of the robes, and to the carol of the music! See the blaze of the jewels! Lift the banners. Fill the cups. Clap the cymbals. Blow the trumpets. Let the night go by with song and dance and ovation; and let that Babylonish tongue be palsied that will not say, "Oh, King Belshazzar, live forever!"

Ah! my friends, it was not any common banquet to which these great people came. All parts of the earth had sent their richest viands to that table. Brackets and chandeliers flashed their light upon tankards of burnished gold. Fruit, ripe and luscious, in baskets of silver, entwined with leaves, plucked from royal conservatories. Vases, inlaid with emerald and ridged with exquisite traceries, filled with nuts that were thrashed from forests of distant lands. Wine brought from the royal vats, foaming in the decanters and bubbling in the chalices. Tufts of cassia and frankincense wafting their sweetness from wall and table. Gorgeous banners unfolding in the breeze that came through the opened window, bewitched with the perfume of hanging gardens. Fountains rising up from inclosures of ivory in jets of crystal, to fall in clattering rain of diamonds and pearls. Statues of mighty men looking down from niches in the wall upon crowns and shields brought from subdued empires. Idols of wonderful work, standing on pedestals of precious stones. Embroideries drooping about the windows and wrapping pillars of cedar, and drifting on floor inlaid with ivory and agate. Music, mingling the thrum of harps and the clash of cymbals, and the blast of trumphets in one wave of transport that went rippling along the wall, and breathing among the garlands, and pouring down the corridors, and thrilling the souls of a thousand banqueters.

The signal is given, and the lords and ladies, the mighty men and women of the land, come around the table. Pour out the wine. Let foam and bubble kiss the rim! Hoist every one his cup, and drink to the sentiment, "Oh, King Belshazzer, live forever!" Bestarred headband and carcanet of royal beauty gleam to the uplifted chalices, as again and again and again they are emptied. Away with care from the palace! Tear royal dignity to tatters! Pour out more wine! Give us more light, wilder music, sweeter perfumes! Lord shouts to lord, captain ogles to captain. Goblets clash, decanters rattle. There comes in the vile song, and the drunken hiccough, and the shivering lip and the guffaw of idiotic laughter, bursting from the lips of princes, flushed, reeling, bloodshot; while mingling with it all I hear, "Huzza; huzza! for great Belshazzar!"

What is that on the plastering of the wall? Is it a spirit? Is it a phantom? Is it God? Out of the black sleeve of the darkness a finger of fiery terror trembles through the air and comes to the wall, circling about as though it would write, and then, with sharp tip of flame, engraves on the plastering the doom of the king. The music stops. The goblet falls from the nerveless grasp. There is a thrill. There is a start. There is a thousand voiced shriek of horror. Let Daniel be brought in to read that writing. He comes in. He reads it, "Weighed in the balance and found wanting."

Meanwhile the Assyrians, who for two years had been laying siege to that city, took advantage of that carousal and came in. I hear the feet of the conquerors on the palace stairs. Massacre rushes in with a thousand gleaming knives. Death bursts upon the scene, and I shut the door of that banqueting hall, for I do not want to look. There is nothing there but torn banners, and broken wreaths, and the slush of upset tankards, and the blood of murdered women, and the kicked and tumbled carcass of a dead king. For "in that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain."

I go on to learn that when God writes anything on the wall, a man had better read it as it is. Daniel did not misinterpret or modify the handwriting on the wall. It is all foolishness to expect a minister of the Gospel to preach always things that the people like or the people choose. Young men, what shall I preach to you to-night? Shall I tell you of the dignity of buman nature? Shall I tell you of the wonders that our race has accomplished? "Oh, no!" you say; "tell me the message that came from God." I will. If there is any handwriting on the wall it is this lesson, "Accept of Christ and be saved?" I might talk of a great many other things, but that is the message and so I declare it.

Jesus never flattered those to whom he preached. He said to those who did wrong and who were offensive in His sight, "Ye generation of vipers! ye whited sepulchers! how can ye escape the damnation of hell!" Paul the apostle preached before a man who was not ready to hear him preach. What subject did he take? Did he say, "Oh! you are a good man, a very fine man, a very noble man?" No; he preached of righteousness to a man who was unrighteous; of temperance to a man who was the victim of bad appetites; of the judgment to come to a man who was unfit for it. So we must always declare the message that happens to come to us. Daniel must read it as it is. A minister preached before James I of England, who was James VI of Scotland. What subject did he take? The king was noted all over the world for being unsettled and wavering in his ideas. What did the minister preach about to this man who was James I of England and James VI of Scotland? He took for his text James i, 6: "He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed."

Hugh Latimer offended the King by a sermon he preached, and the King said, "Hugh Latimer, come and apologize." "I will," said Hugh Latimer. So the day was appointed, and the King's chapel was full of Lords and Dukes, and the mighty men and women of the country, for Hugh Latimer was to apologize. He began his sermon by saying: "Hugh Latimer, bethink thee! Thou art in the presence of thine earthly King, who can destroy thy body. But bethink thee Hugh Latimer, that thou art in the presence of the King of Heaven and earth, who can destroy both body and soul in hell fire." Then he preached with appalling directness at the King's crimes.

Another lesson that comes to us. There is a great difference between the opening of the banquet of sin and its close. Young man if you had looked in upon the banquet in the first few hours, you would have wished you had been invited there, and could have sit at the feast. "Oh! the grandeur of Belshazzar's feast!" you would have said; but you look in at the close of the banquet, and your blood curdles with horror. The King of Terrors has there a ghastlier banquet; human blood is the wine, and dying goats are the music. Sin has made itself a king in the earth. It has crowned itself. It has spread a banquet. It invites all the word to come to it. It has hung in its banqueting hall the spoils of all kingdoms and the banners of all nations. It has gathered from all music. It has strewn, from its wealth, the tables and the floors and arches. And yet how often is that banquet broken up, and how horrible is its end! Ever and anon there is a handwriting on the wall. A King falls. A great culprit is arrested. The knees of wickedness knock together. God's judgment, like an armed host, breaks in upon the banquet; and that night is Belshazzar, the King of the Chaldean's slain.

Here is a young man who says: "I cannot see why they make such a fuss about the intoxicating cup. Why, it is exhilerating! It makes me fell well. I can talk better, think better, feel better. I cannot see why people have such a prejudice against it." A few years pass on, and he wakes up and finds himself in the clutches of an evil habit which he tries to break, but cannot; and he cries out, "Oh, Lord God help me!" It seems as though God would not hear his prayer, and in an agony of body and soul he cries out, "It biteth like a serpent, and it stingeth like an adder." How bright it was at the start! How black it was at the last!

Here is a man who begins to read corrupt novels. "They are so charming," says he, "I will go out and see for myself whether all things are so." He opens the gate of a sinful life. He goes in. A sinful sprite meets him with her wand. She waves her wand, and it is all enchantment. Why, it seems as if the angels of God had poured out phials of perfume in the atmosphere. As he walks on he finds the hills becoming more radiant with foliage and the ravines more resonant with the falling water. Oh! what a charming landscape he sees! But that sinful sprite with her wand meets him again; but now she reverses the wand, and all the enchantment is gone. The cup is full of poison. The fruit turns to ashes.

All the leaves of the bower are forked tongues of hissing serpents. The flowing fountains fall back in a dead pool, stenchful with corruption. The luring songs become curses and screams of demoniac laughter. Lost spirits gather about him and feel for his heart, and beckon him on with "Hail, brother! Hail, blasted spirit, hail!" He tries to get out. He comes to the front door where he entered, and tries to push it back, but the door turns against him, and in the jar of that shutting door he hears these words, "This night is Belshazzar, the king of Chaldeans, slain." Sin may open bright as the morning. It ends dark as the night!

I learn further from this subject that Death sometimes breaks in upon a banquet. Why did he not go down to the prisons in Babylon? There were people there that would like to have died. I suppose there were men and women in torture in that city who would have welcomed Death. But he comes to the palace; and just at the time when the mirth is dashing to the tip-top pitch Death breaks in at the banquet. We have often seen the same thing illustrated. Here is a young man just come from college. He is kind. He is loving. He is enthusiastic. He is eloquent. By one spring he may bound to heights toward which many men have been struggling for years. A profession opens before him. He is established in the law. His friends cheer him. Eminent men encourage him.

After a while you may see him standing in the United States Senate, or moving a popular assemblage by his eloquence, as trees are moved in a whirlwind. Some night he retires early. A fever is on him. Delirium, like a reckless charioteer, seizes the reins of his intellect. Father and mother stand by and see the tides of his life going out to the great ocean. The banquet is coming to an end. The lights of thought and mirth and eloquence are being extinguished. The garlands are snatched from the brow. The vision is gone. Death at the banquet!

We saw the same thing on a larger scale illustrated at the last war in this country. Our whole nation had been sitting at a national banquet—North, South, East, and West. What grain was there but we grew it on our hills. What invention was there but our rivers must turn the new wheel and rattle the strange shuttle. What warm furs but our traders must bring them from the Arctic. What fish but our nets must sweep them for the markets. What music but it must sing in our halls. What eloquence but it must speak in our senates. Ho! to the national banquet, reaching from mountain to mountain, and from sea to sea! To prepare that banquet the sheepfolds and the aviaries of the country sent their best treasures. The orchards piled up on the table their sweetest fruits. The presses burst out with new wines. To sit at that table came the yeomanry of New Hampshire, and the lumberman of Maine, and the Carolinian from the rice fields, and the Western emigrant from the pines of Oregon, and we were all brothers—brothers, at a banquet. Suddenly the feast ended.

What meant those mounds thrown up at Chickamauga, Shiloh, Atlanta, Gettysburg, South Mountain? What meant those golden grain fields turned into a pasturing ground for cavalry horses? What meant the corn fields gullied with the wheels of the heavy supply train? Why those rivers of tears—those lakes of blood? God was angry. Justice must come. A handwriting on the wall! The nation had been weighed and found wanting. Darkness! Darkness! Woe to the North! Woe to the South! Woe to the East! Woe to the West! Death at the banquet!

I have also to learn from the subject that the destruction of the vicious, and of those who despise God, will be very sudden. The wave of mirth had dashed to the highest point when that Assyrian army broke through. It was unexpected. Suddenly, almost always, comes the doom of those who despise God and defy the laws of men. How was it at the deluge? Do you suppose it came through a long northeast storm, so that people for days before were sure it was coming? No; I suppose the morning was bright, that calmness brooded over the waters; that beauty sat enthroned on the hills, when suddenly the heavens burst, and the mountains sank like anchors into the sea that dashed clear over the Andes and the Himalayas.

Are there any here who are unprepared for the eternal world? Are there any here who have been living without God and without hope? Let me say to you that you had better accept of the Lord Jesus Christ, lest suddenly your last chance be gone. The lungs will cease to breathe, the heart will stop. The time will come when you shall go no more to the office, or to the store, or to the shop. Nothing will be left but Death and Judgment and Eternity. Oh! flee to God this hour! If there be one in this presence who has wandered far away from Christ, though he may not have heard the call of the gospel for many a year, I invite him now to come and be saved. Flee from thy sin! Flee to the stronghold of the gospel! Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.

Good-night, my young friends! May you have rosy sleep, guarded by Him who never slumbers! May you awake in the morning strong and well! But oh! art thou a despiser of God? Is this thy last night on earth? Shouldst thou be awakenened in the night by something, thou knowest not what, and there be shadows floating in the room, and a handwriting on the wall, and you feel that your last hour is come, and there be a fainting at the heart, and a tremor im the limb, and a catching of the breath—then thy doom would be but an echo of the words of the text, "In that night was Belshazzar, the King of the Chaldeans, slain."

Hear the invitation of the Gospel! There may be some one in this house to whom I shall never speak again, and therefore let it be in the words of the Gospel, and not in my own, with which I close: "Ho, every one that thirsteth! Come ye to the waters. And let him that hath no money come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price." "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Oh that my Lord Jesus would now make Himself so attractive to your souls that you cannot resist Him; and that, if you have never prayed before, or have not prayed since those days when you knelt down at your mother's knee, then that to-night you might pray, saying:

Just as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

A SHINING example is the bootblack.

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.

FRANK KLINE, a New York traveling man, was discharged from the County Hospital, in Chicago, after a memorable experience. He was found lying on the sidewalk unconscious. Thinking him dead, the officers of the patrol wagon took him to a morgue. There, however, they saw signs of life in the body, and Kline was put in an ambulance and conveyed to the County Hospital. The authorities at that place refused to receive him, saying that he was dead, and he was carried to the hospital morgue. Dr. McNamara, by close examination, found that Kline was breathing faintly once or twice a minute. The application of a stomach pump revealed that the man had been drugged with snuff. From 8 o'clock in the evening till 5 o'clock the next morning the doctors labored vainly to restore him to consciousness. A battery of twelve cells was frequently used, producing no result save muscular contractions. At 5 o'clock Kline gave distinct evidence of life, and a few minutes later he was able to talk. He said that he had met a woman on Clark street, gone with her to a saloon and drunk a glass of porter. That was the last he remembered. He had been robbed of his jewelry and $70. "It is seldom we have a case of drugging with snuff," said one of the physicians. "It is not generally known that this drug will stupefy a man more quickly than almost anything that is not a direct and fatal poison."

MRS. CATHERINE BURLING, aged 60, was run over by a buggy in Chicago and fatally hurt.

MRS. HENRIETTA OTTO, of Chicago, was fatally burned by the explosion of a gasoline stove.

WITHIN thirty minutes, at Chicago, two men got into a quarrel with Boss Bricklayer Cummings, brutally beat him, were arrested and fined $25 and costs.

C. O'BRIEN, of Detroit, was killed by an Illinois Central train at Chicago.

THE Erring Woman's Refuge, in Chicago, saves hundreds of young girls and women yearly.

A MAN in Chicago overheard a post-office clerk tell a Northwestern National Bank messenger that the bank's mail would be ready in fifteen minutes, and asked for it himself. He got it, but it contained no negotiable papers. No arrests.

WM. CONNORS, of Quincy, will serve four years for stealing a cloak from the Mayor's wife.

IN Chicago, J. M. Norris, a wealthy young Englishman, was fatally slashed with a razor by a negro.

THE Hibernian Rifles of Chicago want to be admitted to the National Guard, but Gov. Fifer objects on the ground of economy.

W. J. MURPHY, of Chicago, a year ago eloped with a young girl, and has since shamefully abused her, because she didn't support him. While he was beating her she hit him over the head with a brick, and he had her arrested. The court found out the facts, and he will probably go to prison.

GUS MEYER, a Quincy painter, fell seventy-five feet and was killed.

GEORGE HARRIS, of Newburn, becoming disgusted with being an invalid, announced on Dec. 28 that he would never eat another mouthful of food, and has so far kept his word.

THE Auditor of the State has issued a permit to Elmore A. Kimball, Albert H. Tyrrel, and William H. Pope to organize the Nickel Savings Bank at Chicago, with a capital stock of $500,000.

CARRIE NASSAU, a Chicago domestic, suicided in the presence of her lover.

MINNIE DEERING died in Chicago under suspicious circumstances. Joseph Hoffman, who claimed to be her husband, administed an overdose of carbolic acid.

MRS. FRIESE suicided at a Chicago hotel by taking laudanum. She was a victim of melancholia, induced by her husband's death two years ago.

A SNUFF factory burned in Chicago, entailing a loss of $9,000; insured.

A POODLE DOG pulled a cloth from a table in Chris. Rassow's residence, Chicago, causing a lamp to explode. While running to the fire, Philip Haas and Jno. Gillespie were struck by a Nortwestern train and seriously hurt.

BISHOP ESHER, of the German Evangelical Association of America was deposed for immorality. He got up a conference of his own and appointed ministers regardless of the regular conference; but Judge Pleasant, of Rock Island, has decided that he must subside.

THE appearance of a virulent type of glanders among horses in Bond County has caused the establishment of a rigorous quarantine of its victims.

A CHARITY ball for the benefit of the poor at Clinton netted $200.

VETERANS of the Mexican war met at Springfield, and asked the Legislature for a monument to Illioisans who fell in that war; also, that Congress raise the pensions of Mexican soldiers and their widows to an amount equal to that drawn by pensioners of the war of the rebellion.

CONDUCTORS and dispatchers on the Chicago and Erie struck, completely stopping traffic on the whole line.

TWO NEW-YORKERS each sue M. T. Scott, of Bloomington, for $40,000, commission on a $500,000 sale of mining lands in Tennessee, to an English syndicate.

JAMES PATTERSON, of Chicago, was arrested in the act of firing his own restaurant.

AT Quincy, in 1886, Behrensmeyer contested the election of Kreitz to the county treasurership. Kreitz held the office, and the contest has just been decided against him; but he doesn't care, for he is dead. Some think the county will have to pay Behrensmeyer the amount of the salary—$2,500.

A CROWD of Greeks in Chicago assaulted and probably fatally injured Lawrence Casey and Richard Caskens. The two men fired their revolvers indiscriminately, when a squad of officers arrived and the Greeks retreated into a house and barricaded the door. The officers forced the door, and it took ten minutes to conquer the Greeks, who fought like fiends. Eighteen were clubbed into submission.

FIRE at Hermosa destroyed the Standard Motor Works: loss, $80,000; insurance, $30,000. The Northwestern Expanded Metal Company also lose $62,000, with insurance of $30,000.