DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

HE SPEAKS OF THE TYPE OF CHRIST'S TRIUMPH.

The Entry Into Jerusalem—A Lesson for Arbor Day—Thank God for the Trees—The Gospel of Self Sacrifice—Lessons of the Clouds.

The Glorious Palm.

Palm Sunday gave direction to this sermon. Text, John xii, 13, "They took branches of palm trees and went forth to meet Him."

How was that possible? How could palm branches be cast in the way of Christ as He approached Jerusalem? There are scarcely any palm trees in Central Palestine. Even the one that was carefully guarded for many years at Jericho has gone. I went over the very road by which Christ approached Jerusalem, and there are plenty of olive trees and fig trees, but no palm trees that I could see. You must remember that the climate has changed. The palm tree likes water, but by the cutting down of the forests, which are leafy prayers for rain, the land has become unfriendly to the palm tree. Jericho once stood in seven miles of palm groves. Olivet was crowned with palms. The Dead Sea has on its banks the trunks of palm trees that floated down from some oldtime palm grove and are preserved from decay by the salt which they received from the Dead Sea.

Let woodsmen spare the trees of America, if they would not ruinously change the climate and bring to the soil barrenness instead of fertility. Thank God and the Legislatures for Arbor Day, which plants trees, trying to atone for the ruthlessness which has destroyed them. Yes, my text is in harmony with the condition of that country on the morning of Palm Sunday. About three million people have come to Jerusalem to attend the religious festivities. Great news! Jesus will enter Jerusalem to-day. The sky is red with the morning, and the people are flocking out to the foot of Olivet, and up and on over the southern shoulder of the mountain, and the procession coming out from the city meets the procession escorting Christ, as He comes toward the city. There is a turn in the road, where Jerusalem suddenly bursts upon the vision.

We had ridden that day all the way from Jericho, and had visited the ruins of the house of Mary and Martha and Lazarus, and were somewhat weary of sight seeing, when there suddenly arose before our vision Jerusalem, the religious capital of all Christian ages. That was the point of observation where my text comes in. Alexander rode Bucephalus, Duke Elie rode his famous Marchegay, Sir Henry Lawrence rode the high metled Conrad, Wellington rode his proud Copenhagen, but the conqueror of earth and Heaven rides a colt, one that had been tied at the roadside. It was unbroken, and I have no doubt fractious at the vociferation of the populace. An extemporized saddle made out of the garments of the people was put on the beast. While some people griped the bridle of the colt, others reverently waited upon Christ at the mounting.

The two processions of people now become one—those who came out of the city and those who came over the hill. The orientals are more demonstrative than we of the Western world, their voices louder, their gesticulations more violent and the symbols by which they express their emotions more significant. The people who left Phocea, in the far East, wishing to make impressive that they would never return, took a red hot ball of iron and threw it into the sea, and said they would never return to Phocea until that ball rose and floated on the surface. Be not surprised, therefore, at the demonstration in the text.

As the colt with its rider descends the slope of Olivet, the palm trees lining the road are called upon to render their contribution to the scene of welcome and rejoicing. The branches of these trees are high up, and some must needs climb the trees and tear off the leaves and throw them down, and others make of these leaves an emerald pavement for the colt to tread on.

Long before that morning the palm tree had been typical of triumph. Herodotus and Strabo had thus described it. Layard finds the palm leaf cut in the walls of Nineveh, with the same significance. In the Greek athletic games the victors carried palms. I am very glad that our Lord, who five days after had thorns upon His brow, is to-day hailed as one who had palms strewn under His feet. Oh, the glorious palm! Amarasinga, the Hindo scholar, calls it "the king among the grasses." Linnæus calls it "the prince of vegetation."

Among all the trees that ever cast a shadow or yielded fruit or lifted their arms toward Heaven has no such host of multitudinous uses. Do you want flowers? One palm tree will put forth a hanging garden of them, one cluster counted by a scientist containing 207,000 blooms. Do you want food? It is the chief diet of whole nations. One palm in Chili will yield ninety gallons of honey. In Polynesia it is the chief food of the inhabitants. In India there are multitudes of people dependent upon it for sustenance.

Do you want cable to hold ships or cords to hold wild beasts? It is wound into ropes unbreakable. Do you want articles of furniture? Both its leaves twisted into mats and woven into baskets and shaped into drinking cups and swung into hammocks. Do you want medicine? Its nut is the chief preventive of disease and the chief cure for vast populations. Do you want houses? Its wood furnishes the wall for the homes, and its leaves thatch them. Do you need a supply for the pantry? It yields sugar and starch and oil and sago and nuts and salt and wax and vinegar and candles.

Oh, the palm! It has a variety of endowments, such as no other growth that ever rooted the earth or kissed the heavens. To the willow, God says, "Stand by the water courses and weep." To the cedar He says, "Gather the hurricanes into your bosom." To the fig tree He says, "Bear fruit and put it within reach of all the people." But to the palm tree He says, "Be garden and storehouse and wardrobe and ropewalk and chandlery and bread and banquet and manufactory, and then be type of what I meant when I inspired David, my servant, to say, 'The righteous shall flourish like a palm tree.'"

Nearly everything I see around, beneath and above in the natural world suggests useful service. If there is nothing in the Bible that inspires you to usefulness, go out and study the world around you this springtime, and learn the great lesson of usefulness. "What art thou doing up there, little star? Why not shat thine eyes and sleep, for who cares for thy shining?" "No," saith the star, "I will not sleep. I guide the sailor on the sea. I cheer the traveler among the mountains, I help tip the dew with light. Through the window of the poor man's cabin I cast a beam of hope, and the child on her mother's lap asks in glee whether I come and what I do and whence I go. To gleam and glitter, God sent me here. Away! I have no time to sleep."

"What doest thou, insignificant grass under my feet?" "I am doing a work," says the grass blade, "as best I can. I help to make up the soft beauty of field and lawn. I am satisfied, if with millions of others no bigger than I, we can give pasture to flocks and herds. I am wonderfully made. He who feeds the ravens gives me substance from the soil and breath from the air, and He who clothes the lilies of the field rewards me with this coat of green."

"For what, lonely cloud, goest thou across the Heavens?" Through the bright air a voice drops from afar, saying: "Up and down this sapphire floor I pace to teach men that like me they are passing away. I gather up the waters from lake and sea, and then, when the thunders toll, I refresh the earth, making the dry ground to laugh with harvests of wheat and fields of corn. I catch the frown of the storm and the smile of the rainbow. At evening, when the western slopes I will pitch my tent, and over me shall dash the saffron, and the purple, and the fire of the sunset. A pillar of cloud like me led the chosen across the desert, and surrounded by such as I the Judge of Heaven and earth will at last descend, for, 'Behold He cometh with clouds!'"

Oh, my friends, everything in the inanimate world be useful, let us immortal men and women be useful, and in that respect be like the palm tree. But I must not be tempted by what David says of that green shaft of Palestine, that living and glorious pillar in the Eastern gardens, as seen in olden times—the palm tree; I must not be tempted by what the Old Testament says of it, to lessen my emphasis of what John, the evangelist, says of it in my text.

Notice that it was a beautiful and lawful robbery of the palm tree that helped make up Christ's triumph on the road to Jerusalem that Palm Sunday. The long, broad, green leaves that were strewn under the feet of the colt and in the way of Christ were torn off from the trees. What a pity, some one might say, that those stately and graceful trees should be despoiled. The sap oozed out at the places where the branches broke. The glory of the palm tree was appropriately sacrificed for the Saviour's triumphal procession. It always was. It will always will be in this world—no worthy triumph of any sort without the tearing down of something else.

Brooklyn bridge, the glory of our continent, must have two architects prostrated, the one slain by his toils and the other for a lifetime invalided. The great bridge pictures of the world get their richest coloring, the blood of the artists who made them. The mightiest oratorios that ever rolled through the churches had, in their pathos, the sighs and groans of the composers, who wore their lives out in writing the harmony. American independence was triumphant, but it moved on over the lifeless forms of tens of thousands of men who fell at Bunker Hill and Yorktown and the battles between which were the hemorrhages of the nation.

The Kingdom of God advances in all the earth, but it must be over the lives of missionaries who die of malaria in the jungles or Christian workers who preach and pray and toil and die in the service. The Saviour triumphs in all directions—but beauty and strength must be torn down from the palm trees of Christian heroism and consecration and thrown in his pathway.

To what better use could those palm trees on the southern shoulder of Mount Olivet and clear down into the Valley of Gethsemane put their branches than to surrender them for the making of Christ's journey toward Jerusalem the more picturesque, the more memorable and the more triumphant? And to what better use could we put our lives than into the sacrifice for Christ and His cause and the happiness of our fellow creatures? Shall we not be willing to be torn down that righteousness shall have triumphal way? Christ was torn down for us. Can we not afford to be torn down for Him? If Christ could suffer so much for us, can we not suffer a little for Christ? If He can afford on Palm Sunday to travel to Jerusalem to carry a cross, can we not afford a few leaves from our branches to make a road His way?

What makes that mother look so much older than she really is? You say she ought not yet to have one gray line in her hair. The truth is the family was not always as well off as now. The married pair had a hard struggle at the start. Example on the tips of the forefinger and thumb of her right hand, and they will tell you the story of the needle that was plied day in and day out. Yea, look at both her hands, and they will tell the story of the time when she did her own work, her own mending and scrubbing and washing.

Look into the face and read the story of scarlet fevers and croups and midnight watchings, when none but God and herself in that house were awake, and then the burials and the loneliness afterward, which was more exhausting than the preceding watching had been, and then the slow but gradual flow fair she once was, and as graceful as the palm tree, but all the branches of her strength and beauty were long ago torn off and thrown into the pathway of her household.

Alas! that sons and daughters, themselves so upright and graceful and educated, should ever forget that they are walking to-day over the fallen strength of an industrious and honored parentage. A little ashamed, are you, at their ungrammatical utterance? It was through their sacrifices that you learned accuracy of speech. Can be you lose patience with them because they are a little querulous and complaining?

I guess you have forgotten how querulous and complaining you were when you were getting over that whooping cough or that intermittent fever. A little more cross than you are now, and they were going to pour and you have to tell her something twice? She was not always hard of hearing. When you were 2 years old your first call for a drink at midnight woke her from a sound sleep as quick as any one will waken at the trumpet peal of the resurrection.

Oh, my young lady, what is that under the sole of your fine shoes? It is a palm leaf which was torn off the tree of maternal fidelity. Young merchant, young lawyer, young journalist, young merchants, with good salary and fine clothes and refined surroundings, have you forgotten what a time your father had that winter, after the summer's crops had failed through droughts or floods or locust, and how he wore his old coat too long and made his old hat do, that he might keep you at school or college? What is that, my young man, under your fine boot to-day, the boot that so well fits your foot, such a boot as your father could never afford to wear?

It must be a leaf from the palm tree of your father's self-sacrifices. Do not be ashamed of him because he came to town, and because his manners are a little old-fashioned try to smuggle him in and smuggle him out, but call in your best friends and take him to the house of God and introduce him to your pastor and say, "This is my father." If he had kept for himself the advantages which he gave you he would be as well educated and as well gotten up as you. When in the English Parliament a member was making a great speech that was unanswerable a lord derisively cried out, "I remember you when you blackened my father's boots!" "Yes," replied the man, "and did I not do it well?" Never be ashamed of the humble surroundings. Yes, yes, all the green leaves we walk over were torn off some palm tree.

When recently Captain Burton, the great author, died, he left a scientific book in manuscript, which he expected would be his wife's fortune. He often told her so. He said, "This will make you independent and comfortable after I am gone." He suddenly died, and it was expected that the wife would publish the book. One publisher told her he could himself make out of it $100,000. But it was a book which, though written with pure scientific design, she felt would do immeasurable damage to public morals.

With the two large volumes which had cost her husband a work of years, she sat down on the floor before the fire and said to herself. "There is a fortune for me in this book, and although my husband wrote it with the right motive and scientific people might be helped by it, to the vast majority of people it would be harmful, and I know it would damage the world." Then she took apart the manuscript sheet after sheet and put it into the fire, until the last line was consumed. Bravo! She flung her livelihood, her home, her chief worldly resources under the best moral and religious interests of the world.

How much are we willing to sacrifice for others? As I again on the march, not from Bethpage or Jerusalem, but for the conquest of the world. He will surely take it, but who will furnish the palm branches for the triumphant way? Self sacrifice is the word. There is more money paid to destroy the world than to save it. There are more buildings put up to ruin the world than to evangelize it. There is more dirty sensual literature to blast men than good literature to elevate them.

Oh, for a power to descend upon us all like that which whelmed Charles G. Finney with mercy, when, kneeling in his law office, and before he entered upon his apostolic career of evangelization, he said: "The Holy Ghost descended on me in a manner that seemed to go through me, body and soul. I could feel the impression like a wave of electricity going through and through me. Indeed it seemed to come in waves and waves of liquid love. It seemed like the breath of God. I can recollect distinctly that it seemed to fan me like immense wings. I wept aloud with joy and love. These waves came over me and over me one after another, and until, I recollect, I cried out, "I shall die if these waves continue to pass over me.' I said, 'Lord, I cannot bear any more.'" And when a gentleman came into the office and said, "Mr. Finney, you are in pain?" he replied, "No, but so happy that I cannot live."

My hearers, the time will come when upon the whole Church of God will descend such an avalanche of blessing, and then the bringing of the world to God will be a matter of a few years, perhaps a few days or a few hours. Ride on, O Christ! for the consummation of all nations. Thou Christ who didst ride on the unbroken colt down the sides of Olivet, on the white horse of eternal victory ride through all nations, and may we, by our prayers, and our self-sacrifices, and our contributions, and our consecrations, throw palm branches in the way. I clap my hands at the coming victory.

I feel this morning as did the Israelites when, on their march to Canaan, they came not under the shadow of one palm tree, but of seventy palm trees, standing in an oasis among a dozen gushing fountains, or as the Book puts it, "Twelve wells of water and threescore and ten palm trees." Surely there are more than seventy such great and glorious souls present to-day. Indeed, it is a mighty grove of palm trees, and I feel something of the raptures which I shall feel when, our last battle fought, and our last burden carried, and our last tear wept, we shall find the multitudes St. John describes "clothed in white robes and palms in their hands."

Hail thou bright, thou swift advancing, thou everlasting Palm Sunday of the skies! Victors over sin and sorrow and death and woe, from the hills and valleys of the Heavenly Palestine, they have plucked the long, broad, green leaves and all the ransomed—some in grates of pearl, and some on battlements of amethyst, and some on streets of gold, and some on seas of sapphire, they shall stand in numbers like the stars, in splendor like the morn, waving the palms!

A New Invention.

The latest idea in the way of preventing the abuse of the telephone by non-subscribers is that of the photograph. The arrangement is such that when anyone calls the exchange there is exposed to the view of the operator an instantaneous photograph of the person calling. The photograph becomes a record, each ribbon on which they are displayed being capable of producing, when bought into action, 250 photographs. According to a system devised, these ribbons are checked up, and the subscriber is charged so much for each person using not entitled to its use.

To the subscriber this will afford a great relief, in that the exchanges will give them a better service, as the telephone is supposed to be solely for the use of the party paying for it, and not for those who do not possess one. This invention is looked upon as being a way out of the serious annoyances arising from the inordinate demands on the service by those who are not claimants for good work, as by reducing them to a minimum the cost is lessened and the service is lightened. Provision always will be made for those who want to pay for telephonic communication.—*Electrical Review.*

THE man who mates his own God who is merciless.

THERE are no eyes so sharp as the eyes of hatred.

HOSTS OF VETERANS.

ANNUAL ENCAMPMENT OF THE ILLINOIS G. A. R.

They Capture Springfield 1,200 Strong—Captain Ed. Harlan Chosen Commander—Reports of Officers and Resolutions—Synopsis of Commander Clark's Address.

Old Comrades Meet.

Fully 1,200 strong, the veterans of the war of the rebellion took possession of the capital city Thursday, and flags and portraits of great war captains were everywhere displayed, and army songs and incidents of army life heard wherever a group of veterans gathered. The occasion was the twenty-sixth annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, Department of Illinois, and delegates were in attendance from every portion of the State.

There was little important business before the encampment this year, and the social features of the gathering, more than anything else, engrossed attention. The contest for the position of Department Commander was quite warm between the followers of Captain Ed Harland on the one hand, and those of Dr. P. L. McKinnie and A. D. Cadwallader on the other. The former won, much to the delight of the Marshall post, which claims him as a member.

Some of the social events were the reception given by the Woman's Relief Corps at the St. Nicholas Hotel and a reception tendered the visiting comrades, members of the Relief Corps, and ladies of the G. A. R., at the Lincoln Home by Mr. and Mrs. A. Oldroyd.

The reports of the officers show that the membership in the department is over 32,000; that 477 comrades died during the year, and that $11,000 was expended in charity. A year ago the treasury was empty and there was a debt of about $1,000 hanging over the department. This debt has since been paid and there is a balance of about $1,300 in the treasury. The Grand Army has grown in Illinois during the last year, twenty-seven new posts having been established, making a total of 266, and the membership is nearly 32,000, an increase of 1,000 over last year.

A number of resolutions were adopted. They reaffirm faith in Comrade R. A. Alger and "point to his splendid record as a soldier as a complete refutation of the slanders of his enemies;" favor the appropriation by Legislature of a sum sufficient to do away with the fee that is exacted by visitors to the Lincoln monument at Springfield; approve the establishment of a John A. Logan memorial hall at Athens, Tenn.; oppose the bill in Congress to appropriate $100,000 to assist in entertaining the delegates to the National Encampment; favor the Woman's Relief Corps scheme to establish a home for disabled soldiers, their wives and widows; urge the passage of a law by the Legislature, similar to the New York law, for the relief of destitute war veterans by counties, towns, etc.; commend the Sons of Veterans for abolishing shoulder-straps and high-sounding titles; heartily indorse the order appreciating the carrying of the rebel flag on processions participated in by Grand Army posts.

Major Blodgett's resolution proposing an appropriation of $100 to the Missouri home for ex-Confederate soldiers was overwhelmingly defeated.

A gavel made from wood of the floor of Libby Prison was presented to the encampment by the management of the Libby Prison Museum at Chicago.

The address of Commander Clark, congratulated the order upon the progress made during the last year and its present prosperous condition. He said that the year had been one of deep and earnest labor by those who have been intrusted with the interests of the department. He also congratulated the sons and daughters of veterans, the Woman's Relief Corps, and the ladies of the G. A. R. He bespoke for the National Memorial Hall at Decatur the continued and hearty support of the G. A. R. He further said: "The continuance of the practice, indorsed in General Order No. 2 of the Post Commander, by himself or by detail, visiting the session of the public schools preceding Memorial day and, with fitting suggestions of patriotism, extending to the teachers and pupils special invitations to join in the exercises is recommended. Attention was called, in circular order No. 5, to the generous presentation of a gavel at our last State encampment by Comrade O. H. Oldroyd, of Post No. 30, of Springfield, and I would suggest the appointment of a committee to determine what post has made the greatest advance during the past year, that the wish of the donor may be attained, with the hope that the gift will be highly cherished by the successful post and the memories clustering around the name and the home of Lincoln will add strength and harmony to our organization.

The Committee on Seniority of Departmental Organization, of which Robert Mann Woods was Chairman, submitted a voluminous report giving a history of the organization of the Department of Illinois as it appears on the records of the Grand Army of the Republic, kept by the Past Adjutant General. From this it appears that the Illinois department was organized in April, 1866, with B. F. Stephenson as Commander, and that it at once set to work organizing posts. It further appears that the Department of Wisconsin was organized May 14, 1866. In view of these facts a resolution was adopted requesting the Department Commander to appoint a committee of six members to present the case of this department to the National Encampment at its meeting at Washington. The report was adopted, and the commander appointed as the committee R. J. Oglesby of Elkhart, James A. Connolly of Springfield, Robert Mann Woods of Joliet, Thomas G. Lawler of Rockford, H. H. Thomas of Chicago, and Horace S. Clark of Mattoon. L. H. Whitney of Chicago, Comrade Bridges of Elgin, W. B. Gamble of Macomb, James S. Martin of Salem, and William L. Distin of Chicago were appointed a committee on resolutions and communications.

A campfire was held which was attended by a majority of the delegates. There were addresses, recitations and singing. The principal speakers were Gov. Fifer and Department Commander Horace S. Clark. Ex-Gov. Oglesby was not present and his place was supplied by National Commander Palmer.

During the afternoon the survivors of the Seventh Illinois Volunteer Infantry held a reunion, which was addressed by Gen. John C. Black, Gen. John A. McClernand and others.

ILLINOIS INCIDENTS.

SOBER OR STARTLING, FAITHFULLY RECORDED.

Elder Phillips' Predicament—Taken Ill While Celebrating Mass—Adams County Boy Shoots Himself—Briar Bluff Miners Return to Work—He Fought for Love.

From Far and Near.

CLIFTON MCADAMS, of Lima Township, Adams County, shot and killed himself. He was 18 years old and of a good family.

A COLD wave struck Vandalia and the mercury dropped to 23 degrees above zero. Ice a quarter of an inch thick was formed. It is feared fruit has been badly injured.

AT Springfield, the Sangamon River has reached high water mark and is still rising. Several small bridges were washed away in the county, but no serious damage has resulted.

THE Briar Bluff coal miners, who have been out for a month because of differences between themselves and the company, which resulted in the mines being closed, have returned to work on the company's terms.

A PULASKI saloon-keeper named Joseph Cook and Major Williams, a notorious negro tough, had a quarrel some days ago about a bar bill. Williams shot at Cook several times, but in the affray received a wound himself of which he died.

AT Cairo, the Oak Hall Clothing Company has failed for $10,000. Charles O. Pitier is assignee, and has taken possession. The assets are thought to be nearly equal to the liabilities. The creditors are Chicago and Eastern clothing and hat firms.

WHILE celebrating early morning mass at St. Mary's Church, Troy, the Rev. Peter Havermans, the venerable pastor, had a fainting spell on the altar and fell to the floor. He was removed to the parochial residence. Father Havermans is the oldest parish priest in the United States.

THE trial of Elder Phillips, late presiding elder of the Methodist Episcopal Church, just concluded at Aledo, has thrown his friends into amazed astonishment. Hitherto he had occupied a high position in the minds of the people of all sects, and it is held by many that time will clear the reverend gentleman of all the charges of adultery made against him by Mrs. Laird, wife of the unfortunate Methodist minister. Elder Phillips is now chaplain at the Joliet penitentiary, but may, in light of the recent charges brought against him by Mrs. Laird, be forced to resign.

WILLIAM TRACEWELL, a young Englishman, has been paying attentions to the daughter of John Stromberger, a prominent farmer. Stromberger was bitterly opposed to Tracewell and drove him from his house. The two men met near Mason and had a quarrel ensued. Tracewell used a knife cutting the clothing over Stromberger's heart. He was arrested, charged with simple assault. It was clearly shown that he acted in self-defense. It is now recalled that another young man was chased by the farmer for being attentive to his older daughter. The lover was seriously injured. He recovered, however, and married the farmer's daughter in spite of parental opposition.

A CYCLONE which struck Barnhill not only wrecked more or less every house in the village, but it took a northeasterly course and swept a path a mile wide for ten miles, unroofing houses and barns, leveling trees, fences and haystacks and killing stock. Mrs. Harris' house was torn to pieces but she escaped with a broken arm and several bruises. A young daughter of George Picket was also injured slightly. James Huston and his wife and two children were sitting in their house when the storm struck it, lifting it from over their heads and tearing it to pieces. They were left sitting on the bare floor, but uninjured. Nothing but property in the track of the storm was very great.

RAIN and wind storms have been frequent, the past few days, in many parts of this State. The Okaw River bottoms south and east of Vandalia are submerged. Some live-stock has perished, and a vast quantity of lumber and fallen timber was swept away. The water has not been so high since 1882. At Carlyle, Mascouth, and Fayetteville, all are the same condition prevails, the Kaskaskia having overflowed. Several hundred acres of growing wheat are under water, but it is thought that this will not injure the growing plant. The Little Wabash is out of its bank in the vicinity of Olney City and the fertile bottom lands are under water. Jerseyville reports the severest rain-storm ever known there. From an insignificant stream, the deluge made of Macoupin Creek a raging torrent, washing out bridges and in many instances threatening life and property along its banks. All living in the low parts of the bottoms were compelled to move out. The damage in bridges alone will amount to several thousands of dollars. Business on the Litchfield, Carrollton and Western Railway was suspended, the bridges on this road being washed away. Near Effingham, Leo Dale was instantly killed by lightning and his brother was probably fatally injured during a severe electric storm. Seven washouts on the Vandalia line between Effingham and Terre Haute were caused by the storm. All trains were abandoned. The Wabash River is the highest ever known, and a number of bridges over that stream have been carried away. At Newton, a few more inches and the great high-water mark of 1875, when the Embarras River was higher than ever known before, will be reached. The railroad and two wagon bridges, all of iron, are in danger, besides dozens of small culverts and miles of fencing. The bottoms are covered with water, and lots of stock has been drowned.

GOVERNOR FIFER issued a requisition on the Governor of Missouri for the surrender of George Clark, who is wanted in Chicago for larceny.

A WEEK ago Charles Beltz, a Summerfield village dealer, heard of the approaching marriage of Mertie Levins, his early sweetheart. She was at his old home in Buncetown, Mo. He took the first train for that place resolved to try at that late hour to win the woman of his choice, the journey was made in vain. He found that the wedding day had been set and the arrangements for the ceremony being made. Young Beltz ardently pressed his suit in earnest and succeeded in getting the girl to elope with him. They ran away to and were married in St. Louis, and have just returned to their new home in Summerfield.

Very Good.

Sojourners in barbarous countries find the natives illustrating their talk with comparisons which sound rather grim to civilized ears. An employe of the Congo Free State writes that he had in his service a black man who was almost always accompanied by an ape, of whom he seemed very fond.

One day the native appeared without the animal.

"What have you done with your monkey?" asked the white man.

"Monkey? Me eat him up."

"You ate him! Are monkeys good to eat, then?"

"I'm—taste same like white man!" said the negro, with an air of keen appreciation.

Pure and Wholesome Quality

Commends to public approval the California liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs. It is pleasant to the taste and by acting gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels to cleanse the system effectually, it promotes the health and comfort of all who use it, and with millions it is the best and only remedy.

A Clock that Talks.

At the electrical exhibition to be held at St. Petersburg there is to be exhibited a talking clock that will be sure to attract attention. The dial is made to represent a human face, the interior containing a phonograph. The quarter hours, half hours, and hours are told by the phonograph in a strikingly human voice. The clock can be set at any particular hour in the morning, so that it will repeat several times the phrase, "It is time to get up."

Important to Land Seekers.

The only road running into the new lands opened for settlement is the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific. These lands are in the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Reservations, which, by President's proclamation, are put on the market; they are in Oklahoma, and join what is known as the Kingdom of Hennessey, Dover and Kingfisher, and adjoin the towns of El Reno and Minco, the latter the present terminus. The Rock Island Road runs a magnificent train service from Chicago, Kansas City, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Omaha, Lincoln, St. Joseph, and Denver to the towns above mentioned. You need a sectional map showing each piece of these lands, and it will be sent to you or any friends you desire, free, by addressing JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. T. and P. A., C., R. I. and P. Ry., Chicago, Ill.

Married for the Daughter's Sake.

Christine Nilsson's marriage to the unattractive Count Casa Miranda is said to have been mainly for the sake of avoiding separation from his daughter. Every visitor to Paris being ill-favored, has no fortune of his own, and it is the songstress' wealth which enables the family to maintain its rank in Madrilene and Parisian society. It is said that the Count actually forced Christine Nilsson to become his wife by threatening to take his daughter away from her unless she consented to their marriage.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?

There is a 3-inch display advertisement in this paper this week which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week from The Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house likes a testimonial on everything they make and publish. Look and find them the name of the word, and they will return you BOOK, BEAUTIFUL LITHOGRAPHS, OR SAMPLES FREE.

An Old Woman's Odd Collection.

When the appraisers came to make a list of the personal property of Mrs. Julia Ann Bigelow, an old lady who died recently at Berry Station, Ky., they found 115 night-caps, all of different styles and patterns, 10 pair of shoes that had never been worn, 15 pair of scissors and an innumerable lot of spools of thread.

Fond of Secret Societies.

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