Dwight Star and Herald.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND COUNTY INTERESTS AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

VOL. XXVII. DWIGHT, LIVINGSTON COUNTY, ILL., SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1892. NO. 6

NELSON'S TAILORING PARLORS.

213 EAST MAIN STRE T,
STREATOR, ILL.

- - PANTS. - -

On Monday and Tuesday, April 25 and 26,

We will offer you Special Inducements in Pants for those two days only. Prices will be

$4. $5. $6.

They can be seen at the Hotel, and it will pay you to see them.. Everything we make is made by first-class union tailors. If you wish to come to Streator to buy, your fare will be paid. If not drop us a card. We guarantee good fits.

Respectfully,

J. G. BAKER, Salesman. **N. NELSON.**
213 East Main St., Streator, Ill.

Special Announcement
TO CASH BUYERS.

I have made arrangements with a number of the leading

FURNITURE

AND

BEDDING FACTORIES

by which I can furnish my trade anything in my line at very low prices, quality of goods considered. I now show the largest dan finest assortment of

House Furnishing Goods

ever placed on sale in Dwight. I also have the agency for the popular

MOSELY

FOLDING BATH TUB,

The Best and Finest Thing in the Market.

Baker's Furniture Store.

For Sale.

Sealed Proposals will be received by Rev. Robert Conover, Chairman of the Property Committee of the Presbytery, of Bloomington, for the sale of the property known as the Presbyterian Church, of Dwight, Illinois. The right is reserved to reject any or all of the bids. Terms, one-third cash, balance in one and two years with six per cent interest.

Bids to be addressed to Rev. Robert Conover, care of S. T. K. Prime, Dwight, Illinois. This offer to remain open until May 9, 1892, at 12 o'clock, noon.

R. CONOVER,
Chairman of Com. of Bloomington Presbytery.

S. T. K. PRIME, Agent for Committee.

DWIGHT, ILL., April 8th, 1892.

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

The Popular Brooklyn Divine Visits Dwight With Dr. Keeley.

Dr. and Mrs. Leslie E. Keeley attended Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage's lecture at the Auditorium Tuesday evening and made the acquaintance of the popular Brooklyn divine and lecturer. Mr. Talmage has ever been a warm friend of the Keeley treatment, and, indeed, everything that benefits mankind, and Dr. Keeley appreciates such men, and therefore took advantage of this occasion to induce Rev. Talmage to come to Dwight and view the workings of the parent institute. In accordance with Dr. Keeley's wishes the reverend gentleman left Chicago for Dwight Wednesday, accompanied by the Doctor and a few friends, and arrived here on the St. Lonis limited. Dr. Keeley had made the necessary arrangements to have the hypodermic treatment administered at 4 p. m., instead of 5, so that Dr. Talmage could witness the operation, which he did with much interest. Dr. Talmage was shown through the handsome business offices, treatment hall, etc., and expressed himself as delighted with the systematic operation of everything connected with the great institute.

Just before the hypodermic treatment Dr. Talmage was escorted to the stage in the old opera house and spoke a few kind and encouraging words to the patients and praised the good work being accomplished by Dr. Keeley.

Introducing Dr. Talmage Dr. Keeley said:

"GENTLEMEN:—We have to-day with us for a limited while Dr. Talmage, of whom you all know. It would be idle to introduce him, or to say anything about him, for the world knows Dr. Talmage. He to-day is one of the very few men of the world who can arrest attention. Even his lightest word is heard in forty-eight hours after speaking it the world over. I need say no more." (Applause.)

Dr. Talmage said:

"GENTLEMEN:—It is a great happiness for me to be here to-day. I had no idea of making any address to you. I came, after, to listen; to hear what you had to say in regard to this most wonderful discovery of the century, and to see something for myself, more fully, of that of which I see something almost every day; for in my church in Brooklyn there are sitting before me Sabbath by Sabbath men who once were under the serfdom of strong drink, and now are clothed and in their right mind, and when I say: "What has been their history?" they say, "We were restored through the Keeley cure." (Applause.) And I have thought to myself what a poor commentary on human nature it is that every sort of reform must go through the ordeal of caricature, misrepresentation, defamation and outrage. It has always been so. It was so with John Bunyan, a dungeon; for Daniel, a lion's den; for Shadrach, a furnace; for Victor Hugo, exile; for Paul the Apostle, beheading; for Christ, a cross. How can any man or woman now proposing a great good for the improvement of the world, and making happier human condition, I say, how can any man or woman expect to get through without assault? Any institution, started with a spirit of mercy, will live! (Applause.) No power on earth or in hell can pull it down! (Applause.) All assault will finally result in its advancement, according to the promise in an old classic which some of the very much admire—that classic which says: "All things work together for good."

Mercy! It is one of the biggest words in all the language! It is as big as heaven! There is not a great deal of it in the world. I tell you what the world's motto is: If a man does wrong, out with him from the store! Out with him from the bank! Out with him from the social circle! Out with him from the church! Nobody cares to be seen walking down the street with him; he has gone wrong! That's the world's mercy. How incontrast with the mercy of God.

You can always tell how far a man's gone astray by the distance with which God calls him back, and if a man's only gone a few feet away, God says "Come back!" If he has gone a thousand miles away, God calls: "Come back!!" If he has gone ten thousand miles away, God still calls: "Come back!!!"

It is difficult for a man when he has gone astray to come back, how much more difficult is it for a woman who has gone astray to come back? What chance has she repent now? What though she starve—good for her! What though she die—tumble her into a coffin and have no prayer over her grave! There is more mercy in the fangs of a rattle snake, in the tooth of a hyena than in the hearts of men and women for those who stray. What though she try and swim ashore—stone her back! What though she gets so far ashore she finally gets the tips of her fingers on the rock, trying to hold fast—then people will come out with their hard heels and mash the tips of her fingers until she falls off! That is the world's mercy.

How was the mercy of that Illustrious One, into whose presence an offender had been hustled and before whom she demanded as a "social martial?" Christ looked at them and looked at her, and then with one stroke of the battle-ax of sarcasm He cut through from scalp to heel: "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone at her!" Mercy! mercy!

"That song of love, now low and far,
Ere long shall swell from star to star,
That life-long day whose tips
The golden-spired Apocalypse."

Alexander Stephens, Governor of Georgia, one of the loveliest men that ever lived—well, was my personal friend through his friendship for an aged relative of mine, and I was on my way to Georgia at the time the death of Alexander Stephens occurred and by telegraph I was invited to take part in the obsequies at Atlanta. If any of you gentlemen are from Georgia, you know with what reverence Alexander Stephens was regarded and how mighty his name has been, and what scores of young men he has trained for the law, the ministry and all sorts of usefulness, giving away all his money and actually dying poor. I was in a side room the day of his funeral and a colored man gave me this fact in regard to Mr Stephens: He said, "I was in the room when Mr Stephens died and I heard the conversation between Gov. Stephens and his private secretary." (I afterwards found that this story was true, for this conversation was repeated to me afterwards by Henry Gray, the celebrated orator of Georgia,—of the United States. He said the sestatements were absolutely true.) Well, this colored man said to me, "I heard Mr. Stephens say to his private secretary, "Now go bring me that old yellow letter from that poor woman, because, as near as I can tell, she has no friends; she has suffered enough; she has been in jail 15 years. Bring me that old yellow paper." So this letter was brought—the application of this woman. Then said Alexander Stephens, "Just bolster me up in bed," and they bolstered him up in bed. "Now," he said, "give me my pen" and the pen was given to him, and he wrote across that old yellow letter, "pardoned, Alexander Stephens, Governor of Georgia," and he was dead." Magnificent! I would rather die like that than go up in a chariot of fire. (Applause.)

Gentlemen, I am mightily impressed by what I have seen to-day. I am mightily impressed with this whole Keeley cure. I believe it has just begun its work in comparison with that which will follow, yet achieve, and there will not be a neighborhood in the United States, or in the world, that will not be finally blessed by it. Do you know how I first became especially interested in this whole subject? I took up a newspaper one Friday afternoon and I saw that a distinguished man, a very talanted man, who was said to have been cured by this discovery, had fallen, and had died of delirium tremens in one of the hospitals in New York. I saw right under it an attack on the whole system because this man had fallen; the whole thing pronounced a humbug; my attention had, somehow, never been especially called to this Dr. Keeley's cure, but when I saw that I said, "What a very unjust thing that is, to condemn a whole system because one man falls in it. Why, where would Christianity be? By such a test as that it would die, would be dropped in five minutes. Hundreds and thousands of men who belong to the church have fallen. Is that anything against the church? No! And if 50 per cent., if 75 per cent. under this cure went back, and only 25 per cent. were saved, such a discovery, and such a cure, that would save 25 per cent. out of the hundred, ought to be extolled throughout all the earth and all the heavens.

Now the question all the time coming up is "The Grace of God." If you are going to have this cure by medical and scientific process, don't you do discredit to the grace of God? and that is the most absurd thing I ever heard in my life. This world has so many troubles, so many struggles, it wants all the help it can get, human and divine. We want the grace of God, and we want science, and we want surgery, and we want the Keeley Cure. Now, there is no man who cares more to the grace of God than I do, and while I live on earth and through all the ages of Heaven, I propose to celebrate it, but there are certain things that the grace of God doesn't propose to do. There are certain things that surgery will never do—that medical science has never done, and they never will do it. Now there have been hundreds of men saved from the thraldom of strong drink by the grace of God. I give you a thrilling incident which came under my own observation one Sunday night in Brooklyn. There was a man at the close of the service, about three pews from the front. The most of the audience had dispersed, and this man was weeping; my sympathies, of course, as a man, were aroused, and I went down to him and laid my hand on his shoulder and said, "My friend, what can I do for you, you seem to be in some kind of trouble." "Ah," he said, "if there's a man on God's earth in worse trouble than I am, I'm sorry for him." I said to him, "Why, what's the matter?" "Ah, I'm a victim of strong drink." "Who are you? What is your name?" "I dare not give my name, you would know it right away, you would recognize that I stood in the front ranks of church and State. I have a beautiful wife and four lovely children, and I have ruined them all by drink. You can do me no good; nothing can do me any good." "Ah," I said "my brother, that is no way for you to talk. Come right into this side room and let me pray for you." In the side room were half a dozen men who knew how to pray, and a man who knows how to pray knows how to lay hold on the arm of the Omnipotent God. So we prayed for that man that he might be delivered from his thraldom. There was no reconsultation about it. We prayed right to the point. After we got through, we went out into the street and went into a drug store. I said, "Doctor here is a man in a good deal of trouble. Can you give him anything that will help him without intoxicating liquor in it?" "I can, I can, I can." I ought to have said this trouble was paroxymal with him. He said I was coming down the Hudson River R. R. yesterday, and I thought I had just about got rid of this awful trouble, when a man seated by me had a bottle in his hand, a bottle of strong drink, and he asked me to take some of it, and it seemed to me that the red tongue of the liquor was thrust up through the cork, and it said: "Take me! take me! take me!" I rushed out on the platform and I thought I would jump off, but the train was going at the rate of 40 miles an hour, and I did not. Oh, you can do me no good, you can do me no good." Well, we prayed with him while a doctor prepared a bottle of medicine. He put it in his pocket, and I said, "Now doctor how long will that last him?" "About three weeks." "Put up some more." We went out and stood under a gaslight. Some of you may know Fulton street, Brooklyn. Now I said to him, "My brother, put your trust in God, and when these paroxyms or this thirst comes, take some of this medicine and you will come out all right. Good-bye, good-bye." "Ah," said some of my friends, "you will never hear of him again." There is a great deal of infidelity in the Church, and quite a lot out of it. People don't believe in anything. "You will never see him." "I will see him—I will see him." In a few weeks I got a letter saying, "Here are the $2 you paid for that medicine, and you will see by the papers I send you from Boston that I am presiding in Tremont Temple on temperance, and moreover I have not had to take any of that medicine." There is the man. Well, I told that to my friends. "Oh," they said "that is only for a little while. Years passed on, and I often had real good friends say to me "You have not heard from that man?" "No." "Well, you never will." I was at Acton, Indiana, about twenty miles from Indianapolis, some of you know that place; they have great meetings there every summer. I was at one of the meetings to preach. I remember the circumstances very well, as they were all very much impressed on me. Among others, Gov. Hendrick, who was afterwards Vice-President of the United States. I remember hearing he was somewhere around, and as I sat on the platform I said, "Where is Gov. Hendricks?" and a man put his hand on my shoulder and said, "I am here," and at the close of the service a gentleman stepped up to me and said, "Did you ever see me before?" "Yes," I said I "that I know of." "Don't you remember that man who was in trouble a few years ago and you took him into the side room and prayed with him, and then went up on Fulton street and got a couple of bottles of medicine, and he was sent to you afterwards?" "Oh, yes," I said, "are you the man?" "Yes, I am the man," he said, "I have not had the temptation to strong drink since then. I have been redeemed by the grace of God, and I have received signatures to the temperance pledge of about 20,000 men." The grace of God did that. Never let the time come in my history when I cease to extol the grace of God. But there are other men who need something beside that. Dr. Keeley struck the key, when he said "The devil is a lazy cuss." (Applause.)

I have now in my mind a young man who had broken his father's heart, his mother's heart, as splendid a young fellow as there is in this land to-day—the cerebral development, fine education. As lovely a mother as has any man in all the earth. He was bolstered up and he fell, and put in inebriate asylums and he fell, and everything tried with him possible. He became a converted man, and joined the church. Don't let anyone scoff and say he was not a christian. He was as much a christian as anyone in this house, but this awful habit drew him down and down and there seemed to be no cure, and after a while I said, "Where is so and so?" and they said "He is trying the Keeley cure," and to make a long story short, he is redeemed and as fine a man in business as there is in New York. The Keeley Cure saved him and nothing else under Heaven would. So I extol the grace of God, and at the same time extol the common sense, scientific, earnest aid, experiment, effort, discovery. But there is no resisting it, we cannot read it down, we cannot talk it down, it will become triumphant and be recognized in all the land, and all the lands of earth. It has on it the mark of the approval of the Lord God Almighty. That is my opinion, and I wish you all to be of good cheer.

I had no idea of saying a word this afternoon, but I must not detain you, for I see you are all standing, like myself, I have only to say that the world is waiting for you when you shall return from your season of rest here, but the brightest days are to come for you—the brightest days for this land. I am somewhat of an optimist by nature and by grace. I do not believe things are going to smash; they are going on to salvation and the dear old flag is going to crimson like the rose. I hail you this afternoon with all words good cheer,

Courage, brother, do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night.
There's a start to guide thee humble,
Trust in God, and do the right.

(Applause.)

Some will love thee,
Some will hate thee,
Some will flatter,
Some will slight,
Cease from man and look above the,
Trust in God, and do the right.

After speaking he watched the magic needle do its great work and then mingled among the gentlemen present, with a pleasant and encouraging word here and there. He was besieged with the little books for his autograph, to which he responded cheerfully as far as his time would permit. He left for Chicago on the 4:25 train, well pleased with his visit to the headquarters of one of the grandest institutions on earth.

On the train, after leaving Dwight, Dr. Talmage said: "That is a wonderful place, a marvelous cure. I am particularly impressed with Dr. Keeley's unassuming manner, yet perfect confidence in his cure. I am convinced that he knows whereof he speaks. I know now, beyond peradventure, that in that little town has started a work which will exert a powerful influence for good. Dr. Keeley's finger is on the world, and I shall do all in my power to tell the world so. I shall have him in Brooklyn before long and will guartee him an audience of 7,000 people. I am satisfied now, for I have seen Keeley, Dwight and the gold cure."

1882-1892.

Tenth Anniversary of the Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Haise.

A brilliant social event occurred last Saturday evening in the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Haise.

The guests were unbidden but were warmly welcomed by the hostess and the tardy husband received a share of the same warm welcome when he came in at a late hour.

After a social good time with chatting and music, the presentation of an elegant silver tea service followed. The remarks of Judge Arnold on this occasion were most happy. He commented on the fact that the past was not all sunshine, but that the little *hazes* had only made the home brighter. His remarks were a neat combination of wit, pathos and eloquence.

Mr. Haise's reply made up in sincerity what it may have lacked in fluency, and considering that the whole affair was unexpected he should be excused.

A very dainty lunch was served by the ladies, and a little later with kind good nights and cordial wishes for many more decades of happiness the guests departed leaving the vestal fire brightly burning with the incense of friendly esteem and sympathy. How true it is that

"Homes not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded:
Home is where affection calls—
Filled with shrines the heart has kindled."

"Home! go watch the faithful dove,
Sailing 'neath the heavens above us,
Home is where there's one to love,
Home is where there's one to love us,"

Easter Services.

The Easter exercises at the M. E. church were conducted by the Sunday-school superintendent, L. A. Naffziger, in his usual happy and successful way. The programme consisted of recitations, class exercises, a speech and music. Throughout the exercises attention was forcibly called anew to the all-important fact of Christ's resurrection. The missionary offering by the classes of the school constituted a pleasant feature of the program. This, increased by the offerings of the congregation present, enabled the school, by the neat little amount of $23.20, to honor their risen Lord by effectually obeying his command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." The floral decorations, while not elaborate, were eminently appropriate in their tasteful suggestiveness. Below is the program as rendered:

Song	Choir
Prayer	Rev. Conard
Song	School
Recitation	Maud Bullock
Recitation	Ella Chester
Song	Lue Pearre
Recitation	Three Girls, Class 2
Recitation	Lue Pearre
Song	By Little Ones
Recitation	"Go Quickly and Tell Them" Nellie Stewart
Recitation	Hattie Coole
Song	Quartet
Recitation	Mary Sparks
Recitation	Four Girls, Class 1
Recitation	Boys
Song	Choir
Report Classes Missionary Money	
Address	Rev. A. M. Conard
Song	School
Benediction	

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

The services at the Congregational church commenced at early dawn by a sunrise prayer meeting, which was well attended and led by Rev. Cole, the pastor. The church was beautifully decorated with evergreens and flowers and presented a handsome appearance. The exercises consisted of music and responsive readings and literary selections which were very interesting. The children especially were well pleased with all the exercises. There was a large attendance, and, indeed, the Savior's triumph over death and the grave was very appropriately celebrated.

BADLY BEATEN.

Such Was the Fate of the Citizens' Ticket Last Tuesday.

The Average Majority of the Anti-License Ticket Is 156.

The election Tuesday passed off quietly and it was clearly evident before noon that the ticket headed by Chas. L. Romberger would be elected by a large majority and the candidates on the other ticket virtually gave up the contest. The canvass before and on election day was conducted on a decidedly friendly basis, and the defeated candidates took the matter good-naturedly and smiled with the victors after the vote was counted.

The only thing that happened at the polls to cause a ripple of excitement was when a man by the name of Parker, who lives outside of the corporation, walked deliberately up to the polls and voted before the challengers noticed him. John Baker, however, discovered him just as the ballot was dropped into the box, and those present caused the judges to extract the ballot. Parker said he forgot he lived outside of the corporation, but the general opinion is that it was a very poor excuse. Parker's action was soundly condemned by the candidates on both tickets, and he may thank his lucky stars that he lives in a community where the people do not believe in persecution if avoidable, or he would have been locked up immediately for illegal voting, which is a serious offense in the eyes of the law.

Everything else passed off pleasantly and the Australian system of balloting is considered a decided success in this community. There were 396 ballots cast, the largest ever cast in a municipal election in Dwight. Following is the vote for the candidates complete:

CITIZENS'.	ANTI-LICENSE.
FOR PRESIDENT.	
Henry Fox....108	C. L. Romberger....379
FOR TRUSTEES.	
J. Kelagher....123	B. A. Buck....245
J. Stewart....100	J. Geis....249
E. T. Miller....98	G. N. Flagler....275
FOR CLERK.	
W. M. Lane....107	F. A. Haise....275
MAJORITIES.	
Chas. L. Romberger....171	
B. A. Buck....122	
John Geis....149	
Geo. N. Flagler....175	
Frank A. Haise....168	

The election of the above town officers is an assurance that public improvements will be made as quickly and as economically as possible, the outcome of which is sure to prove beneficial to the people generally, and we predict that a great majority of those that cast their votes the other way will, before another election, be perfectly satisfied with the outcome last Tuesday.

ELECTION NOTES.

C. L. ran well.

Geo. Flagler got the largest majority, but not the largest vote. Mayor Romberger had that honor. Look out for "Posey."

Cigars didn't care who smoked them Tuesday.

The Citizens' candidates smile just as if they got there with both feet. That's the way to do. It's all over now, and that settles it.

Keep your eye on the boom.

The people have shown that they are with the Leslie E. Keeley Co. and have elected a board that will make necessary improvements, and now, by the way, we need a nice opera house, and we'll bet we get it before long.

Reddick went wet.

Saunemin went dry.

Odell went dry.

Ransom went wet.

Gardner went wet.

Pontiac went dry for the first time in twenty years. Messrs. Legg, Waters and Harding were elected aldermen, the two former anti-license. The city council stands three no-license and three license, which, with a Dwight no-license mayor, Mr. McKay, makes the county seat very dry. The town pump at Pontiac is being prepared for use. After the election Tuesday night the church bells rang for hours and prayer meetings were held and there was great rejoicing among the temperance people.

Jas. McKay cast his vote in Pontiac.

All the coal mining towns north of us went license.

Chenoa went license.

Funds for Russian Sufferers.

The young ladies of the Y.W.C.T.U., with their usual forethought and kindness of heart, are circulating papers to raise money for the relief of thousands of starving inhabitants of Russia, and the people of Dwight are responding generously to the cause.