DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

HE CONTINUES HIS SERMONS ON GOD IN NATURE.

"Sweet Spices, Stacte and Onycha"—Wonderful Force and Variety of the Bible's Imagery From Nature—How the Divine Care Is Shown In the Ocean's Shells.

Bible Conchology.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's subject was the "Conchology of the Bible; or, God Among the Shells," the text being taken from Exodus, 30th chapter, 34th verse, "And the Lord said unto Moses, Take unto thee sweet spices, stacte, and onycha."

You may not have noticed the shells of the Bible, although in this early part of the sacred book God calls you to consider and employ them as he called Moses to consider and employ them. The onycha of my text is a shell found on the banks of the Red Sea, and Moses and his army must have crushed many of them under foot as they crossed the bisected waters, onycha on the beach and onycha in the unfolded bed of the deep. I shall speak of this shell as a beautiful and practical revelation of God, and as true as the first chapter of Genesis and the last chapter of Revelation or everything between.

Not only is this shell, the onycha, found at the Red Sea, but in the waters of India. It not only delectates the eye with its convolutions of beauty, white and lustrous and serrated, but blesses the nostril with a pungent aroma. This shellfish, accustomed to feed on spikenard, is redolent with that odorous plant—redolent when alive and redolent when dead. Its shells when burned bewitch the air with fragrance.

In my text God commands Moses to mix this onycha with the perfumes of the altar in the ancient tabernacle, and I propose to mix some of its perfumes at the altar of Brooklyn Tabernacle, for, having spoken to you on the "Astronomy of the Bible; or, God Among the Stars;" the "Chronology of the Bible; or, God Among the Centuries;" the "Ornithology of the Bible; or, God Among the Birds: the "Mineraloghy of the Bible; or, God Among the Amethysts;" the "Ichthyology of the Bible; or, God Among the Fishes," I now come to speak of the "Conchology of the Bible; or, God Among the Shells."

Riches of the Ocean.

It is a secret that you may keep for me for I have never before told it to any one, that in all the realms of the natural world there is nothing to me so fascinating, so completely absorbing, so full of suggestiveness, as a shell. What? More entertaining than a bird, which can sing, when a shell cannot sing? Well, there you have made a great mistake. Pick up the onycha from the banks of the Red Sea or pick up a bivalve from the beach of the Atlantic ocean and listen, and you hear a whole choir of marine voices—bass, alto, soprano—in an unknown tongue, but seeming to chant, as I put them to my ear, "The sea is His, and He made it;" others singing, "Thy way, O God, is in the sea;" others hymning, "He ruleth the raging of the sea."

"What," says some one else, "does the shell impress you more than the star?" In some respects, yes, because I can handle the shell and closely study the shell, while I cannot handle the star, and if I study it, must study it at a distance of millions and millions of miles.

"What," says some one else, "are you more impressed by the shell than the flower?" Yes, for it has far greater varieties and far greater richness in color, as I could show you in thousands of specimens, and because the shell does not fade, as does the rose leaf, but maintains its beauty century after century, so that the onycha which the hoof of Pharaoh's horse knocked aside in the chase of the Israelites across the Red Sea may have kept its luster to this hour. Yes, they are so particolored and many colored that you might pile them up until you would have a wall with all the colors of the wall of Heaven, from the jasper at the bottom to the amethyst at the top.

Oh, the shells! The petrified foam of the sea. Oh, the shells! The hardened bubbles of the deep. Oh, the shells, which are the diadems thrown by the ocean to the feet of the continents. How the shells are ribbed, grooved, cylindered, mottled, iridescent! They were used as coin by some of the nations. They we fastened in belts by others, and made in handles of wooden implements by still others. Mollusks not only of the sea, but mollusks of the land. Do you know how much they have had to do with the world's history? They saved the church of God from extinguishment.

The Israelites marched out of Egypt 2,000,000 strong, besides flocks and herds. The Bible says "the people took their dough before it was leavened, their kneading troughs being bound up in the clothes on their shoulders. They were thrust forth out of Egypt and could not tarry; neither had they prepared for themselves any victuals." Just think of it! Forty years in the wilderness. Infidelity triumphantly asks, How could they live forty years in the wilderness without food? You say manna fell. Oh, that was after a long while. They would have starved fifty times before the manna fell. The fact is, they were chiefly kept alive by the mollusks of the land or shelled creatures. Mr. Fronton and Mr. Sicard took the same route from Egypt toward Canaan that the Israelites took, and they gave this as their testimony:

Israel's Route to Canaan.

"Although the children of Israel must have consisted of about 2,000,000 souls, with baggage and innumerable flocks and herds, they were not likely to experience any inconvenience in their march Several thousand persons might walk abreast with the greatest ease in the very narrowest part of the valley in which they first began to file off. It soon afterward expands to above three leagues in width. With respect to forage they would be at no loss. The ground is covered with tamarisk, broom, clover, and saint foin, of which latter especially camels are passionately fond, besides almost every variety of odoriferous plant and herb proper for pasturage.

"The whole sides of the valley through which the children of Israel marched are still tufted with brushwood, which doubtless afforded food for their beasts, together with many drier sorts for lighting fire, on which the Israelites could with the greatest ease bake the dough they brought with them on small iron plates, which form a constant appendage to the baggage of an oriental traveler. Lastly, the herbage underneath these trees and shrubs is completely covered with snails of a prodigious size and of the best sort, and, however uninviting such a repast might appear to us, they are here esteemed a great delicacy. They are so plentiful in this valley that it may be literally said that it is difficult to take one step without treading on them."

So the shelled creatures saved the host of Israelites on the march to the promised land, and the attack of infidelity at this point is defeated by the facts, as infidelity is always defeated by facts, since it is founded on ignorance. In writing and printing our interrogation point has at the bottom a mark like a period and over it a flourish like the swing of a teamster's whip, and we put the interrogation point at the end of a question, but in the Spanish language the interrogation point is twice used for each question. At the beginning of the question the interrogation point is presented upside down, and at the close of the question right side up. When infidelity puts a question about the Scriptures, as it always indicates ignorance, the question ought to be printed with two interrogation points, one at the beginning and one at the close, but both upside down.

The Royal Families of Nature.

Thank God for the wealth of mollusks all up and down the earth, whether feeding the Israelites on their way to the land flowing with milk and honey, or, as we are better acquainted with the mollusks, when flung to the beach of lake or sea. There are three great families of them. If I should ask you to name three of the great royal families of the earth, perhaps you would respond, the house of Stuart, the house of Hapsburg, the house of Bourbon, but the three royal families of mollusks are the univalve, or shell in one part; the bivalve, or shell of two parts, and the multivalve, or shell in many parts, and I see God in their every hinge, in their every tooth, in their every cartilage, in their every ligament, in their every spiral ridge, and in their every color, prism on prism, and their adaptation of thin shell for still ponds and thick coatings for boisterous seas. They all dash upon me the thought of the providential care of God.

What is the use of all this architecture of the shell, and why is it pictured from the outside lip clear down into its labyrinths of construction? Why the infinity of skill and radiance in a shell? What is the use of the color and exquisite curve of a thing so insignificant as a shellfish? Why, when the conchologist by dredge or rake fetches the crustoceous specimens to the shore, does he find at his feet whole alhambras and coliseums and parthenons and crystal palaces of beauty in miniature, and these bring to light only an infinitesimal part of the opulence in the great subaqueous world. Linnæus counted 2,500 species of shells, but conchology had then only begun its achievements.

While exploring the bed of the Atlantic Ocean in preparation for laying the cable shelled animals were brought up from depths of 1,900 fathoms. When lifting the telegraph wire from the Mediterranean and Red Seas, shelled creatures were brought up from depths of 2,000 fathoms. The English admiralty, exploring in behalf of science, found mollusks at a depth of 2,435 fathoms, or 14,210 feet deep. What a realm awful for vastness!

As the shell is only the house and the wardrobe of insignificant animals of the deep, why all that wonder and beauty of construction? God's care for them is the only reason. And if God provide so munificently for them, will he not see that you have wardrobe and shelter? Wardrobe and shelter for a periwinkle! Shall there not be wardrobe and shelter for a man? Would God give a coat of mail for the defense of a nautilus and leave you no defense against the storm? Does He build a stone house for a creature that lasts a season and leave without home a soul that takes hold on centuries and eons?

Hugh Miller found "the Footprints of the Creator in the old red sandstone," and I hear the harmonies of God in the tinkle of the sea shells when the tides come in. The same Christ who drew a lesson of providential care from the fact that God clothes with grass the field instructs me to draw the same lesson from the shells.

God's Care and Man's Freedom.

But while you get this pointed lesson of providential care from the shelled creatures of the deep, notice in their construction that God helps them to help themselves. This house of stone in which they live is not dropped on them and is not built around them. The material for it exudes from their own bodies and is adorned with a colored fluid from the pores of their own neck. It is a most interesting thing to see these crustacean animals fashion their own homes out of carbonate of lime and membrane.

And all of this is a mighty lesson to those who are waiting for others to build their fortunes when they ought to go to work and, like the mollusk, build their own fortunes out of their own brain, out of their own sweat, out of their own industries. Not a mollusk on all the beaches of all the seas would have a house of shell if it had not itself built one. Do not wait for others to shelter you or prosper you. All the crustaceous creatures of the earth from every flake of their covering and from every ridge of their tiny castles on Atlantic and Pacific and Mediterranean coasts say, "Help yourself, while God helps you to help yourself."

Those people who are waiting for their father or rich old uncle to die and leave them a fortune are as silly as a mollusk would be to wait for some other mollusk to drop on it a shell equipment. It would kill the mollusk as in most cases it destroys the man. Not one person out of a hundred ever was strong enough to stand a large estate by inheritance dropped on him in a chunk. Have great expectations from only two persons—God and yourself. Let the onycha of my text become your preceptor.

But the more I examine the shells the more I am impressed that God is a God of emotion. Many scoff at emotion and seem to think that God is a God of cold geometry and iron laws and eternal apathy and enthroned stoicism. No! No! The shells with overpowering emphasis deny it. While law and order reign in the universe, you have but to see the lavishness of color on the crustacea, all shades of crimson from faintest blush to blood of battlefield, all shades of blue, all shades of green, all shades of all colors from the deepest black to whitest light, just called out on the shells with no more order than a mother premeditates or calculates how many kisses and hugs she shall give her babe waking up in the morning sunlight.

Yes, my God is an emotional God, and He says, "We must have colors and let the sun paint all of them on the scroll of that shell, and we must have music, and here is a carol for the robin, and a psalm for man, and a doxology for the seraphim, and a resurrection call for the archangel." Aye, he showed himself a God of sublime emotion when he flung himself on this world in the personality of Christ to save it, without regard to the tears it would take, or the blood it would exhaust, or the agonies it would crush out.

When I see the Louvres and the Luxembourgs and the Vaticans of Divine painting strewn along the 8,000 miles of coast, and I hear in a forest on a summer morning musical academies and Handel's societies of full orchestras, I say God is a God of emotion, and if He observes mathematics it is mathematics set to music, and His figures are written not in white chalk on blackboards, but written by a finger of sunlight on walls of jasmine and trumpet creeper.

The Royal Purple.

In my study of the conchology of the Bible I notice that the mollusks or shelled animals furnish the purple that you see richly darkening so many Scripture chapters. The purple stuff in the ancient tabernacle, the purple girdle of the priests, the purple mantel of Roman Emperors, the apparel of Dives in purple and fine linen—aye, the purple robe which in mockery was thrown upon Christ—were colored by the purple of the shells on the shores of the Mediterranean. It was discovered by a shepherd's dog having stained his mouth by breaking one of the sheels, and the purple aroused admiration.

Costly purple! Six pounds of the purple liquid extracted from the shellfishes were used to prepare one pound of wool. Purple was also used on the pages of books. Bibles and prayer books appeared in purple vellum, which may still be found in some of the national libraries of Europe. Plutarch speaks of some purple which keeps its beauty for 200 years. But after awhile the purple became easier to get, and that which had been a sign of imperial authority when worn in robes was adopted by many people, and so an Emperior, jealous of this appropriation of the purple, made a law that any one except royalty wearing purple should be put to death.

Then, as if to punish the world for that outrage of exclusiveness, God obliterated the color from the earth, as much as to say, "If all cannot have it, none shall have it." But though God has deprived the race of that shellfish which afforded the purple there are shells enough left to make us glad and worshipful. Oh, the entrancement of hue and shape still left all up and down the beaches of all the continents! These creatures of the sea have what roofs of enameled porcelain! They dwell under what pavilions blue as the sky and fiery as a sunset and mysterious as an aurora! And am I not right in leading you for a few moments through this mighty realm of God so neglected by human eye and human footstep?

It is said that the harp and lute were invented from the fact that in Egypt the Nile overflowed its banks, and when the waters retreated tortoises were left by the million on all the land, and these tortoises died, and soon nothing was left but the cartilages and gristle of these creatures, which tightened under the heat into musical strings that when touched by the wind or foot of man vibrated, making sweet sounds, and so the world took the hint and fashioned the harp, and am I not right in trying to make music out of the shells and lifting them as a harp, from which to thrum the jubilant praises of the Lord and the pathetic strains of human condolence?

The Pearl of Great Price.

But I find the climax of this conchology of the Bible in the pearl, which has this distinction above all other gems—that it requires no human hand to bring out its beauties. Job speaks of it, and its sheen is in Christ's sermon, and the Bible, which opens with the onycha of my text, closes with the pearl. Of such value is this crustaceous product I do not wonder that for the exclusive right of fishing for it on the shores of Ceylon a man paid to the English Government $600,000 for one season.

So exquisite is the pearl I do not wonder that Pliny thought it was made out of a drop of dew, the creature rising to the surface to take it and the chemistry of nature turning the liquid into a solid. You will see why the Bible makes so much of the pearl in its similitudes if you know how much it costs to get it. Boats with divers sail out from the island of Ceylon, ten divers to each boat. Thirteen men guide and manage the boat. Down into the dangerous depths, amid sharks that swirl around them, plunge the divers, while 60,000 people anxiously gaze on. After three or four minutes' absence from the air the diver ascends, nine-tenths strangulated and blood rushing from ears and nostrils, and flinging his pearly treasure on the sand falls into unconsciousness.

Oh, it is an awful exposure and strain and peril to fish for pearls, and yet they do so, and is it not a wonder that to get that which the Bible calls the pearl of great price, worth more than all other pearls put together, there should be so little anxiety, so little struggle, so little enthusiasm? Would God that we were all as wise as the merchantman Christ commanded, "who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had and bought it."

But what thrills me with suggestiveness is the material out of which all pearls are made. They are fashioned from the wound of the shellfish. The exudation from that wound is fixed and hardened and enlarged into a pearl. The ruptured vessels of the water animal fashioned the germ that now adorns finger or earring or sword hilt or king's crown.

So out of the wounds of earth will come the pearls of Heaven. Out of the wound of conviction the pearl of pardon. Out of the wound of bereavement the pearl of solace. Out of the wound of loss the pearl of gain. Out of the deep wound of the grave the pearl of resurrection joy. Out of the wounds of a Saviour's life and a Saviour's death the rich, the radiant, the everlasting pearl of heavenly gladness.

"And the twelve gates were twelve pearls." Take the consolation, all ye who have been hurt, whether hurt in body, or hurt in mind, or hurt in soul. Get your troubles sanctified. If you suffer with Christ on earth, you will reign with Him in glory. The tears of earth are the crystals of Heaven. "Every several gate was of one pearl."

The great secret of successful ice keeping is to put it in the ice-house in good condition, and in excluding all air from it by compacting sawdust so closely that no air can penetrate it. Even snow covered with sawdust where the winter's wood has been cut in huge quantities is often found unmelted long after all the snow and ice of the fields has gone. The ice blocks should be regular in shape, and as closely compacted with sawdust in their interstices as it can be worked.

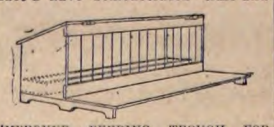
AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

With Proper Management Hens Will Lay Nearly all Winter—A Plea for Central Schools—Device for Teaching a Calf to Drink—Storing Ice.

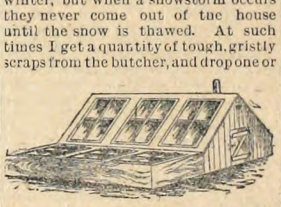
Winter Management of Poultry.

If young and vigorous hens are provided with a nice, dry, comfortable house in winter, and not crowded too much, they will lay almost as well as in summer, writes Fred Grundy in the American Agriculturist. This fact I have demonstrated time and



IMPROVED FEEDING TROUGH FOR POULTRY.

again. Futhermore, I have learned that if pullets are induced to lay steadily during their first winter, they will sit early, moult early, and, with a little encouragement, lay steadily every winter for at least three years. I have kept pure Plymouth Rocks, pure Light Brahmas, and a cross between Plymouth Rocks and Leghorns, and each lot averaged the same number of eggs for the winter, beginning with November and ending with February. I fed them twice a day regularly. In the morning they had cracked corn, wheat bran, and oats, in equal quantities, mixed and dampened with boiling hot water. In this mixture were thrown the potato and apple parings and scraps from the table, all chopped with a common chopping knife. Twice a week a pint of animal meal for each twenty hens was added. In the evening they were fed corn on the ear. I feed it on the ear to make them work for their supper. When it is shelled for them, they gobble down all their crops will hold, or all that is supplied them, almost without taking breath. To get a meal off the ear they are obliged to scratch and dig for about an hour, and it not only gives them beneficial exercise, but also prevents wholesale gulping. A hen not used to shelling corn does not feast very sumptuously at first, but she soon learns the trick, and gets the grains off the cob quite rapidly. I have learned that when housed or yarded hens get plenty of exercise they lay well. When they have nothing to do but stand and mope, they lay irregularly and are constantly getting into such mischief as feather pulling and egg eating. My hens have the run of the place in winter, but when a snowstorm occurs they never come out of the house until the snow is thawed. At such times I get a quantity of tough, gristly scraps from the butcher, and drop one or



HOUSE AND COVERED RUN FOR EARLY CHICKS.

two in the house as I pass occasionally during the day. The hens get as much exercise, chasing and rushing about with these, as lots of boys can get out of a game of foot-ball. When I first began feeding soft foods in the mornings I used troughs, but the hens would persist in jumping into them and soiling the food. I put covers on them, raised so the hens could get their heads under, but they would grab a few mouthfuls, jerk their heads out and spill a third of it on the floor. After experimenting some time I devised the trough shown in the sketch, and it proved to be just the thing. The box is twelve inches high in front, nine inches at the back, seven inches wide, and as long as desired. The top is hinged so that it can be raised. In the front, wires are fastened two and one-half inches apart, as shown in the sketch. The trough for the feed is four inches wide and is placed along the farther side of the box. In front is a platform eight inches wide. The hens get their heads between the wires, and stand there eating. All that drops from their bills falls on the clean floor of the box and is picked up afterward. There is less food wasted about this trough than any I have ever seen, while both box and trough are easily kept perfectly clean. For making a poultry house warm and comfortable I know of nothing equal to newspapers, two or three thicknesses, pasted all over the inside walls. Add a little glue and a few drops of carbolic acid to the paste, and lay the papers smoothly. Batten the cracks outside to keep out rain and snow, and the house will be as comfortable as a dwelling. A house with no drafts in it is the best preventive of roup and kindred diseases.

Wastes in Butchering.

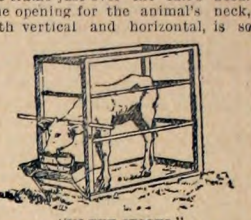
These little wastes at the farm butcherings become items of importance in the hands of large packers. In establishments for killing and preparing meats, that which is usually allowed to lie where it falls at a farm killing is all saved in the most careful manner. In dressing a hog the blood, hair, bristles, and hoofs, together with contents of stomach and entrails—everything, except the squeal, is utilized to the fullest extent. Who is there among us farmers that can testify to as close economy as the millionaire practices?

Central Schools in Country Towns.

Which would be the harder, to get into a nice covered vehicle with plenty of robes and blankets to wrap around them and ride that distance to school, or walk half a mile to school with such roads as there generally are in the winter in country districts. I have yet to see the children who would willingly go back to the old plan of going to the out-district school. Instead of taking away the schools, this system gives the scholars all the advantage of the center school — longer terms and better teachers. For more than sixty years, I have heard how much better the center schools were than those of the out-districts. When I was 13 years old my father sent me from home to work for my board and attend the center school; he hired a man to work at home. I believe I learned more in those two terms than all I ever learned before or after at the school in the out-district.—A. D. Hubbard, in Farm and Home.

To Teach a Calf to Drink.

A correspondent has adopted an ingenious and effective method to teach a calf to drink. He has a frame made something like that to shoe oxen in, but adapted to the size of a young calf. In front is a raised box just large enough to place in it a milk bucket. The calf is ushered into this narrow "stall," his head pressed down so his nose will nearly reach the milk, and the head is secured there by a sliding pin which works in the frame just over the calf's neck. The opening for the animal's neck, both vertical and horizontal, is so



"IN THE STOCKS."

narrow that it can not move its head much, only in a downward direction, and that forces its nose into the milk. The stall is so narrow that the calf can move only a little from side to side, and the closed gate behind it prevents any backward movement. The animal is literally "in the stocks," and any considerable effort to move only causes it to poke its nose into the milk. It soon gets a taste of it, and then sips away until all is gone. Thus far every calf has learned to drink the first time placed in this novel "box."

Well Repairing.

A bit of experience in repairing a well may be suggestive to some reader: Through some cause a well curbed with boards began to fill up with silt. The well being about eighty feet deep, and having plenty of water, the pipe was shortened once or twice, in hopes that the trouble would cease when the source of the silt was reached. As this did not settle the difficulty a new plan had to be adopted. The well was cleaned out, and after filling it a foot deep with coarse gravel, a six-inch iron pipe was let down. The space between the wooden curve and iron pipe was filled with gravel to the depth of thirty or more feet. The water now leaches through this gravel —which, by the way, is of varying coarseness—and no trouble has since appeared.

Notes About Bees.

UNPROFITABLE colonies should be done away with.

THE best time to transfer bees is before the frames become too heavy with honey.

WHEN combs of honey are to be given to bees, cracking of the comb does no harm, for the bees will fix it up during the next season.

THE raspberry is one of the best honey producing plants, and the only one on which bees are known to work in dull weather or immediately after a rain storm or heavy showers. The blossoms are drooping and the rain cannot wash out the honey as it does from flowers that are upright. Its period of bloom is brief, lasting only a few days, but yielding an excellent quality of pure, white honey, which is quite valuable.

Hints to Housekeepers.

A TEASPOONFUL of borax added to cold starch will make clothes very stiff.

IN packing gowns they will be found to crease very little if paper is placed between the folds.

PUT fresh fish in salted water for half an hour before cooking it. It hardens the fish and improves the flavor.

COFFEE grounds can be used to fill pin cushions. They should be put in a bag and hung up back of the stove until they are perfectly dry.

WHEN threading a needle, always put through the eye of the needle first the end which came off the spool first. You will wonder why the thread doesn't knot.

TO CLEAN carpets, go over them once a week with a broom dipped in hot water, to which a little turpentine has been added. Wring a cloth in the hot water and wipe under pieces of furniture too heavy to be moved.

HOT alum water is the best insect destrover known. Put alum into hot water and boil until dissolved, then apply the water with a brush to all cracks, closets, bedsteads, and other places where insects may be found. Ants, cockroaches, fleas, and other creeping things are killed.

THERE is nothing that proves such an economizer of strength and time in the cleaning of windows as the use of alcohol instead of water. It cleanses with magic rapidity, and is not an extravagant substitute, as a prudent person is able to wash a great many windows with a small bottle of alcohol

AROUND A GREAT STATE.

BRIEF COMPILATION OF ILLINOIS NEWS.

Grisly Relic for a German Widow—Carterville Nearly Has a Lynching Bee—Cairo Murderer Sent Up for Life—Vandalia's Great Revival.

From Far and Near.

CENTRALIA voted out the charter of 1859 and will reorganize under the general law.

A FAREWELL reception was tendered by the Bloomington Club, of which the Vice President-elect is a member, to that gentleman and his wife.

AT Jacksonville Joseph Keemer, of Hornellsville, N. Y., 38 years old, dropped dead of sudden heart failure. He had only been in the city a few days, having come to visit his father, Elias Keemer.

A SERIES of revival meetings in progress at the Method st Church in Vandalia under the leadership of the Rev. C. M. Murphy, an evangelist from Decatur, resulted in twenty-five or thirty conversions.

FISH in the Illinois river are dying by the thousands. The river has been covered with eighteen inches of ice, and, there being no ventilation, the fish are suffocated by the gases generating from the refuse dumped into the river.

AT Cairo the jury in the case of Harvey Ramage, charged with murder, brought in a verdict of guilty, fixing the penalty at life imprisonment in the penitentiary. Ramage is a Kentuckian, only 25 years old, who, Sept. 17, shot and killed Police Officer Henry Dunker.

THE recent period of over two weeks of ice was the cause of great disaster among the live stock of Montgomery County. Hundreds of horses and cattle fell and broke their legs, rendering it necessary to kill them, and the loss is estimated at many thousands of dollars.

LOT PENNINGTON, editor of the Coffeen Mercury, published at Coffeen, was arrested on the charge of abducting Miss Josie Gatewood, a young woman of that village. Miss Gatewood alleges that Fennington drugged her and took her to a room in a hotel, where he attempted to assault her.

THE Belvidere Presbyterians gave up their church to the Salvation Army the other night, it being the occasion of the marriage of Captain Ralph Woodward of the army, and Miss Pleasance Torrell, daughter of a Baptist minister of Joliet. The wedding ceromony was performed by Staff Captain Addie, of Springfield.

"GEN." PHIL NEFF, the noted horse thief, is on trial in the St. Clair County Court under a half dozen indictments. His most recent offense was the stealing of a valuable horse from Jeremiah Bennett, a well-known horse-thief detective of Lebanon. "Gen." Neff has worked the States of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Missouri during the last forty years, and it is said of him that he has stolen more horses than any living man. He is now an old man, and will probably get a long term in prison.

THE old Lovejoy building, at Alton, was sold, and in a few weeks will be no more unless some action is taken for its preservation. It was in this little rickety old stone building that the great abolition martyr published the Alton Observer, for which he gave up his life. The fact that he was the first martyr in the struggle against slavery lends a sort of halo to the old building and makes its demolition seem like desecration. Several weeks ago an agent of the World's Fair Commission was there and took pictures of the building, and it may be that the building will be moved to the World's Fair on the plan of the removal of Libby Prison.

CARTERVILLE was a scene of wild excitement Tuesday night, caused by a mob attempting to take Ira Carmichael, a prisoner held by officers, to a convenient limb where Judge Lynch could preside. The officer with his prisoner stepped out of a back door as some of the crowd entered the front door and made his way to the depot, where he expected to board a train for Marion, but an organized mob surrounded the train, leaving the officer and prisoner just outside the circle. The guard, with his prisoner, slipped away in the darkness and walked nine miles to Marion. The mob was greatly angered upon discovering that the intended victim had escaped.

MAJ. CARL BRANDT, editor for many years of the Belleville Zeitung, the leading German newspaper in Southern Illinois, died several days ago, leaving a remarkable will. He bequeathed his heart to his wife in Germany and directed that it be removed and sent to her. The Major was married in the fatherland when a young man. He became estranged from his wife in some manner and came to this country. He often said that, although separated from his wife, his heart was still true to her and that he would return it to her after death. The heart is now in process of preservation, and will shortly be shipped to the white-haired widow in the fatherland.

TWO PERSONAL injuries suits against the Wabash Railroad, in which James R. Wilson and David Conwell, respectively, were plaintiffs, were compromised at Springfield. The men were employes of the company, and were badly injured in the great wreck at Aladdin something over a year ago. They accepted $1,800 each in full satisfaction of their claims.

MILD weather for the first time in several weeks brought with it a heavy fall of rain in the vicinity of Jacksonville, which was welcome, as it served to fill many empty cisterns and to carry off the great mass of ice which had been a blockade to many parts of the country. Horses were only able to travel with the sharpest of shoes, while cattle, hogs, and horses have been killed on the ice by falling. There is some danger of an inundation, as the water is running to the streams, rendering many roads impassable and others dangerous.

THIRTY years ago Simon Hayes was married to Miss Elizabeth Hayward, the daughter of a St. Clair county farmer. The couple became estranged soon after the marriage and the husband went to the war. He fought in the Third Iowa regiment, was desperately wounded and reported among the killed. His wife believed him dead and married again. After the war Hayes went West to seek his fortune. He returned from Utah a few days ago and found that his wife had been married, but her last husband had been dead some years. There was a joyful reunion and another marriage at Belleville.