DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A LESSON DRAWN FROM THE WEDDING FEAST.

How Many and What Baseless Excuses Men Make For Not Becoming Christians. Christianity Is a Very Great Help In Every Proper Relation in Life.

At the Tabernacle.

Rev. Dr. Talmage in his sermon in the Brooklyn Tabernacle Sunday forenoon spread before the great audience an eloquent words the beauty and attractiveness of the gospel feast, the text chosen being from Luke xiv. 18, "And they all with one consent began to make excuse."

After the invitations to a levee are sent out the regrets come in. One man apologizes for nonattendance on one ground, another on another ground. The most of the regrets are founded on prior engagements. So in my text a great banquet was spread, the invitations were circulated, and now the regrets come in.

The one gives an agricultural reason, the other a stock dealer's reason, the other a domestic reason—all poor reasons. The agricultural reason being that the man had bought a farm and wanted to see it. Could he not see it the next day? The stock dealer's being that he had bought five yoke of oxen and he wanted to go and prove them. He had no business to buy them until he knew what they were. Besides that a man who can own five yoke of oxen can command his own time. Besides that, he might have yoked two of them together and driven them on the way to the banquet, for locomotion was not as rapid then as now. The man who gave the domestic reason said he had got married. He ought to have taken his wife with him.

The fact was, they did not want to go "And they all with one consent began to make excuse." So now God spreads a great banquet. It is the gospel feast, and the table reaches across the hemispheres, and the invitations go out, and multitudes come and sit down and drink out of the chalices of God's love, while other multitudes decline coming—the one giving this apology and the other giving that apology. "And they all with one consent began to make excuse." I propose this morning, so far as God may help me, to examine the apologies which men make for not entering the Christian life.

Religion Has Made a Record.

Apology the First—I am not sure there is anything valuable in the Christian religion. It is pleaded that there are so many impositions in this day—so many things that seem to be real are sham. A gilded outside may have a hollow inside. There is so much quackery in physics, in ethics, in politics, that men come to the habit of incredulity, and after awhile they allow that incredulity to collide with our holy religion.

But, my friends, I think religion has made a pretty good record in the world. How many wounds it has salved; how many pillars of fire it has lifted in the midnight wilderness; how many simoon struck Saharas it hath turned into the gardens of the Lord; how it hath stilled the chopped sea; what rosy light it hath sent streaming through the rift of the storm cloud wreck; what pools of cool water it hath gathered for thirsty Hagar and Ishmael; what manna winter than coriander seed it hath dropped all around the camp of hardly bestead pilgrims; what promises it hath sent out like holy watchers to keep the lamps burning around dead beds; through the darkness that lowers into the sepulcher, what flashes of resurrection morn!

Besides that this religion has made so many heroes. It brought Summerfield, the Methodist, across the Atlantic Ocean with his silver trumpet to blow the acceptable year of the Lord until it seemed as if all our American cities would take the kingdom of heaven by violence. It sent Jehudi Ashman into Africa alone, in a continent of naked barbarians, to lift the standard of civilization and Christianity. It made John Milton among poets, Raphael among painters, Christopher Wren among architects, Thorwaldsen among sculptors, Handel among musicians, Dupont among military commanders; and to give new wings to the imagination, and better balance to the judgment, and more determination to the will, and greater usefulness to the life, and grander nobility to the soul, there is nothing in all the earth like our Christian religion.

Were They all Deceived?

Nothing in religion! Why, then, all those Christians were deceived, when in their dying moment they thought they saw the castles of the blessed, and your child, that with unutterable agony you put away into the grave, you will never see him again nor hear his sweet voice nor feel the throb of his young heart? There is nothing in religion! Sickness will come upon you. Roll and turn on your pillow. No relief. The medicine may be bitter, the night may be dark, the pain may be sharp. No relief. Christ never comes to the sickroom. Let the pain stab. Let fever burn. Let the Cross it and die. There is nothing in religion!

After awhile death will come. You will hear the pawing of the pale horse on the threshold. The spirit will be breaking away from the body, and it will take flight — whither, whither? There is no God, no ministering angels to conduct, no Christ, no Heaven, no home. Nothing in religion! Oh, you are not willing to adopt such a dismal theory. And yet the world is full of skeptics. And let me say there is no class of people for whom I have a warmer sympathy than for skeptics. We do not know how to treat them. We deride them, we caricature them. Instead of taking them by the soft hand of Christian love, clutch them with the iron pinchers of ecclesiasticism.

Oh, if you knew how those men had fallen away from Christianity and become skeptics you would not be so rough on them! Some were brought up in homes where religion was overdone. The most wretched day in the week was Sunday. Religion was driven into them with a trip hammar. They had a surfeit of prayer meetings. They were stuffed and choked with catechisms. They were told by their parents that they were the worst children that ever lived because they liked to ride down hill better than to read "Pilgrim's Progress." They never heard their parents talk of religion but with the corners of their mouths drawn down and the eyes rolled up.

Others went into skepticism through maltreatment on the part of some who professed religion. There is a man who says, "My partner in business was voluble in prayer meeting, and he was officious in all religious circles, but he cheated me out of $5,000, and I don't want any of that religion."

The Vice of Ill Temper.

Other persons apologize for not entertaining the Christian life because of the incorrigibility of their temper. Now, we admit it is harder for some people to become Christians than for others, but the grace of God never came to a mountain that it could not climb or to an abyss that it could not fathom or to a bondage that it could not break.

The wildest horse that ever trod Arabian sands has been broken to bit and trace. The maddest torrent tumbling from mountain shelving has been harnessed to the millwheel and the factory hand, setting a thousand shuttles all a-buzz and a-clatter, and the wildest, the haughtiest, the most ungovernable man ever created, by the grace of God may be subdued and sent out on ministry of kindness as God sends an August thunderstorm to water the wild flowers down in the glens.

Good resolution, reformatory effort, will not effect the change. It takes a mightier arm and a mightier hand to bend evil habits than the hand that bent the bow of Ulysses, and it takes a stronger lasso than ever held the buffalo on the prairie. A man cannot go forth with any human weapons and contend successfully against these Titans armed with upturn mountain. But you have known men into whose spirit the influence of the gospel of Christ came, until their disposition was entirely changed.

So it was with two merchants in New York. They were very antagonistic. They had done all they could to injure each other. They were in the same line of business. On of the merchants was converted to God. Having been converted, he asked the Lord to teach him how to bear himself toward that business antagonist, and he was impressed with the fact that it was his duty when a customer asked for a certain kind of goods which he had not, but which he knew his opponent had, to recommend him to go to that store.

I suppose that is about the hardest thing the man could do, but being thoroughly converted to God, he resolved to do that very thing, and being asked for a certain kind of goods which he had not, he said, "You go to such and such a store, and you will get it." After awhile merchant No. 2 found these customers coming, so sent, and he found also that merchant No 1 had been brought to God, and he sought the same religion. Now they are good friends and good neighbors, the grace of God entirely changing their disposition.

"Oh," says some one, "I have a rough, jagged, impetuous nature, and religion can't do anything for me." Do you know that Martin Luther and Robert Newton and Richard Baxter were impetuous, all consuming natures, yet the grace of God turned them into the mightiest usefulness? Oh, how many who have been pugnacious and hard to please, and irascible and more bothered about the mote in their neighbor's eye than about the beam like ship timber in their own eye, have been entirely changed by the grace of God and have found out that "godliness is profitable for the life that now is as well as for the life which is to come."

The Impetuous Apostle.

Peter, with nature as tempestuous as the sea that he once tried to walk, at one look of Christ went out and wept bitterly. Rich harvests of grace may grow on the tiptop of the jagged steep, and flocks of Christian graces may find pasturage in fields of bramble and rock. Though your disposition may be all a-bristle with fretfulness, though you have a temper a-gleam with quick lightnings, though your avarice be like that of the horse leech, crying, "Give!" though damnable impurities have wrapped you in all consuming fire, God can drive that devil out of your soul, and over the chaos and the darkness He can say "Let there be light."

Converting grace has lifted the drunkard from the ditch, and snatched the knife from the hand of the assassin, and the law grey from the burglar, and in the pestiferous lanes of the city met the daughter of sin under the dim lamplight and scattered her sorrow and her guilt with the words, "Thy sins are forgiven—go and sin no more." For scarlet sin a scarlet atonement.

Other persons apologize for not entering the Christian life because of the inconsistencies of those who profess religion. There are thousands of poor farmers. They do not know the nature of soil nor the proper rotation of crops. Their corn is shorter in the stalk and smaller in the ear. They have 10 less bushels to the acre than their neighbors. But who declines being a farmer because there are so many poor farmers?

There are thousands of incompetent merchants. They buy at the wrong time. They get cheated in the sale of their goods. Every bale of goods is to them a bale of disaster. They fail after awhile and go out of business. But who declines to be a merchant because there are so many incompetent merchants? There are thousands of poor lawyers. They cannot draw a declaration that will stand the test. They cannot recover just damages. They cannot help a defendant escape from the injustice of his persecutors. They are the worst evidence against any case in which they are retained. But who declines to be a lawyer because there are so many incompetent lawyers?

Yet there are ten of thousands of people who decline being religious because there are so many unworthy Christians. Now, I say it is illogical. Poor lawyers are nothing against jurisprudence, poor physicians are nothing against medicine, poor farmers are nothing against agriculture, and mean, contemptible professors of religion are nothing against our glorious Christianity.

The Wild Fancies of Skepticism.

Sometimes you have been riding along on a Summer night by a swamp, and you have seen lights that kindled over decayed vegetation—lights which are called jack-o'-lantern or will-o'-the-wisp. These lights are merely poisonous miasmata. My friends, on your way to Heaven you will want a better light than the will-o'-wisps which dance on the rotten character of infidel Christians. Exudations from poisonous trees in our neighbor's garden will make a very poor balm for our wounds.

Sickness will come, and we will be pushed out toward the Red Sea which divides this world from the next, and not the inconsistency of Christians, but the rod of God will drive back the waters as a commander wheels his host. Then judgment will come, with its thunder-shod solemnities, attended by bursting mountains and the deep laugh of earthquakes, and suns will fly before the feet of God like sparks from the anvil, and ten thousand burning worlds shall blaze like banners in the track of God omnipotent. Oh, then we will not stop and say, "There was a mean Christian; there was a cowardly Christian; there was a lying Christian; there was an impure Christian." In that day, as now, "If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself, but if thou scornest thou shall bear it."

Why, my brother, the inconsistency of Christians, so far from being an argument to keep you away from God, ought to be an argument to drive you to Him. The best place for a skillful doctor is in a neighborhood where they are all poor doctors; the best place for an enterprising merchant to open his store is in a place where the bargain makers do not understand their business, and the best place for you who want to become the illustrious and complete Christian, the best place for you is to come right down among us who are incompetent and so inconsistent sometimes.

Other persons apologize for not becoming Christians because they lack time, as though religion muddled the brain of the accountant, or tripped the pen of the author, or thickened the tongue of the orator, or weakened the arm of the mechanic, or scattered the wits of the lawyer, or interrupted the sales of the merchant. They bolt their store doors against it and fight it back with trowels and yardsticks and cry, "Away with your religion from our store, our office, our factory!"

They do not understand that religion in this workaday world will help you to do anything you ought to do. It is a key; it can sail a ship; it can buy a cargo; it can work a pulley; it can pave a street; it can fit a wristband; it can write a constitution; it can marshal a host. It is as appropriate to the astronomer as his telescope; to the chemist as his labratory; to the mason as his plumblime; to the carpenter as his plane; to the child as his marbles; to the grandfather as his staff.

Religion Adds to One's Energies.

No time to be religious here! You have no time not to be religious. You might as well have no clerks in your store, no books in your library, no compass on your ship, no rifle in the battle, no hat for your head, no coat for your back, no shoes for your feet. Better travel on toward eternity bareheaded and barefooted and houseless and homeless and friendless than to go through life without religion.

Did religion make Raleigh any less of a statesman, or Havelock any less of a soldier, or Grinnell any less of a merchant, or West any less of a painter? Religion is the best security in every bargain. It is the sweetest note in every song; it is the brightest gem in every coronet. No time to be religious? Why, you will have to take time to be sick, to be troubled, to die. Our world is only the wharf from which we are to embark for Heaven. No time to secure the friendship of Christ? No time to buy a lamp and trim it for that walk through the darkness which otherwise will be illumined only by the whiteness of the tombstones? No time to educate the eye for heavenly splendors, or the hand for choral harps, or the ear for everlasting songs, or the soul for honor, glory, and immortality? One would think we had time for nothing else.

Now, I do not give any doleful view of this life. There is nothing in my nature, nothing in the grace of God, that tends toward a doleful view of human life. I have not much sympathy with Addison's description of the "Vision of Mirza," where he represents human life as being a bridge of a hundred arches, and both ends of the bridge covered with clouds, and the race coming on, the most of them falling down through the first span and all of them falling down through the last span. It is a very dismal picture. I have not much sympathy with the Spanish proverb which says, "The sky is good, and the earth is good—that which is bad is between the earth and the sky."

But while we as Christian people are bound to take a cheerful view of life we must also confess that life is a great uncertainty, and that man who says, "I can't become a Christian because there is time enough yet," is running a risk infinite. You do not perhaps realize the fact that this descending grade of sin gets steeper and steeper, and that you are gathering up a rush and velocity which after awhile may not answer to the brakes. Oh, my friends, be not among those who give their whole life to the world and then give their corpse to God.

It does not seem fair while our pulses are in full play of health that we serve ourselves and serve the world and then make God at last the present of a coffin. It does not seem right that we run our ship from coast to coast carrying cargoes for ourselves and then when the ship is crushed on the rocks give to God the shivered timbers. It is a great thing for a man on his dying pillow to repent—better that than never at all, but how much better, how much more generous, it would have been if he had repented 50 years before! My friends, you will never get over these procrastinations.

Now Is the Proper Time.

Here is a delusion. People think, "I can go on in sin and worldliness, but after awhile I will repent, and then it will be as though I had come at the very start." That is a delusion. No one ever gets fully over procrastination. If you give your soul to God some other time than this, you will enter Heaven with only half the capacity for enjoyment and knowledge you might have had. There will be heights of blessedness you might have attained you will never reach; thrones of glory on which you might have been seated, but which you will have to forfeit.

We will never get over procrastination, neither in time nor in eternity. We have started on a march from which there is no retreat. The shadows of eternity gather on our pathway. How insignificant is time compared with the vast eternity! I was thinking of this while coming down over the Alleghany mountains on that wonderful place which you have all heard described as the Horseshoe, a depression in the side of the mountain where the train almost turns back again upon itself, and you see how appropriate is the description of the Horseshoe, and thinking on this very theme and preparing this very sermon it seemed to me as if the great courser of eternity sweeping long had just struck the mountain with one hoof and gone on into illimitable space. So short is time, so insignificant is earth, compared with the vast eternity!

This morning voices roll down the sky, and all the worlds of light are ready to splice out your disenthrallment. Rush not into the presence of this King ragged with sin when you may have this robe of righteousness. Dash not your foot to pieces against the throne of a crucified Christ. Throw not your crown of life off the battlements. All the scribes of God are this moment ready with volumes of living light to record the news of your soul emancipated.

HOME AND THE FARM.

A DEPARTMENT MADE UP FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

Nothing Like Clover for Corn—Improved Milk-Setting Table—High Prices for Hogs—Hints About the Household—Recipes for the Cook, Etc.

Improved Milk-Setting Table.

To obtain the greatest amount of cream from a given amount of milk, the milk should have the animal heat removed from it as soon as possible, and afterward maintained at a uniform temperature until the cream is removed. Many farmers who keep several cows do not care to go to the expense and trouble of using ice for cooling the milk, but continue to use the common milk pans, set flat upon a common table or shelf. Hence, any plan that will be an improvement on

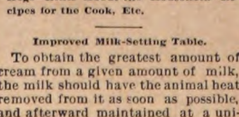

TABLE FOR SETTING MILK.

this process, without additional trouble, will be welcome. In the accompanying engraving, from a sketch by L. D. Snook in the American Agriculturist, is shown a common milk table, with a cheap but great improvement, which consists in nailing to the top of the table triangular strips, three-quarters of an inch wide on each face. They should be planed and firmly nailed crosswise of the table four inches apart. As the common milk pan is about ten inches wide at the bottom, there will be no danger of the pans tilting up when set down carelessly. The whole should be painted a whitish tint, and all crevices thoroughly filled with paint. The top of the table should be of matched lumber and closely fitted. This plan admits of a circulation of air all about the pan, and the contents are cooled at least two hours sooner than by the flat setting process. If the upper portion of the table is given a thin coat of paint every spring, it will insure greater cleanliness.

A Berry-Box Jack.

A convenient block for tacking berry boxes together is shown in the illustration herewith, engraved after a sketch sent by J. C. Umsted, Kansas. The base A is made of round or square timber, six inches in diameter and eighteen inches high. To the top of this a 6x1 inch board B, thirty inches long, is securely nailed, ten inches from one end. The block D, eight inches long and of the same diameter as the base A, has one end so shaped that, after it is covered with hoop iron, to clinch tacks, a berry box will just fit. This is hinged to the base by two strips C, with a wooden pin. When tacking one side of the berry box, the block is turned to let the other side rest on the blocks E or F. Attach a shallow tin box to A, to hold tacks. Rest the end B on a chair or box, and the jack is ready for work.

Corn for Cows at Calving Time.

Old farmers who have had great success in managing cows about to calve say that a few ears of corn giving daily in the ear have an excellent effect in making an easy delivery, and preventing the loss that often result in loss both of cow and calf. It is likely that effect of soft corn in the ear to loosen the bowels is the reason for their use. Cows fed on silage are usually little troubled giving birth to their calves, especially is they have not been closely confined.

Three Essentials for Corn.

There is nothing like clover for corn, writes A. R. Barrett in the American Cultivator. It will make a good crop of this cereal when other favorable surroundings are often lacking. No crop produces so much to the acre as corn, and it is natural to suppose that it draws heavy draughts upon the soil where it thrives. Clover, on the other hand, takes little from the soil and adds much to it. These two crops are consequently well adapted to each other, and the farmer who understands their proper relations is pretty sure to make money and keep his farm from degenerating. Corn should come in rotation right after clover. A heavy clover sod turned under for corn gives universal satisfaction, and such sod should be plowed and harrowed thoroughly two or three weeks before the corn is planted. There is a great deal of vegetable life in the soil that must have a chance to decompose and nitrify. Clover sod turned under and mellowed thoroughly in this way provides a vast amount of ready food for the corn plants, and the supply keeps increasing as the season advances. A short fallowing of clover sod before planting is of inestimable value. The sun gets a chance to warm the soil, and a great many of the seed weeds get an early start, which can be destroyed before the corn is planted. There is also a benefit derived from the fact that the cut worms get into the pupa state then before they do much harm.

The three essentials to good corn culture are clover, manure, and good cultivation. Clover sod is indisputably the finest that can be had for corn, and a large crop will often be raised on such soil well prepared when the other two essentials are partly neglected. But we need manure besides, and heavy manuring is the only thing that farmers should be satisfied with. Land worth $100 per acre must be heavily manured to get the money's worth from it. Such land is wanted with corn, as many yards of the country, and it is throwing money away not to manure it properly. Some large corn crops are gathered from fields that have naturally rich soils, and where little manure is applied But there are exceptions, and that state of affairs will not continue long. No amount of cultivation can make up for the lack of manure. It may be that there is a great deal of manural substance in the soil which thorough cultivation will bring into an available condition, but if no other is put on the cultivation another season will be fruitless. Manure thoroughly and well, and the crop will be large, and the fertility of the soil will remain. Timely cultivation is more essential than a haphazard cultivator dragged along through the whole season. The soil is first thoroughly prepared and mellowed, and then cultivation must begin within a few weeks after the corn is planted. It should then be repeated about every two weeks until the corn is too high for this work. Early cultivation makes the stalks grow, and late cultivation makes good ears and firm grains form. One is as essential as the other.

Chute for Silo.

Some years ago J. M. Drew sent us a picture of his device for getting ensilage out of the silo in handy shape for feeding. We reproduce the picture. It will be convenient for those who feed ensilage from a wheeled cart. The chute is 2½ feet square and is made as shown in the picture. The floor, A, is about three feet above the stable floor and is supported by legs, B B. The feeding cart is backed under the chute, as shown, while the ensilage is being thrown down.

SILO CHUTE.

Enough is thrown down at one time for two feedings. When the cart is filled it is backed along past the cows, the ensilage being thrown to them with a scoop shovel. The end of the cart is left open, except a small board, C. The grain bin is at the opposite end of the feeding alley from the silo, so that the grain can be fed out on the return trip. Some farmers do not like a cart for feeding. Those who do will find this a convenient way to empty the silo.—Rural New Yorker.

Live Stock Notes.

LIGHTEN the load when the roads get muddy.

CLEAN off the feet and legs before the mud gets dry.

CONFORT is an important item with the pigs in winter.

NEVER prolong the churning or the washing of the butter.

HEATING is less injurious to cream than chilling with ice.

YOUNG stock intended for breeding should not be kept too fat.

WHEN the fall wheat has made a good growth sheep and calves can often be pastured upon it with benefit.

IT is more economical to feed a little more liberally and secure a steady gain than to feed and let the stock run down.

THE fall and early winter feeding of stock is important in that much of the profitableness in keeping them only depends upon the condition in which they are started in the winter. It pays to have and to keep them thrifty.

For the Cook.

COCOANUT JUMBLES.—One cup of butter, 1½ cups of sugar, one egg, one teaspoon soda, one cup or milk, one heaping cup of cocoanut, a little nutmeg, flour to roll, cut in square pieces and fold over the edges, or cut in long narrow strips.

INDIAN PUDDING.—Scald one quart of milk, thicken with one cup of meal, two eggs, one spoonful of flour, one cup of molasses, salt and ginger to taste. When cool add one pint of cold milk; do not stir it. Bake slowly for two or three hours.

APPLE CHARLOTTE.—Line a buttered loaf tin with thin slices of homemade bread; dip the edges of the bread in white of egg and fill the space with a smooth apple sauce seasoned with lemon rind and nutmeg, or cinnamon; cover the top with strips of bread; put a small quantity of butter on top, and bake one hour.

FLANNEL CAKES.—Rub two ounces of butter into a quart of sifted flour, with the hands, until well mixed; add one teaspoonful of salt. Mix together the beaten yolks of three eggs and one pint and a half of milk; add this to the flour; beat hard until smooth. Next add the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, and two tablespoonfuls of baking powder. Bake quickly on a hot griddle, greased with fat pork.

PEPPERMINT DROPS.—One cupful of sugar crushed fine and just moistened with boiling water, then boil five minutes; take from fire and add cream of tartar size of a pea; mix well and add one-half teaspoonful of essence of peppermint; beat briskly until mixture whitens, then drop quickly upon white paper; have cream of tarter and essence of peppermint measured while the sugar is boiling. If it sugars before it is all dropped, add a little water and boil a minute or two.

ILLINOIS INCIDENTS.

SOBER OR STARTLING, FAITHFULLY RECORDED.

Wife-Murderer Lilly Sentenced—J. W. Lane in Serious Trouble—Fell Forty Feet from a Balloon—Barn Burners Active at Lincoln.

From Far and Near.

JOHN HUNT, an old resident of Assumption, died.

DAVID SHADE, aged 18 years, son of a prominent citizen of Carlyle, was kicked by a horse, receiving a dangerous wound. His recovery is doubtful.

THOMAS CARBINE, a member of the notorious Mortell-McGrath gang, at Chicago, was shot and fatally wounded by Officer Patrick Harding, while resisting arrest.

WITH bankruptcy staring him in the face L. H. Hasse, a harness dealer of Elgin, went to Chicago and committed suicide by swallowing an ounce of laudanum.

SHERIFF NOWLAN, of Vermilion County, captured J. W. Hitchen recently, after a search for two years. He is wanted for forgery and obtaining money under false pretenses.

FROM the result of a fall from a building W. F. Kern, a Lincoln carpenter, aged 73 years, died. Mrs. Strickler, Mrs. Sherman, Mrs. Lasher and Louis Kern, of Chicago, are children of his.

AT Lincoln, Company G, Fifth Infantry, I. N. G., Lieutenant McIlvane in command, dedicated the tomb of their late comrade, William Lilley. Captain Wilkin, of the Fourth Regiment, officiated.

AT the school election at Clay City considerable interest was created. Several women exercised their right of suffrage for the first time by voting for their favorite, which resulted in the election of J. N. Duff.

HENRY LILLY, the Vandalia barber, who tried to kill his wife about a month ago by cutting her throat with a pocket-knife, was sentenced in the Circuit Court by Judge Phillips to ten years in the penitentiary at Chester.

PETER LARSON, while at work in the stone yards at Racine avenue, Chicago, turned to Louis Schneider and drawing a revolver exclaimed: "I will try my gun." A loud report followed and Larson dropped to the ground dead. He was a Swede and leaves a family.

DR. J. F. MCKENZIE, of Leroy, is the reputed successor to Dr. Carriel in the management of the Central Illinois Hospital for the Insane. He is a resident of Leroy and a man of considerable experience in his profession. He is a brother-in-law of Vice President Stevenson.

J. M. LANE, a citizen of Queen's Lake, who has heretofore borne a good reputation, was arrested and placed under $1,000 bonds to answer to the charge of burglary. He is accused of breaking into the residence of John Baehr and attempting to shoot his wife. Mrs. Baehr claims that the burglar was disguised as a negro, but was recognized by her as Lane. The latter claims he is innocent and is the victim of a woman's spite work.

DURING the past few weeks five barns have been burned in the Second Ward of Lincoln, all being close to the business part of the town. The fifth of these fires occurred Friday night, when Major T. J. Larison's barn burned, with the same evidence of incendiarism which has marked part of the other fires. Besides the barn and contents, valued at $600, a valuable horse was burned. No insurance. The loss on the five barns burned recently is over $5,000.

CHESTER SWEARINGEN, an aeronaut, was seriously injured in a balloon ascension accident at Highland Park, Quincy, Sunday afternoon. He attempted to make a parachute jump, and started up hanging to the parachute. The wind drove the balloon against a tree, and when about forty feet from the ground the man was knocked off. He struck the limb of a tree in his fall and came whirling to the ground, alighting on his chest. His right arm was broken and he was injured internally, the only recover. The accident was witnessed by a large crowd.

AN unknown man, apparently about 22 years old, was found dead in a barn near Naperville. There is no clew to his identity.

THE Olney city election resulted in a sweeping Republican victory. The majorities range all the way from 75 to 100. James E. Wharf is elected Mayor for the third time by a majority of 127.

C. HARRIN, employed by the Illinois Central Railroad Company as baggageman at Centralia, attempted to board a passing freight train, slipped and missed his hold and fell between the cars. He was killed almost instantly, the wheels passing over his body. His home is in Hyde Park.

THE Springfield Presbyterian Society of the Home Board of Missions of the Presbyterian Church held its annual session in the Presbyterian church in Lincoln. After the welcome extended by Mrs. D. H. Gardner, of Lincoln, addresses were delivered by the president, Mrs. Emerson Glover, of Jacksonville, and by Mrs. Shultz of Decatur; Mrs. Mary Gillespie, of Lincoln; Mrs. Garrett Snyder, of Springfield; Mrs. C. W. Robinson, of Bloomington; and Mrs. C. G. Averill.

A STRANGER man of gigantic build was seen in the woods near St. Libory, in the southern part of St. Clair County, last week in an almost nude condition. He disappeared as soon as discovered, and the report that a wild man was at large in the community caused great excitement. Officers organized and made a search. He was found burrowed in a straw stack. After a desperate resistance he was overpowered and taken to St. Libory. After being clothed and fed the stranger suddenly became frenzied, tore his clothing into shreds and escaped into the woods. He was recaptured. The man weighs about 200 pounds, gives the name of Peter Hoffman and claims his home is at Evansville, Ind.

DIPHTHERIA is epidemic in the town of Staunton and its vicinity, a few miles southeast of Hillsboro. There been several deaths. The public schools have been closed and a rigid quarantine is enforced.

Now is the time when the back-town farmer might be expected to give second thought to an argument for better country roads. With the wheels of his wagon up to their hubs in mud, the beauties of the antiquated poll-tax system of road-making, where by the man who can tell the most and largest stories and do the least work is reckoned the best man on the job, must appear beautifully less.