IN FIELD AND WOOD.

TALMAGE'S THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY MAYTIME.

Beautiful Imagery of the Bible Drawn from the Woods and Fields—The Garden of the Lord Open to All Who Will Enter.

The Tabernacle Pulpit.

Rev. Dr. Talmage was in Philadelphia Sunday, participating in the services at the ordination of his son, Rev. Frank Talmage, to the ministry. He dictated the following sermon, however, on a timely and seasonable topic, "Maytime Thoughts,' the text selected being the beautiful works of Solomon's Song iv; 15, "A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters and streams from Lebanon:"

Some of the finest gardens of olden times were to be found at the foot of Mount Lebanon. Snow descended, and winter whitened the top of the mountain. Then when the warm spring weather came the snows melted and poured down the side of the mountain and gave great luxuriance to the gardens at the foot, and you see now the allusion of my text when it speaks of the fountain of gardens and streams from Lebanon.

Again and again the church is represented as a garden all up and down the word of God, and it is a figure specially suggestive at this season of the year, when the parks and orchards are about to put forth their blossom and the air is filled with bird voices.

A Mother's Device.

A mother wished to impress her child with the love of God, and so in the spring-time, after the ground had been prepared in the garden, she took a handful of flower seeds and scattered these seeds in the shape of letters across the bed of the garden. Weeks passed by, and the rains and the sunshine had done their work, and one day the child came and said, "Mother, come quickly to the garden—come now." The mother followed the child to the garden, and the little child said: "Look here, mother! See! It is spelled all over the ground in flowers, 'God is Love.'"

Oh, my friends, if we only had faith enough, we could see gospel lessons all around and about us—lessons in shells on the beach, lessons in sparkles on the wave, lessons in stars on the sky, lessons in flowers all over the earth.

Well, my friends, you know very well that there have been some beautiful gardens created. There was the garden of Charlemagne, and you remember that this King ordered gardens laid out all through the realm and decided by decree of government what kind of flowers should be planted in those gardens. Henry IV at Montpeiller decreed that there should be flowers planted throughout his realm and gardens laid out, and he specially decreed that there should be Arabian and French plants. Shenstone, the poet, was more celebrated for his gardens than for his poetry. His poetry has faded from the ages for the most part, but his gardens are immortal. To all the beauty of his place he added perfection of art. Palisade and arch and arbor and fountain and rustic temple had their most wonderful specimens, and the oak and the hazel, and the richest woods of the forest were planted in that garden. He had genius, and he had industry, and all his genius and all his industry he applied to the beautification of that garden. He gave for it $85,000, or what was equal to that number of dollars. It was an expensive garden, laid out with great elaboration. And yet I have to tell you now of a garden of vaster expense, the garden spoken of in my text, a fountain of gardens with the streams from Lebanon.

Affecting Story of Walter Scott.

Walter Scott had the great ambition of his life to build Abbotsford and lay out extensive gardens round about it. It broke his heart that he could not complete the work as he desired it. At his last payment of £100,000, after laying out those gardens and building that palace of Abbotsford, at that time his heart broke his health failed, and he died almost an imbecile.

A few years ago, when I walked through those gardens and I thought at what vast expense they had been laid out—at the expense of that man's life—it seemed I could see in the crimson flowers the blood of the old man's broken heart. But I have to tell you now of a garden laid out at a vaster expense—who can calculate that vast expense? Tell me, ye women who watched him hang; tell me, ye executioners who lifted and let him down; tell me, thou sun that didst hide and ye rocks that did fall, what the laying out of this garden cost? This morning, amid the aroma and brightness of the springtime, it is appropriate that I show you how the church of Christ is a garden.

I remark first it is a garden because of the rare plants in it. That would be a strange garden in which there were no flowers. If you cannot find them anywhere else, you will find them along the paths, and you will find them at the gateway.

If there be no especial taste and no especial means, you will find there the hollyhock, and the daffodil, and the dahlia. If there be no especial taste and no especial means, you will find the Mexican cactus, and the bluebell, and the arbutus, and the clusters of oleanders.

The Garden of the Lord.

Flowers there must be in every garden, and I have to tell you that in the garden of the church are the rarest plants. Sometimes you will find the violets, in conspicuous, but sweet as Heaven—Christian souls with no pretense, but of vast usefulness, comparatively unknown on earth, but to be glorious in celestial spheres. Violets and violets all the time. You cannot tell where these Christians have been save by the brightening face of the invalid, or the steaming tureen on the stand near the sick pillow, or the new curtain that keeps out the glare of the sun from the poor man's cot. Such characters are perhaps better typified by the ranunculus which goes creeping between the thorns and the briers of this life, giving a kiss for a sting, and many a man has thought that life before him was a black rock of trouble and found it covered all over with delightsome jasmine of Christian sympathy.

In this garden of the Lord I find the Mexican cactus, loveliness within, thorns without, a man with great sharpness of behavior and manner, but within them the peace of God, the love of God, the grace of God. They are hard men to handle, ugly men to touch, very apt to strike back when you strike them, yet within them all loveliness and attractions, while outside so completely unfortunate. Mexican cactus all the time.

Said a placid elder to a Christian minister: "Doctor, you would do better to control your temper." "Ah!" said the minister to the placid elder, "I control more temper in five minutes than you do in five years." These people, gifted men, who have great exasperation of manner and seem to be very different from what they should be, really have in their souls that holy comfort given them to the Lord. Mexican cactus all the time. So a man said to me years ago: "Do you think I ought to become a member of the church? I have such a violent temper.

Punishing a Milkman.

"Yesterday I was crossing Jersey City ferry. It was early in the morning, and I saw a milkman putting a large quantity of water into his can, and I said, 'That is enough, sir,' and he got off the cart and insulted me, and I knocked him down. "Well," said he, "do you think I could ever become a Christian?" That man had in his soul the grace of the Lord Jesus, but outside he was full of thorns, and full of brambles, and full of exasperations, but he could not hear the story of a Saviour's mercy told without having the tears roll down his cheek. There was loveliness within, but roughness outside. Mexican cactus all the time.

But I remember in boyhood that we had in our father's garden what we called the Giant of Battle, a peculiar rose, very red and fiery. Suggestive flower, it was called the Giant of Battle. And so in the garden of the Lord we find that kind of flower—the Pauls and Martin Luthers, the Wyclifs, the John Knoxes—giants of battle. What in other men is a spark in them is a conflagration. When they pray, their prayers take fire; when they suffer, they sweat great drops of blood; when they preach, it is a pentecost; when they fight it is a Thermopylæ; when they die it is a martyrdom—giants of battle. You say, "Why have we not more of them in the church of Christ at this time?" I answer your question by asking another, "Why have we not more Cromwells and Humboldts in the world?" God wants only a few giants of battle. They do their work, and they do it well.

But I find also in the church of God a plant that I shall call the snowdrop. Very beautiful, but cold. It is very pure to have as the snowdrop, beautiful as the snowdrop and as cold as the snowdrop. no special sympathy. That kind of a man never loses his patience. He never weeps; he never flushes with anger; he never utters a rash word. Always cold, always precise, always passive—beautiful snowdrop. But I don't like him. I would rather have one Giant of Battle than 1,000 snowdrops.

Give me a man who may make some mistakes in his ardor for the Lord's service rather than that kind of a nature which spends its whole life doing but one thing, and that is keeping equilibrium. There are snowdrops in all the churches—men without any sympathy. Very good. They are in the garden of the Lord, therefore I suppose they ought to be there, but always snowdrops.

The Century Plant.

You have seen in some places perhaps a century plant. I do not suppose there is a person in this house who has ever seen more than one century plant in full bloom, and when you see the century plant your emotions are stirred. You look at it and say, "This flower has been gathering up its beauty for a whole century, and it will not bloom again for another hundred years." Well, I have to tell you that in this garden of the church spoken of in my text there is a century plant.

It has gathered up its bloom from all the ages of eternity, and 19 centuries ago it put forth its glory. It is not only a century plant, but a passion flower—the passion flower of Christ, a crimson flower, blood at the root and blood on the leaves, the passion flower of Jesus, the century plant of eternity. Come, O winds from the north, and winds from the south, and winds from the east, and winds from the west, and scatter the perfume of this flower through all nations.

His worth, if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love Him too.

Then, the myrrh of all those ages, hast garments smelling of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces.

I go further and say the church of Christ is appropriately compared to a garden because of its thorough irrigation. There can be no luxuriant garden without plenty of water. I saw a garden in the midst of the desert amid the Sierra Mountains. I said, "How is it possible you have so many flowers, so much fruit, in a desert for miles around?" I suppose some of you have seen those gardens. Well, they told me they had aqueducts and pipes reaching up to the hills, and the snows melted on the Sierra Nevada and the Rocky Mountains and then poured down in water to those aqueducts and it kept the fields in great luxuriance. And I thought to myself—how like the garden of Christ! All around it the barrenness of sin and the barrenness of the world, but our eyes are unto the hills, from whence cometh our help. There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God—the fountain of gardens and streams from Lebanon. Water to slake the thirst, water to refresh the fainting, water to wash the unclean, water to toss up in fountains under the sun of righteousness until you can see the rainbow around the throne.

The Streams of Lebanon.

I wandered in a garden of Brazilian cashew nut, and I saw the luxuriance of those gardens was helped by the abundant supply of water. I came to it on a day when strangers were not admitted, but by a strange coincidence, at the moment I got in, the king's chariot passed, and the gardener went up on the hill and turned on the water, and it came flashing down the broad stairs of stone until sunlight and wave in gleesome wrestle tumbled at my feet. And so it is with this garden of Christ. Everything comes from above—pardon from above, peace from above, comfort from above, sanctification from above. Streams from Lebanon! Oh, the consolation in this thought! Would God that the gardeners turned on the fountain of salvation until the place where we sit and stand might become Elim with 12 wells of water and threescore and ten palm trees. But I hear His sound as the garden gate. I hear the lifting of the latch of the gate. Who comes there? It is the Gardener, who passes in through the garden gate. He comes through this path of the garden, and he comes to an aged man, and he says: "Old man, I come to help thee; I come to strengthen thee. Down to hoary hairs I will shelter thee; I will give thee strength at the time of old age; I will not leave; I will never forsake thee Peace, broken hearted old man, I will be thy consolation forever."

And then Christ, the Gardener, comes up another path of the garden, and he sees a soul in great trouble, and he says, "Hush troubled spirit; the sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night; the Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; the Lord shall preserve thy soul." And then the Gardener comes up another path of the garden, and He comes where there are some beautiful buds, and I say, "Stop, O Gardener; do not break them off." But he breaks them off, the beautiful buds, and I see a great flutter among the leaves, and I wonder what he is doing, and he says: "I do not come to destroy these flowers. I am only going to plant them in a higher terrace and in the garden around my palace. I have come into my garden to gather lilies. I must take back a whole cluster of rosebuds. Peace, troubled soul; all shall be well. Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Oh, glorious Gardener of the church! Christ comes to it now, and he has a right to come. We look into the face of the Gardener as he breaks off the bud, and we say, "Thou art worthy to have them; thy will be done." The hardest prayer a bereaved father or mother ever uttered—"Thy will be done."

But you have noticed that around every King's garden there is a high wall. You may have stood at the wall of a King's court and thought, "How I would like to see that garden!" and while you were watching the gardener opened the gate, and the royal equipage swept through it, and you caught a glimpse of the garden, but only a glimpse, for then the gates closed.

The Ever Open Gates.

I bless God that this garden of Christ has gates on all sides, that they are opened by day, opened by night, and whosoever will may come in. Oh, how many there are who die in the desert when they might revel in the garden! How many there are who are seeking in the garden of this world that satisfaction which they never can find!

It was so with Theodore Hook, who made all nations laugh while he was living. And yet Theodore Hook on a certain day, when in the midst of his revelry he caught a glimpse of his own face and his own apparel in the mirror, said: "That is true. I look just as I am—lost, boby, mind, soul and estate, lost!" And so it was with Shenstone. We look at his garden, of which I spoke in the beginning of my sermon. He sat down amid all its beauty and wrung his hands and said, "I have lost my way to happiness; I am frantic; I hate everything, I hate myself as a mad man ought to." Alas! so many in the gardens of this world are looking for that flower they can never find except in the garden of Christ.

Substantial comfort will not grow
In nature's barren soil.
All we can boast till Christ we know
Is vanity and toil.

How many have tried all the fountains of this world's pleasure, but never tasted of the stream from Lebanon! How many have reveled in other gardens to their soul's ruin, but never plucked one flower from the garden of our God! I swing open all the gates of the garden and invite you in, whatever your history, whatever your sins, whatever your temptations, whatever your trouble. The invitation comes no more to one than to all. "Whosoever will, let him come."

The flowers of earthly gardens soon fade; but, blessed be God, there are garlands that never wither, and through the grace of Christ Jesus we may enter into the joys which are provided for us at God's right hand. Oh, come into the garden. And remember, as the closing thought, that God not only brings us into a garden here, but a garden all the way with those who trust and love and serve him, a garden all through the struggles of this life, a garden all up the slope of heaven.

There everlasting spring abides
And never withered flowers.
Death, a narrow stream, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

The Other Sort of Swindler.

There were six or eight of us in the smoking-car as the train was running down to West Point from Atlanta, and everything was lovely until the seventh man got on at a small station. He had no sooner entered the car than he looked fixedly at the man who had been telling us snake stories, and directly he walked up to him and called out:

"Ha! you infernal swindler, I've found you at last!"

"Who's a swindler?"

"You are!"

"I never saw you before!"

"You're a liar, and I'm going to pound $18 worth of cash out of you!"

It was presently discovered that he recognized the snake story man as a fruit-tree agent who had sold him some grape vines which did not show up, and he was spitting on his hands and making ready to do the pounding, when the other remarked:

"My dear fellow, I insist upon it that you are mistaken. I was never in the fruit-tree business, and I never swindled you out of $18."

"I say you did."

"Never! Instead of swindling you out of $18 on grape vines, I am the man who charged you $16 too much for a sewing machine, and here's your money!"

"Well, now, come to look more closely at you, I believe you're right," said the seventh man.

"Of course I'm right," growled the other, as he counted out the money, "and I warn you to be a little more careful in future. I have a reputation to sustain, and grape-vine swindles are not in my line. Here's your $16, and now I think you ought to apologize!"—*M. Quad.*

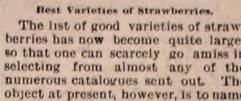
HOME AND THE FARM.

A DEPARTMENT MADE UP FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

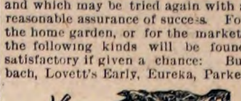
Well Tried Varieties of Strawberries—Requisites for Good Cows—Profitable Pig Raising—Drained Land for Clover—How to Sharpen Stakes—Notes, Etc.

Best Varieties of Strawberries.

The list of good varieties of strawberries has now become quite large, so that one can scarcely go amiss in selecting from almost any of the numerous catalogues sent out. The object at present, however, is to name a few varieties which have been tried and which may be tried again with a reasonable assurance of success. For the home garden, or for the market, the following kinds will be found satisfactory if given a chance: Bubach, Lovett's Early, Eureka, Parker



WARFIELD. HAVERLAND.



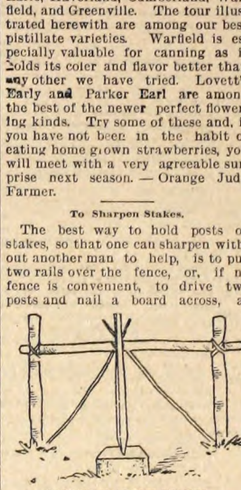
EUREKA. BUBACH.

SOME GOOD STRAWBERRIES.

Earle, Haverland, Cumberland, Warfield, and Greenville. The four illustrated herewith are among our best pistillate varieties. Warfield is especially valuable for canning as it holds its color and flavor better than any other we have tried. Lovett's Early and Parker Earl are among the best of the newer perfect flowering kinds. Try some of these and, if you have not been in the habit of eating home grown strawberries, you will meet with a very agreeable surprise next season. — Orange Judd Farmer.

To Sharpen Stakes.

The best way to hold posts or stakes, so that one can sharpen without another man to help, is to put two rails over the fence, or, if no fence is convenient, to drive two posts and nail a board across, as



HOW TO SHARPEN STAKES.

shown in the cut, fastening the rails with chain or rope so that they will keep in place. The ends of the rails want to be high enough to be out of the way of the ax. The block should be in front enough so that the post will lean and keep in place. It enables the one at work to use both hands if he wants them and the post is always in position as turned around.

Requisites for Cows.

For fifteen years I have fed and milked my own cows, and in that time have tried all kinds of feed and nearly every kind of cow. Regularity as to time and quantity of feed has nearly as much to do with the quantity of milk as does the quality of feed. I try to feed my cows at the same time each morning and evening and make the cow's appetite the gauge of the amount, always giving as near as possible just what she will eat up clean. I use as far as possible a mixed ration, composed of hay, grain, and cottonseed meal, in the proportion of three quarts of grain to one of cottonseed meal, with all the hay she will eat up clean. The best ration I ever used was composed of one part of peas, two of corn and four of oats, well mixed and ground together. Of this I give from eight to twelve quarts per day, according to the size of the cow, the hay, of course, included. I give, in addition to the above, about three times a week, wheat bran all they will eat, besides the parings of potatoes, turnips, etc., from the kitchen. But I would never allow a cow to drink slop from the kitchen. To make good, pure milk the cow must have pure water. Kindness and good shelter are also prime necessities in the management of a cow. The finest Jersey would prove a failure if curried with the milking stool and sheltered with a barbed wire fence, no matter what kind or how much feed she had.

Late Sweet Corn.

Every farmer should see to it that his family is supplied with that delicious luxury—plenty of sweet corn during the entire season. This can be accomplished by successive planting in the garden or patch devoted to this crop. Let the soil be heavily enriched so that there will be a vigorous growth and fully developed ears. A satisfactory succession of ears is dependant upon the succession of planting, which should be continued at intervals until a time beyond which there would be little hope of securing the maturity of any of the corn; and we prefer to fail in the last planting rather than fail in getting the corn as late as possible. We last year picked (Oct. 15) our last sweet corn, which was deliciously sweet. We usually plant at intervals of two or three weeks from the commencement of the season until as late as the 4th of July; and while occasionally we are caught by early frosts, this event very seldom occurs, and we get the full benefit of our labor from the cultivation of this plant.—Germantown Telegraph.

Manure and Weeds.

A farmer who has manured his hoed crops, no matter with what kinds of fertilizer, has thereby put himself under bonds to wage a harder warfare against the weeds. It is commonly thought that stable manure only increases the number of weeds by bringing to the land additional weed seeds. But other fertilizers, if good for anything, will make weeds grow where none or few were known before. It is with weeds as with cultivated crops. On the very poorest soils weed seeds germinate only in the most favorable conditions. Increase fertility and millions more are ready to germinate. Thorough and frequent cultivation increases the number of weed seeds that sprout. But it also insures that the weed seed goes no farther than sprouting, and, what is better, by being destroyed at this early stage it adds its mite to soil fertility instead of taking from it.

Canada Geese.

Our illustration which we re-engrave from Poultry World is of a pair of Canada Geese. They are not a variety but a species and are found in the wild state and also domesticated. As soon as the ice breaks up

CANADA GEESE.

in spring they may be seen on the way North and their passage is looked upon as a harbinger of spring. They fly with great swiftness. In the wild state they are very cautious and difficult to shoot, but they are easily domesticated by severing the first joint of the wing so they can not fly. The markings are the same on the wild and tame.

Profitable Pig Raising.

In order for a farmer to make pig raising pay, says the National Stockman, he must breed his sows that they will farrow two litters of pigs each year, and to have two litters a year there must be a fall pig in the pen. There should be one litter the last of March or the first of April, and the other the last of September or first of October. With a good warm pen to sleep in, good clean feeding floors and plenty of brown middling slops and a little corn, the fall pig will get a good start before Christmas. Have a place separate from the sows for the pigs to go to for their feed. As soon as they show signs of wanting to eat a little put a little slop in a shallow trough and when about one month old they will begin to sup a little each day, and as they grow older of course they will take more of it. When cold weather sets in warm the slops.

Dairy Dots.

ANY plan of working the butter that scrapes it will injure the grain to a more or less extent.

THE quality of the butter depends more upon the operator than upon the plan of operation.

WITH a large class of farmers the lessons in dairying must be largely upon the kind of cow and her management.

THE proportionate cost of a pound of butter will vary by theper fection of the machinery used in its manufacture.

ONE item in farm dairying is to see that nothing is allowed to go to waste either before or after the butter is made.

IT is what a cow digests with the least expenditure of nervour force that determines the proportionate value of the ration.

THE value of the dairy cow must be gauged by the amount of solids she will give for a certain amount of food consumed.

MILK giving and beef forming are not analogous and to a certain extent at least, each needs its special breeding and feeding.

NO SKILL of making can govern the fleeting flavors of butter, so that usually the quicker the best butter is on the market the better.

CHANGE the cow's food once in awhile. She will appreciate it. Even a change to a less valuable food for a time or two would be profitable.

POOR butter in neat packages will sell better than good butter in mussy, dirty looking packages, but good butter in neat packages sells best.

DON'T stint your cows for room. In England the rule is four cubic feet of space for each 100 pounds of animal. Here fully as much or more is needed.

Orchard and Garden.

THE rhubard and asparagus plants will be the better for a good covering of coarse manure at this time.

AN old grape vine does not require manure close to the stem as the small roots are farther away.

IF your trees are to be shipped some distance, arrange to have them packed in boxes rather than bales.

WHEN plants are wanted the runners should be encouraged, but when fruit is desired keep them cut off.

THERE is no better trademark than the growers name, with well grown, carefully assorted fruit, honestly put up in neat, clean packages, of full capacity, to back it up.

Fruits.

It is not the economical and intelligent fruit-grower who props the limbs of his trees when the trees are overloaded with fruit. The proper plan is to thin out the fruit, and it should be done while the fruit is small. When a tree bends with the great weight of extra fruit it is compelled to do extra duty in supplying food, while the fruit will not be as good as when but a partial crop is borne on the tree. Thinning the fruit gives more attractive fruit and better prices.

AT York, Pa., in the orchard of Simon Mutcher, there is a tree that annually bears a crop of three different kinds of fruit, pears, peaches, and apples.

MANY a man has been done up by his friends who couldn't be done up by his enemies.

AROUND A GREAT STATE.

BRIEF COMPILATION OF ILLINOIS NEWS.

Narrow Escape of a Burlington Train—Entire Family Drowned at Carmi—Killed by Caving Banks—Several Losses by Fire—Cyclone at Zanesville.

From Far and Near.

FIRE in John Powers' wagon factory at Cairo caused $10,000 damage.

THE Catholic church and parsonage at Franklin burned; loss $18,000.

A. H. PHILLIPS, for several years a Supervisor, died at Vandalia, aged 56 years.

AT Cairo the American steam laundry was destroyed. The loss is $6,000; insured for $4,000.

THE steamer Dolphin passed Alton with 2,500,000 feet of lumber in tow, the largest on record.

J. B. CROWLEY, Judge of Crawford County, has sent in his resignation of the office to Gov. Altgeld.

THE safe in the hardware store of Frank McClure at Hane was blown open Monday night and nearly $200 in cash and checks taken.

THE Ricker National Bank of Quincy sent the following telegram to Secretary Carlisle: "This bank offers you $100,000 gold coin." The offer was accepted.

MRS. ADLAI E. STEVENSON, wife of the Vice President, who was indisposed quite seriously during her visit to Chicago, arrived at Bloomington much better.

THE corner stone of the new Lutheran memorial church was laid at Quincy in the presence of a large crowd. The ceremonies were conducted by Rev. L. B. Barnitz.

THE Auditor of Public Accounts granted a final certificate of organization to the Chicago City Bank at Chicago, which commenced business with a capital stock of $200,000.

A SMALL cyclone passed northwest of Hillsboro, doing considerable damage. At Atwater and Zanesville, small villages, several buildings were blown down and a number unroofed.

NEAR Marshall's Ferry, White County, Peter Jackson was caught in the current of the Wabash River, which is now miles wide, and his skiff was overturned and Jackson, his wife and two children were drowned.

CHARLES GATES was killed near Curran by the caving in of the banks of a trench in which he was working. Geo. Cox, who was also buried in the trench, was rescued alive by a third man who stepped onto the bank a moment before the cave occurred.

JUDGE SHAW, of Rockford, has some doubts about the sanity of William Burke, the matricide, and has decided to set aside his plea of guilty pending an inquiry into Burke's soundness of mind. If it is found that he is not insane the death penalty will be imposed.

IN special orders the Adjutant General announces that a permission has been granted to the Centenary Cavalry Cadets of Chicago to drill and parade with arms but without ammunition until Dec. 31. Privates Frank Lambert and Gottlieb Egle of Company B, Third Infantry, have been honorably discharged.

CORONER EASLEY, of Greenville, was called to Mulberry Grove, to hold an inquest over the remains of Mrs Jeff Harper, who had committed suicide by slashing her throat in a horrible manner with a razor. Just before cutting her own throat she killed her married daughter by cutting her throat with the same razor. Insanity was the cause.

FOUR boys named Stewart and Berrin, brothers, from 9 to 12 years old, went into Burton Cave, ten miles east of Quincy, and their torch going out they become lost in the darkness. For three days and a half they wandered around in their living tomb trying to find the entrance, but without avail. They had no food, and their condition was pitiful. Searching parties were organized, and the boys were found.

AFTER twice trying unsuccessfully to wreck a Burlington train in Adams County, an unknown gang succeeded Thursday in ditching a fast west-bound passenger train, near Colchester. The whole train ran into a ditch. The train was running at the rate of a mile a minute at the time, and the engine and five of the six coaches in the train were demolished, but as if by a miracle no one was seriously hurt. The coaches sank in the mud above the wheels, and the engine was half buried.

IT'S a pity, says the Chicago Record, the House of Representatives at Springfield can't find something better to do than to take into serious consideration such a bill as that patent-medicine measure introduced by Representative Burke. The bill stipulates that no patent medicines shall be sold unless they bear a wrapper upon which shall be printed, "in plain Roman type," the recipe of the ingredients contained. Now there may be poor patent medicines. There undoubtedly are. But there are also poor mechanical inventions, poor books and poor plays. We have yet to learn that the Government has revoked any patents or any copyrights because the things patented or copyrighted were not of a certain standard. The principle in the case of so-called "patent" medicines is the same. Why should the State destroy the business of the men making a carefully compounded medicine—as this bill proposes, in effect, to do—on the plea that some patent medicines are not the superior article. What under the sun do the legislators claim that this bill can do that ought to be done? It certainly promises absolutely nothing toward an actual benefit or protection of the public. Consequently it is entitled to hold a front rank among the pernicious "sand-bagging" schemes which have made their appearance in Springfield.

THE towboat E. M. Norton, owned by the St. Louis and Mississippi Valley Transportation Company, burned in the Mississippi River twenty-five miles below Cairo. It was valued at $12,000.

THE Okaw River has flooded all the bottom-lands in the vicinity of Vandalia. Hundreds of cattle and hogs have been drowned and miles of fencing have been washed away.

FIVE prisoners in the County Jail at Quincy attempted to blow it to pieces with dynamite, but the scheme was frustrated by the force of the explosive expending itself on the interior of the jail without doing much damage to the wall. One of the prisoners was stunned by the concussion, but not severely hurt. The other four escaped unhurt. Where they obtained the dynamite is a mystery.