DEATH IS A SUNRISE.

DR. TALMAGE PICTURES THE FELICITIES OF FUTURE LIFE.

How Men Go Through God's Thrashing Machine—The Fruits of Trial and Tribulation Are Eternal Joy and Peace in the Blissful Hereafter.

The Tabernacle Pulpit.

Rev. Dr. Talmage chose as the subject for this sermon "The Thrashing Machine," the text being from Isaiah xxviii, 27, 28, "For the fitches are not thrashed with a thrashing instrument, neither is a cart wheel turned about upon the cummin, but the fitches are beaten out with a staff and the cummin with a rod. Bread corn is bruised because he will not ever be thrashing it."

There are three kinds of seed mentioned—fitches, cummin, and corn. Of the last we all know. But it may be well to state that the fitches and the cummin were small seeds, like the carraway or the chickpea. When these grains or herbs were to be thrashed, they were thrown on the floor, and the workmen would come around with staff or rod or flail and beat them until the seed would be separated, but when the corn was to be thrashed that was thrown on the floor, and the men would fasten horses or oxen to a cart with iron dented wheels. That cart would be drawn around the thrashing floor, and so the work would be accomplished. Different kinds of thrashing for different products. "The fitches are not thrashed with a thrashing instrument, neither is a cart wheel turned about upon the cummin, but the fitches are beaten out with a staff and the cummin with a rod. Bread corn is bruised because he will not ever be thrashing it."

The great thought that the text presses upon our souls is that we all go through some kind of thrashing process. The fact that you may be devoting your life to honorable and noble purposes will not win you any escape. Wilberforce, the Christian emancipator, was in his day derisively called "Dr. Cantwell." Thomas Babington Macaulay, the advocate of all that was good long before he became the most conspicuous historian of his day, was caricatured in one of the quarterly reviews as "Babble-tongue Macaulay." Norman McLeod, the great friend of the Scotch poor, was industriously maligned in all quarters, although on the day when he was carried out to his burial a workman stood and looked at the funeral procession and said, "If he had done nothing for anybody more than he has done for me, he should shine as the stars forever and ever." All the small wits of London had their fling at John Wesley, the father of Methodism.

If such men could not escape the maligning of the world, neither can you expect to get rid of the sharp, keen stroke of the tribulation. All who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution. Besides that there are the sicknesses, and the bankruptcies, and the irritations, and the disappointments which are ever putting a cup of aloes to your lip. Those wrinkles on your face are hieroglyphics which, if deciphered, would make out a thrilling story of trouble. The footstep of the world is seen the next morning on the snow, and on the white hairs of the aged are the footprints showing where swift trouble alighted.

Clouds With Sunshine.

Even amid the joys and hilarities of life trouble will sometimes break in. As when the people were assembled in the Charlestown theater during the Revolutionary war and while they were witnessing a farce the audience was in great gratulation the guns of an advancing army were heard and the audience broke up in wild panic and ran for their lives, so ofttimes while you are seated amid the joys and festivities of this world you hear the cannonade of some great disaster. All the fitches, and the cummin, and the corn must come down on the threshing floor and be pounded.

My subject, in the first place, teaches us that it is no compliment to us if we escape great trial. The fitches and the cummin on the thrashing floor might look over to the corn on another thrashing floor and say: "Look at that poor, miserable, bruised corn! We have only been a little pounded, but that has been almost destroyed." Well, the corn, if it had lips, would answer and say: "Do you know the reason you have not been as much pounded as I have? It is because you are not of so much worth as I am. If you were, you would be as severely run over."

Yet there are men who suppose they are the Lord's favorites simply because their barns are full, and their bank account is flush, and there are no funerals in the house. It may be because they are fitches and cummin, while down at the end of the lane the poor widow may be the Lord's corn. You are but little pounded because you are but little worth, and she is bruised and ground because she is the best part of the harvest.

The heft of the threshing machine is according to the value of the grain. If you have not been much thrashed in life, perhaps there is not much to thrash! If you have not been much shaken of trouble, perhaps it is because there is going to be a very small yield. When there are plenty of blackberries, the gatherers go out with large baskets, but when the draught has almost consumed the fruit then a quart measure will do as well. It took the venomous snake on Paul's hand, and the pounding of him with stones until he was taken up for dead, and the jamming against him of prison gates, and the Ephesian vociferation, and the skinned ankles of the painful stocks, and the foundering of the Alexandrian corn ship, and the beheading stroke of the Roman Sheriff to bring Paul to his proper development.

It was not because Robert Moffat and Lady Rachel Russel and Frederick Oberlin were worse than other people that they had to suffer. It was because they were better, and God wanted to make them best. By the carefulness of the thrashing you may always conclude the value of the grain.

God Tempers Our Trials.

Next my text teaches us that God proportions our trials to what we can bear. The staff for the fitches, the rod for the cummin. The iron wheel for the corn. Sometimes people in great trouble say, "Oh, I can't bear it!" But you did bear it. God would not have sent it upon you if He did not know that you could bear it. You trembled, and you swooned, but you got through. God will not take from your eyes one tear too many, nor from your lungs one sigh too deep, nor from your temples one throb too sharp. The perplexities of your earthly business have not in them one tangle too intricate.

You sometimes feel as if our world were full of blows flying haphazard. Oh, no! They are thrashing instruments that God just suits to your case. There is not a dollar of bad debts on your ledger, or a disappointment about goods that you expected to go up, but that have gone down, or a swindle of your business partner, or a trick on the part of those who are in the same kind of business that you are, but God intended to overrule for your immortal help. "Oh," you say, "there is no need talking that way to me. I don't like to be cheated and outraged." Neither does the corn like the corn thrashes, but after it has been thrashed and winnowed it has a great deal better opinion of winnowing mills and corn thrashers.

"Well," you say, "if I could choose my troubles I would be willing to be troubled." Ah, my brother, then it would not be trouble. You would choose something that would not hurt, and unless it hurts it does not get sanctified. Your trial perhaps may be childlessness. You are fond of children. You say, "Why will not God send children to that other household where they are unwelcome and are beaten and banged about, when I would have taken them in the arms of my affections?" You say, "Any other trial but this." Your trial perhaps may be a disfigured countenance or a face that is easily caricatured, and you say, "Oh, I could endure anything if only I was good looking." And your trial perhaps is a violent temper, and you have to drive it like six unbroken horses amid the gunpowder explosions of a great holiday, and ever and anon it runs away with you. Your trials is the asthma. You say, "Oh, if it were rheumatism or neuralgia or erysipelas, but it is this asthma, and it is such an exhausting thing to breathe." Your trouble is a husband, short, sharp, snappy, and cross atout the house and raising a small riot because a button is off! How could you know the button is off?

Your trial is a wife ever in contest with the servants, and she is a sloven. Though she was very careful about her appearance in your presence once, now she is careless because she said her fortune is made! Your trial is a hard school lesson you cannot learn, and you have broken your finger nails until they were a sight to behold. Everybody has some vexation or annoyance or trial, and he or she thinks it is the one least adapted. "Anything but this," all say, "Anything but this."

Fault Finders Rebuked.

Oh, my hearer, are you not ashamed to be complaining all this time against God? Who manages the affairs of this world anyhow? Is it an infinite Modoc, or a Sitting Bull, or a Geronimo, or an unlicensed Nana Sahib? No; it is the most merciful and glorious and wise Being in all the universe. You cannot teach Omnipotence anything. You have fretted and worried almost enough. Do you not think so? Some of you are making yourselves ridiculous in the sight of the angels.

Again, my subject teaches us that God keeps trial on us until we let go. The farmer shouts "whoa!" to his horses as soon as the grain has dropped from the stalk. The farmer comes with his fork and tosses up the straw, and he sees that the straw has let go the grain and the grain is thoroughly thrashed. So God, Smiting and turning wheel of trouble cease as soon as we let go. We hold on to this world with its pleasures and riches and emoluments, and our knuckles are so firmly set that it seems as if we could hold on forever. God comes along with some thrashing trouble and beats us loose. We started under the delusion that this was a great world.

We learned out of our geography that it was so many thousand miles in diameter and so many thousand miles in circumference, and we said, "Oh, my, what a world!" Troubles came in after life, and this trouble sliced off one part of the world and that trouble sliced off another part of the world, and it has got to be a smaller world and in some of your estimations a very insignificant world, and it is depreciating all the time as a spiritual property. Ten per cent. off, 50 per cent. off, and there are those here who would not give 10 cents for this world—for the entire world—as a soul possession.

Friendship.

We thought that friendship was a grand thing. In school we used to write compositions about friendship, and perhaps we made our graduating speech on commencement day on friendship. Oh, it was a charmed thing, but does it mean as much to you as it used to? You have gone on in life, and one friend has betrayed you, and another friend has misinterpreted you, and another friend has neglected you, and friendship comes now sometimes to mean to you merely another ax to grind.

So with money. We thought if a man had a competency he was safe for all the future, but we have learned that a mortgage may be defeated by an unknown previous incumbrance; that signing your name on the back of a note may be your business death warrant; that a new tariff may change the current of trade; that a man may be rich to-day and poor to-morrow. And God, by all these misfortunes, is trying to loosen our grip, but still we hold on. God smites us with a staff, but we hold on. And He strikes us with a rod, but we hold on. And He sends over us the iron wheel of misfortune, but we hold on.

There are men who keep their grip on this world until the last moment. We suggest to me the condition and conduct of the poor Indian in the boat in the Niagara rapids coming on toward the fall. Seeing that he could not escape, a moment or two before he got to the verge of the plunge he lifted a wine bottle and drank it off and then tossed the bottle into the air. So there are men who clutch the world, and they go down through the rapids of temptation and sin, and they hold on to the very last moment of life, drinking to their eternal damnation as they go over and go down.

Oh, let go! Let go! The test fortunes are in Heaven. There are no abscinding cashiers from that bank, no failing in promises to pay. No sorrow affecting on things above, not on things on the earth. Let go! Depend upon it that God will keep upon you the staff, or the rod, or the iron wheel until you do let go.

No Tears in Heaven.

They never cry in Heaven because they have nothing to cry about. There are no tears of bereavement, for you shall have your friends all around about you. There are no tears of poverty because each one sits at the king's table and has his own chariot of salvation and free access to the wardrobe where princes get their array. No tears of sickness, for there are no pneumonias on the air, and no malarial exhalations from the rolling river of life, and no crutch for the lame limb, and no splint for the broken arm, but the pulses throbbing with the health of the eternal God in a climate like our June before the blossoms fall, or our gorgeous October before the leaves scatter

In that land the souls will talk over the different modes of thrashing. Oh, the story of the staff that struck the fitches, and the rod that beat the cummin, and the iron wheel that went over the corn! Daniel will describe the lions, and Jonah leviathans, and Paul the elmwood whips with which he was scourged, and Eve will tell how sromatic Eden was the day she left it, and John Rogers will tell of the smart of the flame, and Elijah of the fiery team that wheeled him up the sky steeps, and Christ of the numbness and paroxysm and hemorrhages of the awful crucifixion. There they are before the throne of God. On one elevation all those who were struck by the staff. On another all those who by the rod. On another all those who were struck by the iron wheel. And amid the highest altitudes of Heaven all those who were under the wheel. He will not ever be thrashing it.

Not a Sunset.

"Why, how unlike this place is from what I thought when I left the world below. Ministers drew pictures of this land, but how tame compared with the reality! They told me on earth that death was sunset. No, no! It is sunrise? Glorious sunrise! See the light now purpling the hills, and the clouds flame with the coming day!"

Then the gates of Heaven will be opened, and the entranced soul, with the acuteness and power of the celestial vision, will look ten thousands of miles down upon the bannered processions, a river of shining splendor—and will cry out, "Who are they?" And the angel of God standing close by will say, "Don't you know who they are?" "No," says the entranced soul, "I cannot guess who they are." The angel will say: "I will tell you, then, who they are. These are they who came out of great tribulation or thrashing and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

Oh, that I could administer some of these drops of celestial anodyne to those nervous and excited souls. If you would take enough of it, it would cure all your pangs. The thought that you are going to get through with this after awhile, all this sorrow and all this trouble! We shall have a great many grand days in Heaven, but I will tell you which will be the grandest day of all the million ages of Heaven. You say, "Are you sure you can tell me?" Yes, I can. It will be the day we get there. Some say Heaven is a growing more glorious. I suppose it is, but I do not care much about that. Heaven now is good enough for me.

History has no more gratulatory scene than the breaking in of the English army upon Lucknow, India. A few weeks before a massacre had occurred at Cawnpore, and 260 women and children had been put in a room. Then five professional butchers went in and slew them. Then the bodies of the slain were taken out and thrown into a well. As the English army came into Cawnpore they went into the room, and, oh, what a horrid scene! Sword strokes on the wall near the floor, showing that the poor things had crouched when they died, and they saw also that the floor was ankle deep in blood. The soldiers walked on their heels across it lest their shoes be submerged of the carnage. And on that floor of blood there were flowing locks of hair and fragments of dresses.

Despair Turned to Triumph.

Out in Lucknow they had heard of the massacre, and the women were waiting for the same awful death; waiting amid anguish untold; waiting in pain and starvation, but waiting heroically, when one day Havelock and Outram and Norman and Sir David Baird and Peel, the heroes of the English army—hurza for them!—broke in on that horrid scene, and while yet the guns were sounding, and while cheers were issuing from the starving, dying people on the one side, and from the travel worn and powder blackened soldiers on the other—right there in front of the King's palace there was such a scene of handshaking and embracing and bolstering up as would utterly confound the pen of the poet and the pencil of the painter.

And no wonder, when these emaciated women, who had suffered so heroically for Christ's sake, marched out from their incarcerations one wounded English soldier got up in his fatigue and wounds and leaned against the wall and threw his cap up and shouted, "Three cheers, my boys, for the brave women!"

Oh, that was an exciting scene. But a gladder and more triumphat scene will it be when you come up into Heaven from the conflicts and incarcerations of this world streaming with the wounds of battle and wan with hunger, and while the hosts of God are cheering their great hosanna you will strike hands of congratulation and eternal deliverance in the presence of the throne. On that there will be bonfires on every hill of Heaven, and there will be illumination in every place, and there will be a candle in every window—ah, no; I forget, I forget. They will have no need of the candle or of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever. Hail! hail! sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty.

Paid in His Own Coin.

Gath tells a good story concerning a New York millionaire who owns a big stock-farm in New Jersey. He has put in force strict rules about the admittance of curiosity-seekers, and if one happens to get in he is soon hustled off. One day a neighboring farmer called on business. He had never been on the place before, and entering at a gate he found open was strolling around looking for the Superintendent, when the owner, who happened to be there, encountered him. Supposing him to be merely an idler or prying person, he asked him what he was doing there. The farmer, taken aback by such an address, replied: "Nothing." The owner said: "Do you know at which gate you came in?" "I do," said the farmer. "Well, then," said the owner, "get out there as soon as you can," and the farmer walked out. Shortly after the Superintendent came up and inquired if neighbor so-and-so had been there. He was the only one anywhere about who had timber they wanted very much, and they wanted it immediately. He had promised to come that morning to see about the sale of it. "Well," said the owner of the farm: "I shouldn't wonder if I had just sent him off with a flea in his ear. I found a man strolling about here, and supposing him to be one of these stragglers I cleared him out. Where does he live? I will drive over and see him." Off he went post-haste. Reaching the farm-house he drove in, and seeing him began an apology, but was cut short by the farmer, who inquired if he knew at which gate he came in. He said he did. "Then," says the farmer: "I want you to get out as quick as you can"; and the owner of the stock-farm was obliged to depart.

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

Points of Law for Farmers—When to Water Horses—Pneumatic Fountain for Poultry—Common Sense in Farming—Fertility of Pastures, Etc.

Farm Law.

There are certain points of law that govern the rights of farmers that should be known to be used as a guard against personal liability, as well as to protect against an infringement of rights. The question of right to fruit growing upon branches of a tree standing upon land of one and overhanging land of another is liable to arise. It is a settled principle of law that where a tree grows near a boundary line and the roots extend upon the land of another and derive nourishment from such land, even though the branches extend over the line overhanging a neighbor's land, the entire tree is the property of him on whose land it stands, together with all the fruit growing thereon, and it has been decided by the courts of Vermont, Connecticut, and New York, that any attempt to prevent the reaching over and picking such fruit on the part of such neighbor makes an actionable case of assault and battery. In a case in New York where the daughter of the owner of a cherry tree stood upon the division fence and attempted to pick fruit from a limb overhanging a neighbor's land and on being forbidden by such neighbor persisted, the neighbor in attempting to prevent used force, but did no personal injury. On an action the court awarded, and the neighbor was obliged to pay $1,000. Regarding the right to enter upon the land of a neighbor to secure fruit fallen from overhanging branches the law does not seem to be fully settled although decisions in Massachusetts and Vermont seem to imply that such a right existed if it could be executed without injury to the neighbor. These points are probably but faintly understood by average farmers. We judge so for the reason that we heard of a case where the fruit from overhanging branches was all picked by means of a ladder. No trouble grew out of the case although the two owners were at variance, but it is quite clear that the fruit being the property of the owner of the tree, the taking of it by another made a clear case of theft.—Germantown Telegraph.

Pneumatic Fountain for Poultry.

One of the best troughs for supplying fowls with drinking water is made of an empty five-gallon kerosene can as shown in the illustration from the American Agriculturist. A hole two and one-half inches square is cut near the bottom as in Fig. 1. Next cut an empty tin can in two, and about three inches deep as in Fig. 2, and bend the edges in at right angles. With a soldering iron, solder this section of can to the five-gallon tin opposite the hole at Fig. 1, so that when the section is fixed on, the hole will be one-half inch lower than the top rim of Fig. 2. The two put together are seen at Fig. 3. The re-

Fig. 1. Fig. 2. Fig. 3.

sult is that chickens cannot tramp through and soil the water. Five gallons will hold enough for a large flock of fowls, and the drinking pan fills as quickly as they drink from it, and by throwing a sack over the fountain it will keep cool in hot weather, which would be a great advantage in warm climates. It is easily moved from place to place, and is far preferable to open dishes which get so hot in the sun. There must be no holes in the kerosene can, except the one below, or else the water would all rush out, and for the same reason the one hole must be a trifle lower than the top of the tin they drink from. The inventor has found it to act very well, and sends this description, trusting that other poultry lovers will find the contrivance satisfactory.

Watering Horses.

The digestion of food may be very much interfered with by mistakes in watering. This should always be done before feeding and never soon after. The water is absorbed by the intestines with great rapidity. A few minutes will suffice to absorb three or four gallons of water, and this dilutes the salivary secretion so as to supply all the water needed for the digestion of the food, and no water will then be needed soon after feeding. This avoids the washing of undigested food from the stomach into the intestines, where it ferments and produces much gas and causes those frequent colics that on the whole reduce the usefulness of our work horses fully one-half. For every attack of disease cuts off so much of the thread of life, and there are very few horses that are not affected injuriously with colic—the result of mistakes in feeding, but more in watering—sufficiently to have an appreciable result on the duration of life.

Common Sense in Farming.

There is much talk these days about educating the farmer. The right kind of an education is highly beneficial, but the farmer wants common sense and eyes which will see. If he cannot learn by observation and experience then a collegiate education would be useless. If a young man wants to educate himself to be a farmer he must take off his nice clothes, and roll up his shirt sleeves, and go to work in earnest. He must learn by experience, from books and papers, observe what his neighbors are doing; how they manage their farms to make money. He must learn what crop is best adapted to produce the most profitable crops on his farm. This decided one must use his best efforts in the right direction to develop this crop to its fullest extent, and if successful he is on the way to greater success. Forty-five years ago a young farmer, in looking over his farm in order to decide what would be the best crop to rely on for profit, concluded to set an apple orchard. With this object in view he went to work. He raised trees from the seed, budded or grafted them, and then they were set out on the farm. The natural trees he renovated and grafted. The result was just as he expected. He now has an orchard which gives more profit for the labor bestowed than any other crop on the farm, and will without doubt for years to come.

Depth of Corn Roots.

The following experiment was made by the North Dakota Agricultural College for the purpose of ascertaining the length of roots of corn and wheat: An iron frame was constructed in the shape of a cube five or six feet in each of its dimensions. The frame was filled with shelves of wire netting, placed one above the other, with an intervening space of about two inches. These frames were then sunk in the ground entirely beneath the surface. Corn and wheat were then planted on the ground, and as the plants grew the roots were not obstructed by the layers of wire netting imbedded in the soil beneath, but forced their way readily through the meshes. In the fall the frames were carefully dug out and the soil washed away with water. The netting held the roots in the very position in which they grew, and a valuable object lesson for the study of root growth was thus presented. The roots of the corn plant had gone beyond its six-foot limit, and some of the roots were broken off in removing the frame. In the case of the wheat plant, some of the roots had gone downward to a depth of between three and four feet.

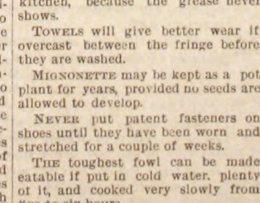
What a lesson this experiment gives in regard to the manuring of the soil for wheat, so commonly considered as a shallow-rooted crop, and how it shows that farm practice must be based on a correct growth of plants. I have seen corn roots eight feet long in a wash on a hillside, and the top soil completely filled with a mat of shorter roots.—Colman's Rural World.

Salting the Cows.

We used to know careful farmers who made it a practice to salt cows every Sunday afternoon, after return from church. Once a week is better than leaving the salting to accident, but if salt is placed where cows can get it all the time they will not eat too much of it. Rock salt is best. Leave large lumps of it where the cows can lick them, and you will find that they will soon learn to visit them daily, taking a small amount at each time. Thus fed there is no temptation to get more salt than is for the animal's good. Salt in quantity cannot be digested, and, of course, operates as a powerful purgative, besides injuring digestion. Eaten in moderate amounts it makes the digestion better.—Exchange.

Half-Sills for Barn Basements.

In the construction of barn basements, walls of stone are dispensed with, only in places where the building is located on a steep side hill, and the discarding of a wall necessitates the use of many strong basement posts. If these are framed into the lower side of sills in the usual manner, they are greatly weakened by the cutting away of so much timber.



MANNER OF APPLYING HALF-SILLS.

By the use of the false or half sill, shown in the engraving, the main sill is actually strengthened. This short sill may be of sawed stuff, and for a common barn should not be less than 4x12 inches. The ends may be spiked. If the whole building is raised when empty, and a false sill placed below, the structure will be made more firm and durable.

Odds and Ends.

AN oiled floor is excellent for the kitchen, because the grease never shows.

TOWELS will give better wear if overcast between the fringe before they are washed.

MIGNONETTE may be kept as a pot plant for years, provided no seeds are allowed to develop.

NEVER put patent fasteners on shoes until they have been worn and stretched for a couple of weeks.

THE toughest fowl can be made eatable if put in cold water, plenty of it, and cooked very slowly from five to six hours.

ALWAYS put through the eye of the needle first the end of thread which comes off the spool, and the thread will be less apt to knot and snarl.

INSTEAD of putting food into the oven to keep hot for late comers, try covering it closely with a tin and setting it over a basin of hot water. This plan will keep the food hot, and at the same time prevent it from drying.

HAVE the table at which one sews at night spread with a light color, or, if it must have a dark one, a sheet of white paper may be used over it. A needle can be threaded with much greater ease if held over a white surface

ILLINOIS INCIDENTS.

SOBER OR STARTLING, FAITHFULLY RECORDED.

Methodist Minister Fined—Possessed Counterfeit Money—Armyworm Ravages—Pugilist's Arm Broken—New Holland Burglary—Mascoutah Bank Failure.

From Far and Near.

LEONARD M. CUTTING, SR., a well-known insurance agent at Jerseyville, died, aged 67.

THE Bluff Brewery at Quincy, owned by F. X. Schill & Co., was damaged by fire. Loss $20,000; insurance $12,000.

HENRY KONTER, a Chicago butcher, walked backward into an elevator shaft, fell thirty feet, and was instantly killed.

THE Chicago produce and commission trade have decided to close Saturdays at 1 o'clock during the summer months.

BY running over a dynamite cartridge, Thomas O'Rourke, of Chicago, was thrown twenty feet and badly hurt. The wagon was ruined.

SCOTT ORR, a young man, attempted to alight from a Calumet electric car at Chicago, and fell under the wheels. He was dragged forty feet, and died soon.

CHARLES WILSON, the counterfeiter arrested at Alton, has squealed on his pals, and William Wilson and William Ellis have been arrested as a consequence.

THE hardware store of James Ryan and the large general store of L. Burchett, at New Holland, were broken open and robbed of $3 in money and a large quantity of goods.

DAVID STARKEY, of Greenup, was held for trial by the United States Court at Springfield on a charge of having counterfeit money in his possession with intent to pass it.

FOR mailing what in law was an unmailable postal card, addressed to Rev. W. R. Goodwin, at Englewood, Rev. T. W. Agrew, a Methodist minister of Chatham, was fined $5 and costs in the United States Court.

ARTHUR DAVIDSON, of Virden, fought four rounds with Charles Hoadley, of Upper Alton, breaking Hoadley's arm and defeating him in four rounds. Both are lightweights, and fought for a purse of $150.

IN Fayette County the army worms are playing havoc with the crops. On three large farms they are literally destroying the meadows, entailing a loss of hundreds of dollars. Over 100 acres of meadows have been destroyed for M. F. Houston alone. Every precaution is being used by the farmers to protect their crops from the ravages of these pests.

IT transpires that there was no good cause for ordering troops to Lemont during the alleged riots there. Gov. Altgeld caused a thorough investigation of the whole matter, and found that all the telegrams sent him, urging the use of troops, originated in the office of Sheriff Gilbert in Chicago, and that at no time were there more than twelve or fifteen deputies at the scene of trouble. It also seems that the firing upon strikers was precipitated by no act of the strikers, but was done without cause by some imported colored laborers, led by one of the contractors. The contractor is under arrest. Matters have quited down again, and work on the drainage canal is in progress.

THE Bank of Mascoutah suspended payment on Friday. It was owned by J. W. Hagins, of Chicago, and was established by Hagins two years ago. Several other banks were opened at different places in that section of the State by the same party at that time. They all probably closed. The Bank of Mascoutah was advertised as correspondent of the Columbia National, and when that bank failed the depositors at Mascoutah became alarmed. Cashier Leake said that his bank had cut away from the broken Columbia National before the crash, but the quiet run that was started on the local bank was continued. The deposits were estimated at $30,000, but the run has probably brought them below that figure.

CORN planting is practically completed in the northern division of Illinois, but in the southern and central divisions rain has retarded the work.

THE old-time army worm has made its appearance in the vicinity of Hillsboro and is playing havoc with meadows, wheat and oats. Farmers describe the worm as the genuine variety and state that hundreds of meadows and wheat and oat fields have been completely ruined. It is also feared that the worm will work destruction in the corn fields.

THE Cape Girardeau and Grand Tower Railroad has been sold by R. Suydam Grant, of New York, and William O. Garrison, of St. Louis, who bought the road in at a Master's sale early this year, to the Chicago and Texas Pacific Railroad Company. The consideration was $2,500,000. The deed of transfer was filed with the Circuit Clerk of Alexander County for record.

MRS. MORRIS NATHAN, of Bloomington, intends to lay claim to heirship in the $107,000 paid-up stock of the Western Gas Improving Company of Chicago found in a valise which last week was bought for $2 from a railway company at Montreal. She claims to be the cousin of Louis Halberstadt, the owner of the stock, who is believed to have been murdered in October, 1891, in Brockville, Ont., and who had a wife at Naperville, where he once lived.

WHEN Maj. Carl Brandt, of Mascoutah, died several weeks ago, he left a peculiar will in which he bequeathed his heart to his wife in Germany, from whom he had been estranged a quarter of a century. In accordance with this wish the heart was removed and shipped to the widow in the Fatherland. The heart came back Monday with the request that it be buried with the Major's remains. Maj. Brandt was for many years editor of the leading German newspaper of Southern Illinois.

THE safe at Hummel's general store at Lenzburg was robbed of $500. It was evidently the work of professional cracksmen.

THE Palmer 101 gave their first biennial banquet at the St. Nicholas Hotel, Springfield. Short speeches were made by Vice President Stevenson, Senator Palmer, Speaker Crafts, ex-State Senator Newell, Representative Springer and others. Mr. Moore, one of the F. M. B. A. representatives who cast the deciding vote for Gen. Palmer, was present, but his colleague, Mr. Cockrell, was not there. The festivities lasted until long after midnight.