DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

HE SPEAKS OF THE CONSOLATIONS OF CHRISTIANITY.

The Cluster of Grapes from Canaan Typifies the Clusters of Hopes, of Prospects, and of Consolation Conveyed in the Gospel of Christ.

At the Tabernacle.

Rev. Dr. Talmage in selecting a theme for last Sunday's sermon in the Brooklyn Tabernacle chose one peculiarly suitable to the season of fruits, the title being "Grapes From Canaan" and the text Numbers xiii, 23. "And they came unto the brook of Eschol and cut down from thence a branch with one cluster of grapes, and they bare it between two upon a staff."

The long trudge of the Israelites across the wilderness was almost ended. They had come to the borders of the promised land. Of the 600,000 adults who started from Egypt for Canaan, how many do you suppose got there? Five hundred thousand? Oh, no. Not 200,000, not 100,000, nor 50, nor 20, nor 10, but only 2 men. Oh, it was a ruinous march that God's people made, but their children were living, and they were on the march, and now they had come up to the borders of the promised land they were very curious to know what kind of a place it was, and whether it would be safe to go over. So a scouting party is sent out to reconnoiter, and they examine the land, and they come back bringing specimens of its growth.

Just as you came back from California bringing to your family a basket of pears or plums or apples to show what some strous fruit they have there, so this scouting party cut off the biggest bunch of grapes they could find. It was so large that one man could not carry it, and they thrust a pole through the cluster, and there was one man at either end of the pole, and so the bunch of grapes was transported.

I was some time ago in a luxuriant vineyard. The vine dresser had done his work. The vine had clambered up and spread its wealth all over the arbor. The sun and shower had mixed a cup which the vine drank until with flushed cheek it lay slumbering in the light. Cluster against the cheek of cluster. Tight rinds of ripe grapes seemed almost bursting with the juice in the warm lips of the autumnal day, and it seemed as if all you had to do was to lift a chalice toward the cluster and its lifeblood would begin to drip away. But, my friends, in these rigorous climes we know nothing about large grapes.

Such stories that in Bible times and in Bible lands there were grapevines so large that it took two men with outstretched arms to reach round them, and he says there were clusters two cubits in length or twice the length from the elbow to the tip of the long finger. And Achaicus, dwelling in those lands, tells us that during the time he was smitten with fever one grape would relieve his thirst for the whole day. No wonder, then, in these Bible times two men thought it worth their while to put their strength together to carry down one cluster of grapes from the promised land.

A Cluster of Hopes and Consolations.

But this morning I bring you a larger cluster from the heavenly Eschol—a cluster of hopes, a cluster of prospects, a cluster of Christian consolations, and I am expecting that one taste of it will rouse up your appetite for the heavenly Canaan. During the past winter some of this congregation have gone away never to return. The aged have put down their staff and taken up the sceptor. Men in midlife have left home, office or shop and did not go back again. And the dear children, some of them, have been gathered in Christ's arms. He found this world too rough a place for them, and so He gathered them in. And, oh, how many wounded souls there are—wounds for which this world offers no medicament—and unless from the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ there shall come a consolation there will be no consolation at all. Oh, that the God of all comfort would help me while I preach, and that the God of all comfort would help you while you hear!

First, I console you with the divinely sanctioned idea that your departed friends are as much your own as they ever were. I know you sometimes get the idea in your mind, when you have this kind of trouble, that your friends are cut off from you and they are no longer yours, but the desire to have all our loved ones in the same lot in the cemetery is a natural desire, a universal desire and therefore a God implanted desire and is mightily suggestive of the fact that death has no power to break up the family relations.

If our loved ones go away from our possession, why put a fence around our lot in the cemetery? Why the gathering of four or five names on the family monument? Why the planting of one cypress vine so that it covers all the cluster of graves? Why put the husband beside the wife and the children at their feet? Why the bolt on the gate of our lot, and the charge to the keepers of the ground to see that the grass is cut, and the vine attended to, and the flowers planted? Why not put our departed friends in one common field or grave? Oh, it is because we are sure.

That child, O stricken mother! is as much yours this morning as in the solemn hour when God put it against your heart and said as of old, "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." It is no mere whim. It is a divinely planted principle in the soul, and God certainly would not plant a lie, and he would not cultivate a lie! Abraham would not allow Sarah to be buried in a stranger's grounds, although some very beautiful ground was offered him a free gift, but he pays 400 shekels for Machpelah, the cave, and the trees overshadowing it. The grave has been well kept, and to-day the Christian traveler stands in thoughtful and admiring mood, gazing upon Machpelah, where Abraham and Sarah are taking their long sleep of 4,000 years.

Your father may be slumbering under the tinkling of the bell of the Scotch kirk. Your brother may have gone down in the ship that foundered off Cape Hatteras. Your little child may be sleeping on the verge of the flowering Western prairie, yet God will gather them all up, however widely the dust may be scattered. Nevertheless it is pleasant to think that we will be buried together. When my father died and we could not send him home from the graveyard of Somerville, it did not seem so sad to leave him there, because right beside him was my dear, good, old, beautiful Christian mother, and it seemed as if she said: "I was tired, and I came to bed a little early. I am glad you have come. It seems as of old."

Companionship in Death.

Oh, it is a consolation to feel that, when men come and with solemn tread carry you out to your resting place, they will open the gate through which some of your friends have already gone, and through which many of your friends will follow. Sleeping under the same roof, at last sleeping under the same sod. The autumnal leaves that drift across your grave will drift across theirs, the bird songs that drop on their mound will drop on yours, and then, in starless winter nights, when the wind comes howling through the gorge, you will be company for each other. The child close up to the bosom of its mother. The husband and wife remarried; on their lips the sacrament of the dust.

Brothers and sisters who used in sport to fling themselves on the grass now again reclining side by side in the grave, in flecks of sunlight sifting through the long, lithe willows. Then at the trumpet of the archangel to rise side by side, shaking themselves from the dust of ages. The faces that were ghastly and cold when you saw them last all afush with the light of incorruption. The father looking around on his children and saying, "Come, come, my darlings, this is the morning of the resurrection." Mrs. Sigourney wrote beautifully with the tears and blood of her own broken heart:

> There was a shaded chamber,
> A silent, watching band,
> On a low couch a suffering child
> Grasping her mother's hand.
> But 'mid the gasp and struggle
> With shuddering lips she cried,
> "Mother, oh, dearest mother,
> Bury me by your side."
> Only one wish she uttered,
> As life was ebbing fast,
> "Sleep by my side, dear mother,
> And rise with me at last."

Oh, yes, we want to be buried together. Sweet antetype of everlasting residence in each other's companionship.

When the wrecker went down into the cabin of the lost steamer, he found the mother and child in each other's arms. It was sad, but it was beautiful, and it was appropriate. Together they went down. Together they will rise. One on earth. One in Heaven. Is there not something cheering in all this thought, and something to impress upon us the idea that the departed are ours yet—ours forever?

But I console you again with the fact of your present acquaintanceship and communication with your departed friends. I have no sympathy, I need not say, with the ideas of modern spiritualism, but what I mean is the theory set forth by the apostle, when he says, "We are surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses." Just as in the ancient amphitheater there were 80,000 or 100,000 people looking down from the galleries upon the combatants in the center, so, says Paul, there is a great host of your friends in all the galleries of the sky looking down upon our earthly struggles. It is a sweet, a consoling, a Scriptural idea. With wing of angel, earth and Heaven are in constant communication. Does not the Bible say, "Are they not sent forth as ministering spirits to those who shall be heirs of salvation?" And when ministering spirits come down and see us, do they not take some message back?

Communication Between Earth and Heaven.

It is impossible to realize, I know, the idea that there is such rapid and perpetual intercommunication of earth and Heaven, but it is a glorious reality. You take a rail train, and the train is in full motion, and another train from the opposite direction dashes past you so swiftly that you are startled. All the way between here and Heaven is filled with the up trains and the down trains —spirits coming—spirits going—coming —going—going. That friend of yours who died last month—do you not suppose he told all the family news about you in the good land to the friends who are gone? Do you not suppose that when there are hundreds of opportunities every day for them in Heaven to hear from you that they ask about you, that they know your tears, your temptations, your struggles, your victories? Aye, they do.

Perhaps during the last war you had a boy in the army, and you got a pass, and you went through the lines, and you found him, and the regiment coming from your neighborhood you knew most of the boys there. One day you started for home. You said: "Well, now, have you any letters to send? Any messages to send?" And they filled your pockets with letters, and you started home. Arriving home, the neighbors came in, and one said, "Did you see my John?" and others, "Did you see George?" "Do you know anything about my Frank?" And then you brought out the letters and read them the messages of which you had been the bearer. Do you suppose that angels of God, coming down to this awful battlefield of sin and sorrow and death and meeting us and seeing us and finding out all about us, carry back no message to the skies?

Oh, there is consolation in it! You are in present communication with that land. They are in sympathy with you now more than they ever were, and they are waiting for the moment when the hammer stroke shall shatter the last chain of your earthly bondage and your soul shall spring upward, and they will stand on the heights of Heaven and see you come, and when you are within hailing distance your other friends will be called out, and as you flash through the pearl hung gate their shouts will make the hills tremble, "Hail, ransomed spirit, to the city of the blessed."

I console you still further with the idea of a resurrection. I know there are a great many people who do not accept this because they cannot understand it; but, my friends, there are two stout passages—I could bring a hundred, but two swarthy passages are enough—and one David will strike down the largest Goliath. "Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming when all who are in their graves shall come forth." The other swarthy passage in this: "The Lord shall descend from Heaven with a shout, and the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first." Oh, there will be such a thing as a resurrection.

Problems of the Resurrection.

You ask me a great many questions I cannot answer about this resurrection. You say, for instance, "If a man's body is constantly changing, and every seventh year he has an entirely new body, and he lives on to 70 years of age and so has had ten different bodies, and at the hour of his death there is not a particle of flesh on him that was there in the days of his childhood—in the resurrection which of the ten bodies will come up, or will they all rise?"

You say, "Suppose a man dies, and his body is scattered in the dust, and out of that dust vegetables grow, and men eat he vegetables, and cannibals slay these men and eat them, and cannibals fight with cannibals until at last there shall be 100 men who shall have within them some particles that started from the dead body first named, coming up through the vegetable through the first man who ate in, and through the cannibals who afterward ate him, and there be more than 100 men who have rights in the particles of that body—in the resurrection how can they be assorted when these particles belong to them all?"

You say, there is a missionary buried in Greenwood, and when he was in China he had his arm amputated—In the resurrection will that fragment of the body fly 16,000 miles to join the rest of the body?"

You say, "Will it not be a very difficult thing for a spirit coming back in that day to find the myriad particles of its own body when they may have been scattered by the winds or overlaid by whole generations of the dead—looking for the myriad particles of its own body, while there are a thousand million other spirits doing the same thing, and all the assortment to one single body?"

You say, "If a hundred and fifty men go into a place of evening entertainment and leave their hats and overcoats in the hall, when they come back it is almost impossible for them to get the right ones, or to get them without a great deal of perplexity, and yet you tell me that myriads of spirits in the last day will come and find myriads of bodies."

Have you any more questions to ask, any more difficulties to suggest, any more mysteries? Bring them on! Against a whole regiment of skepticism I will march these two companions; "Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming when all who are in their graves shall come forth." "The Lord shall descend from Heaven with a shout, and the voice of the archangel, and the trumpet of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first." You see I stick to these two passages. Who art thou, O fool, that thou replies against God? Hath He promised, and shall He not do it? Hath He commanded, and shall He not bring it to pass? Have you not confidence in His omnipotence? If He could in the first place build my body, after it is torn down can He not build it again?

"Oh," you say, "I would believe that if you would explain it. I am not disposed to be skeptical, but I do not see how it can be done." My brother, you believe a great many things you cannot explain. You believe your mind acts on your body. Explain the process. This seed planted comes up a blue flower. Another seed planted comes up a yellow flower. Another seed planted comes up a white flower? Why? Why that variety in your flowers? Tell me why some cows have horns and other cows have no horns. Why, when two obstacles strike each other in the air, do you hear the percussion? What is the subtle energy that dissolves a solid in a crucible? What makes the notches on an oak leaf different from any other kind of leaf? What makes the orange bloom different from that of the pear? How can the almightiness which rides on the circle of the heaven find room to turn its chariot on a heliotrope? Explain these. Can you not do it? Then I will not explain the resurrection. You explain one-half of the common mysteries of everyday life, and I will explain all the mysteries of the resurrection. You cannot answer me very plain questions in regard to ordinary affairs. I am not ashamed to say that I cannot explain God and the resurrection. I simply accept them as facts, tremendous and infinite.

Silence of the Tomb.

Before the resurrection takes place, everything will be silent. The mausoleums and the labyrinths silent. The graveyards silent, the cemetery silent, save from the clashing of hoofs and the grinding of wheels as the last funeral procession comes in. No breath of air disturbing the dust where Persepolis stood, and Thebes, and Babylon. No winking of the eyelids long closed in darkness. No stirring of the feet that once bounded the hillside. No opening of the hand that once plucked the flower out of the edge of the wildwood. No clutching of swords by the men who went down when Persia battled and Rome fought. Silence from the beach to mountain cliff and from river to river. The sea singing the same old tune. The lakes hushed to sleep in the bosom of the same great hills. No hand disturbing the gate of the long barred sepulcher. All the nations of the dead motionless in their winding sheets. Up the side of the hills, down through the rough ravines, far out in the caverns across the fields, deep down into the coral palaces of the ocean depths where leviathan sports with his fellows—everywhere, layer above layer, height above height, depth below depth—dead! dead! dead! But in the twinkling of an eye, as quick as that, as the archangel's trumpet comes pealing, rolling, resounding, crashing across the continents and seas, the earth will give one fearful shudder, and the door of the family vault, without being unlocked, will burst open, and all the graves of the dead will begin to throb and heave like the waves of the sea, and the mausoleum of princes will fall into the dust, and Ostend and the bastions of Antwerp and Sebastopol and Gettysburg stalk forth in the lurid air and the shipwrecked rise from the deep, their wet locks looming above the billow, and all the land and all the sea become one moving mass of life—all generations, all ages, with upturned countenances—some kindled with rapture and others blanched with deep despair, but gazing in one direction, upon one object, and that the throne of resurrection!

While I present these thoughts this morning, does it not seem that Heaven comes very near to us, as though our friends, whom we thought a great way off, are not in the distance, but close by? You have sometimes come down to a river at nightfall, and you have been surprised how easily you could hear voices across that river. You shouted over to the other side of the river, and they shouted back. It is said that when George Whitefield preached in Third street, Philadelphia, one evening time his voice was heard clear across to the New Jersey shore.

When I was a little while chaplain in the army, I remember how at eventide we could hear the voices of the pickets across the Potomac just when they were using ordinary tones. And as we come to-day and stand by the river of Jordan that divides us from our friends who are gone it seems to me we stand on one bank and they stand on the other, and it is only a narrow stream, and our voices go, and their voices come. Hark! Hush! I hear distinctly what they say. "These are they who came out of great tribulation and their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." Still the voice comes across the water, and I hear, "We hunger no more; we thirst no more; neither shall the sun light on us, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne leads us to living fountains of water, and God wipeth away all tears from our eyes."

OUR RURAL READERS

WILL BE PLEASED WITH THIS DEPARTMENT.

Every Farm Should Be Supplied with Good Machinery — The Family Cow — Cross Breeding Unprofitable—A Haystack Platform—General Farm Notes.

Machinery on the Farm.

The loss of time by the use of dull tools, or of implements not adapted for the purposes to which they may be applied, compels the farmer to hire more help than should be the case if he was alive to the opportunities offered by labor-saving appliances. A comparison of the old-time method of cutting the wheat with the scythe and by the present method of cutting and binding the wheat with the harvester, is sufficient to show that the enormous crops of whea could not now be grown and harvested under old systems. The labor that once assisted in the fields has been transferred to the workshops, more mechanics and fewer farm laborers being the result. The fact that wheat and corn sell at lower prices than formerly does not imply that the profits are less. The expense of one bushel of wheat before the introduction of the newest improved machines was more than the selling prices of to-day, and the profits were as small as at the present time. Machinery assists in increasing the number of bushels and reduces the cost, which includes, also, the necessary work attendant on maintaining a larger number of laborers and teams. A comparison of profits will show that labor-saving machinery enables the farmer to secure larger profits now than in former days and that the work is less arduous and fatiguing. The farmer of half a century ago was daily on the watch for rains and sunshine, and he was also compelled to face delays that often involved the loss of the entire crop, but at the present day he cuts and binds a whole field alone, riding on a seat, and can accomplish in a few hours the work that required several days for his ancestor to perform, and he can plow, cultivate, and harrow his corn by riding. Potatoes are now cut up for seed, planted, covered, and harvested by machines, and the hay is loaded upon the wagon while the horses are walking along the wind-rows. Vehicles are also lighter and stronger, and the manure can be spread over the ground by an attachment to the wagon. A glance over the field will show a most wonderful progress in the invention of machinery and appliances to be used on the farm, which places farming within the reach of many who could not otherwise perform the necessary labor, and, strange to say, the wages of farm laborers are higher than before, for improved implements have assisted many of them to work for themselves. —Philadelphia Record.

The "Family Cow."

We have not treated of the "family cow" or one suited to the needs of families living in villages. They want a cow which will furnish milk of good quality through as many months of the year as possible. The Jersey has met with great favor from this class. Guernseys grow larger than Jerseys, are preferred by some in private dairying, and may become a rival breed. Owing to their great milking capacity the Holsteins are close contestants with the Jerseys for favor among farmers. The Shorthorns have warm friends all over the country on account of their blocky forms, comely proportions and their lusty calves which make excellent feeders. We can suggest no breed having more points in its favor as a "family cow" than the Jersey. They give rich milk and a continuous flow. Instead of a large quantity while flush, dwindling to a very little later. She is an easy keeper—the food of maintenance being less for a small cow than a large one—and a large per cent of her food can be used for butter production. She is trimly built and handsome, a pet, and the cow that "ousts" her from her present position must be an exceedingly good one. —Orange Judd Farmer.

Surplus Roosters.

The annoyance of having too many males among the flock of hens ought to cease soon after the eggs for early chickens are dropped and set. Few people make anything from late-set eggs, and the hens will produce more eggs if not made fertile than they will if the rooster is always in their company. If a few late chickens are wanted, one rooster, the best, and eight or ten of the best hens, will, if kept separate from the flock, provide them.

Locate the Drains.

Every farmer who begins underdraining should make a map of his farm and locate each underdrain as it is dry and laid. While such drains properly laid will last for ages, they will need occasional attention, and this especially where the side drain runs into the main channel. Such places have occasionally to be dug up and relaid, and the location on a map of the points where the drains come together is a great saving of trouble.

A Judge Farming by Proxy.

A Western paper publishes an interesting account of the success of Judge H. F. Severens of the United States District Court in reclaiming a large body of swampy, wet land in western Michigan. The Judge's health failed so that he needed outdoor exercise, and concluded that farming would restore his health, as it soon did. The land was mostly under water, and had been reckoned worth very little. On 760 acres the Judge has laid 20 miles of under drain. Two hundred acres are planted with peppermint, which needs just such deep, rich soil as this reclaimed swamp furnishes. Fifty acres were in onions last year, and paid large profits, hiring all the labor and foremen to direct it and make it efficient. So far the Judge's experiment has cost about $50,000, and the farm would bring readily twice what it cost, as it is paying good interest on the larger sum. It needs capital to make successes like this, and Judge Severens is doing farmers a service by showing that it is safe to invest large capital in reclaiming waste land.—Ex.

Platform for Topping a Stack.

When hay or fodder is stacked out of doors the pitching up of the last two loads is attended with extremely heavy straining work by the man on the load. From this cause stacks are too often topped out and called finished before they are high enough to properly shed rain. The accompanying engraving from a sketch in the American Agriculturist, shows a

A HAYSTACK PLATFORM.

temporary platform which will aid in overcoming these difficulties. When the stack has reached the height to which a man can conveniently pitch from the bottom of the load, two smooth poles are laid parallel, crosswise across the top of stack, one end left projecting about three and a half feet. Half a load of hay is thrown upon the inner end of rails, and a few boards nailed on the projecting ends. To give greater strength, props from the ground are nailed to the outer edge. The hay is then pitched upon the platform, and thence to the stack. When finished the boards are removed, and the poles either left in position or pulled out of stack.

Notes About the Farm.

SOIL is seldom properly prepared to receive the seed.

REGULARITY is as necessary on the farm as anywhere else.

DO NOT be afraid of hot water in cleaning dairy utensils.

SHORTHORNS and Herefords make an excellent cross for beef.

THE older the animal the more costly a pound of grain.

A STRAW bed is better than nothing for a cow to sleep on.

NEVER leave a nail sticking up through a board anywhere.

NOTHING like the harrow for making a good seed bed for wheat.

LAZINESS is the cause of many neglects and errors on the farm.

TOMATOES ripen better on clean straw than on a trellis or stake.

BAD food and unsanitary surroundings are prolific sources of disease.

LATIN exercises the mind, so do natural facts and the laws of nature.

IF you would be successful, undertake no more than you can carry out.

IT takes more time to recover from overwork than can be gained by it.

A SMALL percentage on a large number of things makes a good income.

THE knowledge of a profession is never completed; neither is that of a farmer.

SOME of the best judges and best men of the nation prefer sweet-cream butter.

HOW MANY farmers' children receive as much attention as their blooded stock?

IF you cannot afford to keep your cow stables clean and sweet you cannot afford to run a dairy.

IT is better to begin the keeping of the better breeds on a small scale and grow up to the work gradually.

Hints the for Housewife.

VINEGAR will remove the disagreeable odor of kerosene from tinware.

A HOT footbath before retiring will ease the burning sensation in tired feet which so many housekeepers and other women workers know so well.

A GREAT convenience when cleaning house is a stick with a notch in the end, that will lift the picture-cords off from the hooks without so much stepping up and down.

IF you have not wire screens for the windows, but use netting, the black looks best or at least like the wire. Tack it outside, leaving room for the window to slide up and down.

NEVER do up a delicate colored silk in white paper to lay away for any length of time. Chloride of lime is used in bleaching paper, and it will have a deleterious effect upon the color of the silk.

IF kerosene lamps give off a bad odor, give a poor light and smoke, it all may be obviated by putting the burners in an old saucepan with water and a tablespoonful of soda and boiling for an hour.

WHEN oiled walnut furniture begins to grow dingy it can be made to look as fresh as new by re-oiling. Linseed or even olive oil may be used, but pure, good kerosene oil is much the best. Rub it well in with a soft, woolen rag and polish with clean dry rags.

ALL OVER THE STATE.

ILLINOIS NEWS CONCISELY CONDENSED.

Narrow Escape of Taylorville Miners—Installation of a Separate Insurance Department—Excellent Showing of Banks—Ball Player Darby O'Brien Dead.

Record of the Week.

E. D. LUDLOW, of Elgin, lost his residence by fire. Loss about $3,500, partly covered by insurance.

JOHN RUPPERT, 37 years old, was drowned at Peoria in attempting to wade across a small stream.

LOUIS BEHERNE and Joseph Pumbell, 16 and 10 years old, respectively, were drowned in the lake at Chicago.

THE Rev. Bryant C. Preston of Benton Harbor, Mich., and Miss Lena Kennedy of Rockford, were married in Rockford.

GOV. ALTGELD pardoned Jefferson S. Wells, who was sent to the penitentiary from Scott County for murder under a fifteen-year sentence.

AN electric launch crashed into a gondola at Jackson Park in which were eight women and three men. All were thrown into the water, but were rescued.

THE Freeport Presbytery dissolved by mutual consent the pastoral relation between the Rev. William M. Campbell and Westminster Church at Freeport.

DARBY O'BRIEN, the great ex-captain and left-fielder of the Brooklyn base-ball club, died at his home in Peoria of consumption. He had been ill ever since the close of the season of 1892.

DICK COTTRELL, recently discharged from jail at Clinton, got drunk and shot Mrs. E. W. Robinson in the shoulder. Physicians extracted the bullet, and while she was not dangerously wounded she suffered a severe nervous shock. Cottrell was captured.

J. P. LAWLESS and Joseph Winn, of Freeport, were held to the grand jury in bonds of $1,000 each, to answer to the charge of highway robbery. They were arrested on the complaint of William E. Sloeum, of Chicago, traveling representative of the Hall Safe Company, who alleges that they sandbagged and robbed him.

A ROCK ISLAND session of the Swedish Lutheran Synod of North America was characterized by a refusal of that body to affiliate with any secret society, to counteract what is termed the encroachment of the Catholic Church. An effort was made to have the synod co-operate with secret societies against that church, but with no effect.

MINE No. 3, being sunk at Taylorville by Reuben Wilkinson, is now forty-five feet deep. Sunday one of the sand bins used for helping to sink the curb gave way, precipitating about six tons of sand to the bottom of the shaft, burying the four men at the bottom. All escaped serious injury except Thomas W. Madison, who had his collar bone and an ankle broken.

ILLINOIS is to have an insurance department separate and distinct from the Auditor's office, so the Legislature has just decreed, the Commissioner receiving a salary of $5,000 annually to be paid out of the revenues accruing from the fees and taxes paid by the companies. This would seem to be a move in the right direction. With good supervision the people of the State, as well as the companies conforming to its laws, may receive proper protection.

THE annual reunion of the old settlers of the Fox River Valley was held Saturday at Elgin, on the grounds of the packing company. The day was perfect and fully 500 were in attendance. Most of them were the pioneers according of that section, and over a hundred present were over 70 years of age, and the majority of the rest nearing it. Addresses were made by Judge Levelle, Colonel John S. Wilcox, of Elgin, J. K. C. Forest, of Chicago, and others. The list of the dead members of the society during the year numbered seventy-five.

THE following statement was given out by the Auditor of Public Accounts: "The report of Chicago State banks, showing their condition the morning of June 5, in response to the call made by Auditor Gore, are all now in. These reports show total deposits amounting to $67,072,852, cash, $7,877,639; cash items and collections, $1,802,937; due from other banks, $9,347,332, making a total available cash of $19,027,908, or a reserve of 28 per cent. The banks also own in their own right bonds and stocks amounting to $8,144,635, and are carrying $17,154,642 of demand loans secured by stocks and bonds, thus giving them over $25,000,000 of quick assets to realize upon in case of emergency." As eight of the State banks of Chicago were involved in the recent run this showing indicates that the alarm was without foundation. There are twenty-seven State banks in Chicago, an increase of one since the last report, which was made April 10, 1893. Deposits have fallen off nearly $6,000,000 since the last report, but the proportion of reserve has been maintained. The Auditor states that the State banks of Illinois are in good condition and says that the excellent showing made by the Chicago banks is an indication of the general condition through the State. There are 125 State banks in Illinois, and thus far there has never been a failure.

NOW THAT more light has been thrown upon the situation at Lemont, it is a difficult matter to decide the responsibility for the recent riots and murders there. The Drainage Trustees declare the strikers, who are quarrymen, not drainage canal laborers, attempted to drive the latter from their work. The reason is alleged to be this: The quarrymen had been receiving $1.75 per day; the drainage contractors paid their men but $1.50, and the quarry operators reduced their men's pay to the same figure. The quarrymen believed the reduction had been because of the previous figures, and started out to make the canal laborers strike for $1.75 or drive them from work. Which side was the aggressor in the recent battle is disputed. It is very possible that in one part of the field groups of quarry strikers attacked drainage men at work and in other parts of the field drainage men attacked the strikers for fear of violence. Matters are again quiet, the quarrymen having gone to work at $1.50.