TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE LESSON OF THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN.

True Repentance Is a Godly Sorrow For Sin—By the Deeds of the Law No Flesh Can Be Justified, and So the Self Satisfied Are Condemned.

The Tabernacle Pulpit.

Rev. Dr. Talmage selected as his subject a picture of contrast, "Arrogance and Humility," the text being Luke xviii, 13, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

No mountain ever had a more brilliant coronet than Mount Moriah. The glories of the ancient temple blazed there. The mountain top was not originally large enough to hold the temple, and so a wall 600 feet high was erected, and the mountain was built out into that wall. It was at that point that satan met Christ and tried to persuade Him to cast Himself down the 600 feet. The nine gates of the temple flashed the light of silver and gold and Corinthian brass, which Corinthian brass was mere precious stones melted and mixed and crystallized. The temple itself was not so very large a structure, but the courts and the adjuncts of the architecture made it half a mile in circumference.

We stand and look upon that wondrous structure. What's the matter? What strange appearance in the temple? Is it fire? Why, it seems as if it were a mansion all kindled into flame. What's that smoke? Why, it is the odour of morning sacrifice, and the smoke on the altar rises and bursts out of the crevices and out of the door and wreaths the mountain top with folds of smoke, through which glitter precious stones gathered and burnished by royal munificence.

I see two men mounting the steps of the building. They go side by side; they are very unlike: no sympathy between them—the one the pharisee, proud, arrogant, pompous, he goes up the steps of the building. He seems by his manner to say: "Clear the track! Never before came up these steps such goodness and consecration."

The Repentant Sinner.

Beside him was the publican, bowed down seemingly with a load on his heart. He reach the inclosure for worship in the midst of the temple. The pharisee goes close up to the gate of the holy of holies. He feels he is worthy to stand there. He says practically: "I am so holy I want to go into the holy of holies. O Lord, I am a very good man. I'm a remarkably good man. Why, two days in the week I eat absolutely nothing. I'm so good. I'm very generous in my conduct toward the poor. I have no sympathy with the common rabble; especially have I none with this poor, miserable, commonplace wretched publican who happened to come up the stains beside me."

The publican went clear to the other side of the inclosure, as far away from the gate of the holy of holies as he could get, for he felt unworthy to stand near the sacred place. And the Bible says he stood afar off. Standing on the opposite side of this inclosure he bows his head, and as orientals when they have any trouble beat their breasts, so he begins to pound his breast as he cries, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

Oh, was there ever a greater contrast? The incense that wafted that morning from the priest's censor was not so sweet as the publican's prayer floating into the opening heavens, while the prayer of the pharisee died on his contemptuous lips and rolled down into his arrogant heart. Worshiping there they join each other and go side by side down the steps, the pharisee cross, wretched, acrid, saturnine, the publican with his face shining with the very joys of Heaven, for "I tell you that this man went down to his house justified rather than the other."

Now, I put this publican's prayer under analysis, and I discover in the first place that he was persuaded of his sinfulness. He was an honest man, he was a taxgatherer, he was an officer of the Government. The publicans were taxgatherers, and Cicero says they were the adornment of the State. Of course they were somewhat unpopular, because people then did not like to pay their taxes any better than people now like to pay their taxes, and their were many who disliked them. Still, I suppose this publican, this taxgatherer, was an honorable man. He had an office of trust. There were many hard things said about him, and yet, standing there in that inclosure of the temple amid the demonstrations of God's holiness and power, he cries out from the very depths of his stricken soul, "God be Herciful to me, a sinner?" By what process shall I prove that I am a sinner? By what process shall I prove that you are a sinner? Shall I ask you to weigh your motives, to scan your actions, to estimate your behavior? I will do nothing of the kind. I will draw my argument rather from the plan of the work that God has achieved for your salvation.

The Imperiled Soul.

You go down in a storm to the beach, and you see wreckers put on their rough jackets and launch the lifeboat and then shoot the rockets to show that help is coming out into the breakers, and you immediately cry, "A shipwreck!" And when I see the Lord Jesus Christ putting aside robe and crown and launch out on the tossing sea of human suffering and satanic hate, going out into the thundering surge of death, I cry "A shipwreck!"

I know that our souls are dreadfully lost by the work that God has done to save them. Are you a sinner? Suppose you had a commercial agent in Charleston or San Francisco or Chicago, and you were paying him promptly his salary, and you found out, after awhile, that notwithstanding he had drawn the salary he had given nine-tenths of all the time to some other commercial establishment. Why, your indignation would know no bounds. And yet that is just the way we have treated the Lord.

He sent us out into this world to serve Him. He has taken good care of us—He has clothed us, He has sheltered us, and He has surrounded us with 10,000 benefactions, and yet many of us have given nine-tenths of our lives to the service of the world, the flesh, and the devil. Why, my friend, the Bible is full of confession, and I do not find anybody is pardoned until he has confessed.

What did David say? "I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord." What did Isaiah say? "Woe is me, because I am a man of unclean lips." What did Ezra say? "Our iniquities are increased over our head, and our trespass is grown up into Heaven." And among the millions before the throne of God to-night not one got there until he confessed. The cost of eternal sorrow is strewn with the wreck of those who, not taking the warning, drove with the cargo of immortal hope into the white tangled foam of the breakers.

Repent! the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay;
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies
And meets the fiery day.

But I analyze the publican's prayer a step further, and I find that he expected no relief except through God's mercy. Why did not he say, I am an honorable man. When I get $10 taxes, I pay them right over to the Government. I give full permission to anybody to audit my accounts. I appeal to thy justice, O God! He made no such plea. He threw himself flat on God's mercy.

No Hope in Self Righteousness.

Have you any idea that a man by breaking off the scales of the leprosy can change the disease? Have you any idea that you can by changing your life change your heart, that you can purchase your way to Heaven? Come, try it. Come, bring all the bread you ever gave to the hungry, all the medicine you ever gave to the sick, all the kind words you have ever uttered, all the kind deeds that have ever distinguished you. Add them all up into the tremendous aggregate of good works, and then, when you will see Paul sharpen his knife as he cuts that spirit of self satisfaction, as he cries, "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified."

Well, say a thousand men in this audience, if I am not to get anything in the way of peace from God in good works, how am I to have it? By mercy. Here I stand to tell the story—mercy, mercy, long suffering mercy, sovereign mercy, infinite mercy, omnipotent mercy, everlasting mercy. Why, it seems in the Bible as if all language were exhausted, as if it were stretched until it broke, as if all expression were struck dead at the feet of prophet and apostle and evangelist when it tries to describe God's mercy.

Oh, says some one, that is only adding to my crime if I come and confess before God and seek his mercy. No, no! The murderer has come, and while he was washing the blood of his victim from his hands looked into the face of God and cried for mercy, and his soul has been white in God's pardoning love! And the woman who has wandered in the streets and down to the very gates of hell has come back to her father's house, throwing her arms around his neck, and been saved by the mercy that saved Mary Magdalen.

The Doors of Mercy.

But, says some one, you are throwing open that door of mercy too wide. No, I will throw it open wider. I will take the responsibility of saying that if all this audience, instead of being gathered in a semi-circle, were placed side by side in one long line they could all march right through that wide open gate of mercy. "Whosoever," "whosoever." Oh, this mercy of God. There is no line long enough to fathom it; there is no ladder long enough to scale it; there is no arithmetic facile enough to calculate it; no angel's wing can fly across it.

Heavenly harpers, aided by choirs with feet like the sun, cannot compass that harmony of mercy, mercy. It sounds in the rumbling of the celestial gate. I hear it in the chiming of the celestial towers. I see it flashing in the uplifted and downcast coronets of the saved. I hear it in the thundering tread of the bannered host round about the throne, and then it comes from the lips and lyres and thrones and processions to sit down, unexpressed, on a throne overtopping all Heaven—the throne of mercy.

How I was affected when some one told me in regard to that accident on Long Island Sound, when one poor woman came and got her hand on a raft as she tried to save herself, but those who were on the raft thought there was no room for her, and one man came and most cruelly beat and bruised her hands until she fell off. Oh, I bless God that this lifeboat of the gospel has room enough for the sixteen hundred millions of the race—room for one, room for all, and yet there is room!

I push this analysis of the publican's prayer a step further, and find that he did not expect mercy except by pleading for it. He did not fold his hands together as some do, saying, "If I'm to be saved, I'll be saved; if I'm to be lost, I'll be lost, and there is nothing for me to do." He knew what was worth having was worth asking for; hence the earnest cry of the text, "God be merciful!"

It was an earnest prayer, and it is characteristic of all Bible prayers that they were answered. The blind man, "Lord, that I may receive my sight;" the leper, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean;" sinking Peter, "Lord save me;" the publican, "God be merciful to me, a sinner?" But if you come up with the tip of your finger and tap at the door of mercy it will not open. You have got to have the earnestness of the warrior who, defeated and pursued, dismounts from his lathered steed and with gauntleted fists pounds at the palace gate.

You have got to have the earnestness of the man who at midnight in the fourth story has a sense of suffocation with the house in flames, goes to the window and shouts to the firemen, "Help!" Oh, unforgiven soul, if you were in full earnest I might have to command silence in the auditory, for your prayers would drown the voice of the speaker, and we would have to pause in the great service! It is because you do not realize your sin before God that you are not this moment crying mercy, mercy, mercy.

He Was Truly Repentant.

This prayer of the publican was also an humble prayer. The pharisee looked up, the publican looked down. You cannot be saved as a metaphysician or as a rhetorician; you cannot be saved as a scholar; you cannot be saved as an artist; you cannot be saved as an official. If you are ever saved at all, it will be as a sinner. "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

Another characteristic of the prayer of the publican was, it had a ring of confidence. It was not a cry of despair. He knew he was going to get what he asked for. He wanted mercy.

He asked for it, expecting it. And do you tell me, O man, that God has provided this salvation and is not going to let you have it?

If a man builds a bridge across a river, will he not let people go over it? If a physician gives a prescription to a sick man, will he not let him take it? If an engineer puts up a building, will he not let people live in it? If God provides salvation, will he not let you have it? [illegible] be a pharisee here, a man who says: I am all right. My past life has been right. I don't want the pardon of the gospel for I have no sin to confess. I say that while that man is in that mood there is no peace for him, there is no pardon, no salvation, and the probability is he will go down and spend eternity with the lost pharisee of the text.

But if there be here one who says, I want to be better; I want to quit my sins; my life has been a very imperfect life; how many things have I said that I should not have said; how many things I have done I should not have done; I want to change my life; I want to begin now; let me say to such a soul, God is waiting, God is ready, and you are near the kingdom, or rather you have entered it, if you say, I am determined to serve God and surrender the sins of my life; here, now, I consecrate myself to the Lord Jesus Christ who died to redeem me—no man from the depth of his soul says that but he is already a Christian.

A Repentant Negro.

My uncle, the Rev. Samuel K. Talmage of Augusta, Ga., was passing along the street of Augusta one day, and he saw a man, a black man, step from the sidewalk out into the street, take his hat off and bow very lowly. My uncle was not a man who demanded obsequiousness, and he said, "What do you do that for?" "Oh," says the man, "massa, the other night I was going along the street, and I had a burden on my shoulder, and I was sick, and I was hungry, and I came to the door of your church, and you were preaching about 'God be merciful to me, a sinner!' and I stood there at the door long enough to hear you say that if a man could utter that prayer from the depths of his soul God would pardon him and finally take him to Heaven. Then I put my burden on my shoulder, and I started home. I got to my home, and I sat down, and I said, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner!' but it got darker and darker, and then, massa, I got down on my knees, and I said, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner!' and the burden got heavier, and it got darker and darker. I knew not what to do. Then I got down on my face, and I cried, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' and away off I saw a light coming, and it came nearer and nearer and nearer until all was bright in my heart, and I arose. I am happy now—the burden is all gone—and I said to myself if ever I met you in the street I would get clear off the sidewalk, and I would bow down and take my hat off before you. I feel that I am more to you than to any other man. That is the reason I bow before you."

Oh, are there not many now who can utter this prayer, the prayer of the black man, the prayer of the publican, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" While I halt in the sermon, will you not all utter it? I do not say audibly, but utter it down in the depths of your souls' consciousness. Yes, the sigh goes all through the galleries, it goes all through the pews, it goes all through these aisles, sigh after sigh—God be merciful to me, a sinner!

Have you all uttered it? No, there is one soul that has not uttered it—too proud to utter it, too hard to utter it. O Holy Spirit, descend upon that one heart! Yes, he begins to feel it now. No bowing of the head yet, no starting tear yet, but the prayer is beginning—it is born. God be merciful to me, a sinner? Have all uttered it? Then I utter it myself, for no one in all the house needs to utter it more than my own soul—God be merciful to me, a sinner!

Nature's Wash-Room.

Nature's gifts are widely and variously distributed. In one place the elements of things are given to be made available by labor; elsewhere, she provides things ready for man's use. To gain our bread, the seed must first be sown and months after the grain harvested, threshed and ground. But the native of the Pacific Isles plucks his bread from the breadfruit tree. Our druggist, with his acids, concocts the cooling soda-water; but in a tiny, rocky isle in the middle of Clear lake, California, there is a perpetual soda-fountain from which gushes better soda-water than the chemist can produce. Perhaps nature foresaw the overworked and not over-strong housewife to whom "washing-day" is a dread and burden, when she established here and ther enatural wash-tubs and washing-machines and, in some places, even provided ready-made soap.

In the Yellowstone National Park the family washing is easily disposed of. The soiled bedding and clothing is put into a stout bag which is hung in one of the boiling springs and left there while the party wander about sight-seeing. When taken out the clothes are so clean and white that no rinsing is necessary.

On one occasion a party hung their bag of clothes in the basin of the geyser called "Old Giant," and, wandering off, were absent longer than they intended to be. While they were away, the "giant" spouted, and the garments were thrown high in the air, torn into shreds and scattered. Some time afterward, bits of the blanket and other cloth were found petrified, and some of these petrefactions are still exhibited.

New Cure for Balking Horses.

It is thought that a new cure has been discovered for balking and cribbing horses by the application of electricity. A gentleman of Baltimore, who has a horse subject to balking, placed an electric battery, with an induction coil, in his buggy, and ran the wires to the horse's bit and crupper, and as soon as the horse came to a standstill the current was turned on, and, after the horse was relieved of his shock, it is said, he proceeded without showing any disposition to balk. The same application was successfully made to a horse who indulged in cribbing, whereof he was soon cured through the unpleasantness of the electric shock. Those who have balking or cribbing horses may give the foregoing a trial.

As soon as a young man and young woman are engaged in Norway, no matter in what rank of life, betrothal rings are exchanged. The rings are worn ever afterward by the men as well as by the women. The consequence is that one can always tell a married, or at least an engaged, man in Norway.

AFTER THIRTY YEARS

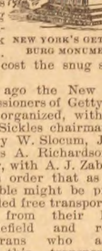
GETTYSBURG'S GALLANT HEROES ARE HONORED.

New York State Dedicates an Appropriate Monument on the Battlefield—Addresses by Bishop Potter, Governor Flower and Others—Ten Thousand Were Present.

Monument to Their Memory.

Thirty years have passed away since the eventful battle that turned the tide of the civil war. Hundreds and thousands of the men who rallied around the flags of both armies have gone to their reward within that thirty years. Time, so prone to obliterate those landmarks which would serve to keep fresh the events of long ago, has dealt lightly with this most reverenced battlefield. Being within the Union lines and away from the center of hostilities, its prominent features have been preserved intact. The events of Gettysburg impressed themselves upon the minds of the participants with a distinctness greater than did those of almost any battle of the rebellion. However this may be, the veterans of the State of New York who took part in the battle of Gettysburg have long been looking forward to the thirtieth anniversary of the battle with great anticipations. Saturday, Sunday and Monday was a great occasion to those veterans, for it witnessed the unveiling of a magnificent statue erected by the State of New York to the memory of its citizens who participated in the battle. Through the generosity of the Empire State each of the organizations participating has its monument on the historic field. Besides these there has been erected in the battle-scarred cemetery, which saw the death of so many brave men during the three days of the battle a splendid shaft for the State at large. It is this which was unveiled during the recent reunion of New York veterans there. The monument cost the snug sum of $60,000.

GEN. BUTTERFIELD.



NEW YORK'S GETTYSBURG MONUMENT.

Several years ago the New York Board of Commissioners of Gettysburg Monuments was organized, with Maj. Gen. Daniel E. Sickles chairman, and Maj. Gens. Henry W. Slocum, Joseph B. Carr, Charles A. Richardson and Josiah A. Porter, with A. J. Zabriskie as engineer. In order that as many survivors as possible might be present the State provided free transportation to all such from their homes to the battlefield and return, and the veterans who availed themselves of this transportation numbered over 7,000. Many of them brought wives, daughters or sons, and with the veterans from other States and the guests of veterans over 10,000 people were there. Every hotel was packed to the roof, and every private house was transformed into a hotel annex. Railway cars on the sidings were filled and several hundred tents on East Cemetery Hill afforded shelter for veterans who rolled themselves in

THE FAMOUS FIELD OF GETTYSBURG.

blankets and were happy in the memories of old times.

The greatest day of the reunion was Sunday, and this day will go down in history as one of the greatest at Gettysburg since its wheat fields ran red with the blood of Confederate and Union dead. The wheat stood ripe on the stalk as it did thirty years ago when the armies of Meade and Lee met and the Union troops gleaned victory after three days' varying conflict. Smoke again hung over the field, but it was the salute in honor of the dead and not the smoke of battle. The dedicatory address was delivered by Bishop Potter. Gen. Sickles presided and made a short address, and was followed by Gov. Flower and others. A poem was read, and prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Derrick, a colored veteran. Hymns and songs were sung by a trained choir in attendance. Major General Daniel Butterfield, who was chief of staff of the Army of the Potomac at the time of the battle, was Grand Marshal. In view of the advanced age and decrepitude of many of the survivors, he wisely determined not to have any long line of march, but there was a review of all who could be mustered, the reviewing officers being Gov. Flower, who was present with his staff, and Secretary of War Lamont. The column was headed by Gen. George S. Greene, of the Twelfth Corps, who is 92 years of age, and probably the oldest survivor of the battle.

The Battle of Gettysburg.

There can be no question but that the battle of Gettysburg was the turning point of the civil war. The defeat of Lee in those eventful three days thirty years ago broke the backbone of the Confederate army, and to no one was this more evident than to Lee himself. Not only was he aware that he could never get together such an army again, but the strength of the Federal troops displayed at Gettysburg disheartened his men to a considerable degree. It is believed by many that if Gen. Meade had followed up his victory when he had the Confederates practically within his grasp at the Potomac, the war would have been soon ended. Meade wanted to do this, but he called a council of war, the council advised delay, and lo! the bird had flown. The river had gone down enough for the enemy to cross and a golden opportunity had been lost. Thus it will be seen how important was the battle of Gettysburg, a battle neither army expected nor desired, but which was brought on by accident.

'TWAS A GLORIOUS FOURTH.

A General Celebration Throughout the Country—At the World's Fair.

The Fourth of July was more generally observed throughout the country this year than ever before. In Chicago, especially, never was day celebrated as was the one hundred and seventeenth anniversary of that nation when a few brave men, wiser than their generation, first preached to the amazed nations the glorious gospel of human liberty and the dignity of mere manhood. The time-honored old bell that on that day rang the matins of freedom's dawning found voice again, and in the magic White City by the lake pealed the summons to liberty's double jubilee, while to its now cracked and quavering tones the joybells of the nation responded in brazen chorus.

From the farthermost ocean-lashed crag of rugged New England to the golden sands of California, and from the wheat-sea fields of Minnesota to the savannahs of Florida's peninsula, a free people blessed the day when sprang into existence the government "of the people, by the people and for the people." Before sunrise the noisy enthusiasm began to tell the world of its happiness, and long after the anniversary day closed in night the hissing rocket and detonating bomb streaked the gray sky with bars of light brightly red as are the stripes of the flag that these pyrotechnic heralds told "was still there."

In Chicago, the celebration was confined to the exercises at the World's Fair grounds, but these were so magnificent and of such historic interest as to eclipse anything of the kind ever before attempted. There were in attendance the largest number of persons ever gathered in one assemblage in this country. There were eloquent speakers by the dozen to address the multitude. Cannon from ship and shore marked time for the score of bands that played patriotic music. Half a million people joined in singing

THE ORIGINAL STARS AND STRIPES.

"Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," "The Star-Spangled Banner," and similar inspiriting songs, while from every flagstaff in the grounds the American flag did float.

Program of Exercises.

The crowd assembled on the plaza west of the administration building, where stands for the speakers were erected. From the warships in the lake off the Exposition grounds was fired the national salute, and then the following program was observed:

Prayer—Rev. John Henry Barrows, of Chicago.
Opening Address—Adlai E. Stevenson, Vice President of the United States.
Song—"Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."
Address—Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of Chicago.
Address—Hampton L. Carson, of Philadelphia.
Salute of the flags.
Sung—"Star-Spangled Banner."
Oration and reading of the Declaration of Independence by James S. Norton, of Chicago.
Song—"My Country, 'Tis of Thee."
Doxology.

At the close of Mr. Carson's speech there was unfurled to the breeze from off the staff on the Administration Building the original American flag, the same one that flew from the peak of the American frigate Bon Homme Richard when under command of the great Paul Jones she engaged in the famous combat with the British warship Serapis. This relic of the revolution was swung into place by Mrs. R. P. Stafford, a descendant of Lieut. Stafford, of the Bon Homme Richard, and now owner of this precious memento of the war for independence. As the Paul Jones flag straightened in the breeze every flag aloft in the park was dipped in honor to the bit of historic bunting, and the guns in the park and on the ships joined with thunderous tones in the applause that went up from the people.

At night a magnificent display of fireworks surpassing anything of the kind yet shown at the fair was given.

He Can't Find an Honest Man.

An old gentleman, evidently a gatherer of statistics, but with a kindly face which shaded off to something like philanthropy on the edges, was gazing abstractedly down the street.

Suddenly he stepped up to a gentleman who was waiting for a horse car, and, touching him lightly on the shoulder, said: "Excuse me, but did you just drop a $5 bill?" at the same time holding out in his hand the sum mentioned. The gentleman questioned, gazed a moment at the note, assumed a look of excitement, made hasty search of his pockets and said: "Why, so I did, and I didn't miss it," holding out his eager hand.

The old man slowly drew forth a note book and said: "I thought so." He then took the name and address of the loser and, putting the note in his pocket, turned away.

"Well," said the other, "do you want it as a reward?"

"Oh, I did not find one," returned the benevolent old man, "but it struck me that in a big place like New York there must be a large quantity of money lost, and upon inquiry I find you are the thirty-first man who lost a $5 note this very morning."

AROUND A GREAT STATE.

BRIEF COMPILATION OF ILLINOIS NEWS.

Big Concern at Madison Goes Under—One of the Chicago Hat-Snatching Gang Sent to Prison—Express Cashier of Springfield Flees on His Safety.

From Far and Near.

By an explosion in the Clear Lake coal mine, near Springfield, Charles Whittaker was instantly killed.

At Shawneetown Dr. E. C. Colvard died Saturday. He was one of the oldest residents of Gallatin County.

President Shortall, of the Illinois Humane Society, has issued a congratulatory letter to the public concerning the recent cowboy race.

While insane or under the influence of liquor, Officer Thomas Moran, of Chicago, ran through the streets, shooting at everyone who crossed his path.

In a heroic attempt to save the lives of others Stephen Nester, a carpenter, residing at Chicago, lost his own life. Nester was trying to stop a runaway team.

Ginger over the death of his son two years ago is the only reason that can be assigned for the attempt of William Becker, a Chicago butcher, to commit suicide.

A. A. Peterson, a brakeman on the Chicago and Alton Road, was almost instantly killed at Larose. The train was going under a bridge, which it is presumed he did not see.

Attorney General Moloney appointed ex-Senator M. L. Newell his second assistant. Several days ago the position was tendered to Wesley H. Manier, but he declined it after having the matter under consideration for a time.

It has been decided that Jamison, the Quincy negro murderer, is sane, though he cunningly counterfeits insanity. He is sentenced to hang Aug. 18, and threatens that if the sentence is executed the city of Quincy will be destroyed.

William Whitman, cashier for the American Express Company at Springfield, left Thursday afternoon and has not been seen since. He carried the keys to the safe, and it is rumored that he also took $7,000. He left town on a bicycle. Two hundred and fifty dollars is offered by the company as a reward for his arrest and detention until an officer from Illinois can reach him and requisition papers be procured if apprehended outside of the State of Illinois.

Irene Moore was convicted of larceny in Judge Ewing's court at Chicago and sentenced to two years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. The woman robbed Dr. Harris's family of $40. Smiley was walking on Dearborn street near the Polk street depot when the woman seized his hat and threw it into a hallway. He went to recover it, when he was set upon by several women, who robbed him of the money. The Moore woman was the only one who was caught, and Assistant State's Attorney Knight succeeded in proving her guilt beyond a doubt.

The Madison Car Company of Madison filed articles of assignment in the Recorder's office at Edwardsville on Saturday. Paul A. Fusz is the assignee. The liabilities of the company are $918,000; assets, $1,122,000. The news created consternation among St. Louis brokers, as all the parties interested are heavily concerned in a number of big enterprises in that city. The Madison car works are controlled by what is known as the Granite Mountain people, who are also behind the Merchants' Bridge, Scrutiny Building, and a number of mining enterprises. Six months ago the company bonded itself for $500,000. This was used to pay off all outstanding indebtedness and enlarge the plant, and was known to have left the company with plenty of working capital. The works were running to their full capacity, turning out between forty and fifty cars a day. The capital stock of the company is $500,000.

Dexter C. Judd, who was one of the earliest settlers of Aurora, died on Wednesday morning.

David Price, of Bond County, stabbed and killed Robert Reed, formerly of Atlanta, Ga., at East Alton. Price confessed the deed, saying that Reed aggravated him. The evidence showed that he was the aggressor and that Reed was endeavoring to avoid him.

The weekly crop bulletin issued by the Illinois weather service says: The temperature of the last seven days has been above the normal in the northern and central counties of the State. In the southern division it has been about or slightly above a seasonable average. While the amount of precipitation for the week has been generally below a seasonable amount, it was fairly distributed and very beneficial. The percentage of sunshine has been about a seasonable average. Corn has made excellent growth, is generally clean, and in many localities has been cultivated the second time. Wheat harvesting is progressing in the southern counties, but has been retarded somewhat by the rain. In the central counties wheat is now ready to harvest. The wheat standing now presents a more favorable prospect for a crop in many of the central and northern counties than was anticipated earlier in the season. Rust, scab and smut is reported in some sections. Oats are in excellent condition and ripening fast. Clover hay cutting is progressing throughout the State and in many counties is finished. Potatoes are doing well and in some sections being dug. Tomatoes are ripening fast and in some localities are being marketed. Fruit of all kinds will be light. Meadows and pastures are still in fine condition; but complaints of injury by worms are received.

The Auditor of Public Accounts at Springfield issued a certificate of authority to commence business to the Carmi State Bank of Carmi; the capital stock is $25,000. Charles E. McDowall is president and Thomas W. Hall cashier.

The coal miners at Sorrento went on strike Monday. They allege that the company has been irregular in paying their wages for some time, and the company claim that they have not been able to meet their current expenses promptly owing to slow collections.