TALMAGE'S SERMON.

HE FINDS MANY LESSONS IN THE PREVAILING PANIC.

There Is Nothing Wrong in Desiring to Be Rich, But Like All Human Desires It Should Be Rightly Subjected to God's Law—A Timely Subject.

At the Tabernacle.

Rev. Dr. Talmage has selected as his subject for last Sunday a topic of the greatest interest and timeliness—viz, "Comfort For Business Men," the text being Isaiah xl, 2, "Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem."

What an awful six weeks in commercial circles! The crashing of banks from San Francisco to New York and from ocean to ocean. The complete uncertainty that has halted all styles of business for three months and the pressure of the money market for the last year have put all bargain makers at their wit's end. Some of the best men in the land have faltered; men whose hearts are enlisted in every good work and whose hands have blessed every great charity. The church of God can afford to extend to them her sympathies and plead before Heaven with all availing prayer. The schools such men have established, the churches they have built, the asylums and beneficent institutions they have fostered, will be their eulogy long after their banking institutions are forgotten. Such men can never fail. They have their treasures in banks that never break and will be millionaires forever.

The stringency of the money market, I am glad to say, begins to relax. May the wisdom of Almighty God come down upon our national Legislature at their convening next month in Washington and such results be reached as shall restore confidence and revive trade and multiply prosperities! Yet not only now in the time of financial disaster, but all through life, our active business people have struggled, and I think it will be appropriate and useful for me to talk about their trials and try to offer some curative prescription.

The Tempted Merchant.

In the first place, I have to remark that a great many of our business men feel ruinous trials and temptations coming to them from small and limited capital in business. It is everywhere understood that it takes now three or four times as much to do business well as once it did. Once a few hundred dollars were turned into goods—the merchant would be his own store sweeper, his own salesman, his own book-keeper. He would manage all the affairs himself, and everything would be net profit. Wonderful changes have come. Costly apparatus, extensive advertising, exorbitant store rents, heavy taxation, expensive agencies, are only parts of the demand made upon our commercial men. And when they have found themselves in such circumstances with small capital they have sometimes been tempted to run against the rocks of moral and financial destruction.

The temptation of limited capital has ruined men in two ways. Sometimes they have shrunk down under the temptation. They have yielded the battle before the first shot was fired. At the first hard gun they surrendered. Their knees knocked together at the fall of the auctioneer's hammer. They blanched at the financial peril. They did not understand that there is such a thing as heroism in merchandise, and that there are Waterloos of the counter, and that a man can fight no braver battle with the sword than he can with the yardstick.

Their souls melted in them because sugars were up when they wanted to buy and down when they wanted to sell and unsalable goods were on the shelf and bad debts in their ledger. The gloom of their countenances overshadowed even their dry goods and groceries. Despondency, coming from limited capital, blasted them. Others have felt it in a different way. They have said: "Here I have been trudging along. I have been trying to be honest all these years. I find it is of no use. Now it is make or break."

The small craft that could have stood the shock is put out beyond the lighthouse on the great sea of speculation. Stocks are the dice with which he gambles. He bought for a few dollars vast tracts of Western land. Some man at the East living on a fat homestead meets this gambler of fortune and is persuaded to trade off his estate here for lots in a Western city with large avenues and cozy palaces and steamers smoking at the wharves and rail trains coming down with lightning speed from every direction. There it is all on paper! The city has never been built nor the railroads constructed, but everything points that way, and the thing will be done as sure as you live. And that is the process by which many have been tempted through limitation of capital into labyrinths from which they could not be extricated.

I would not want to chain honest enterprise. I would not want to block up any of the avenues for honest accumulation that open up for young men. On the contrary, I would like to cheer them on and rejoice when they reach the goal, but when there are such multitudes of men going to ruin for this life and the life that is to come through wrong notions of what are lawful spheres of enterprise it is the duty of the ministers of religion and the friends of all young men to utter a plain, emphatic, unmistakable protest. These are the influences that drown men in destruction and perdition.

The Feverish Thirst for Gain.

Again, a great many of our business men are tempted to over anxiety and care. You know that nearly all commercial businesses are overdone in this day. Smitten with the love of quick gain, our cities are crowded with men resolved to be rich at all hazards. They do not care how money comes. Our best merchants are thrown into competition with men of more means and less conscience, and if an opportunity of accumulation be neglected one hour some one else picks it up. From January to December the struggle goes on. Night gives no quiet to limbs tossing in restlessness nor to a brain that will not stop thinking. The dreams are harrowed by imaginary loss and flushed with imaginary gains. Even the Sabbath cannot dam back the tide of anxiety, for this wave of worldliness dashes clear over the church and leaves its foam on Bibles and prayer books.

Men who are living on salaries or by the culture of the soil cannot understand the wear and tear of body and mind to which our merchants are subjected when they do not know but that their livelihood and their business honor are dependent upon the uncertainties of the next hour. This excitement of the brain, this corroding care of the heart, this strain of effort that exhausts the spirit, sends a great many of our best men in midlife into the grave. They find that Wall street does not end at the East River. It ends at Greenwood! Their life dashed out against money sacks. They go with their store on their backs. They trudge like camels, sweating from Aleppo to Damascus. They make their life a crucifixion. Standing behind desks and counters, banished from the fresh air, weighed down by carking cares, they are so many suicides.

Reliance on Divine Aid.

Oh, I wish I could to-day rub out some of these lines of care; that I could lift some of the burdens from the heart; that I could give relaxation to some of these worn muscles. It is time for you to begin to take it a little easier. Do your best and then trust God for the rest. Do not fret. God manages all the affairs of your life, and he manages them for the best. Consider the lilies—they always have roses. Behold the fowls of the air—they always have nests. Take a long breath. Bethink betimes that God did not make you for a pack horse. Dig yourselves out from among the hogsheads and the shelves, and in the light of the holy Sabbath day resolve that you will give to the winds your fears and your fretfulness and your recklessness. You brought nothing into the world, and it is very certain you can carry nothing out. Having food and raiment, be therewith content.

The merchant came home from the store. There had been great disaster there. He opened the front door and said, in the midst of his family circle: "I am ruined. Everything is gone. I am all ruined." His wife said, "I am left," and the little child threw up its hands and said, "Papa, I am here." The aged grandmother, seated in the room, said, "Then you have all the promises of God beside, John." And he burst into tears and said: "God forgive me. And I have been so ungrateful. I find I have a great many things left. God forgive me."

Again I remark that many of our business men are tempted to neglect their home duties. How often it is that the store and the home seem to clash, but there ought not to be any collision. It is often the case that the father is but the mere treasurer of the family, a sort of agent to see that they have dry goods and groceries. The work of family government he does not touch. Once or twice in a year he calls the children up on a Sabbath afternoon when he has a half hour he does not exactly know what to do with, and in that half hour he disciplines the children and chides them and corrects their faults and gives them a great deal of good advice and then wonders all the rest of the year that his children do not do better when they have the wonderful advantage of that semi-annual castigation.

The family table, which ought to be the place for pleasant discussion and cheerfulness, often becomes the place of perplexing expedition. If there be any blessing asked at all, it is cut off at both ends, and with the hand on the carving knife. He counts on his fingers, making estimates in the interstices of the repast. The work done, the hat goes to the head, and he starts down the street, and before the family have risen from the table he has bound up another lot of goods and says to the customer, "Anything more I can do for you to-day, sir?"

Duty to One's Family.

A man has more responsibilities than those which are discharged by putting competent instructors over his children and giving them a drawing master and music teacher. The physical culture of the child will not be attended to unless the father looks to it. He must sometimes lose his dignity. He must lumber his joints up. He must sometimes lead them out to their sports and games. The parent who cannot forget the severe duties of life sometimes—to fly the kite and trundle the hoop and chase the ball and jump the rope with the children—ought never to have been tempted out of a crusty and unredeemable solitariness.

If you want to keep your children away from places of sin, you can only do it by making your home attractive. You may preach sermons and advocate reforms and denounce wickedness, and yet your children will be captivated by the glittering saloon of sin unless you can make your home a brighter place than any other place on earth to them. Oh, gather all charms into your house! If you can afford it, bring books and pictures and cheerful things to the household. But, above all, teach those children, not by half an hour twice a year on the Sabbath day, but day after day, and every day teach them that religion is a great gladness that throws chains of gold about the neck, that it takes no spring from the foot, no blithesness from the heart, no sparkle from the eye, no ring from the laughter, but that "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

I sympathize with the work being done in many of our cities by which beautiful rooms are set apart by our Young Men's Christian Association, and I pray God to prosper them in all things. But I tell you there is some thing back of that and before that. We need more happy, consecrated, cheerful Christian homes in America.

Limited Uses of Money.

Again, I remark that a great many of our business men are tempted to put the attainment of money above the value of the soul. It is a grand thing to have plenty of money. The more you get of it the better, if it come honestly and be used usefully. For the lack of it sickness dies without medicine, and hunger finds its coffin in the empty bread tray, and nakedness shivers for lack of clothes and fire. When I hear a man in canting tirade against money—a Christian man—as though it had no interest in it, I come almost to think that the heaven that would be appropriate for him would be an everlasting poorhouse!

While, my friends, we do admit there is such a thing as a lawful use of money—a profitable use of money—let us recognize also the fact that money cannot satisfy a man's soul; that it cannot glitter in the dark valley; that it cannot unlock the gate of Heaven. There are men in all occupations who seem to act as though they thought a pack of bonds and mortgages could be traded off for a title to Heaven and as though gold would be a lawful tender in that place where it is so common that they make pavements out of it. Salvation by Christ is the only salvation. Treasures in Heaven are the only incorruptible treasures.

Have you ever ciphered out in the rule of loss and gain the sum, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?" However fine your apparel the winds of death will flutter it like rags. Homespun and a threadbare coat have sometimes been the shadow of coming robes made white in the blood of the Lamb. The pearl of great price is worth more than any gem you can bring from the ocean, than Australian or Brazilian mines strung in one carcanet. Seek after God; find His righteousness, and all shall be well here; all shall be well hereafter.

Loss of Money Not Fatal.

But I must have a word with those who during the present commercial calamities have lost heavily or perhaps lost all their estate. If a man lose his property at 36 or 40 years of age, it is only a sharp discipline generally, by which later he comes to larger success. It is all folly for a man to sit down in midlife discouraged. The marshals of Napoleon came to their commander and said, "We have lost the battle, and we are being cut to pieces." Napoleon took his watch from his pocket and said: "It is only 2 o'clock in the afternoon. You have lost that battle, but we have time enough to win another. Charge upon the foe!"

Though the meridian of life has passed with you, and you have been routed in many a conflict, give not up in discouragement. There are victories yet for you to gain. But sometimes monetary disaster comes to a man when there is something in his age or something in his health or something in his surroundings which make him know well that he will never get up again.

In 1857 it was estimated that for many years previous to that time annually there had been 30,000 failures in the United States. Many of those persons never recovered from the misfortune. But let me give a word of comfort in passing. The Sheriff never sells you out of many things, but there are some things of which he cannot sell you out. He cannot sell out your health. He cannot sell out your family. He cannot sell out your Bible. He cannot sell out your Heaven! You have more than you have lost.

Sons and daughters of God, children of an eternal and all loving Father, heirs not to one poor inheritance. The world is yours, and life is yours, and death is yours, and immortality is yours, and thrones of imperial grandeur are yours, and rivers of gladness are yours, and shining mansions are yours, and God is yours. The eternal God has sworn it, and every time you doubt it you charge the King of Heaven and earth with perjury. Instead of complaining how hard you have it, go home, take up your Bible full of promises, get down on your knees before God and thank him for what you have, instead of spending so much time in complaining about what you have not.

The Ark of Safety.

Some of you remember the shipwreck of the Central America. This noble steamer had, I think, about 500 passengers abroad. Suddenly the storm came, and the surges trampled the deck and swung into the hatches, and the wind went up, voiced with death shriek. The foam on the jaw of the wave. The pitching of the steamer as though it were leaping a mountain. The dismal flare of the signal rockets. The long cough of the steam pipes. The hiss of the extinguished furnaces. The walking of God on the wave! The steamer went not down without a struggle.

As the passengers stationed themselves in rows to bail out the vessel, hark to the thump of the buckets, as men unused to toil, with blistered hands and strained muscle, tug for their lives. There is a sail seen against the sky. The flash of the distress gun sounded. Its voice is heard not, for it is choked in the louder booming of the sea. A few passengers escaped, but the steamer gave one great lurch and was gone! So there are some men who sail on prosperously in life. All's well. All's well. But at last some financial disaster comes—a euroclydon. Down they go! the bottom of the commercial sea strewn with shattered hulks.

But because your property goes, do not let your soul go. Though all else perish, save that. For I have to tell you of a more stupendous shipwreck than that which I have just mentioned. God launched this world 6,000 years ago. It has been going on under freight of mountains and immortals, but one day it will stagger at the cry of fire. The timbers of rock will burn, the mountains flame like masts and the clouds like sails in the judgment hurricane. Then God shall take the passengers off the deck, and from the berths those who have long been asleep in Jesus, and he will set them far beyond the reach of storm and peril.

But how many shall go down, that will never be known until it shall be announced one day in Heaven, the shipwreck of a world! Oh, my dear hearers, whatever you lose, though your houses go, though your lands go, though all your earthly possessions perish, may God Almighty, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, save all your souls.

Beer.

Germany and England are the two chief beer brewing countries, but the latter is below the former, England brewing 996,985,000 gallons. In consumption of quart per head, however, Belgium is ahead of both Germany and England, consuming 163.25 to Germany's 134.40 and England's 125.10. The inference follows that the beer of Belgium is "drunk on the premises," and not exported like the English and German. The production of beer in America is 376,775,000 gallons, and the average consumption per head is 20.15 quarts, a little lower than that of France, which is 25.45. Russia has the smallest consumption of beer of any great country, 4.25 quarts per head being the estimate. As, according to Dr. Johnson, "those who drink beer think beer," these statistics may afford food for reflection to the subjects of Gambrinus.

GREAT numbers of moderately good people think it fine to talk scandal; they regard it as a sort of evidence of their own goodness.—E. W. Faber.

REAL RURAL READING

A DEPARTMENT FOR OUR LOCAL AGRICULTURISTS.

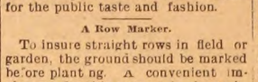
Farmers Should Carefully Consult the Markets—A Homemade Row Marker—Variety in Pasture—Cheap Feed Rack—Gooseberries and Currants—General Farm Notes.

Consulting the Markets.

To meet a demand for special products, one must know what the demand is, writes a correspondent of an agricultural journal. The special requirements of a market may be nothing better than a mere whim or caprice, but they must be met if a ready sale is expected. If the market requires brown-shelled eggs it is folly to offer those with white shells. The latter may be just as good as the former, but so long as the former have the call they are the ones to be furnished. Or if the market requires yellow legs and yellow skin on dressed poultry, it is unwise to offer poultry with white skin and dark or white legs. It is true that people do not eat the shanks of fowls, and some of the best table fowls in the world have white, or dark shanks and a white skin, but so long as the fancy of the buyer demands the yellow color, that is the color to supply. One cannot afford to spend his time educating people out of their whimsical notions, if he expects to make money out of his trade. So long as no principle is sacrificed, so long as their notions can harm no one, not even themselves, the poultry raiser is not bound to sacrice his profits in attempting to remove the prejudices of his customers. He is raising fowls for business, not for fun, and must adopt business methods, always remembering there is some good reason for the public taste and fashion.

A Row Marker.

To insure straight rows in field or garden, the ground should be marked before planting. A convenient implement for this purpose is shown in the accompanying illustration, from the American Agriculturist. A six-inch pole twelve feet long, of red elm or white oak *a* has a tongue pinned below it and braced by an old arch of a two-horse cultivator morticed through the pole and pinned above the tongue. A second pole *b* four inches through is attached to the first by pieces of one-fourth by one and



A HOMEMADE MARKER

one-fourth inch strap of iron passing loosely around the front pole, but bolted to the blocks *c* which are twenty inches long and six inches through, and pinned above the back pole. The holes for the marker pins should be bored where needed. Wood pins need one and one-half inch holes, iron pins one-half inch. These holes should be so bored that the pins will slant back while marking. The pins *d* which fasten the back pole to the connecting blocks *c* should be made six inches longer for this purpose. A double tree can be attached to the tongue in the usual manner. By using a heavy back log, an excellent clod crusher, leveler, or weed and cornstalk breaker can be made.

Farmers as Speculators.

"Talk about speculators," said a produce dealer the other day; "there isn't a greater speculator out than the farmer. If the price of any product goes up he never wants to sell; no matter how high the price, he always wants more. After the price begins to go down he wants to sell, and usually gets a lower price than he might have obtained." Unfortunately there is too much of truth in this statement. The dealer in question cited several in fances in support of his statement. Every seller wishes to get all possible for his wares. This is natural and right, but it isn't always easy to tell just when the right point has been reached. It is generally better to sell on a rising than on a falling market. When an unusual high figure has been attained, it isn't reasonable to suppose that that price will be long sustained.—Rural New-Yorker.

Gooseberries and Currants.

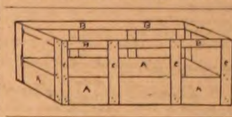
Gooseberries and currants do best when planted on a north or east slope. Too much sun is not good for them. But both gooseberries and currants must have good culture and the worms must be killed as soon as they are hatched. They hatch out on the lower leaves about blooming time, or a little later. The grower must keep his eye peeled, for it only takes these pests about two days to strip off every leaf, and that means no crop. There are several broods of them in a season. The first coming before the fruit is formed may be killed with paris green; later broods with hellebore. The successful growth of any of these fruits for market demands constant care and attention, and also knowledge and skill.

Over Manuring Grain Crops.

The fact that stable manure contains too much nitrogen and too little potash and phosphate makes it unsuitable for manuring the small grains. To furnish the mineral elements that grain crops require an overdose of manure must be given, and this makes an excessive growth of straw. If the stable manure is applied to corn and potato crops, the crops of oats, barley, or wheat grown the second or third years will need only mineral elements. This is especially true of winter wheat. It is sown after more or less summer cultivation which has developed nitrogen from decaying matters in the soil.

An Idea for a Feed Rack.

This feed rack, described in Farm and Home, is simply a square box, no bottom in, and open at top. It is 10 ft. long, 3½ ft. wide and 4. ft. high. The letters A show the lower part boarded up 20 in. The letters B show the top board 1x6 in. The letters C are the upright boards 1x1x4 ft. long, all well railed together with wrought nails and clinched. Each side of the rack is made separately, then hooked together with hook and



staple at each corner above and below. The feed is thrown in at the top. Cattle reach in through the spaces between the boards C to eat. This rack is intended for hay, corn, fodder or feed of such kind. It is far better than the old X rail racks, as cattle do not need to reach overhead to eat and get their eyes full of dirt, but reach down, which is natural. Neither can they run over their feed and dirty and waste it. If intended for sheep made the spaces for reaching the feed smaller or the sheep will jump inside.

Variety in Pasture.

Farmers do not either for meadow and pasture seed down with sufficient variety to make the best feed. Only amateur wealthy farmers sow the sweet-scented vernal grass. Yet who has been over a field that has had even a little of this in haying time, who has not been delighted with its fragrance. It is good, too, in the hay mow, for the sweet perfume permeates the entire mass, and stock of all kinds eat it better. Besides, with a variety of grasses there is sure to be a good stand, one succeeding where another has failed. It is far better to have a variety of the best grasses in pasture than a scattering of timothy and clover and all the bare spaces filled with weeds.

Clean Cultivation of Small Fruits.

Strawberries, raspberries, and other small fruit plants require frequent and clean cultivation to produce the best results. When grown in large quantities, they should be so planted as to admit of horse cultivation. On land free from stones, a careful man with a steady horse and the use of the improved cultivators the work can be so neatly and closely done that but little use of the hand hoe is required. The great point is to commence the cultivation early, when the weeds are small and easily destroyed with shallow stirring, which disturbs no roots.

Work for Rainy Days.

It is so often necessary to work over hours in pleasant weather that when a rainy day comes in summer the farmer may profitably devote it partly to intellectual improvement. He can at least then take time to estimate carefully what needs to be done and plan as to the best way of doing it. This will require study and prove the best possible intellectual exercise. It at least requires as much executive ability to keep everything on a large farm in order and working smoothly as it does to manage a manufacturing or commercial business.

Rapid Cooling of Milk.

The housekeeper always sets milk in a cool place, not merely as she says "to keep it better," but to insure the more rapid separation of cream from the water and casein with which in milk it is always mixed. The creamery does this by enclosing the milk in ice, so suddenly cooling it that the cream rises without having the milk soured. Its process is patented, but the idea is not, and explanation of the principle will help housewives to make more and better butter, even though they cannot afford to buy a creamer.

Cause of Sour Silage.

One of the principal causes of sour silage is cutting corn too green. Dr. Miles tells us that sour silage may often be caused by too rapid filling, excluding the air, so that the temperature is not allowed to rise high enough to kill the bacteria causing the fermentation. Cases are cited where slow filling and loose packing have resulted in excellent sweet silage. It is probable, however, that the maturity of the corn has more to do with its acid condition than the manner of filling.

Poultry Notes.

DUST is death to lice, and the fowls should have free access to it.

ONCE a week parch a little cracked corn quite brown and feed to chicks.

CHICKENS, like sheep, cannot be crowded together in large flocks without breeding disease and becoming an easy prey to death.

A PEKIN duck lays from 120 to 150 eggs in a year, and it is not hard to make a pair of young Pekins weigh ten pounds when ten weeks old. They are a profitable fowl.

LINSEED meal is excellent for poultry, containing, as it does, portions of nitrogen that is of benefit to fowls. It is not intended as a regular daily food, but once a week is not out of place.

THE annoyance of having too many males among the flock of hens ought to cease soon after the egg for early chickens are dropped and set. Few people make anything from the latest eggs, and the hens will produce more eggs if not made fertile than they will if the roosters are always in their company.

ILLINOIS INCIDENTS.

SOBER OR STARTLING, FAITHFULLY RECORDED.

Hillsboro Child Raving with Hydrophobia—Depot Burned at Alton — Fish Are Killed by Alkalies—Son Killed by Saving His Father.

From Far and Near.

WILLIAM BUTLER, colored, charged with having produced an abortion, committed suicide near Sumner by hanging.

ANOTHER stampede took place in the Government Building at Chicago, caused by falling material. No one was hurt.

MISS MARCELLA BERG, a trainer at the Hagenbeck wild animal show, World's Fair, was attacked by a tiger and badly bitten.

THE Trades and Labor Assembly of Quincy has passed resolutions indorsing Governor Altgeld's action in pardoning the anarchists.

E. BOWSER and Ashbury Rhodes received two worthless mortgages from Thomas West at Litchfield, for which they gave a pair of horses.

GOVERNOR ALTGELD pardoned John McDermott, of Cook County, out of the penitentiary. He was sentenced in 1890 for a term of seven years for burglary.

THE Union Depot in Alton was partially destroyed by fire Sunday morning. It was almost an exact repetition of the fire two years ago, and, like that one, the most damage was done by the water. The Chicago and Alton, Big Four, Burlington and Short Line ticket offices were flooded. Loss about $2,000.

A SHORT time ago the little 12-year-old daughter of Isaac Jeef, of Tower Hill, was bitten by a house dog. Wednesday the girl showed signs of hydrophobia, and she is now raving with the fearful disease. It is feared she cannot recover. The dog has not shown any signs of going mad.

AT Alton, two corner-stones for new churches were laid Sunday afternoon. The first was for St. Mary's, new $100,000 church, and it was done with great pomp. The stone was laid by Rev. P. J. Roan, Bishop of Alton. The other was for the Zion Methodist Church (colored), and a large crowd also attended there. Rev. Henry Parky sealed the stone in this instance.

ALBERT OLMSTEAD, a wealthy farmer living about six miles south of Marengo, was burned to death while trying to save the lives of two horses imprisoned in a burning barn which had been struck by lightning. His wife has lost her reason from the terrible shock. The fire also destroyed numerous farm implements and about 100 tons of hay. Loss about $5,000; insurance unknown.

AT St. Lous J. E. Lavery gave up his life to save his aged father's, meeting with a fearful death. James Lavery, Sr., lives at Carrollton, Mo. At the St. Louis depot the aged gentleman stepped on the rails of a rapidly approaching train. Not realizing his danger he stood still, when his son made a bound for the track, seized his father by the shoulders, and threw him across the track out of danger. For some reason, probably the shock the fright had given him, the son fell back apparently in a faint, and was struck by the engine and killed.

DEAD fish floating on the surface of the water in the Mississinewa River near Marion have been accumulating until they will reach thousands in number. They are bass, carp, pike, and suckers, many of them weighing several pounds each. Their destruction is attributed to alkalies turned into the river by a new pulp reducing process adopted a few days ago by a paper mill at Gate City, five miles above. The health officer has ordered the dead fish hauled to the crematory. Fish Commissioner Kirsch has been notified by telegraph and vigorous measures will be applied to prohibit the wholesale slaughter.

A SEVEN-FOOT vein of good coal was found at Girard, at a depth of 375 feet.

THE Board of Supervisors of Adams County elected Miss Ella Grubb County Superintendent of Schools to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of the late Supt. Hamilson. There were four candidates for the place, three men and Miss Grubb.

THE Third street wagon bridge over the Vandalia Railroad tracks in Vandalia gave way beneath a team and wagon loaded with two large saw logs and fell thirty feet to the railroad track below. The team and driver, Levi Sutton, escaped without injury.

THE wedding of Edward E. Barry and Miss Mary Smith, which was to have taken place at Quincy, was not celebrated. The engagement was broken off the day before, the bride-to-be claiming that Mr. Barry insulted her because he found her in the company of an old friend. Mr. Barry denies this. The young lady announces in the Evening Journal that Mr. Barry is not the man she thought he was, and thinks they will be better off apart.

THE British soldiers from Tattersalls paid military honors and the last tribute of respect at the place where so many men went down to their death at the cold storage fire at the World's Fair. The whole body of them, horse, foot, and artillery, in full regimentals and with their band, marched through the grounds to the 59th street gate. There they were drawn up in line. The band played the "Dead March in Saul." Then three volleys from rifles, cannon, and carbines were fired over the ruins. "Taps," the soldier's last farewell, was sounded, and the only public mark of respect so far paid at the place where the heroes fell was complete. It was a striking incident in a day so largely devoid of incident, and was witnessed by thousands of visitors.

THE Farmers' Harvest Picnic in the Turkey Hill District, five miles west of Mascoutah, ended in a free fist fight. A St. Louis man, whose name is unknown, had his head crushed and was carried away in a critical condition. Twenty-five others were injured more or less, but none dangerously.

THE Executive Committee of the Illinois Soldiers and Sailors' Association met in Centralia to determine whether a reunion would be held this year or not. The committee determined unanimously in favor of a reunion and will meet in Centralia July 31 to determine the time and place.