TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A LESSON IS FOUND IN THE SUBJUGATED ISRAELITE.

The Church of To-day Has Allowed the Infidels to Assume Too Much in Science and Literature—We Need More Men Like Agassiz, Silliman and Hitchcock.

A Disarmed People.

The great throng of many thousands from all parts of the North and West were gathered last Sunday at the Monona Lake assembly, a Chautauqua held near Madison Wis., and Rev. Dr. Talmage in the forenoon preached to the great multitude on "Sharpened Axes," the text being I. Samuel xiii. 19-21, "Now, there was no smith found throughout all the land of Israel," etc.

My loving and glad salutation to this uncounted host, Chautauquans, Christian Endeavorers, gospel workers and their friends from all parts of Wisconsin and America, saints and sinners! My text is gloriously appropriate. What a galling subjugation the Israelites were suffering! The Philistines had carried off all the blacksmiths and torn down the blacksmiths' shops, and abolished the trade in the land of Israel.

These Philistines had a particular grudge against blacksmiths, although I have always admired them and have sometimes thought I ought to have been one myself. The Philistines would not even allow these parties to work their valuable mines of brass and iron, nor might they make any swords or spears. There were only two swords left in all the land. Yea, these Philistines went on until they had all the grindstones from the land of Israel, so that if an Israelitish farmer wanted to sharpen his plow or his ax he had to go over to the garrison of the Philistines to get it done. There was only one sharpening instrument left in the land, and that was a file. The farmers and the mechanics having nothing to whet up the coulter, and the goad, and the pickax save a simple file, industry was hindered and work practically disgraced.

The great idea of these Philistines was to keep the Israelites disarmed. They might get iron out of the hills to make swords of, but they would not have any blacksmiths to weld this iron. If they got the iron welded they would have no grindstones on which to bring the instruments of agriculture or the military weapons up to an edge. Oh, you poor, weaponless Israelites, reduced to a file, how I pity you! But these Philistines were not forever to keep their heel on the neck of God's children. Jonathan, on his hands and knees, climbs up a great rock beyond which were the Philistines, and his armor bearer, on his hands and knees, climbs up the same rock, and these two men, with their two swords, hew to pieces the Philistines, the Lord throwing a great terror upon them. So it was then; so it is now. The two men of God on their knees mightier than a Philistine host on their feet.

A Church Without Weapons.

I learn first from this subject how dangerous it is for the church of God to allow its weapons to stay in the hands of its enemies. These Israelites might again and again have obtained a supply of swords and weapons, as, for instance, when they took the spoils of the Ammonites, but these Israelites seemed content to have no swords, no spears, no blacksmiths, no grindstones, no active iron mines, until it was too late for them to make any resistance. I see the farmers tugging along with their pickaxes and plows, and I say, "Where are you going with those things?" They say, "Oh, we are going over to the garrison of the Philistines to get these things sharpened." I say, "You foolish men; why don't you sharpen them at home?" "Oh," they say, "the blacksmiths' shops are all torn down, and we have nothing left us but a file."

So it is in the church of Christ today. We are too willing to give up our weapons to the enemy. The world boasts that it has gobbled up the schools, and the colleges, and the arts, and the sciences, and the literature, and the press. Infidelity is making a mighty attempt to get all our weapons in its hand and then to keep them. You know it is making this boast all the time, and after awhile, when the great battle between sin and righteousness has opened, if we do not look out we will be as badly off as these Israelites, without any swords to fight with and without any sharpening instruments.

I call upon the superintendents of literary institutions to see to it that the men who go into the classrooms to stand beside the Leyden jars and the electric batteries, and the microscopes or telescopes be children of God, not Philistines. The atheistic thinkers of this day are trying to get all the intellectual weapons of this century in their own grasp. What we want is scientific Christians to capture the science, and scholastic Christians to capture the scholarship, and philosophic Christians to capture the philosophy, and lecturing Christians to take back the lecturing platform.

The Weapons of Science.

We want to send out against Schenkel and Strauss and Renan of the past men like the late Theodore Christlieb of Bonn, and against the infidel scientists a God-worshiping Silliman and Hitchcock and Agassiz. We want to capture all the philosophical apparatus and swing around the telescopes on the swivel until through them we can see the morning star of the Redeemer, and with mineralogical hammer discover the "Rock of Ages," and amid the flora of the realms find the "Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley."

We want a clergy learned enough to discourse of the human eye, showing it to be a microscope and telescope in one instrument, with 800 wonderful contrivances and lids closing 30,000 or 40,000 times a day, all its muscles and nerves and bones showing the infinite skill of an infinite God, and then winding up with the peroration, "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?" And then we want to discourse about the human ear, its wonderful integuments, membranes and vibration, and its chain of small bones, and its auditory nerves, closing with the question, "He that planted the ear, shall he not hear?"

And we want some one able to expound the first chapter of Genesis, bringing it to the geology and the astronomy of the world, until, as Job suggested, "the stones of the field shall be in league" with the truth, and "the stars in their courses shall fight against Sisera." Oh, church of God, go out and recapture these weapons! Let men of God go out and take possession of the platform. Let all the printing presses of this country speak out for Christ, and the reporters, and the typesetters, and the editors and publishers swear allegiance to the Lord God of truth.

Ah, my friend, that day must come, and if the great body of Christian men have not the faith, or the courage, or the consecration to do it, then let some Jonathan on his busy hands and on his praying knees climb up on the rock of hindrance, and in the name of the Lord God of Israel slash to pieces those literary Philistines. If these men will not be converted to God, then they must be destroyed.

More Christian Energy Needed.

Again I learn from this subject what a large amount of the church's resources is actually hidden and buried and undeveloped. The Bible intimates that that was a very rich land—this land of Israel. It says, "The stones are iron and out of the hills thou shalt dig brass," and yet hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of this metal was kept under the hills. Well, that is the difficulty with the church of God at this day. Its talent is not developed. If one-half of its energy could be brought out, it might take the public iniquities of the day by the throat and make them bite the dust. If human eloquence were consecrated to the Lord Jesus Christ, it could in a few years persuade this whole earth to surrender to God.

There is enough undeveloped Christian energy in the United States to bring the whole world to Christ, but it is buried under strata of indifference and under whole mountains of sloth. Now, is it not time for the mining to begin, and the pickaxes to plunge, and for this buried metal to be brought out and put into the furnaces and be turned into howitzers and carbines for the Lord's host? The vast majority of Christians in this day are useless.

Oh, is it not time for the church of God to rouse up and understand that we want all the energies, all the talents and all the wealth enlisted for Christ's sake? I like the nickname that the English soldiers gave to Blucher, the commander. They called him "Old Forwards." We have had enough retreats in the church of Christ; let us have a glorious advance. And I say to you now as the general said when his troops were affrighted. Rising up in his stirrups, his hair flying in the wind, he lifted his voice until 20,000 troops heard him, crying out, "Forward, the whole line!"

The Logicians of the Church.

Again, I learn from this subject that we sometimes do well to take advantage of the world's sharpening instruments. These Israelites were reduced to a file, and so they went over to the garrison of the Philistines to get their axes, and their goads, and their plows sharpened. The Bible distinctly states in the context that they had no other instruments now with which to do this work, and the Israelites did right when they went over to the Philistines to use their grindstones. My friends, is it not right for us to employ the world's grindstones? If there be art, if there be logic, if there be business faculty on the other side, let us go over and employ it for Christ's sake.

The fact is we fight with too dull weapons, and we work with too dull implements. We hack and maul when we ought to make a clean stroke. Let us go over among sharp business men and among sharp literary men and find out what their tact is, and then transfer it to the cause of Christ. If they have science and art, it will do us good to rub against it. In other words, let us employ the world's grindstones. We will listen to their music, and will watch their acumen, and we will use their grindstones, and we will borrow their philosophical apparatus to make our experiments, and we will borrow their printing presses to publish our Bibles, and as a world borrows their rail trains to carry our Christian literature, and we will borrow their ships to transport our missionaries.

Well, now, my friends, we all have tools of Christian usefulness. Do not let them lose their edges. We want no rusty blades in this fight. We want no colter that cannot rip up the glebe. We want no ax that cannot fell the trees. We want no goad that cannot start the lazy team. Let us get the very best grindstones we can find, though they be in the possession of the Philistines, compelling them to turn the crank, while we bear down with all our might on the swift revolving wheel until all our energies and faculties shall be brought up to a bright, keen, sharp, glittering edge.

Again, my subject teaches us on what a small allowance Philistine iniquity puts a man. Yes, these Philistines shut up the mines, and then they took the spears and the swords, then they took the blacksmiths, then they took the grindstones, and they took everything but a file. Oh, that is the way sin works. It grabs everything. It begins with robbery, and it ends with robbery. It despoils this faculty and that faculty and keeps on until the whole nature is gone. Was the man eloquent before, it generally thickens his tongue. Was he fine in personal appearance, it mars his visage. Was he affluent, it sends the sheriff to sell him out. Was he influential, it destroys his popularity. Was he placid and genial and loving, it makes him splenetic and cross, and so utterly is he changed that you can see he is sarcastic and rasping, and that the Philistines have left him nothing but a file.

Oh, "the way of the transgressor is hard." His cup is bitter. His night is dark. His pangs are deep. His end is terrific. Philistine iniquity says to that man, "Now, surrender to me, and I will give you all you want—music for the dance, swift steeds for the race, imperial couch to slumber on, and you shall be refreshed with the rarest fruits in baskets of golden filigree!" He lies. The music turns out to be a groan. The fruits burst the rind with rank poison. The filigree is made up of twisted snakes. The couch is the grave. Small allowance of rest, small allowance of peace, small allowance of comfort. Cold, hard, rough—nothing but a file. So it was with Voltaire, the most applauded man of his day:

> The Scripture was his jest book, whence he drew
> Bonmots to gall the Christian and the Jew;
> An infidel when well, but what when sick?
> Oh, then a text would touch him to the quick.

Seized with hemorrhage of the lungs in Paris, where he had gone to be crowned in the theater as an idol of all France, he sends a messenger to get a priest, that he may be reconciled to the church before he dies. A great terror falls upon him. He makes the place all round about him so dismal that the nurse declares that she would not for all the wealth of Europe see another infidel die. Philistines iniquity had promised him all the world's garlands, but in the last hour of his life, when he needed solacing, sent tearing across his conscience and his nerves a file, a file.

So it was with Lord Byron, his uncleanness in England only surpassed by his uncleanness in Venice, then going on to his brilliant misery at Missolonghi, and fretting at his nurse, Fletcher, fretting at himself, fretting at the world, fretting at God, and he who gave to the world "Childe Harold," and "Sardanapalus," and "The Prisoner of Chillon," and "The Siege of Corinth," reduced to nothing but a file!

The Wages of Sin.

Oh, sin has great facility for making promises, but it has just as great facility for breaking them. A Christian life is the only cheerful life, while a life of wicked surrender is remorse, ruin, and death. Its painted glee is sepulchral ghastliness. In the brightest days of the Mexican empire Montezuma said he felt gnawing at his heart something like a canker. Sin, like a monster wild beast in the forest, sometimes licks all over its victim in order that the victim may be more easily swallowed; but generally sin rasps and galls and tears and upbraids and flies? Is it not so, Herod? Is it not so, Hildebrand? Is it not so, Robespierre? Aye! aye! it is so; it is so. "The way of the wicked he turneth upside down."

History tells us that when Rome was founded, on that day there were twelve vultures flying through the air, but when a transgressor dies the sky is black with whole flocks of them. Vultures! When I see sin robbing so many people, and I see them going day by day and week by week, I must give a plain warning. I dare not keep it back lest I risk the salvation of my own soul. Rover, the pirate, pulled down the warning bell on Inchcape rock, thinking that he would have a chance to despoil vessels that were crushed on the rock, but one night his own ship crashed down on this very rock, and he went down with all his cargo. God declares, "When I say to the wicked thou shalt surely die, and thou givest him not warning, that same man shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thy hands."

I learn from this subject what a sad thing it is when the church of God loses its metal. These Philistines saw that if they could only get all the metallic weapons out of the hands of the Israelites all would be well, and therefore they took the swords and the spears. They did not want them to have a single metallic weapon. When the metal of the Israelites was gone, their strength was gone. This is the trouble with the church of God to-day. It is surrendering its courage. It has not got enough metal. How seldom it is that you see a man taking his position in pew, or in pulpit, or in a religious society, and holding that position against all oppression, and all trial, and all persecution, and all criticism.

The church of God to-day wants more backbone, more defiance, more consecrated bravery, more metal. How often you see a man start out in some good enterprise, and at the first blast of newspaperdom he has collapsed, and all his courage gone, forgetful of the fact that if a man be right all the newspapers of the earth, with all their columns pounding away at him, cannot do him any permanent damage. It is only when a man is wrong that he can be damaged. Why, God is going to vindicate his truth, and he is going to stand by you, my friends, in every effort you make for Christ's cause and the salvation of men.

I sometimes say to my wife: "There is something wrong; the newspapers have not assaulted me for three months! I have not done my duty against public iniquities, and I will stir them up again next Sunday." Then I stir them up, and all the following week the devil howls and howls, showing that I have hit him very hard. Go forth in the service of Christ and do your whole duty. You have one sphere. I have another sphere. "The Lord of Hosts is with us, and the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah."

We want more of the determination of Jonathan. I do not suppose he was a very wonderful man, but he got on his knees and clambered up the rock, and with the help of his armor bearer he hewed down the Philistines, and a man of very ordinary intellectual attainments, on his knees, can storm anything for God and for the truth. We want something of the determination of the general who went into the war, and as he entered his first battle his knees knocked together, his physical courage not quite up to his moral courage, and he looked down at his knees and said, "Ah, if you knew where I was going to take you, you would shake worse than that!"

There is only one question for you to ask and for me to ask. What does God want me to do? Where is the field? Where is the work? Where is the anvil? Where is the prayer meeting? Where is the pulpit? And finding out what God wants us to do go ahead and do it—all the energies of our body, mind and soul enlisted in the undertaking. Oh, my brethren, we have but little time in which to fight for God. You will be dead soon.

Put in the Christian cause every energy that God gives you. "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might, for there is neither wisdom nor device in the grave whither we are all hastening." Oh, is it not high time that we wake out of sleep? Church of God, lift up your head at the coming victory! The Philistines will go down, and the Israelites will go up. We are on the winning side. Hear that—on the winning side!

I think just now the King's horses are being hooked up to the chariot, and when he does ride down the sky there will be such a hosanna among his friends and such a wailing among his enemies as will make the earth tremble and the heavens sing. I see now the plumes of the Lord's cavalrymen tossing in the air. The archangel before the throne has already burnished his trumpet, and then he will put its golden lips to his own, and he will blow the long, loud blast that will make all nations free. Clap your hands, all ye people! Hark! I hear the falling thrones and the dashing down of demolished iniquities.

ONE of the lost arts is the manufacture of malleable glass.

CHICAGO'S CHARITIES.

BRIEF REFERENCE TO THOSE MOST NOTED.

How the World's Fair City Takes Care of Its Poor, Its Vicious, Its Incompetent, and Its Sick—The Very Acme of System Is Observed.

Interesting Institutions.

Chicago correspondence:

The charities of a great city form a theme well worthy of study, and there are many who find in the same a source of even deeper interest than in surveying grand monuments, artistic parks and the manifold ordinary wonders of a metropolis. For such, Chicago presents a truly representative line of charitable and correctionary institutions, and while these are simply prototypes of asylums found in smaller towns, their opportunities, benefits and workings are upon such a magnified scale that here the very acme of system and utility may be observed, and deductions eliminated to guide and instruct. The problem of poverty and the amelioration of human misery will never be solved satisfactorily to every phase of thinking, but the way in which the World's Fair city takes care of its poor, its vicious,

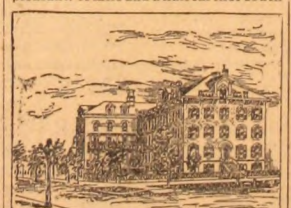
PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL.

its incompetent and its sick certainly approximates excellence very nearly perfection.

There are so many varied institutions for charity in Chicago that even a list alone would occupy pages. Their missions are widely diffused; they dot every portion of the city, they afford shelter for the blind, the deaf, the dumb, the crippled, the worthy poor, even the unworthy poor. Every class is provided for, and these classes are in turn divided up, and in many instances apportioned to institutions controlled by representatives of the nationalities to which they belong. With a view of marking out the most interesting and easy of access of these asylums, a few may be described, which, inspected by the stranger, will afford a very fair idea of the general run of local charities. The main home for the indigent is of course the county poorhouse, and for the sick the county hospital. The latter is easy of access, being located at the corner of Harrison and Wood streets, and is noted for its prompt, good work. The former, however, is some ten miles from the city, being situated at Dunning. The Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad has a branch line running to this institution, which comprises many buildings, and, while scarcely a model of its class, is extensive in its scope, and fairly successful in its efforts to systematize the care and comfort of its inmates. As it harbors mainly hopeless and chronic paupers, however, dark pictures with a bright side are more common among asylums within the city's borders, where love and devotion take the place of a necessarily rigorous system in dealing with aggregrate misery and helplessness.

Home for the Friendless.

The Home for the Friendless, at 1926 Wabash avenue, may be reached by any of the South Division cable cars, and is one of the most notable of Chicago's charitable asylums. It occupies handsome brick buildings, four stories and an attic in height, well lighted and ventilated, supplied with shaded porticoes, and surrounded by grass plats. The interior is elaborate in its appointments, and has about 100 rooms. This institution is an important factor in the social and moral condition of Chicago, its guidance being in the very best of hands, its benefits incalculable, and the care of its inmates conducted on a system that has rescued hundreds from despair and helplessness, and placed them on the road to usefulness and right. The waifs taken in here have a home in every sense of the word, motherly attention, happy amusements, and a school training most thorough, and yet pleasant. A mile and a half farther south



HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS.

is the Old People's Home, and both institutions may be visited the same day. The last-named represents an investment of some $70,000, and at present houses eighty old ladies. It is intended to erect a duplicate structure for the accommodation of old men.

In the West Division the most noted charity is the Foundlings' Home, just off Madison on Wood street. It comprises two large connected brick buildings one three, the other five stories high. Its capacity is for about one hundred children, but no little wayfarer left at its hospitable portals is ever turned adrift. Relying almost solely on donations from the benevolent, its success has demonstrated the ability of one good man—the lamented Dr. George Shipman, its founder—to carry out a great enterprise when based on unfaltering faith, as also the kindness of heart of a community at large. A visitor cannot help but be absorbed in watching the workings of a system here displayed that mothers infants from one month to several years of age, and not a few World's Fair visitors may adopt and take home as a "sunshine" the little ones who are only waiting to brighten childless or bereaved homes with the sunshine of their presence.

The North Division has, at the corner of Market and Hill streets, a somewhat remarkable asylum and reformatory for women, girls, and female children, known as the House of the Good Shepherd, the noble work of which in years past cannot be overestimated. It is under charge of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, and occupies a large inclosure, partly taken up by the building, and partly by several yards. The institution is divided into five departments, isolated from each other—the penance reformatory for women, the juvenile reformatory for young girls, the industrial school, the Magdalen asylum, and "Our Sisters' Community." There are accommodations for 400 inmates, and the institution is usually well filled. It has been the means of reclaiming many, and there is no institution in Chicago more interesting and more deserving of kind words and active support.

Charitable Hospitals.

The charitable hospitals of the city are very numerous. Among these are the Mercy Hospital, founded in 1848, controlled by the Sisters of Mercy, and supported entirely by voluntary contributions; the Michael Reese Hospital, a Hebrew charity which admits patients without a test of religious faith; St. Luke's Hospital, supported by collections taken up on St. Luke's Day in all the Episcopal churches of Chicago; and scores of minor hospitals, all of which perform a noble and hospitable work. The visitor desiring to thoroughly inspect a model institution of this kind, however, should visit the United States Marine Hospital, the office of which is in the Government Building. The institution is situated at Lake View, on the lake shore, six miles north of the City Hall, and accessible by the North Division cable cars. The grounds comprise ten acres, and the building is a handsome granite structure, four stories high, with a basement. It is 300x75 feet, and has accommodations for 150 patients, is the largest hospital of its kind in the country, and cost the government $450,000. Over 3,000 patients are treated annually in its dispensary. It is maintained by a tax on all tonnage. American citizens are treated free, and foreigners at a small charge. The Presbyterian Hospital, corner Wood and Congress streets, is another large institution, which, while providing medical and surgical aid, also aims at the ministration of the gospel agreeable to the doctrine and forms of the Presbyterian Church. The minor charitable institutions of the city are numberless, and the stranger can find scarcely a neighborhood where missions, creches, dispensaries or free kindergartens do not abound. There are likewise orphan asylums, half orphan asylums, homes for strangers, for working girls, emergency and detention hospitals, and industrial schools for boys and girls. An inspection of these gives the visitor a glance at phases of rare human interest, and a

FOUNDLINGS' HOME.

conception of the really good work that is being done quietly and systematically in the great World's Fair city. The stranger visiting Lincoln Park may discern a practical demonstration of this by inspecting the pier devoted to the supporters of the celebrated fresh-air fund for children. Here the hived-up little ones of the poorer classes are brought regularly, and, surrounded by water, fresh air, and open sunshine, enjoy the comforts and luxuries provided for them by kind hearts and willing hands. It is a spectacle that will send the visitor homeward-bound with the pleasantest and tenderest memories the human heart can experience.

Currencies Condensed.

THOMAS EDWARDS, 15 years old, fell from a tree at Brazil, Ind., and will probably die.

THE Cleveland Chamber of Commerce passed a resolution demanding the repeal of the Sherman law.

A GANG of thieves who made a business of robbing box cars has been run to earth at Wabasha, Minn.

REV. LEIGH VERNOM, who eloped with Mrs. Marie Parson, was sentenced to six months in jail at Pittsburg, Kas.

MARTIN FOY, JR., murderer, was sentenced to be electrocuted at Dannamora (N. Y.) prison in the week of Aug. 27.

ANNA WIKOWER, a maid at the Palmer House in Chicago, and Baron Sohlberg, an Austrian nobleman, have been united in marriage.

WILLIAM RANAES, a demented and intoxicated inmate of the Soldiers' Home at Leavenworth, Kan., tried to drown himself, but was rescued.

WILLIAM J. KINSELLA, a Chicago policeman, who murdered Charles Smith last Thanksgiving, was found guilty and sentenced to a term of five years.

RECENT reports of a popular uprising among the people of Corea against foreigners appear to have been without foundation, according to advices received by the Presbyterian Board of Missions in New York.

HARRY BAKER, agent for the Singer Sewing Machine Company, left Lebanon, Ind., with a livery rig to make a seven mile drive. Nothing has since been heard from him. His accounts with the company are short $120.

THE epidemic of typhoid fever at Ironwood, Mich., is abating somewhat, but is not ended. A conservative estimate of the number of cases since the beginning of the epidemic in June is 400. About fifty deaths have occurred.

W. L. OAKLEY, of New York, walking from San Francisco to New York on a wager, was killed by a Union Pacific train a few miles west of Omaha. Oakley was identified by papers on his person. He was endeavoring to make the trip without money.

GOETHE married an estimable "frau" who made him quite content with his home.

ALL OVER THE STATE.

ILLINOIS NEWS CONCISELY CONDENSED.

Couple's Desperate Fight with a Burglar—Romantic Elopement at Alton—Terrific Heat in Fayette and St. Clair Counties—Mad Dogs and Cats.

From Far and Near.

THE Clay County Veteran Association will hold its annual reunion at Saylor Springs, Aug. 30.

C. V. LOUDERBACK, a young farmer of Hickory Township, near Rushville, mysteriously disappeared a few days ago.

AT the school election at Carlyle for one member to fill the vacancy in the Board of Education, J. J. McGaffigan was elected.

WHILE Mrs. M. L. Johnson was out driving at Trenton she was thrown out of the buggy and received injuries that may cripple her for life.

THREE persons have been bitten at Vandalia by dogs having the rabies, and as a precaution Mayor Steinhauer has ordered all dogs muzzled or shot. Several cats supposed to be mad were killed.

JOHN NEUMIER, a young St. Clair County farmer, was overcome by heat at Mascoutah, Sunday, and was found running around in a field wildly insane. After a desperate struggle he was overpowered and taken to an asylum.

AT Springfield Judge Allen, in the United States Circuit Court, made formal orders for the delivery of the St. Louis and Chicago Railroad, extending from Springfield to Litchfield, by the Jacksonville Southeastern to Receiver Robert J. Cavett.

INSURANCE COMMISSIONER DURFEE has appointed Maj. J. J. Brinkerhoff actuary of the insurance department. This position pays $2,500 a year. Maj. Brinkerhoff, previous to the present administration, was for many years the chief of the insurance department of the auditor's office.

AROUND Vandalia the corn crop is suffering greatly for want of rain, the stalks are firing and the blades curling up. Vegetation of all kinds is parched and withering and the pastures are drying up. The corn crop is already hurt badly and will be almost a complete failure unless rain comes to its rescue soon. The mercury registered 97 in the shade Sunday.

CHICAGO notes: Fire in the laundry-room at the Palmer House started a panic, which was averted by the cool action of the clerks. After a stubborn fight Officer Hubbard Miller captured Patrick Maloney, a desperate character and recently released convict. While trying to quell some noisy children Charles Ashun started a quarrel in which he was fatally shot by George Virzine.

AT Alton a romantic elopement occurred Thursday night. J. A. Wagner, of St. Louis, went to school some years ago at Quincy. There he met Miss Edna Hilborn, and the young people fell in love. Miss Hilborn has been in Alton some time with her father. Under pretense of going to a public library they went to the Rev. H. M. Chittenden's house and were married. They left immediately and have not yet been heard from.

JACOB KABERICK and his wife, wealthy people, residing on a farm four miles southeast of Hillsboro, had a desperate fight with a robber the other night. Kaberick was severely cut and knocked senseless with a club, while Mrs. Kaberick was dangerously cut in several places. The robber failed to get any money, although there was $1,000 hidden in a feather bed. Fritz Matz, a carpenter, who has been in the neighborhood a short time, was arrested and positively identified by Kaberick and his wife as being the robber and their assailant.

ANDREAS OTT, a stonemason, committed suicide at Alton by cutting his throat.

ADJUTANT GENERAL ORENDORFF has issued an order disbanding Company D of Quincy.

E. J. THOMPSON, clothing dealer at Quincy, has assigned. Liabilities, $25,000; assets, $23,000.

JAMES LARRABEE, of Wheeler, wants to be Collector of Internal Revenue for the Thirteenth District.

THE Illinois crop bulletin, just issued, says that corn is generally good and wheat harvesting is nearly finished.

WHILE the family of Theo. Launer, of Jacksonville, was absent from home a thief entered and stole considerable money.

THOMAS PERKINS was run down by an engine on the Jacksonville Southeastern Railroad near Litchfield and instantly killed.

BURGLARS raided the village of Hucy. They secured at S. Johnson's real estate office $50 in cash and papers valued at nearly $3,000.

JOHN BURNS, of East Alton, was instantly killed by a flash of lightning. He was sitting under a tree, which was also struck. His body was badly burned by the electric fluid.

WHILE H. Wolf was cutting wheat three miles north of Freeburg, his 3-year-old child was caught in the sickle of the reaper and had both legs cut off, causing its death a few hours later.

BONEY BETZ, a single man aged 40 years, and Jacob Talkington of Athensville were found dead on the tracks near Whitehall, about four miles apart, having been killed during the night by trains.

WILLIAM PETERS, residing east of Vandalia, had both eyes put out, the result of the accidental discharge of a shotgun in the hands of his brother Joseph, who did not know it was loaded. The boy cannot recover.

A VANDALIA freight train was wrecked at Formosa. The tracks were blockaded and the Vandalia passengers were hauled into St. Louis over the Ohio and Mississippi tracks.

A MAN found dead near Addieville proved to be John Casperar, a prosperous farmer of Venedy, Washington County, who also owned land in St. Clair County. Deceased had domestic troubles. The cause of death is not known, but it is supposed that he jumped from a running train and was killed in that manner. A large amount of money was found upon his remains, which disposes of the robbery theory.