TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE PSALMIST RECALLS THE DAYS OF HIS YOUTH.

Dr. Talmage Preaches on the Benefits of Solitary Contemplation — The Hand of Providence In the Vicissitudes of Life—Preparation for the Hereafter.

Musing by the Fire.

Rev. Dr. Talmage chose as the topic for last Sunday's sermon a panorama of reminiscences appropriate to the season, the text selected being Psalm xxxix. 3, "While I was musing the fire burned."

Here is David, the psalmist, with the forefinger of his right hand against his temple, the door shut against the world, engaged in contemplation. And it would be well for us to take the same posture often, closing the door against the world while we sit down in sweet solitude to contemplate.

In a small island off the coast I once passed a Sabbath in delightful solitude, for I had resolved that I would have one day of entire quiet before I entered upon autumnal work. I thought to have spent the day in laying out plans for Christian work, but instead of that it became a day of tender reminiscence. I reviewed my pastorate. I shook hands with an old departed friend, whom I shall greet again when the curtain of life are lifted. The days of my boyhood came back, and I was 10 years of age, and I was 8, and I was 5. There was but one house on the island, and yet from Sabbath daybreak, when the bird chant woke me, until the evening melted into the bay, from shore to shore there were 10,000 memories, and the groves were a-hum with voices that had long age ceased.

Youth and Age.

Youth is apt too much to spend all its time in looking forward. Old age is apt too much to spend all its time in looking backward. People in mid-life and on the apex look both ways. It would be well for us, I think, however, to spend more time in reminiscence. By the constitution of our nature we spend most of the time looking forward. And the vast majority of people live not so much in the present as in the future. I find that you mean to make a reputation. You mean to establish, yourself, and the advantages that you expect to achieve absorb a great deal of your time. But I see no harm in this if it does not make you discontented with the present or disqualify you for existing duties.

It is a useful thing sometimes to look back and see the dangers we have escaped, and to see the sorrows we have suffered, and the trials and wanderings of our earthly pilgrimage, and to sum up our enjoyments. I mean to-day, so far as God may help me, to stir up your memory of the past, so that in the review you may be encouraged and humbled and urged to pray.

I want to bind in one sheaf all your past advantages, and I want to bind in another sheaf all your past adversities. It is a precious harvest, and I must be cautious how I swing the sythe.

Among the greatest advantages of your past life was an early home and its surroundings. The bad men of the day, for the most part, dip their heated passions out of the boiling spring of an unhappy home. We are not surprised that Byron's heart was a concentration of sin when we hear that his mother was abandoned and that she was the sport of his infirmity and often called him "the lame brat." He who has vicious parents has to fight every inch of his way if he would maintain his integrity and at last reach the home of the good in Heaven.

Perhaps your early home was in the city. It may have been in the days when Canal Street, New York, was built up town. That old house in the city may have been demolished or changed into stores, and it seemed like sacrilege to you, for there was more meaning in that plain house, in that small house, than there is in a granite mansion or a turreted cathedral. Looking back this morning, you see it as plain as it were yesterday—the sitting room, where the loved ones sat by the plain lamplight, the mother at the evening stand, the brothers and sisters, perhaps long ago gathered into the skies, then plotting mischief on the floor or under the table; your father with a firm voice commanding silence, that lasted half a minute.

Happy Childhood Days.

Oh, those were good days! If you had your foot hurt, your mother always had a soothing salve to heal it. If you were whipped in the street, your father was always ready to protect you. The year was one round of frolic and mirth. Your greatest trouble was an April shower, more sunshine than shower. The heart had not been ransacked by troubles, nor had sickness broken it, and no lamb had a warmer sheepfold than the home in which your childhood nestled.

Perhaps you were brought up in the country. You stand now to-day in memory under the old tree. You clubbed it for fruit that was not quite ripe because you could not wait any longer. You hear the brook rumbling along over the pebbles. You step again into the furrow where your father in his shirt sleeves shouted to the lazy oxen. You frighten the swallows from the rafters of the barn and take just one egg and silence your conscience by saying they will not miss it. You take a drink again out of the very bucket that the old well fetched up. You go for the cows at night and find them wagging their heads through the bars. Ofttimes in the dusty and busy streets you wish you were home again on that cool grass or in the hall of the farmhouse, through which there was the breath of new mown hay or the blossom of buckwheat.

You may have in your windows now beautiful plants and flowers brought from across the seas, but not one of them stirs in your soul so much charm and memory as the old ivy and the yellow sunflower that stood sentinel along the garden walk and the forgetments playing hide and seek mid the long grass. The father, who used to come in sunburned from the fields and sit down on the doorsill and wipe the sweat from his brow, may have gone to his everlasting rest. The mother, who used to sit at the door a little bent over, cap and spectacles on, her face mellowing with the vicissitudes of many years, may have put down her gray head on the pillow of the valley, but forget that home you never will.

Have you thanked God for it? Have you rehearsed all these blessed reminiscences? Oh, thank God for a Christian father. Thank God for a Christian mother. Thank God for an early Christian altar at which you were taught to kneel. Thank God for an early Christian home.

I bring to mind another passage in the history of your life. The day came when you set up your own household. The days passed along in quiet blessedness. You twain sat at the table morning and night and talked over your plans for the future. The most insignificant affair in your life became a theme for the subject of mutual consultation and advisement. You were so happy you felt you never could be any happier.

Out of the Cloud.

One day a dark cloud hovered over your dwelling, and it got darker and darker. But out of that cloud the shining messenger of God descended to incarnate an immortal spirit. Two little feet started on an eternal journey, and you were to lead them. gem to flash in Heaven's crown, and you to polish it. Eternal ages of light and darkness watching the starting out of a newly created being.

You rejoiced and you trembled at the responsibility that in your possession an immortal treasure was placed. You prayed and rejoiced, and wept and wondered, and prayed and rejoiced, and wept and wondered. You were earnest in supplication that you might lead it through life into the kingdom of God. There was a tremor in your earnestness. There was a double interest about that home. There was an additional interest why you stay there and be faithful, and when for nine months your house was filled with the music of the child's laughter you were struck through with the fact that you had a stupendous mission.

Have you kept that vow? Have you neglected any of these duties? Is your home as much to you as it used to be? Have those anticipations been gratified? God help you to-day in your solemn reminiscence and let his mercy fall upon your soul if your kindness has been ill requited! God have mercy on the parent on the wrinkles of whose face is written the story of a child's sin! God have mercy on the mother who in addition to her other pangs has the pang of a child's iniquity! Oh, there are many, many sad sounds in this sad world, but the saddest sound that is ever heard is the breaking of a mother's heart! Are there any here who remember that in that home they were unfaithful? Are there those who wandered off from that early home and left the mother to die with a broken heart? Oh, I stir that reminiscence to-day!

I find another point in your life history. You found one day that you were in the wrong road; you could not sleep at night. There was just one word that seemed to sob through your banking house, or through your office, or your shop, or your bedroom, and that word was "eternity." You said: "I am not ready for it. O God, have mercy!" The Lord heard. Peace came to your heart. You remember how your hand trembled as you took the cup of the holy communion. You remember the old minister who consecrated it, and you remember the church officials who carried it through the aisle. You remember the old people who at the close of the service took your hand in theirs in congratulating sympathy, as much as to say, "Welcome home, you lost prodigal," and though those hands have all withered away that communion Sabbath is resurrected to-day. It is resurrected with all its prayers and songs and tears and sermons and transfiguration. Have you been those vows? Have you been a backslider? God help you! This day kneel at the foot of mercy and start again for Heaven. Start to-day as you started then. I rouse your soul by that reminiscence.

But I must not spend any more of my time in going over the advantages of your life. I just put them all in one great sheaf, and I bind them up in your memory with one loud harvest song, such as reapers sing. Praise the Lord, ye blood bought mortals on earth! Praise the Lord, ye crowned spirits of Heaven!

Tribulations.

But some of you have not always had a smooth life. Some of you are now in the shadow. Others had their troubles years ago; you are a mere wreck of what you once were. I must gather up the sorrows of your past life, but how shall I do it? You say that is impossible, as you have had so many troubles and adversities. Then I will just take two, the first trouble and the last trouble.

As when you are walking along the street and there has been music in the distance you unconsciously find yourselves keeping step to the music, so when you started life your very life was a musical timebeat. The air was full of joy and hilarity. With the bright, clear oar, you made the boat skip. You went on, and life grew brighter, until after awhile suddenly a voice from Heaven said, "Halt!" And you halted. You grew pale. You confronted your first sorrow. You had no idea that the flush on your child's cheek was an unhealthy flush. You said it cannot be anything serious. Death in slippered feet walked round about the cradle. You did not hear the tread, but after awhile the truth flashed on you. You walked the floor. Oh, if you could with your strong, stout hand, have wrenched the child from the destroyer.

You went to your room, and you said: "God, save my child! God, save my child!" The world seemed going out in darkness. You said, "I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it!" You felt as if you could not put the lashes over the bright eyes never to see them again sparkle. Oh, if you could have taken that little one in your arms and with it leaped into the grave, how gladly you would have done it! Oh, if you could let your property go, your houses, your land, and your storehouse go, how gladly you would have stripped them apart if you could only have kept that one treasure!

But one day there arose from the Heavens a chill blast that swept over the bed-room, and instantly all the light went out, and there was darkness —thick, murky, impenetrable, shuddering darkness. But God did not leave you there. Mercy spoke. As you were about to put that cup to your lips God said, "Let it pass," and forthwith, as by the hand of angels, another cup was put into your hands. It was the cup of God's consolation. And as you have sometimes lifted the head of a wounded soldier and poured wine into his lips, so God puts his left arm under your head, and with His right hand He pours into your lips the wine of His comfort and His consolation and you looked at the empty cradle and looked at your broken heart, and you looked at the Lord's chastisement, and you said, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight."

Ah, it is your first trouble. How did you get over it? God comforted you. You have been a better man ever since. You have been a better woman ever since. In the jar of the closing gate of the sepulcher you heard the clanging of the opening gate of Heaven, and you felt the arrow down to your heavenward. You have been purer and holier of heart ever since that night when the little one for the last time put his arms around your neck and said: "Good night, papa. Good night, mamma. Meet me in Heaven."

But I must come down to your later sorrow. What was it? Perhaps it was sickness. The child's tread on the stair or the tick of the watch on the stand disturbs you. Through the long, weary days you counted the figures on the carpet or the flowers in the wall paper. Oh, the weariness and exhaustion! Oh, the aching pangs! Would God it were morning, would God it were night, were your frequent cry. But you are better—perhaps even well. Have you thanked God that to-day you can come out in the fresh air; that you are in this place to hear God's name, and to sing God's praise, and to implore God's help, and to seek God's forgiveness? Bless the Lord who healeth all our diseases and redeemeth our lives from destruction.

Perhaps your last sorrow was a financial embarrassment. I congratulate some of you on your lucrative profession or occupation, on ornate apparal, on a commodious residence—everything you put your hand to seems to turn to gold. But there are those of you who are like the ship on which Paul sailed where two seas met, and you are broken by the violence of the waves. By an unadvised indorsement, or by a conjunction of unforseen events, or by fire or storm, or a senseless panic, you have been flung headlong, and where you once dispensed great charities, now you have hard work to make the two ends meet.

Thank God for Prosperity.

Have you forgotten to thank God for your days of prosperity and that through your trials some of you have made investments which will continue after the last bank of this world has exploded and the silver and gold are stolen in fires of a burning world? Have you, amid all your losses and discouragements, forgot that there was bread on your table this morning and that there shall be a shelter for your head from the storm, and there is air for your lungs and blood for your heart and light for your eye and a glad and glorious and triumphant religion in your soul?

Some years ago I was sailing down the St. John River, which is the Rhine and the Hudson commingled in one scene of beauty and grandeur, and while I was on the deck of the steamer a gentleman pointed out to me the places of interest, and he said, "All this is interval land, and it is the richest land in all the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia." I said,

"What," said I, "do you mean by interval land?" "Well," he said, "this land is submerged for a part of the year. Spring freshets come down, and all these plains are overflowed with the water, and the water leaves a rich deposit, and when the waters are gone the harvest springs up, and there is the greatest crop on your past life, but how shall I do it? You say that is impossible, as you have had so many troubles and adversities. Then I will just take two, the first trouble and the last trouble.

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Two French scientists say that a current of electricity does not always kill when it appears to do so. It simply produces an appearance of death, from which the subject may be restored by artificial respiration. In commenting on this statement, the Worcester Gazette suggests that this may be the case with the criminals who are executed by electricity in this State, and that they are really killed, not by electricity, but by the doctors who afterward make an autopsy on them. It seems that rabbits have been revived after receiving a shock of 2,500 volts and twenty amperes, a shock more powerful than is given in the execution of murderers.—New York Tribune.

An itching for notoriety is not enough to secure a niche in the temple of fame.

MESSAGE TO CONGRESS.

THE PRESIDENT CONSIDERS FINANCE ONLY.

He Favors the Immediate and Unconditional Repeal of the Sherman Law, and Holds It Principally Responsible for the Present Alarming Business Situation.

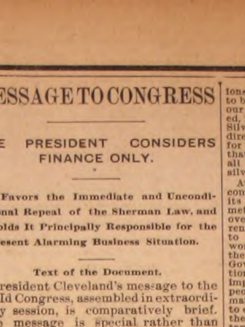
Text of the Document.

President Cleveland's message to the LIIId Congress, assembled in extraordinary session, is comparatively brief. The message is special rather than general in its character, and is limit to the necessities of the financial situation. Mr. Cleveland insists upon the unconditional repeal of the Sherman law, and he attributes to it principally the ills with which the country is now threatened. The document in full reads as follows:

To the Congress of the United States:

The existence of an alarming and extraordinary business situation, involving the welfare and prosperity of all our people, has constrained me to call together in extra session the people's representatives in Congress, to the end that, through a wise and patriotic exercise of the legislative duty with which they solely are charged, present evils may be mitigated and dangers threatening the future may be averted.

Our unfortunate financial plight is not the result of untoward events nor of conditions



PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

related to our natural resources; nor is it traceable to any of the afflictions which frequently check national growth and prosperity. With plenteous crops, with abundant promise of remunerative production and manufacture, with unusual invitation to safe investment and with satisfactory assurance to business enterprise, suddenly financial distrust and fear have sprung up on every side. Numerous moneyed institutions have suspended because their assets were not immediately available to meet the demands of frightened depositors: surviving corporations and individuals are too content to keep in hand the money they are usually anxious to loan, and those engaged in legitimate business are surprised to find that the securities they offer for loans, though heretofore satisfactory, are no longer accepted. Values supposed to be fixed are fast becoming conjectural, and loss and failure have invaded every branch of business.

The Silver Purchase Law.

I believe these things are principally chargeable to an unfortunate legislation touching the purchase and coinage of silver by the general government. This legislation is embodied in a statute passed on the 14th day of July, 1890, which was the culmination of much agitation on the subject involved, and which may be considered a truce, after the long struggle, between the advocates of free silver coinage and those intending to be more conservative. Undoubtedly the monthly purchases by the Government of 4,500,000 ounces of silver, forced under that statute, were regarded by those interested in silver production as a certain guaranty that its market price would result, however, has been entirely different, for immediately following a spasmodic and slight rise the price of silver began to fall after the passage of the act, and has since reached the lowest point ever known. This disappointing result has led to renewed and persistent effort in the direction of free coinage.

Meanwhile, not only are the evil effects of the operation of the present law constantly accumulating, but the result to which its execution must inevitably lead is becoming palpable to all who give the least heed to financial subjects. This law provides for an increase of the 4,500,000 ounces of silver bullion which the Secretary of the Treasury is commanded to purchase monthly there shall be issued Treasury notes redeemable on demand in gold or silver coin, at the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury, and that said notes may be reissued. It is, however, declared in the act to be "the established policy of the United States to maintain the two metals on a parity with each other upon the present legal ratio or such ratio as may be provided by law." This declaration so controls the action of the Secretary of the Treasury as to prevent his exercising the discretion nominally vested in him, if by such action the parity between gold and silver may be disturbed. Manifestly a refusal by the Secretary to pay these Treasury notes in gold, if demanded, would necessarily result in such depreciation and depreciation as obligations payable only in silver, and would destroy the parity between the two metals by so exhibiting a discrimination in favor of gold.

Up to the 15th day of July, 1893, these notes had been issued in payment of silver bullion, purchased to the amount of more than $147,000,000. While all but a very small quantity of this bullion remains uncoined and without usefulness in the Treasury, many of the notes given in its purchases have been paid in gold. This is illustrated by the statement that between the first day of May, 1892, and the fifteenth day of July, 1893, of the coins of this kind issued in payment for silver bullion amounted to a little more than fifty-four millions of dollars, and that during the same period about forty-nine millions of dollars were paid by the Treasury in gold for the redemption of such notes.

Drain Upon the Gold Reserve.

The policy necessarily adopted of paying these notes in gold has not spared the gold reserve of $100,000,000 long ago set aside by the Government for the redemption of other notes, for this fund has already been subjected to the payment of new obligations amounting to about $150,000,000 on account of silver purchases, and has, as a consequence, for the first time since its creation, been encroached upon.

We have thus made the depletion of our gold easy, and have invited other and more appreciative nations to add it to their stock. That the opportunity we have offered has not been neglected is shown by the large amount of gold which have been recently drawn from our Treasury and exported to foreign countries. The excess of exports of gold over its imports for the year ending June 30, 1893, amounted to more than eighty-seven and a half millions of dollars. Between the first day of July, 1890, and the fifteenth day of July, 1893, the gold coin and bullion in our Treasury decreased more than one hundred and thirty-two millions of dollars, while during the same period the silver coin and bullion in the Treasury increased more than one hundred and forty-seven millions of dollars. Unless Government bonds are to be constantly issued and sold to replenish our exhausted gold, only to be again exhausted, it is apparent that the operation of the Silver Purchase law, now in force, leads in the direction of the entire substitution of silver for the gold in the Government Treasury, and that this must be followed by the payment of all Government obligations in depreciated silver.

At this stage gold and silver must part company, and the Government must fall in its established policy to maintain the two metals on a parity with each other. Given over to the exclusive use of a currency greatly depreciated according to the standard of the commercial world, we could no longer claim a place among the nations of the first class, nor could our Government claim a hearing in favor of such an arrangement so long as we are willing to continue our attempt to accomplish the result single-handed.

Resulted in a Lack of Confidence.

The knowledge in business circles among our own people that our Government can not make its fiat equivalent to the commercial, nor keep inferior money on a parity with superior money by its own independent efforts, has resulted in such a lack of confidence at home in the stability of currency values that capital refuses its aid to new enterprises while millions are actually withdrawn from the channels of trade and commerce to hoard money and unproductive in the hands of timid owners. Foreign investors, equally alert, not only decline to purchase American securities, but make haste to sacrifice those which they already have. It does not meet the situation to say that public faith on the part of the United States as regards to the future of our finances is groundless, and that there is no reason for lack of confidence in the purposes or power of the Government in the premises. The very existence of this apprehension and lack of confidence, however caused, is a menace which ought not for a moment to be disregarded. Possibly if the undertaking we have in hand were the maintenance of a specific known quantity of silver at a parity with gold, our ability to do so might be estimated and gauged, and perhaps, in view of our unparalleled growth and resources, it might be favorably passed upon. But when our avowed endeavor is to maintain such parity in regard to an amount of silver increasing at the rate of fifty millions of dollars yearly, with no fixed termination to such increase, it can hardly be said that a problem is presented whose solution is free from doubt.

The people of the United States are entitled to a sound and stable currency and to money recognized as such on every exchange and in every market of the world. Their Government has no right to injure them by financial experiments opposed to the policy and practice of other civilized nations, or by failing to furnish a currency of the highest standard, creating an exaggerated and unreasonable reliance on our national strength and ability to jeopardize the soundness of the people's money. This matter rises above the plane of party politics. It vitally concerns every business and calling and every household in the land.

Harmful Effects to the Wage-Earner.

There is one important aspect of the subject which especially should never be overlooked. I refer to the misfortune that when the evils of unsound finance threaten us, the speculator may anticipate a harvest, gathered from the misfortune of others, the capitalist may protect himself by hoarding or may even find profit in the fluctuation of prices; but the wage-earner, the first to be injured by a depreciated currency and the last to receive the benefits of its correction—the practically defenseless. He suffers for work upon the ventures of confident and contented capital. This failing of his condition is without allowance, for he can neither prey on the misfortunes of others nor bear his own. One of the greatest statesmen our country has known, speaking more than fifty years ago, when a derangement of the currency had caused financial distress, said: "The very man of all others who has the deepest interest in a sound currency and who suffers most by fluctuations in it, and who is most injured by legislation in monetary matters is the man who earns his daily bread by his daily toil."

These words are as pertinent to-day as on the day when they were uttered, and ought to impressively remind us that a failure in the discharge of our duty at this time must especially injure those of our countrymen who labor, and who, because of their number and condition, are entitled to the most watchful care of their Government.

It is of the utmost importance that such relief and assistance as can be afforded in the situation be afforded at once. The maxim, "He gives twice who gives quickly," is urgently applicable to many of the evils and embarrassments from which the business of the country is suffering arise as much from apprehended as from actually existing. We may hope, too, that calm counsels will prevail, and that hoarded capitalists and timid wage-earners will give way to unreasoning panic and sacrifice their property or their interests under the influence of the country clearly demand, which so large a majority of the people, as shown by their suffrage, desire and expect, and to the accomplishment of which every effort of the present administration is pledged. But while tariff reform is of scarcely less importance and permanent importance, and must in the near future engage the attention of Congress, it has seemed to me that the financial condition of the country should at once and before all other subjects be considered by your honorable body.

I earnestly recommend the prompt repeal of the provisions of the act passed July 14, 1890, authorizing the purchase of silver bullion, and that other legislative action may be taken at once to relieve, as far as possible, the present situation, consistent with the intention and the ability of the Government to fulfill its pecuniary obligations in money universally recognized by all civilized countries.

Grover Cleveland.

Some Grangers Know This.

A wonderfully good imitation of maple sugar may be made by flavoring the cane brown sugar with an extract of hickory bark. It is said to be almost indistinguishable from the genuine.

ALL OVER THE STATE.

ILLINOIS NEWS CONCISELY CONDENSED.

Jacksonvillians Pleased with Low Rail Rates—Fatal Boiler Explosion at Pittsburg—Drowned in Sight of Hundreds—Stock Die of Incurable Disease.

From Far and Near.

DR. CHARLES FUSCH, a physician of Lincoln, died at the age of 77 years.

JOHN JORDAN was instantly killed at Allendale, by being struck by a lath thrown from a saw.

THE Executive Committee of the Southern Illinois Soldiers' Association decided at Centralia to hold its eleventh annual reunion at Centralia Oct. 4, 5, and 6.

A 10-YEAR-OLD son of Blanche Underwood, an actress of Springfield, was instantly killed. He was playing in the street and ran to climb up on a loaded wagon. He fell and was run over.

ROBERT SMITH, a negro charged with theft, was captured at Lincoln, and while being taken to Springfield, manacled, jumped through a car window. He has been seen near Clear Lake with the handcuffs still on.

THE boiler in the grist mill of Isaac Howell & Son, at Pittsburg, exploded with terrific force. The building was badly wrecked and Isaac, the father, is reported killed. William Howell, the son, is badly scalded and cannot recover.

DAN OVERSTREET killed John Garrett, a merchant of Exeter, about a year ago and fled to Mexico. He recently returned under disguise to visit his family. He was recognized and arrested. There are several other indictments against him.

AT Springfield, Jim and George Richardson, colored brothers, quarreled over 10 cents which their mother wanted. George had the money, and proposed to give his mother a dime, whereat Jim protested. George said he would give it to her anyhow, whereupon Jim pulled a revolver and shot him twice in the abdomen. The wounded man will die. The murderer is in jail.

MANY horses, cattle, and hogs are dying of disease in a region seven or eight miles west of Albion. State Veterinarian Trumbower, who inspected the animals, pronounces the disease malignant anthrax and incurable. He issued an address to the people of that region, called a public meeting at Scott Station, Wayne County, and summoned the State Board of Live-Stock Commissioners.

THE Trustees of the Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb at Jacksonville have informed Gov. Altgeld that the expenditures and debts contracted by the Superintendent, removed by the present Trustees, were $6,594.72 in excess of the appropriation made by the Legislature. They also state that the sanitary condition of the building is bad, and that the bedding in some of the dormitories is in an unhealthy condition.

THE people of Jacksonville are again enjoying reduced rates to Chicago, but it is not known how long it will last. Meanwhile the Jacksonville Southeastern, which has been notified that it must leave its Santa Fe connection, proposes to have a through line to Chicago by some other route. The officials deny the allegations made by the Santa Fe regarding shortages, and say they did not begin a rate war, but that it was precipitated by their more powerful competitors. They claim to be the best friends the people have had.

THE 4,000 people who assembled Saturday at the Piazza Bluffs Chautauqua to hear Gen. John A. Logan Jones were shocked by the drowning of two of their number in the Mississippi River. Melville Lamb and James Kirby, two young business men of Jerseyville, went bathing about noon and were carried by the current around the point of a bar into water beyond their depth, where they went down before the eyes of hundreds of their friends. Both have families. The bodies have not been recovered.

RAMSEY farmers are complaining of ravages to crops by grasshoppers.

THE Illinois River at Kampsville is closed to navigation. The date of reopening will be publicly announced.

QUINCY WRIGHT, a roof jointer, was run down and killed by an electric car at Quincy, making the third victim of such accidents within ten days.

A MASKED man stopped a hand-car on the Vandalia road near Hillsboro, and compelled five section hands to hand over their recently secured wages, $310.

THE Sheriff of Cook County has been directed by Gov. Altgeld to surrender Ward F. H. Burrows, wanted at Crawfordsville for grand larceny, to the Indiana authorities.

GOVERNOR ALTGELD commuted to eight years the fourteen year sentence of James Dobie of Cook County. He was sent to the penitentiary in 1888 for assault with intent to kill.

R. P. MCCALL, of Philadelphia, is under arrest in Chicago on a charge of stealing $10,000 worth of real estate in his native city. The Governor of Pennsylvania has sent for him.

A REQUISITION was issued on the Governor of Colorado for James Oscar Morse, who is now under arrest in Denver and is wanted in Chicago to answer to the charge of embezzlement.

BY the derailing of a Mobile and Ohio freight train near Belleville Brakeman Elbert Murray was killed. Frank Sanders seriously injured and James Carson had his leg broken.

AT Springfield, in the United States Court, the suit of Becker et al. vs. The County of Saline, and involving the validity of $150,000 railroad aid bonds, was decided in favor of the defendant.

GOV. ALTGELD appointed the following Board of Trustees of the Industrial School for the Blind at Chicago: T. C. Chapman, of Jerseyville; Henry C. Zuttermeister, Patrick Connolly, Fritz Cloganer and Miss Sarah J. Condon, of Chicago.

JOHN LYNCH, a harvest laborer in St. Clair County, was sunstruck while at work in an isolated place and lay in an open field for five days without food or water. He was conscious part of the time, but unable to move. When found his face was badly swollen from mosquito bites. It is feared he cannot live.