

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

INSTRUCTIVE DISCOURSE ON THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

A Consoling Interpretation of the Psalmist's Words, "Put Thou My Tears Into Thy Bottle"—God's Acquaintance With Our Griefs—Comfort for the Afflicted.

The Tabernacle Pulpit.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage chooses a dress as his theme as his sermon for last Sunday—viz., "A Bottle of Tears," the text selected being Psalms lvi, 8, "Put thou my tears into thy bottle."

Hardly a mail has come to me for twenty years that has not contained letters saying that my sermons have comforted the writers of those letters. I have not this summer nor for twenty years spoken on the platform of any outdoor meeting, but coming down I have been told by hundreds of people the same thing. "I think I will tell you of a 'son of consolation.'"

The prayer of my text was pressed out of David's soul by innumerable calamities, but it is just as appropriate for the distressed of all ages. Within the past century travelers and antiquaries have discovered the ruins of many of the ancient cities, and from the very heart of those buried splendors of other days have been brought up evidences of customs that long ago vanished from the world. From among tombs of cities that have been forgotten by the world, have been brought up, which are vials made of earthenware, which are the vials of the ancients to catch the tears that they wept over their dead in a bottle, and to place that bottle in the graves of the departed, and have dug out of the ruins of the ancient lachrymatories, or tear bottles, in our museums.

When on the way from the Holy Land our ship touched at Cyprus, we went back into the hills of that island and bought tear bottles which the natives had dug out of the ruins of the old city. There is nothing more suggestive to me than the tear bottles which I brought home and put among my curiosities. That was the kind of bottle that my text alludes to when David cries, "Put thou my tears into thy bottle."

God Knows Our Griefs. The text intimates that God has an intimate acquaintance and perpetual remembrance of all our griefs, and a vial, or lachrymatory, or bottle, in which he catches and saves our tears, and bringing to our remembrance of this Christian sentiment, we talk about grief? Alas, the world has its pangs, and now, while I speak, there are thick darknesses of soul that need to be lifted. There are many who are about to break under the assault of affliction, and perchance, if no words appropriate to their case be uttered, they perish. I come on no fool's errand. Put upon your wounds no salve compounded by human quackery; but, pressing straight to the mark, I hail you as a vessel miscra cries to a passenger, "Ship ahoy! I have an invitation on board a vessel which has fine rigging, rudder, and prayer for sails, and Christ for captain, and Heaven for eternal harbor."

Catherine Rheinfeldt, a Prussian, keeps a boat with which she rescues the drowning. When a storm comes on the coast, and when a boat is tossed in the billows of temptation and trouble. The tears that were once caught in the lachrymatories brought up from Herculaneum and Pompeii are all gone, and the bottle is as dry as the scoria of the volcano that submerged them, but not so with the bottle in which God gathers all our tears.

First, I remark that God keeps perpetually the tears of repentance. Many a man has awakened in the morning so wretched from the night's debauch that he has sobbed and wept. Pains of heart and grief have been uttered at heart and unfit to step into the light. He grieves, not about his misdoing, but only about its consequences. God makes no record of such weeping. Of all the million tears that have gushed as the result of such misdeeds, not one has got into God's bottle. They dried on the fevered cheek, or were dashed down by the bloated hand, or fell into the red wine cup as it came again to the lips foaming with still worse intoxication.

But when a man is sorry for his past and tries to do better, when he mourns his wasted advantages and laments his rejection of God's mercy and cries amid the lacerations of an aroused conscience for help out of his terrible predicament—then God listens; then Heaven bows down; then angels of peace are sent down from the throne; then his crying rends the heart of heavenly compassion, then his tears are caught in God's bottle.

You know the story of paradise and the peri. I think it might be put to higher adaptation. An angel starts from the throne of God, and says, "What thing it can on earth worthy of being carried back to Heaven. It goes down through the gold and silver mines of earth, but finds nothing worthy of transportation to the celestial city. It goes down through the depths of the sea, but there he finds nothing worthy of taking back to Heaven. But coming to the foot of a mountain it sees a wanderer weeping over his evil ways. The tears of the prodigal start, but do not fall to the ground; for the angel's wing catches them, and with that treasure he carries them back to Heaven. God sees the angel coming and says, "Behold the brightest gem of earth and the brightest jewel of Heaven—the tear of a sinner's repentance."

Oh, when I see the Heavenly Shepherd bringing a lamb from the wilderness; when I hear the quick tread of the prodigal hastening home to find his father; when I see a sailor boy coming on the wharf and hurrying away to beg his mother's pardon for long neglect and unkindness; when I see the houseless coming to God for shelter, and the wretched, and the vile, and the sin-burned, and the passion-blinded appealing for mercy to a compassionate God, I exclaim in joy and triumph, "More tears for God's bottle!"

Bodily Afflictions. Again, God keeps a tender remembrance of all your sickness. How many of you are thoroughly soiled in body?

Not one of you! I do not exaggerate. The vast majority of the race are constant subjects of ailments. There is some one form of disease that you are particularly subject to. You have a weak side or back, or are subject to headaches or faintness or lungs easily distressed. You are liable to a very strong blow to shiver the golden bowl of life or break the pitcher at the fountain. Many of you have kept on in life through sheer force of will. You think no one can understand your distresses. "You are a very strong man," and you supposed that you are a hypochondriac. They say you are nervous—as if that were nothing! God have mercy upon any man or woman that is nervous!

At times you sit alone in your room. Friends do not come. You feel an indescribable loneliness in your sufferings, but God knows; God feels; God sympathizes. He counts the sleepless nights; he regards the acuteness of the pain; he estimates the hardness of the breathing. While you pour out the medicine from the bottle and count the drops, God counts all your falling tears. As you look at the vials, filled with nauseous drafts, and at the bottles of distasteful tonic that stand on the table, remember that there are no other bottles than these, which is filled with no mixture by earthly apothecaries, but it is God's bottle, in which he hath gathered all our tears.

Again, God remembers all the sorrows of poverty. There is much want in the world. There are many who are deacons of the church never see it. The controllers of almshouses never report it. It comes not to church, for it has no appropriate apparel. It makes no appeal for help, but chooses rather to suffer than to expose its bitterness. Eat and drink, and be merry, so that they and their children submit to constant privation; sewing women who cannot ply the needle quick enough to earn them shelter and bread.

But whether reported or uncomplained, whether in a damp cellar, or in hot garret, God's angels of mercy are on the watch. This moment those griefs are being collected. Down on the back streets, in all the alleys, amid shanties and log cabins, the work goes on. Tears of want are being gathered in summer, and freezing in winter's cold—they fall not unheeded. They are jewels for heaven's casket. They are pledges of divine sympathy. They are tears for God's bottle.

Paternal Anxieties. Again, the Lord preserves the remembrance of all paternal anxieties. You are the parent of a child, and your surroundings step out into the kingdom of God. He has heard no sermon. He has received no startling providential warning. What brought him to this new mind? This is the secret. God looked over the bottle in which he gathers all the tears of the world, and he saw a parental tear in that bottle which has been for forty years unanswered. He said, "Go to, now, and let me answer that tear!" and forthwith the wanderer is brought home to God.

Oh, this work of training children for God! It is a tremendous work. So many people think it easy. They have never tried it. A child is placed in the arms of the young parent. It is a beautiful plaything. You look into the laughing eyes. You examine the dimples in the feet. You wonder at its exquisite organism. Beautiful plaything, but how hard to train! He sits rocking that little one, a voice seems to fall straight from the throne of God, saying, "That child is immortal! The stars shall die, but that is an immortal! Sun shall grow old with age and perish, but that is an immortal!"

Now, I know with many of you that this is the chief anxiety. You earnestly wish your children to grow up rightly, but you find it hard work to make them do as you wish. You check their temper. You correct their waywardness. In the evening, when the child is wet with weeping. You have wrestled with God in agony for the salvation of your children. You ask me if all that anxiety has been ineffectual. I answer, No. God understands your heart. He understands how hard you have tried to train an angel. He does not do right, though she is so very petulant, reckless, and so very pains you have bestowed in teaching that son to walk in the path of uprightness, though he has such strong propensities for dissipation.

I speak a cheering word. God heard your prayers. He has answered them. God has known all the sleepless nights you have ever passed. God has seen every sinking of your distressed spirit. God remembers your prayers. He keeps eternal record of your anxieties, and in his lachrymatory, not such as that of an ancient Egyptian, but one that glitters beside the throne of God, he holds all those exhausting tears.

The grass may be rank upon your graves and the letters upon your tombstones defaced with the elements before the angels will come to see you who have died. "I will be glad to thee and to thy seed after thee," will not forget, and some day in Heaven while you are ranging the fields of light the gates of pearl will swing back, and garlanded with glory that angel will come to bid you, your outstretched arms of welcome and triumph. The hills may depart, and the earth may burn, and the stars fall, and time perish, but God will break his oath and trample upon his promises—never!

Bereavements. Again, God keeps a perpetual remembrance of all bereavements. These are the trials that cleave the soul and throw the red hearts of men to be crushed in the wine-press. Troubles at the store you may leave at the store. Merciless competition and abuse of the world you may leave on the street where you found them. The lawsuit that would swallow your honest accumulation may be left in the courtroom. But bereavements are home troubles, and there is no escape from them. Your eye will catch at the suggestive picture.

You cannot fly the presence of such clear of them, but, more sure footed than the mule that takes you up the Alps, your troubles will climb to the tiptop of your grief, and there they will stay. You may cross the seas, but they can out-sail the swiftest steamer. You may take caravans and put out across the Arabian desert, but they follow you like a simoom, armed with suffocation. You may shiver on the glaciers, but they hang like stalactites from the roof of the great cavern. They stand behind with skeleton fingers to push you ahead. They stand before you to throw you back.

like reckless horsemen. They charge upon you with gleaming spears. They seem to come haphazard, scattering shots from the gun of a careless sportsman. But not so. It is God aim that sends them just right, for God is the archer.

This summer many of you will especially feel your grief as you go to places where once you were accompanied by those who are gone now. Your troubles will follow you to the seashore and will keep up with the lightning express in which you speed away, or tarrying at home they will sit beside you by day and whisper over your pillow after night. I want to assure you that you are not left alone, and that your weeping is heard in Heaven.

You will wander among the hills and say, "Up this hill last year our boy climbed with great glee and waved his cap from the top," or, "This is the place where our little girl put flowers in her hair and looked up in her mother's face," and you will drop a tear on the grass, and you will thank God with a thrill of rapture, and you look around as much as to say, "Who dashed out that light? Who filled this cup with gall? What blast froze up these fountains of the heart?"

Some of you have lost your parents within the last twelvemonth. Their prayers for you are ended. You take up their picture and try to call back the kindness that once looked out from those old, wrinkled faces and spoke in that treasured voice, and you say it is a good picture. But all the while you feel that after all it does not do justice, and you would give almost anything—you would cross the sea, you would walk the earth over—to hear just one word from those lips and see that smiling face, and you say by your first name, though so long you yourself have been a parent.

Now, you have done your best to hide your grief. You smile when you do not feel like it. But though you are in the land of the living, God knows. He looks down upon the empty cradle, upon the desolated nursery, upon the stricken home and upon the broken heart and says, "This is the way I thrash my wheat; this is the way I scour my jewels; cast thy burden on my arm, and I will sustain you. All those tears I have gathered into my bottle!"

But what is the use of having so many tears in God's lachrymatory? In that great casket or vase why does God preserve all your troubles? Through all the ages of eternity, what use of a great collection of sorrows? I do not know that they will be kept there forever. I do not know but that in some distant age of Heaven an angel of God may look into the bottle and find it as empty of tears as the lachrymatory of earthware dug up from the ancient city. Where have the tears gone? What spirit of hell hath been invading God's palace and hath robbed the lachrymatory? None. These were sanctified sorrows, and those tears were changed into pearls that are now set in the crowns and robes of the ransomed.

I walk up to examine this heavenly coronet, gleaming brighter than the sun, and cry, "From what river depths of heaven were those gems gathered?" and a thousand voices reply, "These are transmuted tears from God's bottle. I see scepters of light stretched out from the throne of glory, and the earth were trod on of men, and in every scepter point, and inlaid in every ivory stair of the golden throne, I behold an indescribable richness and luster, and cry, "From whence this streaming light—these flashing pearls?" and the voices of the elders before the throne, and of the martyrs, under the altar, and of the hundred and forty and four thousand radiant on the glassy sea, exclaim, "Transmuted tears from God's bottle."

In Everlasting Evidences. Let the pages of Heaven roll on—the story of earth's pomp and pride long ago ended in a ruin. Diamonds that make kings proud, the precious stones that adorned Persian tiara and flamed in the robes of Babylonian professions, forgotten; the Golconda mines charred in the last conflagration; but, firm as the everlasting hills, and pure as the light of heaven, stand the throne, and bright as the river that flows from the eternal rock, shall gleam, shall sparkle, shall flame forever these transmuted tears of God's bottle.

Meanwhile let the empty lachrymatory of Heaven be forever empty. Let no hand touch it. Let no wing strike it. Let no collision crack it. Purer than beryl or chrysoptas. Let it stand on the step of Jehovah's throne and under the arch of the unfading rainbow. Passing down the corridors of the palace, and the stars shall be in the plane at it and think of all the earthly troubles from which they were delivered and say to each: "That is what we heard of on earth." "That is what the psalmist spoke of." "There once were our tears." "That is God's bottle." "That is the storehouse in which He keeps His richest inlaid vase of Heaven, the towers of the palace dome strike up this silvery chime; "God hath wiped away all tears from all faces. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

The Artillery Fern.

The Artillery fern, or flower, as it is sometimes called, is a curious and beautiful plant which is not very generally known outside of rare collections or of florists' greenhouses. It acquires its singular name from the military and explosive character which it assumes in the action of its seed. If a branch of the fern, covered with its small seed, be dipped in water and then held up to the light, there soon commences a strange phenomenon. First one bud will explode with a sharp little crack, throwing into the air its pollen in the shape of a small cloud of yellow dust. This will be followed by the another, and another, until very soon the entire fern is in a state of discharging these miniature volleys with their tiny puffs of smoke. This occurs whenever the plant is watered, and the effect of the entire fern in this condition of rebellion is very curious as well as beautiful. As the buds thus open they assume the shape of a miniature Geneva cross, too small to the naked eye to attract much attention, but under a magnifying glass they are seen to possess a rare and delicate beauty.

You can't tell by the blossoms which of the apples will be wormy.

FISHES AT THE FAIR.

MOST COMPLETE COLLECTION EVER SHOWN.

Salt and Fresh Water Species from All Climes—Appliances Used in Their Capture and Preparation for Market—Admirable Arrangements for Display.

In the Swim. World's Fair correspondence: A department of the World's Fair that in all probability will lead to the establishment of aquaria in different parts of America is that of fish-keeping.

Besides the live fish, which include specimens of those that live in salt water, are complete collections of dried specimens used by all nations in catching and curing them. Fishing has not received much attention at international exhibitions. London had an exposition devoted entirely to fisheries nearly two years ago that, of course, was finer than the present display, but in Chicago a very great deal has been done to illustrate the industry, and that, too, without any American precedents.

Of all the foreign countries Canada sends the biggest display. There are models of fish, stuffed fish, and fish-keeping birds. A seventy-pound salmon from Queen Charlotte Sound, British Columbia, suggests a lot of possibilities to the teller of fish stories. Barb and dog canoes from the west coast of Canada tell the story of the Indian angler, and a little model of his home and its surroundings shows where he is when not on the water. A right whale and a shark, well mounted, show other productions of the Dominion.

New South Wales has a group of Australian seals climbing over some rocks, and many pictures of her fish and fish markets. The activity with which the Norwegians search the ocean is illustrated by their exhibit. Real fishing boats that savor of the hardy viking are there, bearing such names as Aafjord, and the fish are in all the glories of the fact. It tells of the past and present condition of its industries. A model of the town as it was one hundred years ago, with cob wharves and cheap little fish sheds, is shown, and then the town proudly points to a model of its section of the town as it is to-day. How the wharves and the warehouses have grown! The very men who pace the piers in miniature seem to have a sense of their increased worth.

Bound to Sight Mackerel. A ship's topmast thirty feet high is shown and on the cross-tree is a Gloucester fisherman eagerly looking out for a school of mackerel. Another model is that of a man at a wheel ready to point the ship's cutwater in the direction of those mackerel, in which every point of the compass they are sighted.

A fine model of a boat, with the men in it hauling in their heaving nets, is in the pavilion of the Netherlands, and there are barrels of herring and photographs on screens of the fishery work. Minnesota ends not only fish but fish-eating birds. The only machinery in motion in the whole building is an apparatus shown by a Chicago man for catching Bostonians. It forsake their devotion to beans and illustrate their fish markets and the appliances for catching the principal ingredients for lobster salad, that strange dish for which the jaded midnight appetites so often yearn. In the Government room the tanks are arranged in a circle, and within that is another circle, a very effective plan as it turns out. The design of the fishing schooner Grampus, belonging to the Fish Commission, was the work of Capt.

Joseph W. Collins, and in command of that vessel he made many very interesting cruises. The exhibition of salt-water fish and ammonites is an experiment which a good many people who knew shook their heads about. At first the sea water was brought to Chicago in carboys, such as are used for the shipment of acids, but this was found to be too expensive and tank cars were substituted.

What Sea Water Costs. Sea water in Chicago is almost as expensive as beer. The greatest care is taken to keep it from being wasted. About 70,000 gallons of it are kept on hand. After a quantity of it has been kept in a tank for a sufficient length of time it is drawn off and is run into a filter in the cellar made of stones, gravel and sand in strata, as in natural soil. This is to impart new life to it. Then it is pumped back into a tank reservoir over the tanks and used again. The water runs in such a way as to become aerated again. For the use of big Mississippi fish is an aquarium 72 feet long, 5 feet deep and 12 feet wide. It contains catfish, sturgeon and pickerel. The lake fish, which include sturgeon, whitefish and bass, were gathered at the Put In Bay station on Lake Erie. The Atlantic fish were collected at Wood's Holl, Mass. The government steamer Fish Hawk scoured the Southern waters for specimens. At the extreme end of the main Fisheries Building is the angling annex, devoted entirely to the consideration of fishing as a pastime. There

the sporting clubs, the gentlemen fishing lars and the fly rod cranks can flock by themselves and argue it out. A New York sportsman's paper has a pavilion in which it exhibits yacht models and photographs having reference to the art of fishing. Outside of the annex is a reproduction, by the way of Laak Walton's fishing house, in which there is an oil portrait of the old gentleman.

An interesting exhibit is that of the American Angler. It includes fishing boats, tents and furniture. There is a display also of the flies, rods, reels and tackle and some young women engaged in tying flies on the hooks and making fishing lines. Pennsylvania makes an aquarium exhibit. It has built a small hillside down which trickles a stream. This runs through a fishway and into a pond on the floor. Around the pavilion are tanks, the iron work of which is all concealed, and the visitor has the effect produced on him that he is at the bottom of a lake, the waters of which are kept away from him in the same way as those of the Red Sea were divided. Wisconsin also contributes some live fish, and both that State and Pennsylvania show small hatcheries in operation. Primitive boats and tackle used by the Indians of the Amazon and the more modern appliances are in the exhibit from Brazil. They contrast strangely with the steel rods and the graceful flies of North America.

As has been sketched in a general way the most entertaining features of the Fisheries Building. Outside of these there are all sorts of exhibits with Latin names that are of absorbing interest to the specialist. He can look by himself and devour the literary works of marine zoologists and botanists. He can wrap himself up in maps telling all about geographical distributions of fish. Fishermen, if they want to know all about what there is in this building, must study alge (very sticky looking things with green, yellow and blue sponges, corals, polyps and jelly fish). Some of these forms of life so nearly border on the vegetable that it is a little difficult for a non-expert to tell to what kingdom they should be assigned. But they have such a quiet, easy, and pleasant way of taking life that they are a standing reproach to the superexcited Chicagoan.

Then comes the grand array of worms that dwell under water, and that, spurred by the soaring fishes, got their revenge when they are put on the point of a hook and used as bait. All the bait worms are exhibited, and the leeches. Then are seen the reptiles, such as turtles, terrapin, lizards, serpents, frogs and newts. Some compromise ought to be affected with the United States Fish Commission by point of a look and use as bait. They are not classified with the reptiles. It is decidedly unpleasant to a man of taste. The aquatic birds, mammalia, such as otter, seals, whales and such like live things, are there in minute detail.

ILLINOIS INCIDENTS.

SOBER OR STARTLING, FAITHFULLY RECORDED.

Enormous Life Insurance—Protects the Physicians—Lincoln, Scourged by Mysterious Fires—Driving Horse Killed in a Collision—Burned the Lock-Up.

From Far and Near. A SITE has been selected at Hammond, Ind., by the Alexian Brothers, of Chicago, for the erection of a branch of their hospital. The structure will be of stone and steel, and will cost \$75,000.

The village calaboose at New Berlin was fired recently, and Nicholas Auer and Henry Meyer have now been arrested for the crime. Shortly before the destruction of the village building Auer had been fined, and it is supposed he fired the building to keep from being locked within its walls.

AT Lincoln the driving horses of Henry Ahrens, Jr., and C. W. Primm collided in a race, with the driving of light vehicles, exploding the horses. Primm's horse was struck in the breast by the shaft of Ahrens' buggy and dropped dead. Four ladies and the owners of the horses were shocked and frightened by the collision.

THE Attorney General rendered an adverse opinion on the question of allowing the consolidation of the London Polyclinic and the Chalmers Remedy Company, for the purpose of prescribing in the treatment of diseases, on the ground that the licensing of a company to make and sell remedies is a learned profession, and that a wholesale violation of the medical practice act of this State.

ANOTHER fire at Lincoln has shown the need of better fire protection. This time three more houses were burned, making fifteen in the last six months. All the fires have been of mysterious origin. The latest fire originated in the barn of Judge E. D. Blinn, President of the water-works company, and in it two horses were burned. The barns of B. P. Andrew and Mrs. H. M. Steidley were also burned with their contents, making a total loss of \$3,000.

GRY, 2:06, and Wisconsin King, 2:11, owned by Z. B. Sturtevant, of Rockford, two of the crack pacers in M. E. McHenry's string, are quartered at his training stables at Freeport. Guy has a bad leg, and will pace no more this season. Wisconsin King has not started in a race this year, but McHenry does not consider him in condition for fast work. The horse has passed out of his care, and either George Eggleston or George Brown will campaign him the rest of the season.

AT a meeting of the bondsmen of Postmaster Thompson, deceased, of Quincy, C. M. Gilmer, a Prohibitionist, was appointed executor of the estate of the postoffice until the President shall appoint another Democrat. The fight for postmaster has grown exciting since the funeral of the late Postmaster Thompson. Candidates for the office are James Montgomery, E. J. Thompson, W. H. Hearn, Edward Cleveland, James Richardson, T. J. Manning, W. E. Lemley, and Benjamin Lummis. Others are spoken of as entering the race, and the fight promises to be more spirited than that of last spring and winter.

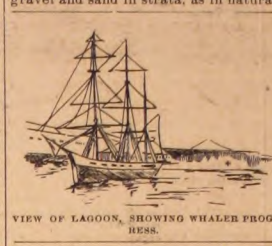
PART second of the Auditor's insurance report for the year ending Dec. 31, 1893, has been printed and is ready for the printer, and shows the condition of life, casualty, and assessment insurance at that time. There were no withdrawals and no admissions of life companies during that year. The thirty-four companies reported held admitted assets of \$94,488,405, and their liabilities were \$7,909,139. Their surplus not including capital stock and tonnage accumulations, \$115,703,393; income for the year, \$224,404,703; total expenditures, \$153,711,480. Their income exceeded expenditures by \$70,693,223. The amount received in premiums was \$18,270,000, and the loss was \$1,400,000, and the net profit was \$17,870,000. During 1892 21,356 life insurance policies other than industrial were issued, covering \$64,775,259 of insurance, and 100,419 industrial policies covering \$1,381,557 of insurance. During said year the total amount of life insurance policies other than industrial, and received \$6,683,765 in payment of losses and claims. On industrial policies they paid \$614,727 of premiums and received \$174,742 in payment of losses and claims.

JOSEPH LONGFELDT, a dry goods merchant at Kansas City, committed suicide by shooting himself in the head in Lincoln Park, at Chicago. In his pocket was a letter telling of his intention to commit suicide. Longfeldt failed in business last winter, and lost all his property. He had been with the firm three years before and after each failure had made a new start. Of late he had often remarked to his brother that he did not feel strong enough to make a fourth start in life.

GOV. ALNGELD came near being put into the street after he had gone to bed the other night along with an amount of money. He was a guest at a hotel in the World's Fair district. A dispute over \$2,500 claimed by a manufacturing concern as due from the hotel led to the issuance of a restraining writ which was given the sheriff with instructions to remove the money. The dispute was about a room when a ray of light fell upon the occupant's face and the officer recognized the Chief Magistrate of Illinois. The officers explained the situation to the startled Governor. "Of course we won't take your bed, Governor," said the lawyer for the plaintiff in the case. "We'll make you custodian of it if you'll accept."

A CHICAGO constable took umbrage at an attorney's assertion that he was not selected to fit juryman, and subsequently was the most prominent business men of the town to try a drunk and disorderly. The culprit was sent to the jail to serve a \$10 fine.

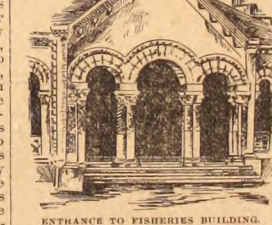
The private banking house of M. E. Bagley, Jefferson street, failed to open Tuesday morning. The assignment is charged to inability to make collections. A detailed statement shows he has assets of \$124,000 and liabilities of \$110,764. The assets are divided as follows:



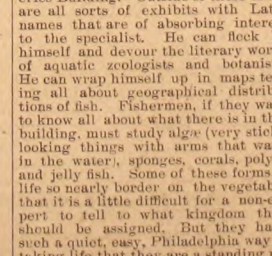
VIEW OF LAGOON, SHOWING WHALER PROGRESSES.



THE FISHERIES BUILDING.



ENTRANCE TO FISHERIES BUILDING.



IN THE FISHERIES BUILDING.