TALMAGE'S SERMON.

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ON SHORTENED LIVES.

Too Much Time Spent In a Panegyric of Longevity—The Temptations of Success—Compensations of Death—The Worth of a Clear Conscience.

Between Two Years.

In the forenoon service at the Brooklyn Tabernacle Sunday, Rev. Dr. Talmage preached on the subject of "Shortened Lives; or, a Cheerful Goodby to 1893." The text selected was Isaiah lvii, 1, "The righteous is taken away from the evil to come."

We have written for the last time at the head of our letters and business documents the figures 1893. With this day closes the year. In January last we celebrated its birth. To-day we attend its obsequies. Another twelve months have been cut out of our earthly continuance, and it is a time for absorbing reflection.

We all spend much time in panegeric of longevity. We consider it a great thing to live to be an octogenarian. If any one dies in youth, we say, "What a pity!" Dr. Muhlenberg in old age said that the hymn written in early life by his own hand no more expressed his sentiment when it said,

I would not live always.

If one be pleasantly circumstanced, he never wants to go. William Cullen Bryant, the great poet, at 82 years of age, standing in my house in a festal group reading "Thanatopsis" without spectacles, was just as anxious to live as when at 18 years of age he wrote the immortal threnody. Cato feared at 80 years of age that he would not live to learn Greek. Monaldesco at 115 years, writing the history of his time, feared a collapse. Theophrastus writing a book at 90 years of age was anxious to live to complete it. Thurlow Weed at about 86 years of age found life as great a desirability as when he suffered his first political defeat.

Albert Barnes, so well prepared for the next world, at 70 said he would rather stay here. So it is all the way down. I suppose that the last time Methuselah was out of doors in a storm he was afraid of getting his feet wet lest it shorten his days. Indeed I some think that we are in danger from the blessings of longevity, but in this, the last day of 1893, and when many are filled with sadness at the thought that another chapter of their life is closing, and that they have 365 days less to live, I propose to preach to you about the advantages of an abbreviated earthly existence.

Industry Inculcated.

If I were an agnostic, I would say a man is blessed in proportion to the number of years he can stay "under the firma," because after that he falls off the docks, and if he is ever picked out of the depths it is only to be set up in some morgue of the universe to see if anybody will claim him. If I thought God made man only to last forty or fifty or one hundred years, and then he was to go into annihilation, I would say his business was to get all he could, keep alive and even in good weather to be very cautious, and to carry an umbrella and take overshoes and life preservers and bronze armor and weapons of defense lest he fall off into nothingness and obliteration.

But, my friends, you are not agnostics. You look forward immortality and the eternal residence of the righteous in Heaven, and therefore I first remark that an abbreviated earthly existence is to be desired, and is a blessing because it makes one's life work very compact.

Some men go to business at 7 o'clock in the morning and return at 7 in the evening. Others go at 8 o'clock and return at 12. Others go at 10 and return at 4. I have friends who are ten hours a day in business, others who are five hours, others who are one hour. They all do their work well—they do their entire work, and then they return. Which position do you think the most desirable? You say, other things being equal, the man who is the shortest time detained in business and who can return home the quickest is the most blessed.

Now, my friends, why not carry that good sense into the subject of transference from this world? If a person die in childhood, he gets through his work at 9 o'clock in the morning. If he die at 45 years of age, he gets through his work at 12 o'clock noon. If he die at 70 years of age, he gets through his work at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. If he die at 90, he has to toil all the way on up to 11 o'clock at night. The sooner we get through the work here, the better. The harvest all in barrack or barn, the farmer does not sit down in the stubble field, but, shouldering his scythe and taking his pitcher from under a tree, he makes a straight line for the old homestead. All we want to be anxious about is to get our work done and well done; the quicker the better.

Again, there is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence in the fact that moral disaster might come upon the man if he tarried long. A man who had been prominent in churches, and who had been admired for his generosity and kindness everywhere, for forgery was sent to State Prison for fifteen years. Twenty years before there was no more probability of that man's committing a commercial dishonesty than that you will commit a commercial dishonesty. The number of men who fall into ruin between fifty and seventy years of age is simply appalling. If they had died thirty years before, it would have been better for them and better for their families. The shorter the voyage the less chance for a cyclone.

Perils of Success.

There is a wrong theory abroad that if one's youth be right, his old age will be right. You might as well say there is nothing wanting for a ship's safety except to get fully launched on the Atlantic Ocean. I have sometimes asked those who were schoolmates or college mates of some great defrauder: "What kind of a boy was he? What kind of young man was he?" and they have said: "Why, he was a splendid fellow. I had no idea he could ever go into such an outrage." The fact is the great temptation of life sometimes comes far on in middle or in old age.

The first time I crossed the Atlantic Ocean it was as smooth as a millpond, and I thought the sea captains and the voyagers had slandered the old ocean, and I wrote home an essay for a magazine on "The Smile of the Sea," but I never afterward could have written that thing, for before we got home we got a terrible shaking up. The first voyage of life may be very smooth; the last may be a euroclydon. Many who start life in great prosperity do not end it in prosperity.

The great pressure of temptation comes sometimes in this direction: At about 45 years of age a man's nervous system changes, and some one tells him he must take stimulants to keep himself up, and he takes stimulants to keep himself up until the stimulants keep him up. Or a man has been going along for 30 or 40 years in unsuccessful business, and here is an opening where by one dishonorable action he can lift himself and lift his family from all financial embarrassment. He attempts to leap the chasm, and he falls into it.

Thus it is in after life that the great temptation of success comes. If a man make a fortune before 30 years of age, he generally loses it before 40. The solid and the permanent fortunes for the most part do not come to their climax until middle or old age. The most of bank presidents have white hair. Many of those who have been largely successful have been full of arrogance or worldliness or dissipation in old age. They may have lost their integrity, but they have become so worldly and so selfish under the influence of large success that it is even left to mental trial their success has been a temporal calamity and an eternal damage.

If a soldier who has been on guard, shivering and stung with the cold, pacing up and down the parapet with shouldered musket, is glad when some one comes to relieve guard and he can go into comfortable quarters, ought not that man to shout for joy who can put down his weapon of earthly defense and go into the King's castle? Who is the more fortunate, the soldier who has to stand guard twelve hours, or the man who has to stand guard six hours? We have common sense about everything but religion, common sense about everything but transference from this world.

The Evil to Come.

Again, there is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence in the fact that one escapes so many bereavements. The longer we live the more attachments and the more kindred, the more chords to be wounded or rasped or sundered. If a man live on to 70 or 80 years of age, how many graves are cleft at his feet? In that long reach of time father and mother go, brothers and sisters go, children go, grandchildren go, personal friends outside the family circle whom they had loved with a love like that of David and Jonathan.

Besides that, some men have a natural trepidation about dissolution, and ever and anon during 40 or 50 or 60 years this horror of their dissolution shudders through soul and body. Now, suppose the lad goes at 16 years of age. He escapes 50 funerals, 50 caskets, 50 obsequies, 50 awful wrenchings of the soul. It is hard enough for us to bear their departure, but is it not easier for us to bear their departure than for them to stay and bear 50 departures? Shall we not, by the grace of God, rouse ourselves into a generosity of bereavement which will practically say, "It is hard enough for me to go through this bereavement, but how glad I am that he will never have to go through it!"

So I reason with myself, and so you will find it helpful to reason with yourselves. David lost his son. Though David was King, he lay on the earth mourning and inconsolable for some time. At this distance of time, which to you probably looks the one to be congratulated, the short lived child or the long lived father? Had David died as early as that child died, he would in the first place have escaped that particular bereavement, then he would have escaped the worse bereavement of Absalom, his recreant son, and the pursuit of the Philistines, and the fatigues of his military campaigns, and the jealousy of Saul, and the perfidy of Ahithophel, and the curse of Shimei, and the destruction of his family at Ziklag, and, above all, he would have escaped the two great calamities of his life, the great sins of uncleanness and murder. David lived to be of vast use to the church and the world, but so far as his own happiness was concerned, does it not seem to you that it would have been better for him to have gone early?

Now, this, my friends, explains some things that to you have been inexplicable. This shows you why when God takes little children from us, whether he is very apt to take the brightest, the most genial, the most sympathetic, the most talented. Why? It is because that kind of nature suffers the most when it does suffer and is most liable to temptation. God saw the tempest sweeping up from the Caribbean Sea, and put the delicate craft into the first harbor. "Taken away from the evil to come."

Again, my friends, there is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence in the fact that it puts one sooner in the center of things. All astronomers, infidel, as well as Christian, agree in believing that the universe swings around some great center. Any one who has studied the earth and studied the heavens knows that God's favorite figure in geometry is a circle. When God put forth His hand to create the universe, He did not strike that hand at right angles, but He waved it in a circle and kept on waving it in a circle until systems and constellations and galaxies and all worlds took that motion. Our planet swinging around the sun, other planets swinging around other suns, but somewhere a great hub around which the great wheel of the universe revolves. Now, that center is Heaven. That is the capital of the universe. That is the great metropolis of immensity.

Knowledge at First Hands.

Now, does not our common sense teach us that in matters of study it is better for us to move out from the center toward the circumference rather than to be on the circumference where our world now is? We are like those who study the American continent while standing on the Atlantic beach. The way to study the continent is to cross it or go to the heart of it. Our standpoint in this world is defective. We are at the wrong end of the telescope. The best way to study a piece of machinery is not to stand on the doorstep and try to look in, but to go in with the engineer and take our place right amid the saws and the cylinders. We wear our eyes out and our brain out from the fact that we are studying under such great disadvantages.

Does not our common sense teach us that it is better to be at the center than to be clear out on the rim of the wheel, holding nervously fast to the tire lest we be suddenly hurled into light and eternal felicity? Through all kinds of optical instruments trying to peer in through the cracks and the keyholes of heaven instead of having both doors of the celestial mansion will be swung wide open before our entranced vision—rushing about among the apothecary shops of this world, wondering if this is good for rheumatism, and that is good for neuralgia and something else is good for a bad cough, but we be suddenly ushered into a land of everlasting health, where the inhabitant never says, "I am sick."

What fools we all are to prefer the circumference to the center! What a dreadful thing it would be if we should be suddenly ushered from this wintry world into the Spring time of Paradise! Heaven, and if our pauperism of sin and sorrow should be suddenly broken up by a presentation of an Emperor's castle, surrounded by parks with springing fountains and paths up and down which angels of God walk two and two!

We stick to the world as though we preferred cold drizzle to warm habitation, discord to cantata, sackcloth to royal purple—as though we preferred a piano with four or five keys out of tune to an instrument fully attuned—as though earth and Heaven had exchanged apparel and earth had taken on bridal array and Heaven had gone into deep mourning, all its waters stagnant, all its harps broken, all chalices cracked at the dry wells, all the lawns sloping to the river plowed with gravel, with dead angels under the furrow. Oh, I want to break up my own infatuation, and I want to break up your infatuation for this world. I tell you if we are ready, and if our work is done, the sooner we go the better, and if there are blessings in longevity, I want you to know right well there are also blessings in an abbreviated earthly existence.

A Fortunate Escape.

If the spirit of this sermon is true, how consoled you ought to feel about members of your families that went early. "Taken from the evil to come" is the book says. What a fortunate escape they had! How glad we ought to feel that they will never have to go through the struggles which we have had to go through. They had just time enough to get out of the cradle and run up the springtime hills of this world and see the lovely land and then they started for a better stopping place. They were like ships that put in at St. Helena, staying there long enough to let passengers go up and see the barracks of Napoleon's captivity and then hoist sail for the port of their own native land. They only took this world "in transitu." It is hard for us, but it is blessed for them.

And if the spirit of this sermon is true, then we ought not to go around sighing and groaning because another year has gone. But we ought to go down on one knee by the milestone and see the letters and thank God that we are 365 miles nearer home. We ought not to go around with bated feelings about our health or about anticipated demise. We ought to be living, not according to that old maxim which I used to hear in my boyhood, that you must live as though every day were the last; you must live as though you were to live forever, for you will. Do not be nervous lest you have to move out of a shanty into an Alhambra.

On Christmas morning one of my neighbors, an old sea captain, died. After life had departed, his face was illuminated as though he was just going into harbor. The fact was, he had already got through the "Narrows." The adjoining rooms were filled with Christmas presents waiting for his distribution. Long ago, one night, when he had narrowly escaped with his ship from being run down by a great ocean steamer, he had made his peace with God, and a kinder neighbor or a better man you would not find this side of Heaven. Wilberforce's words during the pilot of the heavenly harbor had met him just off the lightship.

The captain often talked to me of the goodness of God, and especially of a time when he was about to go in New York harbor with his ship from Liverpool, and he was suddenly impressed that he ought to put back to sea. Under the protest of the crew and under their very threat, he put back to sea, fearing at the same time he was losing his mind, for it seemed so unreasonable that when they could get into harbor that night they should put back to sea, and the captain said to his mate, "You will call me at 10 o'clock at night."

At 12 o'clock at night the captain was aroused and said: "What does this mean? I thought I told you to call me at 10 o'clock, and here it is 12." "Why," said the mate, "I did call you at 10 o'clock, and you got up, looked around and told me to keep right on this same course for two hours, and then to call you at 12 o'clock." Said the captain: "Is it possible? I have no remembrance of that."

At 12 o'clock the captain went on deck, and through the rift of the cloud the moonlight fell upon the sea and showed him a shipwreck with 100 struggling passengers. He helped them off. Had he been any earlier or any later at that point of the sea he would have been of no service to those drowning people. On board the captain's vessel they began to band together as to what they should pay for the rescue and what they should pay for the provisions. "Ah," says the captain, "my lads, you can't pay me anything. All I have on board is yours. I feel too greatly honored of God in having saved you to take any pay." Just like him. He never got any pay except that of his own applauding conscience.

Oh, that the old sea captain's God might be my God and yours. Amid the stormy seas of this life may we have always some one as tenderly to take care of us as the captain took care of the drowning crew and the passengers. And may we come into the harbor with as little physical pain and with as bright a hope as he had, and if it should happen to be a Christmas morning when the presents are being distributed and we are celebrating the birth of Him who came to save our shipwrecked world, all the better, for what grander, brighter Christmas present could we have than Heaven?

BATH bags are filled with almond meal, bran, orris root, or crushed lavender flowers, with borax or shaved castile soap. The bag floats upon the water when not in actual service.

THE more annoying a hound is around the house, the better he hates.

ILLINOIS INCIDENTS.

SOBER OR STARTLING, FAITHFULLY RECORDED.

Schramm Loaned His Money Just in Time—Rival Suitors at Nauvoo in a Prize Fight—Winterrowd Justice Heads a Gang of Rioters.

Burglar Came too Late.

Sunday night a man wearing a mask entered the farm residence of Phillip Schramm, in Woodstock Township, near Rushville, and thrusting a rifle in the face of Mr. Schramm demanded his money. The old man had only $5 in the house, which he gave the robber. A week ago Mr. Schramm had $400 in his residence, but had loaned all of it.

Illinois Landlord Badly Used.

The citizens of Campus are considerably worked up over the brutal manner John Harrington, a tenant on the farm of A. M. Brewster, clubbed the latter. Brewster went out to his farm where Harrington was living. The latter had it rented for cash, and as he had not raised a sufficient amount to pay the rental they had some trouble in effecting a settlement. Harrington waylaid Brewster and beat him with a club. Harrington pleaded guilty to committing an assault and was fined, but the case will be brought before the Livingston County grand jury.

Nauvoo Swains in a Prize Fight.

A genuine prize fight, with a pretty girl as the stake, is reported from Nauvoo. Two of the young bloods are in love with the same young women. The contestants, accompanied by the usual retinue of backers, bottle-holders and timekeepers, repaired to the rock quarries near the city at midnight and decided the matter in a fiercely contested battle. A number of rounds were fought. The vanquished suitor received terrible punishment in the face, the victor getting off with a torn shirt and a few scratches.

Footpads at Rockford.

Two bold highwaymen shoved revolvers in the face of Thomas Lynch, a well-known Rockford citizen, on West State street, in the heart of the residence portion of the city, and ordered him to throw up his hands, which he did. After relieving him of a gold watch, two rings and a good-sized roll of money they told him to walk straight west; threatening to shoot him if he looked around. He complied with the request. The police are scouring the city for the robbers.

Enjoined from Making Pictures.

At Aurora Judge Goodwin gave a decision on the question of the validity of a contract. E. C. Pratt sold his photograph gallery to Mr. Giles and agreed not to go into the business in Aurora for ten years. A few months after Mr. Gale, a Joliet photographer, purchased a gallery in Aurora and placed Mr. Pratt in charge. Mr. Giles asked the court for an injunction restraining Pratt from making pictures in Aurora. The judge granted the injunction.

Vigilantes May Organize.

Two stores and the postoffice at Walnut Prairie were entered, and a large quantity of clothing, cigars, and other articles, together with several hundred dollars in money, was stolen. The job was evidently done by an organized gang that has lately committed a series of daring burglaries along the line of the Big Four in Clark County. The question of organizing a vigilance committee to run down the thieves is being agitated.

Got Drunk in Church.

The monotony of a dull week was broken by the trial of twelve men on the charge of drunkenness and disorderly conduct at an entertainment held in a church at Winterrowd. One of the twelve men arrested was a Justice of the Peace, who, it appeared, made himself particularly conspicuous in the crowd at the church by frequently circulating a bottle. Fines amounting to about $600 were imposed by the court.

Took Too Many Chances.

Auditor Gore is making an investigation in the affairs of another building and loan association of Chicago and the indications are that some startling developments will result. The chief clerk of the department is now in Northern Wisconsin inquiring into the value of certain lands there, on which loans of $75,000 have been made. It is believed that the value of the lands is far less than the amount loaned upon them.

Paid a Fine to Secure His Wife.

Frank Hackney, a slender, crippled Marshall youth of 20, eloped with Mrs. Lizzie Endsley, a rather comely woman of 27, a resident of Macksville, Ind., a few weeks ago. Neither had any money and they went through many privations before they were captured by Marshall officers. The woman's husband, Samuel Endsley, took steps to secure his wife's release. Endsley paid a fine of $25 and took his wife home.

Record of the Week.

PEORIA'S City Council appropriated $50,000 for the State Fair.

JEFFERSONVILLE citizens distributed food and clothing to the destitute.

C. H. HAVEN has been appointed a Deputy Revenue Collector at Rockford.

MR. AND MRS. A. H. HERSEY celebrated their golden wedding at Marengo.

THE storage car of Burlington train No. 11 caught fire and burned at Naperville. Cause unknown.

MRS. ROCH, wife of a Rockford laboring man, was robbed by footpads in South Rockford of two weeks' wages, earned by her husband, which she had in her purse.

THE executive committee of the Winnebago County Farmers' Institute decided to hold the annual meeting in Rockford, Feb. 15 and 16. Prominent speakers from all over the State have been engaged for the institute.

AT Jerseyville Dr. Blankner was arrested on the streets for practicing his profession without complying with the State law as provided under the State Board of Health regulations. Blankner is an itinerant street worker, following dentistry and electric truss selling. The case will affect all those doctors who travel over the land claiming marvelous curatives.

JOHN W. JURY, principal of the Palmer school of Springfield, is dead.

E. W. LAWRENCE and Miss Mattie Ellis were married at Shawneetown.

THOMAS MUNCE, a wealthy and respected retired farmer of Lanesville, died.

FRED KUHN and Otelle L. Villinger were married at Mascoutah. Kuhn is a St. Louis business man.

AN overdose of cough syrup containing opium killed the little child of John Hornbrook, of Adrian.

JOSEPH HARDIN, 50 years old, was killed at Dongola, by falling through a cattle guard on the railroad track.

CHARLES KREHER, a farmer, aged 72 years, was caught on a trestle south of Decatur and killed by a Wabash freight train.

AT Assumption the family of A. R. Kieburtz was poisoned by eating sweet corn. Gus Kieburtz was quite ill, but is considered out of danger.

MRS. RUTH CASTLE, aged 68; Mrs. Hulda Black, aged 53; Nicholas Myers, aged 76, and John Crafton, an old resident of Browning Township, died within a few hours at Rushville.

ATTORNEY GENERAL MOLONEY decided at Springfield that a building and loan association should apportion profits to all shares of stock in force, without reference to whether they are loaned upon or not.

GOVERNOR AND MRS. ALTGELD tendered a public reception at the Executive Mansion Wednesday from 4 to 6 to the members of the State Teachers' Association. They were assisted by local society people.

WARREN DART, aged 70, a prominent farmer near Freeport, was instantly killed by the falling of a tree as he was driving through the wood. His companion, John Montague, was badly injured, but will recover.

THE Rev. M. L. Wagner, pastor of the English Lutheran church, at Decatur, was called to Richmond, Ind., to attend the funeral of his brother, M. D. Wagner, who committed suicide because of the protracted illness of his wife.

AT Bloomington, Henry M. Henderson, asks that the partnership of Phillips & Henderson, boot and shoe dealers, be dissolved. He alleges that Phillips, his partner, has taken over $1,000 more of the firm's cash than he was entitled to.

MICHAEL SULLIVAN, a Peoria rolling-mill employe, was assaulted by a gang of hoodlums and wandered about several days in a dazed condition. Physicians say that he is suffering from concussion of the brain and cannot recover. His assailants are unknown.

W. B. REYNOLDS, the Rockford showman, made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors, George Fisher being named as assignee. Reynolds, like other showmen, last season met hard luck and succeeded in getting his show home only by the shrewdest strategy.

W. E. DODSON, of the firm of Dodson Brothers, Chicago brokers and commission merchants, was suspended by the Directors of the Board of Trade from the privileges of membership for ten years. The charge against Dodson was that he had borrowed money on the strength of a promise to repay the loan out of the proceeds of the sale of his membership, and then refused to make the sale as agreed. The penalty is the greatest ever inflicted upon a member of the board short of expulsion.

THE Ashley Wire Company affairs have taken another legal twist at Joliet. The plant Wednesday was in possession of Sheriff Hennessy, who was going to sell it at Sheriff's sale, but, upon application of the First National Bank, George H. Bush was appointed receiver, taking the plant from the Sheriff's possession. This change will put all creditors on an equal footing. Arrangements were being made to start the mill, but this transaction will make it impossible to do so.

HEREAFTER the poor of Joliet who can work will be compelled to do so before they can get aid from the poormaster or relief association. The City Council appropriated $1,200 to pay for hiring teams and foremen, and the poor will be put to work on the streets, and they must present a time card from the foreman of the streets that they have earned $5 worth of work before coal or clothing. Heretofore the town and relief associations have been overburdened with applications for help, and active steps had to be taken.

A NUMBER of prominent Alton citizens have organized a movement by which the deserving poor of the city will be given an opportunity to take care of themselves during the winter. The Council some time ago mapped out a great number of sewers to be built during the winter and summer. The present movement is to have this work done during the winter, and employ only bona-fide residents of Alton to do it. In order to accomplish this a special meeting was called by Mayor Brenholt, in order that the legal part of the scheme may be expedited.

AN attempt was made Tuesday night to assassinate R. M. Patrick, President of the Marengo First National Bank, a man reputed to be worth $750,000. Two drunken Swedes went to the house of Mr. Patrick during the day and created a disturbance. Three times he admonished them to leave, and on their refusal to do so had them arrested. They were put in the city jail, and after two hours' incarceration were liberated on the promise to leave town. Instead of going they again went to the house of Mr. Patrick and after repeated knocks called him to the door. As he started to open it one of them tried to force his way in, but was repulsed. Mr. Patrick forced them out and locked the door. The men were cursing and threatening his life with knives and revolvers. Mr. Patrick dressed himself and, going out of the back door, called the police, but too late to capture his assailants.

SIX of Eureka's young men were found guilty of inciting a riot by waylaying students attending the college. The students have been annoyed by town boys, and on several occasions have been handled very roughly. The faculty has endeavored for some time to find out the guilty parties, and has at last, it is said, secured the right fellows. The cases will come up in the February term of the Woodford County Court. Those already found guilty at the preliminary examination are Frank Ralston, Will Roach, Ben Wedderman, Charlie Farney, Eugene and John Kile.

CHICAGO'S WOMEN.

Their Destitution Is as Great as That of the Men.

Though much has been written about the destitution of Chicago workmen, comparatively little has been said about the condition of the women of that city, and yet their suffering and desire to get work are quite as great. Hundreds besiege every shop looking for positions as clerks; as many more answer the few advertisements which appear for domestic help. All of them, when questioned, have most pitiful stories to tell. One woman spoke to a reporter as follows: "My husband is a laboring man, and we have five small children. We have lived for some time in the basement at No. 323 West Chicago avenue, where we paid $4 a month for very poor quarters. When my husband got out of work the landlord became afraid we could not pay the rent, but we have done so for four months. Now my husband goes out every day looking for work. He don't find any and the landlord asked us to move out, fearing we could not pay him. But we raised the money and offered it to him. Instead of taking it the landlord sent a man to force us out, who put me and the five children out of the house, and then threw our furniture upon the sidewalk while my husband was away.

Speaking of the situation a leading Chicago merchant said the other day: "There is no question about it, the women breadwinners of Chicago are infinitely worse off than the men. In spite of the large sign I have posted on my office saying that no help is wanted, I have every day at least 200 women who beg for something to do. They are for the most part inexperienced in any line of business, but they come to the retail stores in hope of finding positions. Not a day passes that I do not assist some of these applicants a little over some of their necessities of the moment, for many of them confess to me that they are responsible for the livelihood of their families, and some of them are in extreme destitution.

On behalf of the many unemployed men, women and boys in the city the Protective Agency, 328 Dearborn Street Building, has issued an urgent appeal to farmers and others who may need help about their premises to give employment to the worthy ones among these people. Many of them will gladly work for their board, as hundreds of them are now sweeping Chicago's streets in return for a scrip-house ticket. Inquiries made to the agency at address given will be promptly answered.

WHEAT AND STOCK.

The Condition of Both Is Reported as Generally Good.

Reports have been received by the Farmers' Review from its correspondents in twelve States, on the condition of winter wheat and farm stock.

Winter Wheat—In Illinois the crop seems to be in fair condition. In some counties it is yet small, having made little growth the fall, on account of the exceptionally dry weather. It is, however, well rooted and heavily tillered. In Ohio the fields have also some disaster overtaken it, the crop as a whole will be a good one. In Indiana the general outlook is good, in spite of the fact that in some sections the ground has been freezing and thawing, and the snow covering has been insufficient. In Ohio the general condition is good, though in many counties it is small on account of late sowing. In Michigan a large part of the crop is covered with snow, and its condition can only be guessed at. It is supposed to be in from fair to good condition. In Missouri the crop looks well considering the very dry fall and winter. In Nebraska rain is needed. The condition is variously reported as fair and good. Iowa reports little winter wheat sown. Where it has been put in it is quite generally reported as good. Snow covers it in many counties, so that information cannot be certainly told. In Wisconsin the crop is in fair to good condition, and has been well protected by the heavy fall of both and severe weather. It is still covered with snow to such an extent that little damage exists.

Farm Stock—In Illinois farm stock is looking well. Among the hogs cholera is prevailing in some counties. In Indiana feed is reported plentiful and stock in good condition. In Ohio the general condition is reported good. Stock in Michigan looks well in spite of the poor condition of the fall pastures. Stock in Missouri is reported in exceptionally fine condition. Those animals which were pastured for market are making rapid gains. Iowa reports feed plentiful and stock doing well. Fodder is plentiful in Wisconsin and stock, as a rule, looks fine. The general condition is good. Minnesota reports stock as good and healthy. The same condition exists in the Dakotas.

Notes of Current Events.

THERE are 100 cases of grippe at Weatherly, Pa., a town of 3,000 inhabitants.

CHARLES COLLINS, wanted for murder and robbery, was arrested at Freeport, Pa.

W. J. FOUST, assistant postmaster of Thornton, Texas, was arrested for embezzling $750.

RICHARD FITTENREINER, an electric light lineman, was killed by a falling pole at St. Louis.

JOHN C. ALTON, found dead at Osceola, Iowa, is supposed to have been killed by tramps.

MARTIN FINN, a farmer, was waylayed and murdered while going home from Falmouth, Ky.

ROY SHUBERT, a Belmont, La., boy, was blown to pieces by the explosion of a box of dynamite.

THE village of Brantford, Ont., is under water, owing to a sudden flood in the Grand River.

FIVE whites and nineteen Mexicans have been killed in a race way near Cherrilos, Mexico.

POPULIST members of the House will urge the adoption of a graduated tax upon all big estates.

WILLIAM HAWLEY, a burglar, committed suicide in the New Jersey penitentiary at Trenton.

FOUR men were probably fatally hurt at Derringer, Pa., in a fight between Austrians and Poles.

FARMER PIRA, who killed two confidence men at Sioux City, Iowa, was wildly cheered on acquittal.

CLARK FRANCIS, aged 16, of Beatrice, Neb., broke through the ice in Blue River and was drowned.

GEORGE ASTLEY, of Springfield, Mo., was shot and killed at Wichita by John Keefe, a farmer, who surrendered.

R. D. HARRELL was appointed receiver of the Texarkana Furniture Factory. Assets, $80,000; liabilities, $45,000.

JOHN WRIGHT, Hamilton agent of the Dominion Building and Loan Association of Toronto, has disappeared with $2,500 belonging to the Hamilton share-holders.

AT Russellville, Franklin County, Ala., a mob broke into the jail and released Dock and Lee Siles, two Marion County murderers and outlaws, imprisoned for the murder of Postmaster Kirk at Gulin.