TALMAGE'S SERMON.

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ON "EASTER IN GREENWOOD."

Where the Wound of Death Is Bandaged by Foliage—Christ's Resurrection Is Our Resurrection if We Are His—The "Good Morning" of Our Saviour.

At the Tabernacle.

In the Brooklyn Tabernacle, Sunday forenoon, Rev. Dr. Talmage delivered an eloquent sermon on "Easter in Greenwood," the text being taken from Genesis xxiii, 17, 18, "And the field in Hebron, which was in Machpelah, which was before Mamre, the field, and the cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about, were made sure unto Abraham."

Here is the first cemetery ever laid out. Machpelah was its name. It was an arborescent beauty, where the wound of death was bandaged with foliage. Abraham, a rich man, not being able to bribe the king of terrors, proposes here, as far as possible, to cover up the ravages. He had no doubt previously noticed this region, and now that Sarah, his wife, had died—that remarkable person who at 90 years of age had born to her the son Isaac and who now, after she had reached 127 years, had expired—Abraham is negotiating for a family plot for his household.

Ephron owned this real estate, and after, in mock sympathy for Abraham, refusing to take anything for it, now sticks on a big price—400 shekels of silver. The cemetery lot is paid for, and the transfer made in the presence of witnesses in a public place, for there were no deeds and no halls of record in those early times. Then in a cavern of limestone rock Abraham put Sarah, and a few years after himself followed, and then Isaac and Rebekah, and then Jacob and Leah. Embowered, picturesque, and memorable Machpelah! That "God's acre" dedicated by Abraham has been the mother of innumerable mortuary observances. The necropolis of every civilized land has vied with its metropolis.

Famous Tombs.

The most beautiful hills of Europe outside the great cities are covered with obelisk and funeral vase, and arched gateways and columns and parterres in honor of the inhumated. The Appian way of Rome was bordered by sepulchral commemorations. For this purpose Italy has its quarries of marble sculptured into excellent bas-reliefs and the features of dear faces that have vanished. Genoa has its terraces cut into toombs, and Constantinople covers with cypress the silent habitations, and Paris has its Pere la Chaise, on whose heights rest Balzac and David and Marshal Ney and Colvier and Lafitte Place and Moliere and a mighty group of warriors and poets and painters and musicians. In all foreign nations utmost genius on all sides is expended in the work of interment, mummification, and incineration.

Our own country consents to be second to none in respect to the lifeless body. Every city and town and neighborhood of any intelligence or virtue has, not many miles away, its sacred inclosure, where affection has engaged sculptor's chisel and florist's spade and artificer in metals. Our own city has shown its religion as well as its art in the manner which it holds the memory of those who have passed forever away by its Cypress Hills, and its Evergreens, and its Martyrs, and Holy Cross, and Friends' cemeteries.

All the world knows of our Greenwood, with now about 270,000 inhabitants sleeping among the hills that overlook the sea, and by lakes embosomed in an Eden of flowers, our American Westminster Abbey, an Acropolis of mortuary architecture, a Pantheon of mighty ones ascended, elegies in stone, Iliads in marble, whole generations in peace waiting for other generations to join them. No dormitory of breathless sleepers in all the world has so many mighty dead.

The Illustrious Dead.

Among the preachers of the gospel, Bethune and Thomas De Witt, and Bishop Janes and Tyng, and Abeel, the missionary, and Beecher and Budding-ton and McClintock and Inskip, and Bangs and Chapin, and Noah Schenck and Samuel Hanson Cox. Among musicians, the renowned Gottschalk and the holy Thomas Hastings. Among philanthropists, Peter Cooper and Isaac T. Hopper, and Lucretia Mott and Isabella Graham, and Henry Bergh, the apostle of mercy to the brute creation. Among the litterati, the Carys, Alice and Phœbe; James K. Spaulding and John G. Saxe. Among journalists, Bennet and Raymond and Greeley. Among scientists, Ormsby Mitchell, warrior as well as astronomer, and lovingly called by his soldiers "Old Stars;" Professor Proctor and the Drapers, splendid men, as well know, one of them my teacher, the other my classmate.

Among inventors, Elias Howe, who, through the sewing machines, did more to alleviate the toils of womanhood than any man that ever lived, and Professor Morse, who gave us magnetic telegraphy, the former doing his work with a needle, the latter with the thunderbolt. Among physicians and surgeons, Joseph C. Hutchinson and Marion Sims and Dr. Valentine Mott, with the following epitaph which he ordered cut in honor of Christian religion: "My implicit faith and hope is in a merciful Redeemer, who is the resurrection and the life. Amen and amen." This is our American Machpelah, as sacred to us as the Machpelah in Canaan, of which Jacob uttered that pastoral poem in one verse, "There they buried Abraham and Sarah, his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebekah, his wife, and there I buried Leah."

The Resurrection Day.

At this Easter service I ask and answer what may seem a novel question, but it will be found, before I get through, a practical and useful and tremendous question. What will resurrection day do for the cemeteries? First, I remark, it will be their supernal beautification. At certain seasons it is customary in all lands to strew flowers over the mounds of the departed. It may have been suggested by the fact that Christ's tomb was in a garden. And when I say garden I do not mean a garden of these latitudes. The late frosts of spring and the early frosts of autumn are so near each other that there are only a few months of flowers in the field. All the flowers we see to-day had to be potted and coaxed and put under shelter, or they would not have bloomed at all. They are the children of the conservatories. But at this season and through the most of the year the Holy Land is all ablush with floral opulence.

You find all the royal family of flowers there, some that you supposed indigenous to the far north and others indigenous to the far south—the daisy and hyacinth, crocus and anemone, tulip and water lily, geranium and ranunculus, mignonette and sweet marjoram. In the cottage at Beirut you may see Dr. Post's collection of about 1,800 kinds of Holy Land flowers, while among trees are the oaks of frozen climes, and the tamarisk of the tropics, walnut and willow, ivy and hawthorn, ash and elder, pine and sycamore. If such floral and botanical beauties are the wild growths of the field, think of what a garden must be in Paradise! And in such a garden Jesus Christ slept after, on the soldier's spear. His last drop of blood had coagulated. And then see how appropriate that all our cemeteries should be floralized and tree shaded. In June Greenwood is Brooklyn's garden.

"Well, then," you say, "how can you make out that the resurrection day will beautify the cemeteries? Will it not leave them a plowed up ground? On that day there will be an earthquake, and will not this split the polished Aberdeen granite as well as the plain slab that can afford but two words—'Our Mary' or 'Our Charley?' Well, I will tell you how resurrection day will beautify all the cemeteries. It will be by bringing up the faces that were to us once and in our memories are to us now more beautiful than any calla lily and the forms that are to us more graceful than any willow by the waters. Can you think of anything more beautiful than the disappearance of those from whom we have been parted? I do not care which way the tree falls in the blast of the judgment hurricane, or if the plowshare that day shall turn under the last rose leaf and the last china aster, if out of the broken sod shall come the bodies of our loved ones not damaged, but irradiated.

The Voice of the Dead.

The idea of the resurrection gets easier to understand as I hear the phonograph unroll some voice that talked into it a year ago, just before our friend's decease. You touch the lever, and then come forth the very tones, the very song of the person that breathed into the machine, but now departed. If a man can do that, cannot Almighty God, without half trying, return the voice of your departed? And if He can return the voice, why not the lips, and the tongue, and the throat, why not the brain that suggested the words? And if the brain, why not the nerves, of which the brain is the headquarters? And if He can return the nerves, why not the muscles, which are less ingenious? And if the muscles, why not the bones, that are less wonderful? And if the voice, and the brain, and the muscles, and the bones, why not the entire body? If man can do the phonograph, God can do the resurrection.

Will it be the same body that in the last day shall be reanimated? Yes, but infinitely improved. Our bodies change every seven years, and yet in one sense it is the same body. On my wrist and the second finger of my right hand there is a scar. I made that 12 years of age, when, disgusted at the presence of two warts, I took a red-hot iron and burned them off and burned them out. Since then my body has changed at least a half dozen times, but those scars prove it is the same body.

We never lose our identity. If God can and does sometimes rebuild a man five, six, ten times in this world, is it mysterious that He can rebuild him once more and that in the resurrection? If He can do it ten times, I think He can do it 11 times. For seventeen years gone, at the end of seventeen years they appear, and by rubbing the hind leg against the wing make that rattle at which all the husbandmen and vine dressers tremble as the insectile host takes up the march of devastation. Resurrection every seventeen years, a wonderful fact.

The Gospel Algebra.

Another consideration makes the idea of resurrection easier. God made Adam. He was not fashioned after any model. There had never been a human organism, and so there was nothing to copy. At the first attempt God made a perfect man. He made him out of the dust of the earth. If out of ordinary dirt of the ground and without a model God could make a perfect man, surely out of the extraordinary dust of mortal body and with millions of models God can make each one of us a perfect being in the resurrection. Surely the last undertaking would not be greater than the first. See the gospel algebra—ordinary dust minus a model equals a perfect man; extraordinary dust and plus a model equals a resurrection body. Mysteries about it? Oh, yes. That is one reason why I believe it. It would not be much of a God who could do things only as far as I can understand. Mysteries? Oh, yes; but no more about the resurrection of your body than about its present existence.

I will explain to you the last mystery of the resurrection and make it as plain to you as that two and two make four if you will tell me how your mind, which is entirely independent of your body, can act upon your body so that at your will your eyes open, or your foot walks, or your hand is extended. So I find nothing in the Bible statement concerning the resurrection that staggers me for a moment. All doubts clear from my mind. I say that the cemeteries, however beautiful now, will be more beautiful when the bodies of our loved ones come up in the morning of the resurrection.

They will come in improved condition. They will come up rested. The most of them lay down at the last very tired. How often you have heard them say, "I am so tired!" The fact is, it is a tired world. If I should go through this audience and go round the world, I could not find a person in any style of life ignorant of the sensation of fatigue.

I do not believe there are fifty persons in this audience who are not tired. Your head is tired, or your back is tired, or your foot is tired, or your brain is tired, or your nerves are tired. Long journeying, or business application, or bereavement, or sickness has put on you heavy weights. So the vast majority of those who went out of this world went out fatigued. About the poorest place to rest in this world. Its atmosphere, its surroundings, and even its luxuries are exhausting. So God stops our earthly life, and mercifully closes the eyes, and more especially gives quiescence to the lung and heart, that have not had ten minutes' rest from the first respiration and the first beat.

The Factory of the Grave.

Factories are apt to be rough places, and those who toil in them have their garments grimy and their hands smutched. But who cares for that when they turn out for us beautiful musical instruments or exquisite upholstery? What though the grave is a rough place, it is a resurrection body manufactory, and from it shall come the radiant and resplendent forms of our friends on the brightest morning the world ever saw. You put into a factory cotton, and it comes out apparel. You put into a factory lumber and lead, and they come out pianos and organs. And so into the factory of the grave you put pneumonias and consumptions, and they come out health. You put in groans, and they come out hallelujahs. For us on the final day the most attractive places will not be the parks, or the gardens, or the palaces, but the cemeteries.

We are not told in what season that day will come. If it should be winter, those who come up will be more lustrous than the snow that covered them. If in the autumn, those who come up will be more gorgeous than the woods after the frosts had pencilled them. If in the spring, the bloom on which they send will be dead compared with the rubicund of their cheeks. Oh, the perfect resurrection body! Almost everybody has some defective spot in his physical constitution—a dull ear, or a dim eye, or a rheumatic foot, or a neuralgic brow, or a twisted muscle, or a weak side, or an inflamed tonsil, or some point at which the east wind or a season of overwork assaults him.

But the resurrection body shall be without one weak spot, and all that the doctors and nurses and apothecaries of earth will thereafter have to do will be to rest without interruption after the broken nights of their earthly existence. Not only will that day be the beautification of well kept cemeteries, but some of the graveyards that have been neglected and been the pasture ground for cattle and rooting places for swine will for the first time have attractiveness given them.

It was a shame that in that place ungrateful generations planted no trees, and twisted no garlands, and sculptured no marble for their Christian ancestry, but on the day of which I speak the resurrected shall make the place of their feet glorious. From under the shadow of the church, where they slumbered among nettles and mullein stalks and thistles and slabs aslant, they shall rise in glory that will flush the windows of the village church, and by the bell tower that used to call them to worship, and above the old spire beside which their prayers formerly ascended. What triumphal procession never did for a street, what an oratorio never did for a academy, what an ordination never did for a brilliant audience, what obelisk never did for a king, resurrection morn will do for all the cemeteries.

If We Are His.

This Easter tells us that in Christ's resurrection our resurrection, if we are his, and the resurrection of all the pious dead, is assured, for he was "the first fruits of them that slept." Renan says he did not rise, but 580 witnesses, sixty of them Christ's enemies, say he did rise, for they saw him after he had risen. If he did not rise, how did sixty armed soldiers let him get away? Surely sixty living soldiers ought to be able to keep one dead man! Blessed be God! He did get away.

After his resurrection Mary Magdalene saw him. Cleopas saw him. Ten disciples in an upper room at Jerusalem saw him. Five hundred at one time saw him. Five hundred at once saw him. Professor Ernest Renan, who did not see him, will excuse us for taking the testimony of the 580 who did see him. Yes, yes, he got away. And that makes me feel sure that our departed loved ones, and we ourselves shall get away. Freed himself from the shackles of clod, he is not going to leave us and ours in the lurch.

There will be no doorknob on the inside of our family sepulcher, for we cannot come out of ourselves, but there is a doorknob on the outside, and that Jesus shall lay hold of, and opening will say: "Good morning! You have slept long enough! Arise, arise!" And then will clutch of wings, and what flashing of rekindled eyes, and what gladsome rushing across the family lot with cries of "Father, is that you?" "Mother, is that you?" "My darling, is that you?" "How you all have changed! The cough gone, the croup gone, the consumption gone, the paralysis gone, the weariness gone. Come let us ascend together! The older ones first, the younger ones next! Quick now, get into line! The skyward procession has already started! Steer now by that embankment of cloud for the nearest gate!"

And as we ascend on one side the earth gets smaller until it is no longer than a moon, and smaller until it is no larger than a palace, and smaller until it is no larger than a ship, and smaller until it is no larger than a wheel, and smaller until it is no larger than a speck.

Farewell to Earth.

Farewell, dissolving earth! But on the other side as we rise Heaven at first appears no larger than your hand. And nearer it looks like a chariot, and nearer it looks like a throne, and nearer looks like a star, and nearer it looks like a universe. Hail, scepters that shall always wave! Hail, anthems that shall always roll. Hail, companionships never again to part! That is what resurrection day will do for all the cemeteries and graveyards from that Machpelah that was opened by Father Abraham in Hebron to the Machpelah yesterday consecrated.

Brass.

Brass is perhaps the best known and most useful alloy. It is formed by fusing together copper and zinc. Different proportions of these metals produce brasses possessing very marked distinctive properties. The portions of the different ingredients are seldom precisely alike; these depend upon the requirements of various uses for which the alloys are intended. Peculiar qualities of the constituent metals also exercise influence on the results.

SUNSHINE falling through a water bottle is the reported origin of a fire recently in the Industrial Home for Girls, at Hampstead, England.

ALL OVER THE STATE.

ILLINOIS NEWS CONCISELY CONDENSED.

Insane Patient Kills Herself—Wheat and Rye in Good Shape—Fruit Prospects Poor—Explosion and Fire at Gilbert's Brick Works.

Drowned in the City Reservoir.

Mrs. W. H. Hall, of Osceola, whose husband is one of the trustees of the Iowa Asylum for the Feeble Minded, made her escape Friday night from Fairview, a private retreat for the insane in Jacksonville, and threw herself into the city reservoir, where her body was found. Mrs. Hall was thought to be entirely convalescent and was allowed almost unlimited freedom. She overtaxed herself while attending the World's Fair last summer and became insane with suicidal tendencies.

Conditions of the Crops in Illinois.

The State Board of Agriculture issued a bulletin of the condition of crops. Since the last report, Dec. 1, the improvement in the condition of the crops has been great, and they are now in splendid condition. The area of fall wheat seeded to wheat last fall was 2,029,000 acres, 10 per cent. less than the area returned to the Assessors May 1. The prospect in December was very discouraging, but the winter has been favorable, and the condition is all that could be desired. The condition of 59,898 acres in the northern division is 95 per cent. of the average; the central division, where 790,444 acres were seeded, 101 per cent., and the southern division, where 967,085 acres were seeded, 101 per cent. No damage by the fly. The condition of rye is nearly as good as wheat, the area seeded being 109,076 acres. The condition of the north division is 92, central 100, and southern 101 per cent. It is feared by growers that the present cold weather has destroyed all chances for a fruit crop in Illinois this year.

Explosion Starts a Fire.

Gilbert, a small town on the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, narrowly escaped destruction by fire as a result of a terrific explosion of a boiler in the larger brick and tile factory owned the place. Fireman August Tarnow, aged 20, was in the engine-room alone when the explosion occurred. For a time the air was filled with bricks and pieces of iron. Tarnow's body was a little later found lying against the walls, covered with debris. Immediately after the explosion a fierce fire broke out, and fanned by the strong wind, spread rapidly. The tile plant was a valuable property and included a two-story brick factory covering an acre or more. This was quickly consumed. People occupying the neighboring houses moved out, and only by the most heroic work and by help from neighboring towns was the whole village saved from destruction, there being no fire protection. The loss will reach nearly $50,000, while the insurance is about $10,000.

To Be Joined by an Electric Line.

President J. S. Ticknor and H. B. Andrews, of Rockford; M. K. Bowen, President of the Chicago Electric Railway Company, and Clifton Wise, of the New York Electric Railway Company, held a conference with the residents of Dixon with reference to the Rock River Electric Railway, which is to run from Dixon to Rockford. As a result of the conference Dixon will probably have electric lines in the near future. The route decided on for the Rock River line is nearly an air line from Dixon to Grand Detour, crossing the river just above the lower ferry, following the meanderings of the stream to Oregon and thence to Rockford. The water power plants at Dixon and Oregon, each of about 300 horse power capacity, will generate the electricity. The proposed road has evolved much interest in the river towns and there will be no difficulty in securing the right of way at a low cost.

His Flock Is Hard to Herd.

Another trial in the Lynnville church troubles was held in Jacksonville. The Coultas boys were brought into court for disturbing the meeting at the church. The defense asked that they be tried singly, which was done. Oliver, the older one, was put on trial and the jury returned a verdict of guilty and $10 and costs against the young man. Oliver's father declares that he is going to sue the preacher for insulting his wife. The minister, having been vindicated by the sentence against Oliver, has dismissed the other case.

Record of the Week.

SUPERINTENDENT BOWSHER has won his fight with the trustees of the city schools at Champaign and will remain.

FIRE in the South Evanston public school caused a panic among the children and several were seriously injured.

DISCOVERY and development of valuable coal mines have increased the population of Toluca from 200 to 3,000 in a year.

IN the case at Champaign of Lena Lingrun against the Illinois Central Railroad for the death of her husband the plaintiff was awarded $5,000.

THAT the Champaign County coroner did not have three cases to attend to the other day is due perhaps more to chance than bad marksmanship. Two rival factions of the sporting element of Champaign came together at a disreputable house and a row for the fight resulted, revolvers being used with abandon. When the smoke had cleared away and an inventory was taken three young men were found to be badly wounded. They are Ed Blaisdell, Frank Dickerson and J. Simpson. They were quickly taken from the scene by their friends. The officers that handled the revolvers have not been arrested.

DAVID PRICE, who murdered Robert Reed at Alton Junction in June last, was found guilty at Edwardsville and sentenced to thirty-six years in the penitentiary.

A ROMANTIC marriage took place in Justice Keown's office at Freeport. The contracting parties were Joseph Degan, aged 75, and Mrs. Joseph Degan, aged 71. They parted twenty years ago, the husband going west, where he was married again. The second wife died, and he returned and made up with his first wife, who had not wedded, and the ceremony was performed a second time.

HENRY KIRCHER, of Arensville, died at the age of 87.

CHARLES GOODE celebrated his 100th birthday at Patteville.

SMALL-POX has broken out at Monee. Two children are affected.

A NEW lodge of the Order of Red Men was instituted at Mount Carmel.

ROBERT WHITE, of Mifflin, was killed by lightning while standing in his door.

STEPHEN COYNE, who endeavored to commit suicide at Aurora, died of his wounds.

DR. CHAPMAN closed his religious revival at Decatur. One thousand people signed confession cards.

E. M. AIKEN has resigned as Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of Rockford to become Associate State Secretary of Kansas.

CHARLES MORK, arrested for attempted train wrecking, was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary at Waukegan.

JOHN WISE, of Chicago, unwittingly threw some clothing on a bed where his little daughter was sleeping, and she was smothered.

FOR passing "raised" bills at the World's Fair, Samuel and Belle Freeland, husband and wife, were sentenced to three years each.

TO PREVENT her husband eloping with a rival, Mrs. William P. Buck, of Chicago, gave information leading to his arrest for robbery.

PABST BREWING COMPANY is reported to have bought the Briggs House property at Chicago for a sum approximating $320,000.

OFFICIAL investigation shows Mail Carrier Boney, at Chicago, acted in self-defense when he kicked Henry Wirsing's dog to death.

AN operation for the removal of the vermiform appendix was performed on S. B. Raymond, of Chicago, and promises to result successfully.

DANIEL CULLEN, Claude Venemon, and Frank Noonan, the three boys who robbed the Windsor Park postoffice, were given terms at the Pontiac reform school.

AT Mahomet, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Park celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. Many persons were present from Champaign, Urbana and Mansfield.

SECRETARY MINER, of the State Board of Public Charities, received a letter from Vandalia announcing that George H. Deickman, a member of the board, was lying at the point of death.

HUNTLEY has a sensation. Dr. Cook resented a remark made on the street by Dr. Griffith, and knocked him down. More trouble is looked for, and the town is excited. Griffith is reported to have talked of shooting and Cook now carries a Winchester.

THE trial of Rev. George Le Fever took place at Lynnville. Richard Yates, of Jacksonville, went down to defend the preacher, and the trial was consequently a long part. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty and the preacher goes free. The trial of the boys whom he ejected from his church is the next move.

M. PULLARD, A. H. Clark and W. A. Clark, known to the Chicago police as "confidence" men, were arrested by Lieut. Dollard and Officer Gibbons while attempting to entrap strangers in the city near the Union Depot on Canal street. Pullard was fined $15 and costs by Justice Foster and the Clark brothers were dismissed with a warning not to be caught near the depot again.

BY the will of G. A. Sanford, which was filed at Rockford, the following charitable bequests were made: Rockford College, $2,000; American Board of Foreign Missions, $2,000; Home Missionary Society, $2,000; Chicago Theological Seminary, $2,000; American Bible Society, $1,000; American Missionary Association, $2,000. Mr. Sanford was president of the Second National Bank and left an estate of $250,000.

AT Chicago, G. W. Gordon and D. B. Carson were fined $130 each and sent to jail for thirty days for using the mails in a swindling scheme. Frank Dillon, John William and Charles J. Johnson, John Kelly, Charles Mack, and William Freeman were sent to the penitentiary for counterfeiting. Roy Bast, guilty of cutting open a mail bag, got one year, and Frank Horn, the carrier who stole a $50 draft from a letter, was given three years at Joliet.

THOMAS S. BALDWIN, Quincy's aeronaut, arrived home the other day from San Francisco, and took the oath of the office of aeronautical engineer, to which he was recently appointed by the United States Government. He will commence his investigations in Boston harbor early in April, where he will try to solve the problem as to why the fog horn can be heard fifteen miles at sea and cannot be heard three miles from land.

MANY of the more prominent members of the Rockford garrison of the Knights of the Golden Eagle were astounded when they heard of the action of the lodge in seceding from the order on account of a rumpus in the Supreme Council at Freeport and are protesting against it. They say that their membership is ninety; that less than one-third of that number were in attendance at the meeting and they insist that the thing was done too hastily.

LEROY HARRIS, convicted of passing fraudulent money-order checks, was given five years at hard labor in the penitentiary by Judge Bunn in the United States Court at Chicago. The court refused the demand of the prisoner's attorney for the $1,300 found on his person at the time of his arrest. Harris has a family now without support, and it was argued that the money rightfully belonged to him. The court held that if it could not be identified as part of the $3,100 he stole it will be returned. Inspector Stuart said Harris may be tried for crooked work in Ohio and Indiana postoffices after his term has been served, and the money might be identified as belonging to the Government.

AT the closing session of Congregationalists at Fairbury addresses were made by Rev. J. H. Simons, of Chebanse; Professor R. H. H. Blome and Miss Frances McCracken, of Paxton; Mrs. C. E. Slocum, of Loda; Rev. C. E. Talmer and Rev. A. D. Wiard, of Chicago.

AN attempt was made to burn the store building of Thomas Butler in Jerseyville. The upper portion is let for offices. Powder and coal oil were used, but the smoke of the kindling was seen and the blaze put out. Active search is being made for the offender, with probabilities of success.

LOTS OF BIG GAME.

Quebec Within a Day's Journey of Good Moose and Caribou Shooting.

Quebec is at the end of a great wilderness of forests, rivers, and lakes—a wilderness reaching all the way to the north pole. Without doubt, says the New York Sun, it is the nearest to big game of any city east of the Mississippi and north of Mexico. Moose and caribou are so close at hand that men are willing to try for them within a few hours of the city, and to guarantee the getting of them in a day's journey or less. The moose roam all over the country south of the St. Lawrence, and are perhaps most plentiful east of the Maine border. The caribou field extend all the way into and across Labrador, there being two varieties—the wood caribou and the barren ground caribou, the latter being the larger beast. Visitors to the recent carnival at Quebec were surprised at the great number of freshly slaughtered moose and caribou then in the city. They not only figured on the floats in the grand procession but they were to be found in the dwellings and offices of the sportsmen and in the clubs. The trout that has been caught by fishing through the ice were positively enormous. Some were more than a foot in length, and more than an inch thick at the thickest part. They were not only speckled, but their skins were suffused with a brilliant reddish tinge. These fish abound all around Quebec and are as little trouble to get as any game fish in the world. Two accompaniments of the ordinary wilderness country were very disappointing. They were the Indians and the Indian curiosities. The Indians were always in evidence, but they were more white than red, and more French than anything else. Ordinarily they looked and dressed like the rest of the habitants, but when they put on their aboriginal toggery for the great carnival parade part of it proved to be a most extraordinary headdress of short feathers. They were turkey feathers apparently, although most of the American Indians despise the turkey as a cowardly bird unfit to eat and unworthy to be dealt with at all. Whatever the feathers were, they were arranged like a mop, and on the heads of the Indians they looked like the new-fangled parlor lamp shades which the women are making. The headdresses were the only Indian curios worth having. The beadwork sold as Huron work is such as the Long Island farmers' wives sell at Fulton and Washington markets. Flowers were the principal designs, and flowers are the things that the true Indian never works into a pattern in any part of the country.

Relieved at Last.

Sentinels have accomplished wonders of faithfulness and endurance, but the service of a sentinel on the Island of Rugen, as reported by himself, is a unique example of patience. A detachment of the French General Davoust's army was stationed on the little island of Rugen. An order to leave it immediately was received, and the soldiers embarked and sailed away with the greatest haste. One man was forgotten.

He was on sentinel duty. Back and forth he marched for hours after it was time for some one to relieve him. Finally he lost patience and returned to headquarters and found the post deserted. His company had departed in obedience to imperative orders.

"I am lost, ruined, disgraced," he lamented: "I shall be sent for and shot as a deserter!"

His distress touched the heart of a good fellow who witnessed it, and he took him home with him, cheered him up, and adopted him into his family.

As time passed and no summons came from France, the soldier took heart and became a good citizen of Rugen. He endeared himself to his adopted family, and married the daughter of his protector.

Five years after the departure of the French soldiers, a sail was sighted from the island, and it was soon discovered that the men on board the approaching ship wore French uniforms.

"They have come for me!" cried the ex-sentinel.

A happy thought struck him. He ran home, hurried into his old uniform, seized his arms, and by the time the French were ready to disembark he was solemnly marching back and forth on the shore.

"Who goes there?" he demanded, in a voice of thunder, as the soldiers were about to land.

"Who goes there yourself?" replied the astonished Frenchmen. "Who are you, any way?"

"A sentinel."

"How long have you been on duty?"

"Five years."

As might be expected, such a model of patience and perseverance was relieved from duty until his case could be inquired into, and when the matter was reported to General Davoust, he laughed heartily, and saying that the fellow must need rest, gave him his discharge.

The Italian Premier.

Crispi, the Italian Bismarck, is worth $1,000,000, amassed in politics and in the law, but chiefly, according to his enemies, in politics. It is a fact of rather curious interest in connection with the present discussion of the question whether women should smoke that, although Sig. Crispi himself does not use tobacco, Mme. Crispi always lights a cigarette after dinner and luncheon. Crispi is now 74 years old. Out of respect to his digestion he eats sparingly, but he drinks a great deal of milk, a glass of which usually forms his entire breakfast.

A SINGLE pin machine will stick 90,000 pins an hour.