AROUND THE EARTH

OCCURRENCES THEREIN FOR A WEEK.

CHICAGO A SEAPORT.

THE LATEST AMBITION OF THE WINDY CITY.

Many Women Register—Fire Destroys Life and Much Property at Houston—Fined for Violating the "Oleo" Law—Wheat Meal Going East.

From Far and Near.

—Captain J. S. Dunham and Lyman E. Cooley, who were appointed as delegates to the deep waterways convention at Toronto, submitted their report to the directors of the Chicago Board of Trade and recommended that the board give its support to the movement for securing the deepening of the St. Lawrence canal system to enable ocean vessels to reach the lake. If this report be adopted the Board of Trade will have declared itself in favor of a movement that will ultimately make Chicago a seaport city. The report states that the convention inclined toward the St. Lawrence, Champlain and Hudson channels as the best. It says that the reasons for selecting this way are based upon information furnished by engineers and that it seems altogether the most desirable as investigation now indicates. One clause in the document says that Chicago could well afford to undertake the task of deepening the channel to the coast itself because of the great advantages that would accrue from being practically a seaport city. This means that ocean navigation to the lakes would be worth $100,000,000 to Chicago.

—Chicago women presented themselves by the hundred at the registry booths in the different election precincts Tuesday and qualified themselves to exercise the right of suffrage on Nov. 6. The ladies were active in many of the wards. The committees, which have been doing missionary work for a month or more, redoubled their efforts to induce the women to visit the places for registration and get their names on the pollbooks. In some of the wards one or more of the ladies in each precinct kept open house for the comfort and convenience of the committees and these points were made rallying centers for the fair politicians. The registration was heaviest in the Twelfth, Eleventh, Twenty-fourth, Twenty-fifth, Thirty-first, Thirty-second and Thirty-fourth Wards. In several other wards there was considerable activity, but in those specified the number of names registered was larger than in other portions of the city.

—The worst fire in the history of Houston, Texas, broke out at 2:40 Tuesday morning and before it was got under control at 4:30 o'clock not only had a large amount of property been destroyed, but two Sisters of St. Joseph were burned to death, five others of the number also perished and a third sister was dangerously injured. The fire originated in the San Jacinto Hotel, a boarding house at Franklin and San Jacinto streets, from which the blaze spread rapidly to the adjoining small buildings of St. Joseph's Infirmary on Franklin street, destroying a large two-story frame annex and then the new four-story brick main building.

—Louis Dumont, a Canton (Ohio) grocer, was fined $50 and costs for selling oleomargarine without attaching a list of ingredients to the label. The fine was paid by Armour & Co., Chicago, who announce a determination to settle the constitutionality of the law through a parallel Cleveland case.

—"This wheat meal which is being shipped into New England to take the place of high-priced corn," said George Boyden, a leading Chicago shipper, "seems to be popular, for no corn can be sold in the East just now."

—Obituary: At Mora, N. M., Henry H. Green, a classmate of General Grant at West Point, and who was stationed at Fort Dearborn before Chicago was begun.—At Sandusky, Ohio, Oran Follett.

—Judge Jenkins dismissed the petition for the removal of Receiver Oakes of the Northern Pacific and indorsed the findings of the master.

—Petition of the Reading receivers to enter into the Olcott-Earle reorganization plan was argued before a master at Philadelphia.

—C. F. Wright and R. M. Frazer, freight agents of the Baltimore and Ohio, have been indicted at Pittsburg for violating the interstate law.

—The postoffice at New Albany, Ind., was robbed during the noon hour of $4,000 in stamps and several hundred dollars in cash.

—A demand that the higher officials of the Gotham police force be placed on the rack was made at the session of the Lexow investigating committee.

—The business portion of the town of Sulphur, Ky., including a bank, two hotels and the depot, was destroyed. Loss, $100,000.

—Trial of Harriet Monroe's suit against the World for premature publication of her World's Fair ode was begun in New York.

—Emperor William unveiled a monument to his grandfather at Wiesbaden and opened the new Royal Theater. The city was gayly decorated in his honor.

—Fort Arthur, one of the most strategic outposts of China, on the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, is reported to have been captured by the Japs.

—The Rev. E. Hazard Snowden, the oldest graduate of Princeton Theological Seminary, died at Forty Fort, aged 95 years.

—Brayton Ives has petitioned Judge Jenkins at Milwaukee to instruct the Northern Pacific receivers to bring suits against Henry Villard, Colgate Hoyt, and Charles L. Colby to recover nearly $2,000,000 alleged to have been made unlawfully through Northern Pacific deals.

—It is said Lord Dunraven has given orders for the building of a ninety-foot yacht, with which he will again try for the American cup.

—Black diphtheria is raging in the Indiana gas belt, especially in Anderson, Elwood, and Middletown.

—Impeachment proceedings against Health Commissioner Dr. Wilter Kempster, of Milwaukee, for the manner in which he handled the smallpox epidemic in that city were begun in the Common Council.

—Three men were injured, one fatally, by the explosion of a boiler in a sawmill at Carey, Ohio.

—Seventeen buildings in the business district of Liberty Center, Ohio, were destroyed. The loss is put at $40,000.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

TALKS ON THE NECESSITY OF PRAYER WITH WORK.

The Mariners at First Relied on Their Oars, but in Their Extremity Called on God, and So Must All the Sorrowful and Anxious.

Jonah in the Storm.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is still absent on his round the world tour, selected as the subject of last Sunday's sermon through the press, "The Oarsmen Defeated," the text chosen being Jonah i, 13, 14, "The men rowed hard to bring it to the land, but they could not, wherefore they cried unto the Lord."

Navigation in the Mediterranean Sea always was perilous, especially so in early times. Vessels were propelled partly by sail and partly by oar. When, by reason of great stress of weather, it was necessary to reef the canvas or haul it in, then the vessel was entirely dependent upon the oars, sometimes twenty or thirty of them on either side the vessel. You would not venture outside your harbor with such a craft as my text finds Jonah sailing in, but he had not much choice of vessels. He was running away from the Lord, and when a man is running away from the Lord he has to run very fast.

"From the Presence of the Lord."

God told Jonah to go to Nineveh to preach about the destruction of that city. Jonah disobeyed. That always makes rough water, whether in the Mediterranean, or the Atlantic, or the Pacific, or the Caspian Sea. It is a very hard thing to scare sailors. I have seen them when the brow of the vessel was almost under water, and they were walking the deck knee deep in the surf, and the small boats by the side of the vessel had been crushed as small as kindling wood, whistling as though nothing had happened, but the Bible says that these mariners of whom I speak were frightened.

That which sailors call "a lump of a sea" had become a blinding, deafening, stamping fury. How much the wind can get at the water, and the water can get at the wind, you do not know unless you have been spectators. I have in my house a piece of the sail of a ship no larger than the palm of my hand. That piece of canvas was all that was left of the largest sail of the ship Cyprus that went into the storm 200 miles off Newfoundland. Oh, what a night that was! I suppose it was in some such storm as this that Jonah was caught.

He knew that the tempest was on his account, and he asked the sailors to throw him overboard. Sailors are a generous hearted race, and they resolved to make their escape if possible without resorting to such extreme measures. The sails are of no use, and so they lay hold on their oars. I see the long dark of shining blades on either side the vessel. Oh, how they did pull! How the oarsmen put they laid back into the oars! But rowing on the sea is very different from rowing upon a river, and as the vessel hoists the oars skip the wave and miss the stroke, and the tempest laughs to scorn the flying paddles. It is of no use, no use. There comes a wave that crushes the last mast and sweeps the oarsmen from their places and tumbles everything in the confusion of impending shipwreck, or, as my text has it, "The men rowed hard to bring it to land, but they could not, wherefore they cried unto the Lord."

Salvation from the Storm.

This scene is very suggestive to me, and I pray God I may have grace and strength enough to represent it intelligently to you. Years ago I preached a sermon on another phase of this very subject, and I got a letter from Houston, Tex., the writer saying that the reading of that sermon in London had led him to God. And I received another letter from South Australia saying that the reading of that sermon in Australia had brought set some one to Christ. And then I thought, "Why not take another phase of the same subject, for perhaps that God who can raise in power that which is sown in weakness may now through another phase of the same subject bring salvation to the people who shall hear and salvation to people who shall read? Men and women who know how to pray lay hold of the Lord God Almighty and wrestle for the blessing.

Bishop Latimer would stop sometimes in his sermon in the midst of his argument and say, "Now I will tell you a story," and to-day I would like to bring the scene of the text as an illustration of a most important religious truth. As those Mediterranean oarsmen trying to bring Jonah ashore were discomfited, I have to tell you that they were not the only men who have broken down in their paddling and have been obliged to call on the Lord for help. I want to say that the unavailing efforts of those Mediterranean oarsmen have a counterpart in the efforts we are making to bring souls to the shore of safety and set their feet on the rock of ages. You have a father or mother or husband or wife or child or near friend who is not a Christian. There have been times when you have been in agony about their salvation.

Sickness and Sorrow.

A minister of Christ whose wife was dying without any hope in Jesus walked the floor, wrung his hands, cried bitterly and said, "I believe I shall go insane, for I know she is not prepared to meet God." And there may have been days of sickness in your household when you feared it would be a fatal sickness, and how closely you examined the face of the doctor as he came in and scrutinized the patient and felt the pulse, and you followed him into the next room and said, "There isn't any danger, is there, doctor?" And the hesitation and the uncertainty of the reply made two hemispheres flash before your vision. And then you went and talked to the sick one about the great future. Oh, there are those here who have tried to bring their friends to God. They have been unable to bring them to the shore of safety. They are no nearer that point than they were 20 years ago. You think you have got them almost to the shore when you are swept back again. What shall you do? Put down the oar? Oh, no! I do not advise that, but I do advise that you appeal to that God to whom the Mediterranean oarsmen appealed, the God who could silence the tempest and bring the ship into safety to the port. I tell you, my friends, that there has got to be a good deal of praying before our families are brought to Christ. Ah, it is an awful thing to have half a household on one side the line and the other part of the household on the other side of the line. Two vessels part on the ocean of eternity one going to the right and the other to the left, farther apart and farther apart until the signals cease to be recognized, and there are only two specks on the horizon, and then they are lost to sight forever.

I have to tell you that the unavailing efforts of the Mediterranean oarsmen have a counterpart in the efforts some of us are making to bring our children to the shore of safety. There never were so many temptations for young people as there are now. The literature and the social influences seem to be against their spiritual interests. Christ seems to be driven almost entirely from the school and the pleasurable concourse, yet God knows how anxious we are for our children. We cannot think of going into Heaven without them. We do not want to leave this life while they are tossing on the waves of temptation and away from God. From which of them could we consent to be eternally separated? Would it be the son? Would it be the daughter? Would it be the eldest? Would it be the youngest? Would it be the one that is well and stout or the one that is sick? Oh, I hear some parent saying to-night: "I have tried my best to bring my children to Christ. I have laid hold of the oars until they bent in my grasp, and I have braced myself against the cuts of the boat, and I pulled for their eternal rescue, but I can't get them to Christ." Then I ask you to imitate the men of the text and cry mightily unto God. We want more importunate praying for children such as the father indulged in when he had tried to bring his six sons to the shore, but they were carried off into dissipation. Then he got down in his prayers and said: "O God, take away my life if through that means my sons may repent and be brought to Christ," and the Lord startlingly answered the prayer, and in a few weeks the father was taken away, and through the vanity the sons fled unto God. Oh, that father could afford to die for the eternal welfare of his children! He rowed hard to bring them to the land, but could not, and then he cried unto the Lord.

The Wanderer's Return.

There are parents who are almost discouraged about their children. Where is your son to-night? He has wandered off perhaps to the ends of the earth. It seems as if he cannot get far enough away from your Christian counsel. What does he care about the furrows that come to your brow, about the quick whitening of the hair, about the fact that your back begins to stoop with the burdens? Why, he would not care much if he heard you were dead. The black edged letter that brought the tidings he would put in the same package with other letters telling the story of his shame. What are you going to do? Both paddles broken and the middle of the blade, how can you pull him ashore? I throw you one oar on which I believe you can bring him into harbor. It is the glorious promise, "I will be a God to thee and to thy seed after thee." Oh, broken hearted father and mother, you have tried everything else, now make an appeal for the fulfillment of the terms of the covenant keeping God, and perhaps at your next family gathering—perhaps on Thanksgiving day, perhaps next Christmas—the prodigal may be home, and if you crowd on his place more luxuries than on any other plate at the table I am sure the brothers will not be jealous, but they will wake up all the music in the house, "because the dead is alive again, and because the lost is found." Perhaps your prayers have been answered already. The vessel may be coming homeward, and by the light of the night's stars that son may be pacing the deck of the ship anxious for the time to come when he can throw his arm around your neck and ask for forgiveness for that he has been wringing your old heart so long. Glorious reunion that will be too sacred for outsiders to look upon, but I would just like to look through the window when you have all got together again and are seated at the banquet.

> Though parents may in convenant be
> And have their Heaven in view,
> They are not sure they see
> Their children happy too.

Again I remark that the unavailing effort of the Mediterranean oarsmen has a counterpart in the effort which we are making to bring this world back to God, His pardon and safety. If this world could have been saved by human effort, it would have been done long ago. John Howard took hold of one oar, and Carey took hold of another oar, and Adoniram Judson took hold of another, and John Knox took hold of another oar, and they all pulled until they fell back dead from exhaustion. Some dropped in the ashes of martyrdom, some on the heaping knives of savages and some into the plague struck room of the lazaretto, and still the chains are not broken, and still the despotisms are not demolished, and still the world is unsaved. What then? Let down the oars and make no effort? I do not advise that, but I would, Christian brethren, to understand that the church, and the school, and the college, and the missionary society are only the instrumentalities, and if this work is ever done at all God must do it, and He will do it in answer to our prayer. "They rowed hard to bring it to the land, but they could not, wherefore they cried unto the Lord."

It Is Not in Human Strength.

Again the unavailing effort of those Mediterranean oarsmen has a counterpart in every man that is trying to row his own soul into safety. When the eternal spirit flashes upon us our condition, we try to save ourselves. We say, "Give me a stout oar for my right hand, give me a stout oar for my left hand, and I will pull myself into safety." No. A wave of sin comes and dashes you one way, and a wave of temptation comes and dashes you in another way, and there are billows of rocks on which to found it seemingly no harbor into which to sail. Sin must be thrown overboard, or we must perish.

There are men who have tried for years to become Christians. They believe all the Bible, and they live as they would. They believe that religion is the first, the last, the infinite necessity. They do everything but trust in Christ. They make sixty strokes in a minute. They bend forward with all earnestness, and they lie back until the muscles are distended, and yet they have not made one inch in ten years toward Heaven. What is the reason? That is not the way to go to work. You might as well take a frail skiff, put it down at the foot of Niagara and then head it up toward the churning thunderbolt of waters and expect to work your way up through the lightning of the foam into calm Lake Erie, as for you to try to pull yourself through the surf of your sin into hope and pardon and placidity of the gospel. You cannot do it in that way. Sin is a rough sea, and longboat, yawl, pinnace and gondola go down unless the Lord deliver, but if you will cry to Christ and lay hold of diving now you are as safe from eternal condemnation as though you had been twenty years in Heaven.

I wish I could put before my unpardoned readers their own helplessness. No human arm was ever strong enough to unlock the door of Heaven. No foot ever was mighty enough to break the shackle of sin. No oarsman swarthy enough to row himself into God's harbor. The wind is against you. The tide is against you. The law is against you. Ten thousand corruptive influences are against you. Helpless and undone. Not so helpless a sailor on a plank, mid-Atlantic. Not so helpless a traveler girded by twenty miles of prairie on fire. Prove it, you say. I will prove it. John vi, 44: "No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him."

Salvation Is of Grace.

But while I have shown your helplessness I want to put by the side of it the power and the willingness of Christ to save you. I think it was in 1686 a vessel was bound for Portugal, but it was driven to pieces on an unfriendly coast. The captain had his son with him, and with the crew they wandered up the beach and started on the long journey to find relief. After a while the son fainted by reason of hunger and the length of the way. The captain said to the crew: "Carry my boy for me on your shoulders." They carried him on, but the journey was so long that after awhile the crew fainted from hunger and from weariness and could carry him no longer. Then the father rallied his almost wasted energy and took up his own boy and put him on his shoulder and carried him one mile after mile, until, overcome himself by hunger and weariness, he, too, fainted by the way. The boy lay down and died, and the father, just at the time rescue came to him, also perished, living only long enough to tell the story —sad story indeed! But glory be to God that Jesus Christ is able to take us up out of our sinking, exhausted condition and put us on the shoulder of his strength and by the omnipotence of his gospel bear us on through all the journey of this life and at last through the open gates of Heaven. He is mighty to save. Though your sin be long and black, the very moment you believe it will proclaim pardon quick, full, grand, unconditional, uncompromising, illimitable, infinite. Oh, the grace of God! I am overwhelmed when I come to think of it. Give me a thousand ladders lashed fast to each other that I may scale the height. Let the line run out with the anchor until all the cables of the world are exhausted that we may touch the depth. Let the archangel fly in circuit of eternal ages in trying to sweep around this theme. Oh, the grace of God! It is so high. It is so broad. It is so deep. Glory be to God that where man's oar gives out God's arm begins! Why will ye carry your sins and your sorrows longer when Christ offers to take them? Why will you wrestle down your fears when this moment you might give up and be saved? Do you not know that everything is ready?

The Treasure Recovered.

Plenty of room at the feast. Jesus has the ring of His love all ready to put upon your hand. Come now and sit down, ye hungry ones, at the banquet. Ye who are in rags of sin, take the robe of Christ's righteousness. Ye who are swamped by the breakers around you, cry to Christ to pilot you into smooth, still waters. On account of the peculiar phase of the subject I have drawn my present illustrations, you see, chiefly from the water. I remember that a vessel went to pieces on the Bermudas a great many years ago. It had a vast treasure on board. But the vessel being sunk, no effort was made to raise it. After many years had passed a company of adventurers went out from England, and after a long voyage they reached the place where the vessel was said to have sunk. They got down in a small boat and found the very place. Then the divers went down, and they broke through what looked like a limestone covering, and the treasures rolled out—what was found afterward to be, in American money, worth $1,500,000, the foundation of a great business house. At that time the whole world rejoiced over what was called the luck of these adventurers. Oh, ye who have been rowing toward the shore and have not been able to reach it, I want to tell you to-night that your boat hovers over infinite treasure. All the riches of God are in Christ. Treasures that never fail and crowns that never grow dim. Who will go down now and seek them? Who will dive for the pearl of great price? Who will be prepared for life, for death, for judgment, for the long eternity? See the hands of blood stretched out toward thy soul, as dear says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The New Rifles.

Upon high surgical authorities we are assured that the new rifles are merciful arms of war, compared with the old ones. Men who have had to stand up against bullets, and may have to do so again, will, no doubt, be very glad to hear it. According to Dr. Stevenson, the Professor of Surgery at Netley Military Hospital, who read a paper on wounds in war at the Sanitary Congress, a man is either killed outright by the new bullets, or is so slightly wounded that he rapidly recovers. Thus the number of soldiers killed outright in battle is likely to be greater in the future than in the past, but not nearly so many will "die of wounds." The new-fashioned bullets fly with such velocity that, instead of smashing a bone, they pass clean through it. Thus the end of it all is that there will be less lingering suffering from gun-shot wounds after future battles.

JACKSON—Ef yo' are broke, Sam, put up yoah razzer an' I'll gib yo' five chips on it. Johnson—What's dat? An' leave me 'tirely at yoah mercy? Not much, sah!

AROUND A BIG STATE.

BRIEF COMPILATION OF ILLINOIS NEWS.

An Englishman Wants Damages—Curious Suit by Dockwallopers — Incendiaries' Work at Varna—Everything Ready for the Chicago Fat Stock Exhibiton.

Claims False Imprisonment.

Harold P. Hartman a British subject released from the Marshall County jail, the grand jury finding no indictment against him on the charge of beating a board bill, has put the matter in the hands of J. Hayes Sadler, British Consul at Chicago, and he appealed to Gov. Altgeld, who put the case in the hands of the Attorney General. Assistant Attorney General Newell has notified the authorities that Hartman has appealed for damages for false imprisonment and executive interference. This is the first case of the kind in the history of Illinois.

Fat Stock Show Premiums Listed.

A full list of premiums for the American fat stock show to be held at "Tattersall's," in Chicago, Nov. 22 to Dec. 1, has been prepared by the State Board of Agriculture. This exhibition will also embrace the American horse show and the American poultry show. A full classification of prizes is offered for cattle, light and draft horses, sheep, swine, and poultry, including the slaughter prizes. The horse show will be a great feature, and the prize list embraces thoroughbreds, standard breds and French coach, Cleveland bays, hackneys, German coachers, Japanese, gaited saddle horses, ponies, stallions, Shetland and other ponies in the light horse department, and draft horses from France, Clydesdales, Belgians, English shires and grade draft mares and geldings and draft teams to trucks in the heavy horse department. There are also rings for carriage pairs, four-in-hand, tandems and high jumpers, etc. Every evening there will be an exhibition of driving to carts, coupes, victorias, broughams, drags and tallyho coaches. A number of the finest and most stylish rigs have already filed their applications for entry. A total of $15,000 in prizes is offered and is equitably distributed among these several classes. The railroads of the State have agreed to a special rate for both passengers and exhibits.

Varna Has a Fire.

Fire of incendiary origin destroyed one of the two business blocks of Varna early Thursday morning, the entire loss being $10,000, with insurance of about $3,000. The largest losers are Lawrence Broaddus, building, $800; Charles Hultgren, groceries, $1,000; S. S. Stateler, building, postoffice and stock of stationery, $1,000; G. F. Swanson, building and stock of general merchandise, $2,500. Dr. Park, office and fixtures, $700; Sherman Justice, livery barn, $1,000, G. Carlson, saloon building and building, $800; Fred Lenz, building, $1,400. Just one year ago Varna was destroyed by a fire of incendiary origin, and was just recovering.

Roustabouts Claim Large Damages.

The steamer State of Missouri owned by the Cincinnati, Memphis and New Orleans Packet Company, was surrendered by its owners to United States Marshal Brinton, of Spring eld. Thirty-eight roustabouts had brought suit at Belena, Ark., against the company, claiming $6,000 damages in the aggregate for being carried away from Cairo, Ill., to Arkansas to be engaged them for the round trip. The company surrendered the steamer and asked it be appraised to enable the company to secure the benefit of the law limiting the liability of owners, so that no greater amount than the value of the steamer could be collected.

In Memory of Departed Knights.

Sunday afternoon service was held in the Masonic Temple in Jacksonville in memory of the Knights Templars who died the past year, a remarkably large number having passed away. The service was held at the suggestion of C. M. Morse, Past Grand Commander of the State, who was unable to be present. President Short a member of the order, delivered a discourse on "Invisible Companionships." Dr. W. H. Milburn, the blind preacher, followed with an address which moved every one present.

Record of the Week.

THE old settlers of Clark County met at Marshall.

MISS HALLIHAN won a Demorest gold medal in a contest at Fairbury.

PHINEAS HOWE, a wealthy and well-known Rockford resident, died Thursday.

MRS. ABILENE ECKERT, 70, was burned to death at Virginia by the explosion of a gasolize stove.

LOUIS HAUCK died at Mascoutah, aged eighty-six years. Deceased was a pioneer of southern Illinois.

AT Elgin George Buster, a well-known florist, was attacked by his large mastiff and badly lacerated.

ATTORNEY GENERAL MOLONEY rules that women must furnish their own ballots and not vote with the men.

THE Grand Lodge of Colored Masons at Jacksonville denounced the national compact Masonry scheme.

OVER 100 delegates attended the meeting of the Grand Lodge of colored Masons of the State at Jacksonville.

AN industrial home association has been organized at Moline as the outcome of the Labor Day celebration, with J. M. Marshall, President.

JOHN WHITELY, of Elgin, manager of Mme. Rhea's dramatic company, was thrown from his carriage at St. John, N. B., and seriously injured.

THE strike among the mold boys at the Illinois Glass Company's works at Alton has been settled outright in battle in which he greater in the future than in the past, but not nearly so many will "die of wounds." The new-fashioned bullets fly with such velocity that, instead of smashing a bone, they pass clean through it. Thus the end of it all is that there will be less lingering suffering from gun-shot wounds after future battles.

MISS MOLLIE RINESMITH and William Reagan were married at Carlyle.

RALPH L. DUNLAP and Miss Lizzie Rhinehardt, of Champaign, were wedded.

MABEL WEISENTINER, a schoolgirl, of Ladd, was killed by the kick of a horse.

A RUNAWAY horse dragged Beulah Jamison, an 11-year-old girl, to death at Elkhorn.

HARDY MILLER was arrested at Rapote, charged with forging a check for $175.

GOV. ALTGELD has restored to citizenship Edward Ebney, of Virginia, Cass County.

THORNTON PARKER, 60, a colored veteran, was run over and killed by an electric car at Cairo.

FRED PIERSON was elected captain of Company B, Fifth Regiment, at a special election at Joliet.

MRS. MARTIN STANKEWICZ was burned to death at Kankakee while trying to start a fire with kerosene oil.

MARTIN BOWMAN, one of the best-known residents of central Illinois, died at Carrollton at the age of ninety-one.

AT Bloomington, occurred the wedding of John T. Bess, of Danvers and Miss Bertha A. Vanbuskirk. They will reside at Lilly.

JOHN HILLER, a saloon-keeper at Riverview, was robbed of $400 in cash several boxs of cigars, and a number of bottles of whisky.

AN autopsy on the body of George M. Sloan, the Chicago lawyer who starved himself to death, showed the pains from which he suffered were imaginary.

CHARLES BANE and Mrs. Christina Tillman, both of Chicago, were married at Kankakee. The groom is a Japanese, aged 25, and the bride is an American.

F. D. SWEETSER, dealer in hardware, agricultural implements and sewing machines, at Ottawa, has assigned. His liabilities are not known, but his assets are about $30,000.

CHARLES H. PATTON, of Mount Vernon, was assaulted by two footpads near his home. He struggled with them, and one shot him through the lip. The robbers were not captured.

A. W. POTTER, a popular speaker from Lansing, Mich., was seized with hemorrhage of the lungs while delivering an address at Durand, and died the following day. The remains were sent to Lansing.

JOHN HALEY, an engineer, inferring from the signals of a brakeman and the headlight of an approaching locomotive that a collision was imminent, jumped from his cab at La Fox and received fatal injuries.

JOHN COLAY and his wife, with their baby 1 month old, went to Forsyth, seven miles from Decatur, to visit relations. When they arrived there the mother found that her baby, too securely wrapped up, had smothered.

JAMES JOHNSON was buried alive in a cave at Spring Valley. Johnson and several companions had excavated a room in the side of a hill in which to meet and play cards. While the game was in progress the roof fell in and crushed Johnson to death. The others escaped.

AT Rockford, the grand jury for the October term of the Circuit Court returned an indictment which will carry terror to the hearts of the milkmen. It was against Andrew Ryman of Cherry Valley for selling skimmed milk. It is charged he sold it to a creamery.

FOR some time there has been a spiritual medium in Jacksonville. He attracted a number of the best citizens to his seances, which his manager conducted with considerable success. The other night the room was full and many of the elite of the city were present, witnessing the manifestations, when a sick local individual, who had worked his way into the confidence of the spirit-producer, suddenly reached out and caught the apparition in white, and a confederate turned on a light. The spirit was found to be a man named Ed Majors, who has served a term in the penitentiary. The revelation produced a great turmoil.

EDWARD WATKINS, of Modesto, Macoupin County, arrived at Jacksonville in great haste with the pretty 16-year-old daughter of Judge Solomon, and the couple were married just in time to smile at the father, who had telegraphed ahead of his coming, but who did not arrive soon enough to stop the ceremony. Then there were loud upbraidings. The father charged Watkins with abduction and, in his anger, had the young man arrested in spite of the tears and entreaties of the fair bride. The justice ordered the prisoner put under bonds of $500. Watkins thought he could secure bondsmen by going to Murrayville some ten or twelve miles away. Thither he went in custody of an officer, but when he returned the sobs and tears of the fair bride had done the work: the suit was dismissed, and the young couple were taken home.

MURDER most foul was done at the home of J. C. L. Miller, a wealthy farmer, twenty miles east of Quincy and two miles from the Village of Liberty. He is blind, but notwithstanding that, frequently goes hunting. He was out with a party the other night hunting foxes, and when he returned home in the morning, found his wife and 10-year-old niece brutally murdered. Their heads had been beaten in and were frightfully crushed. The room showed evidences of a fearful struggle. Blood was spattered over the walls and the furniture was upset and broken. There is no clew to the perpetrators, but the bloody work is supposed to have been done by burglars. Mr. Miller had had $2,000 in the house a few days ago, and it is supposed the murderers were after the money. All they got was $6, which they took from a pocketbook. Sheriff Vancil telegraphed to Sheriff Jack Jones, of Lewis County, Mo., the owner of a pack of bloodhounds, and he arrived with three hounds.

THE Alton Gas and Electric Light Company has been absorbed by the Alton Electric Street Railway Company. The price paid has not been learned but is somewhere in the neighborhood of $100,000.

GOVERNOR ALTGELD granted pardons restoring the rights of citizenship to the following ex-charged convicts from the Joliet prison: William Davis, Peoria, eighteen months; August Ollig, Chicago, three years, and Simon Sarin, Peoria, two years. Also to James Wilson, of Texas, who is now serving five years at the Chester prison, from Perry County.