

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

FAULT FINDERS WITH THE WORD OF GOD.

The Alleged Uncleanliness of the Bible Only the Uncleanliness of the Hearts and Mind of the Would-be Expurgators.

"Let God be true, but every man a liar." Romans 3: 4.

The Bible needs reconstruction according to some inside and outside the pulpit. It is no surprise that the world bombards the scriptures, but it is amazing to find Christian ministers picking at this in the Bible and denying that until many good people are left in the fog about what parts of the Bible they ought to believe, and what parts reject. The heinousness of finding fault with the Bible at this time is most evident. In our day the Bible is assailed by scurrility, by misrepresentation, by infidel scientists, by all the vice of earth and all the venom of perdition, and at this particular time even preachers of the gospel fall into line of criticism of the word of God. Why, it makes me think of a ship in a September equinox, the waves dashing to the top of the smokestack, and the hatches fastened down, and many prophesying the foundering of the steamer, and at that time some of the crew with axes and saws go down into the hold of the ship, and they try to saw off some of the planks and pry out some of the timbers because the timber did not come from the right forest! It does not seem to me a commendable business for the crew to be helping the winds and storms outside with their axes and saws inside. Now, this old gospel ship, what with the roaring of earth and hell around the stem and stern, and mutiny on deck, is having a very rough voyage, but I have noticed that not one of the timbers has started, and the captain says he will see it through. And I have noticed that keelson and counter-timber-keel are built of Lebanon cedar, and she is going to weather the gale, but no credit to those who make mutiny on deck.

When I see professed Christians in this particular day finding fault with the scriptures it makes me think of a fortress terrifically bombarded, and the men on the ramparts, instead of swabbing out and loading the guns, and helping fetch up the ammunition from the magazine, are trying with crowbars to pry out from the wall certain blocks of stone, because they did not come from the right quarry. Oh, men on the ramparts, better fight back, and fight down the common enemy, instead of trying to make breaches in the wall.

While I oppose this expurgation of the scriptures, I shall give you my reasons for such opposition. "What!" say some of the theological evolutionists, whose brains have been addled by too long brooding over them by Darwin and Spencer, "you don't really believe all the story of the Garden of Eden, do you?" Yes, as much as I believe there were roses in my garden last summer. "But," say they, "you don't really believe that the sun and moon stood still?" Yes, and if I had strength enough to create a sun and moon I could make them stand still, or cause the refraction of the sun's rays so it would appear to stand still. "But," they say, "you don't believe that the whale swallowed Jonah?" Yes, and if I were strong enough to make a whale I could have made very easy ingress for the refractory prophet, leaving to evolution to eject him, if he were an unworthy tenant! "But," say they, "you don't really believe that the water was turned into wine?" Yes, just as easily as water now is often turned into wine with an admixture of strychnine and logwood! "But," they say, "you don't really believe that Samson slew a thousand with the jaw-bone of an ass?" Yes, and I think that the man who in this day assaults the Bible is wielding the same weapon!

I am opposed to the expurgation of the scriptures in the first place, because the Bible in its present shape has been so miraculously preserved. Fifteen hundred years after Herodotus wrote his history, there was only one manuscript copy of it. Twelve hundred years after Plato wrote his book, there was only one manuscript copy of it. God was so careful to have us have the Bible in just the right shape that we have fifty manuscript copies of the New Testament a thousand years old, and some of them fifteen hundred years old. This book handed down from the time of Christ, or just after the time of Christ, by the hand of such men as Origen in the second century, and Tertullian in the third century, and by men of different ages who died for their principles. The three best copies of the New Testament in manuscript in the possession of the three great churches—the Protestant church of England, the Greek church of St. Petersburg, and the Romish church of Italy.

It is a plain matter of history that Tischendorf went to a convent in the peninsula of Sinai and was by ropes lifted over the wall into the convent, that being the only mode of admission, and that he saw there in the waste basket for kindling the fires, a manuscript of the Holy Scriptures. That night he copied many of the passages of that Bible, but it was not until fifteen years had passed of earnest entreaty and prayer and coaxing and purchase on his part that that copy of the Holy Scriptures was put in the hand of the emperor of Russia—that one copy so marvelously protected.

Do you not know that the catalogue of the books of the Old and New Testaments as we have it, is the same catalogue that has been coming on

down through the ages? Thirty-nine books of the Old Testament thousands of years ago. Thirty-nine now. Twenty-seven books of the New Testament 1,600 years ago. Twenty-seven books of the New Testament now. Marcion, for wickedness, was turned out of the church in the second century, and in his assault on the Bible and Christianity, he incidentally gives a catalogue of the books of the Bible—that catalogue corresponding exactly with ours—testimony given by the enemy of the Bible and the enemy of Christianity. The catalogue now just like the catalogue then. Assaulted and spit on and torn to pieces and burned, yet adhering. The book today, in 300 languages, confronting four-fifths of the human race in their own tongue. Four hundred million copies of it in existence. Does not that look as if this book had been divinely protected, as God had guarded it all through the centuries?

Nearly all the other old books are mummified and are lying in the tombs of old libraries, and perhaps once in twenty years some man comes along and picks up one of them and blows the dust off, and opens it and finds it the book he does not want. But this old book, much of it forty centuries old, stands today more discussed than any other book, and it challenges the admiration of all the good and the spite and venom and the animosity and the hyper-criticism of earth and hell. I appeal to your common sense, if a book so divinely guarded and protected in its present shape, must not be in just the way that God wants it to come to us, and if it pleases God, ought it not to please us?

Not only have all the attempts to detract from the book failed, but all the attempts to add to it. Many attempts were made to add the apocryphal books to the Old Testament. The council of Trent, the synod of Jerusalem, the bishops of Hippo, all decided that the apocryphal books must be added to the Old Testament. "They must stay in," said those learned men; but they stayed out. There is not an intelligent Christian man today that will put the Book of Maccabees or the Book of Judith beside the Book of Isaiah or Romans. Then a great many said: "We must have books added to the New Testament," and there were epistles and gospels and apocalypses written and added to the New Testament, but they have all fallen out. You cannot add anything. You cannot subtract anything to the divinely protected book in the present shape. Let no man dare to lay his hands on it with the intention of detracting from the book or casting out any of these holy pages.

I am also opposed to this proposed expurgation of the scriptures for the fact that in proportion as people become self-sacrificing and good and holy and consecrated, they like the book as it is. I have yet to find a man or woman distinguished for self-sacrifice, for consecration to God, for holiness of life, who wants the Bible changed. Many of us have inherited family Bibles. Those Bibles were in use twenty, forty, fifty, perhaps a hundred years in the generations. Today take down these family Bibles, and find out if there are any chapters which have been erased by lead pencil or pen, and if in any margins you can find the words: "This chapter is not fit to read." There has been plenty of opportunity during the last half century privately to expurgate the Bible. Do you know any case of such expurgation? Did not your grandfather give it to your father, and did not your father give it to you?

Beside that, I am opposed to the expurgation of the scriptures because the so-called indelicacies and cruelties of the Bible have demonstrated no evil result. A cruel book will always produce cruelty—an unclean book will produce uncleanness. Fetch me a victim. Out of all Christendom and out of all the ages, fetch me a victim whose heart has been hardened to cruelty, or whose life has been made impure by this book. Show me one. One of the best families I ever knew, for thirty or forty years, morning and evening, had all the members gathered together, and the servants of the household, and the strangers that happened to be within the gates—twice a day, without leaving out a chapter or a verse, they read this holy book, morning by morning, night by night. Not only the elder children, but the little child who could just spell her way through the verse while her mother helped her. The father beginning and reading one verse, then all the members of the family in turn reading a verse. The father maintained her integrity, the mother maintained her integrity, the sons grew up and entered professions and commercial life, adorning every sphere in the life in which they lived, and the daughters went into families where Christ was honored, and all that was good and pure and righteous reigned perpetually. For thirty years that family enduring the Scriptures. Not one of them ruined by them.

Now, if you will tell me of a family where the Bible has been read twice a day for thirty years, and the children have been brought up in that habit, and the father went to ruin, and the mother went to ruin, and the sons and daughters were destroyed by it—if you will tell me of one such incident, I will throw away my Bible, or I will doubt your veracity. I tell you, if a man is shocked with what he calls the indelicacies of the Word of God, he is prurient in his taste and imagination. If a man cannot read Solomon's Song without impure suggestion, he is either in his heart or in his life, a libertine.

The Old Testament description of wickedness, uncleanness of all sorts, is purposely and righteously a disgusting account, instead of the Byronic and the Parisian vernacular which makes sin attractive instead of appalling.

When those old prophets point you to a lazaretto, you understand it is a lazaretto. When a man having begun to do right falls back into wickedness and gives up his integrity, the Bible does not say he was overcome by the fascinations of the festive board, or that he surrendered to convivialities, or that he became a little fast in his habits. I will tell you what the Bible says: "The dog is turned to his own vomit again, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." No gilding of iniquity. No garlands on a death's-head. No pounding away with a silver mallet at iniquity when it needs an iron sledge hammer.

I can easily understand how people, brooding over the description of uncleanness in the Bible, may get morbid in mind until they are as full of it as the wings and beak and the nostril and the claw of a buzzard is full of the odors of a carcass; but what is wanted is not that the Bible be distasteful, but that you, the critic, have your mind and heart washed with carbolic acid!

I tell you at this point in my discourse that a man who does not like this book, and who is critical as to its contents, and who is shocked and outraged with its descriptions, has never been soundly converted. The laying on of the hands of Presbytery or Episcopacy does not always change a man's heart, and men sometimes get into the pulpit as well as into the pew, never having been changed radically by the sovereign grace of God. Get your heart right and the Bible will be right. The trouble is men's natures are not brought into harmony with the Word of God. Ah! my friends, expurgation of the heart is what is wanted.

You cannot make me believe that the Scriptures, which this moment lie on the table of the purest and best men and women of the age, and which were the dying solace of your kindred passed into the skies, have in them a taint which the strongest microscope of honest criticism could make visible. If men are uncontrollable in their indignation when the integrity of wife or child is assailed, and judges and jurors as far as possible excuse violence under such provocation, what ought to be the overwhelming and long resounding thunders of condemnation for any man who will stand in a Christian pulpit and assail the more than virgin purity of inspiration, the well beloved daughter of God?

Expurgate the Bible! You might as well go to the old picture galleries in Dresden and in Venice and in Rome and expurgate the old paintings. Perhaps you could find a foot of Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" that might be improved. Perhaps you could throw more expression into Raphael's "Maddonna." Perhaps you could put more pathos into Reubens' "Descent from the Cross." Perhaps you could change the crests of the waves in Turner's "Slave Ship." Perhaps you might go into the old galleries of sculpture and change the forms and the posture of the statues of Phidias and Praxiteles. Such an iconoclast would very soon find himself in the penitentiary. But it is worse vandalism when a man proposes to refashion these masterpieces of inspiration and to remodel the moral giants of this gallery of God.

A MENACING ASSURANCE.

But It Was Not Meant in the Way the Professor Understood It.

"I had a peculiar case in court the other day," said a lawyer. "An old Irishman named Callahan had got into a row with his landlord about some repairs and refused to pay his rent. The landlord was a fussy little ex-college professor, totally unversed in the ways of the world, and he was imprudent enough to send word that he would have the family evicted, and then called to discuss it personally. He emerged yelling 'Murder!' and said that he had first met Mrs. Callahan, who told him her husband would do him no harm, upon the strength of which he had waited for his return. When Callahan came in he promptly gave the visitor a beating. The old Irishman and his wife were both arrested, and I appeared for the defense. The ugly feature of the case was the alleged effort of the woman to lure her caller into a trap, but when put on the stand she denied the landlord's story in toto and swore point blank she had warned him that her husband proposed to punch his head. Both parties seemed perfectly sincere in their statements, and I was somewhat puzzled. I finally decided to cross-examine the ex-professor. 'Now, repeat to us,' I said, 'exactly what Mrs. Callahan told you in regard to her husband.' 'She assured me positively,' answered the landlord, 'that he had no intention whatever of molesting me.' 'But she didn't say it in those words,' I insisted. 'What I want is her exact language.' 'Well, sir,' said the witness, beginning to get flustered, 'she gave me to understand...'

'Oh, never mind that,' I interrupted the judge, 'give us her own words.' 'Very well, sir; very well, sir!' exclaimed the little landlord, desperately. 'She said, "When Mike comes home he won't do a thing to you!"' When the judge got through laughing he let the prisoners off with a reprimand.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

SCAVES THEM TO DEATH.

An ingenious gentleman has devised an instrument which he thinks will be of great assistance to white soldiers in their combats with native tribes. It is a big wooden tube, with a piece of perforated raw hide stretched over the opening; when blown it makes a noise which can be compared with nothing on earth, and is calculated to make the savage anxious to depart for the happy hunting ground, or whatever may be his idea of a future existence, without further delay.

A GIRL IN GOLD MINES

SCHOOL TEACHER STRIKES A FORTUNE IN THE KLONDYKE.

Claim May Be Worth Millions—Miss Jennie Hilton Is a Practical Woman Miner—She Began Prospecting Seven Years Ago.

Miss Jennie Hilton, a school teacher of Rialto, Cal., has made a fortune in a Klondike gold mine. She bought a claim last May for \$7,000, which a day or so ago she refused \$40,000 for. Old miners say there are millions in it. In 1892 Miss Hilton gave up her school at Spadra, Cal., and became a prospector for golden wealth among the mountains near Phoenix, Ariz. The next afternoon after she arrived there she went forth with a geological hammer and a large bottle of acid in hand to learn about the rock formations in the mountains of the Gila valley. The sight of the trim little woman, dressed in short woolen skirts, heavy shoes, and an immense sunbonnet, trudging along at the side of her two donkeys, both laden with the usual camp outfit of blankets, pickaxes, pans, shillies, gridirons, bags of rations, and carpet sacks of clothing, and followed in procession by her big brother and her uncle, each accompanied by a laden donkey, was a sight that has remained distinct among the hundreds of similar scenes in the memory of the spectator. When the cooler autumnal weather came the young woman and her brother and uncle prospected over the mountains. The next winter the school teacher-pro prospector and her companions went to Globe, Ariz. It was at that time the most notorious community in the territory. Hundreds of hard characters—men who robbed, assassinated, shot and stabbed—had rushed there. But that did not deter Miss Hilton. There were but two other women in Globe that winter. She says she was treated with kindness, and on many occasions the courtesy shown her in a rude way by the queer old characters, who had lived on the borders of civilization, was almost touching.

Next winter Miss Hilton opened an office for assaying in Prescott, and did a fair business. Her method of making assays was liked, and the miners had confidence in her statements of the values of ores. She was to remain in Prescott, but when spring opened her enthusiasm for prospecting was renewed by the news her brother sent her that he had found over in Harqua Hala region the best-looking auriferous rock in the whole territory. Miss Hilton closed her assay office and went across the country to Harqua Hala with her uncle, and accompanied by the usual complement of jackasses and camp outfit. The Harqua Hala mining region was the most prosperous in the southwest at that particular time. The mines lay in dark red quartz twenty miles east of the Colorado river and seventy miles more north of Yuma. Once there Miss Hilton set about studying the "lay" of the land. It was a strange condition of affairs in rock. Only a few prospectors could get the secret of the gold deposits from the surface indications. For weeks the young woman miner and her brother tramped from morning until evening over the Harqua Hala rocks and desert wastes. Several mining claims were located, and then followed weeks of labor, patient watchfulness and consideration as to what claim was worth opening. Nearly all the old and experienced miners quit the torrid and dry region, believing that there could never be another profitable mine found there. Miss Hilton was convinced, however, that the ledge in which she had opened a claim was neither a shallow pocket nor a vein which would soon pinch out. Her brother disagreed with her and went with a small army of discouraged miners to a cooler climate.

The young woman and her uncle remained, drilled and blasted in the rock, labored day after day in opening a vein of ore, suffered amid privations and under a fearful sun, pounded gold-bearing rock to dust in an iron mortar, and got the gold out by tricks with quicksilver, so as to have something to sell while they developed their property. At last a shaft was down twenty feet and several other small openings were made. Then, while the uncle remained at the mine, Miss Hilton went forth to sell the property. She carried a grip-sack well filled with specimens, and a head full of practical facts about her mine. She went all over San Francisco with a miners' directory in her hand, seeking possible buyers, but with no success. Then she went to Salt Lake. In a week she had interested two miners from St. Louis in her property. They went down to Los Angeles and thence to the Harqua Hala region along the Colorado river. After a few days they agreed to buy the property for \$40,000. If the property appeared so well after they had worked in it for two weeks as they saw fit. Before the end of the week deeds were passed at Yuma.

VESSELS LOST AT SEA.

In all 1,141 vessels were lost at sea in the year ending Oct. 1. Of these 322 were steamers and 819 sailing craft. Wrecks account for 524, collisions, ninety, and the rest succumbed to various accidents or disappeared altogether. Great Britain, with the largest merchant marine of any nation, had the smallest percentage of loss, 2.32. Germany occupying next place, Austria-Hungary comes third, Russia fourth and the United States fifth, with a percentage of 4.14, while Norway and Sweden have the highest, varying from 5.55 to 9.65 per cent. The percentages, of course, refer to the total tonnage of each country.

UNIQUE INDIAN BIBLES.

They Reveal the Religious Beliefs of the Yaquis.

Two of the most peculiar volumes ever compiled in the name of religion have passed from Indian possession into the keeping of a San Francisco man, Mr. Luis Loaisa, says the San Francisco Examiner. They were taken from the dead body of a Yaqui Indian, an ordained priest, or "maestro," who was shot by Mexican regulars during the last insurrection of his tribe. These sacred books reveal the religious beliefs and ceremonies of the Yaquis. The maestro to whom they belonged was one of a band of Indian marauders that had been devastating the country as they passed through it, and committing all kinds of atrocities while on their way to join the remainder of the tribe. The maestro had apparently forgotten his priestly calling, for he was fighting with the utmost ferocity when killed. After he fell the holy scriptures were found by a soldier next to his murder-loving heart. The maestro was an artist of considerable imagination and technique all his own, as his conception of Christ on the cross, St. John, St. Gregory and the Deity shows. His idealization of the ascension, the victory of the cross over sin, and doomsday is pathetic in its crudity. A draped cloth over the cross to represent the wrapping of the body of Jesus in myrtle and olive leaves before laying him in the sepulcher, according to St. John, 19: 40, proves that the maestro must have been a student. It is to be hoped that if he has reached heaven the archangels Michael, Gabriel and Raphael have forgiven him for his outlandish portraits of them. Father Demasini of the Jesuit church, to whom these books were submitted for inspection, says that such drawings were never authorized by the head of the church, and that unless one knew the Latin mass by heart it would be almost impossible to attempt a translation or interpretation of the book containing it. The mass seems to him to have been taken down while listening to the priest, the words are disconnected, syllables being joined to the wrong words and producing a curious jumble. The Spanish book is a little better, but occasionally a word occurs which is known only to the understanding of the Yaquis. Both volumes are put together with infinite neatness and painstaking care, are written and printed with a pen, every stroke of which evidences a labor of love and reverence for the task. The frontispieces, in red and black ink, are "fearfully and wonderfully made." The cover of one is of gaudy red calico, bound with black and red cotton shirt braid.

MUSICAL PITCH.

A Matter That Is of Importance to Singers.

The question is once more being raised in this country of the desirability of a uniform musical pitch, says Chamber's Journal. Some years ago the Philharmonic society, in London, decided to lower the pitch of its orchestra to that universal on the continent; and, although there was some confusion at first, the wisdom of that movement is now acknowledged. The great bar to the common adoption of the lower pitch is that its acceptance would render necessary the provision of new instruments of the various military bands throughout the country, and the alteration, at great expense, of organs, both in concert halls and in churches. Pianoforte manufacturers have hitherto held a neutral position in this matter of alteration of pitch, but now, on the initiative of Messrs. Broadwood & Sons, they are nearly all expressing their willingness to adopt the lower pitch, provided that the movement is a general one. The exact pitch of a sound can be accurately measured by its number of vibrations per second; thus, the old pitch would mean for the note A a piano wire giving 454 vibrations at a temperature of 68 degrees Fahrenheit, while the lower pitch which it is proposed to adopt this autumn would mean only 439 vibrations for the same note. The matter is one of great importance to singers, who have now to strain their voices in order to reach a higher altitude than that intended by the composer whose works they interpret, for those compositions were written when the pitch was lower than now to be adopted as the standard.

Stylish Ideas.

"It is strange what queer ideas we had when we were young," said a gentleman the other day. "My father once asked me how I supposed the French managed to spell wagon wheel, when they had no 'w' in their language. I never could solve the problem." "And when I was a boy," replied another, "I thought it was an easy matter to translate from foreign languages. I had an idea that the only difference was the alphabetical characters, and if I were to learn the Greek alphabet, for instance, I would have no trouble in turning Greek into English. I found out my mistake after I went to school, though."—Harlem Life.

The Zulus a Fine Race.

The Zulus are said to be the finest specimens of the black race in the world. They are mahogany-colored, stalwart, intelligent and easily governed. Those who pull the jinrikishas put the horns of animals on their heads and fasten wings of large birds to their arms. Their arms, legs, ears and necks are loaded down with iron and brass ornaments. No one is allowed to sell them any intoxicating drink, consequently they are a very peaceful set.

Wild Boars still abound in some parts of Morocco, one hunting party having lately killed over 100 in one week.

A WEEK IN ILLINOIS

RECORD OF HAPPENINGS FOR SEVEN DAYS.

Fear Disease Is Smallpox—Several Cases of Sickness in Dixon and Tamaroa to Be Investigated—Monticello Is Also Suffering from Disease.

Fear Disease Is Smallpox. Springfield, Ill.—The state board of health was notified today of the existence of several cases of suspected smallpox about six miles from Downs, McLean county. It was at Downs that several cases of the disease appeared last summer and it was believed that it had been thoroughly stamped out. Cases of supposed smallpox have also been discovered at Tamaroa, Perry county. Dr. C. S. Nelson of this city has been sent to Downs and Dr. Grant of Sparta will go to Tamaroa to investigate and see that all proper precautions are taken to prevent the disease from spreading.

Monticello, Ill.—Considerable feeling is manifested in this city today because of the state board of health's decision that the many supposed cases of chicken-pox here were really smallpox in a mild form. Since the disease first appeared here last October there have been fully 150 cases, and about thirty now exist. Dr. Johnson, president of the state board, ordered the schools closed and all church services and public meetings suspended, but the local board of health has decided that it is unnecessary to take any precautions other than a rigid quarantine of all affected houses. All local physicians agree that the disease is not smallpox, and many doubt whether Dr. Johnson believes the trouble really is as he pronounced it. He examined the severest cases in the city. The local board will vaccinate several persons who have recovered from the alleged smallpox, and if it "takes" it will prove beyond a doubt that the trouble is not smallpox.

National Guard Orders.

Springfield, Ill.—Adjutant General Reece today issued an order confirming the election of Fred A. Jordan, to be second lieutenant company B, Third Infantry. Leave of absence for two months, with permission to leave the state, is granted Lieutenant Hugh E. King, fourth division, second ship's crew, Naval militia. The following enlisted men of the Naval militia are honorably discharged: Seaman Charles Gilgerleeve, third division, second ship's crew; Coxswain Earl M. Chadwell and Seaman William J. Von Droska and W. N. Doerle, fourth division, second ship's crew. Seaman Charles N. Endred, fourth division, second ship's crew is dishonorably discharged. An election is ordered in company G, Fourth Infantry, Jan. 19, for first lieutenant.

Spanish Cannon As Trophy.

Bloomington, Ill.—The Spanish cannon captured at Santiago de Cuba and presented by the government to the city of Bloomington arrived today. The trophy is of bronze, twelve feet long and weighs 6,400 pounds. It was cast at Barcelona, Spain, Aug. 4, 1793. It is a muzzle-loading converted rifle. Its name, "El Terror," is cast in the bronze. It was one of the guns of the shore battery of Morro castle. It has no carriage and will probably be mounted on a stone parapet when it is placed in position at Franklin square.

Mr. Haskell Quite the Fellow.

Rockford, Ill.—At the annual meeting of the Second Congregational church tonight Rev. Wesley C. Haskell tendered his resignation to take effect immediately and it was accepted, the supporters of the pastor, who leaves because he is not orthodox, deciding not to put up a fight to retain him. The church voted to pay him his full year's salary and also presented him with a purse of \$300. Resolutions were passed regretting his loss as a pastor and commending him to the brethren in the Church of Christ.

Warehouses Are Placed.

Canton, Ill.—In the Fourteenth district farmers' convention today E. S. Tanner of Miasia, an elevator man, attacked the public warehouse management of Chicago, telling the farmers that that management, through a violation of law, was responsible for the low price of corn. For a remedy they were urged to move upon the legislature. As another remedy it was suggested that farmers cease raising corn for shipment until turned into hogs and cattle, which was loudly applauded.

Smallpox Story Is Denied.

Dixon, Ill., telegram: Health Commissioner A. F. Moore and Mayor F. A. Truman have united in a statement denying that smallpox has appeared in the Northern Illinois Normal school. They claim that although there are a few cases of the disease in the city, that the reports sent out are greatly exaggerated and misleading.

Disease Among Illinois Horses.

—Morgan, Ill.—A peculiar disease is spreading among horses in the south part of Shelby county, which the Illinois state veterinarian has pronounced contagious glanders, and has ordered several fine animals killed. The farmers are closely quarantining other stock.

After she gets married the woman takes about as much interest in the stock as she does in the house.