TALMAGE'S SERMON.

FROM PARABLE OF THE PRODIGAL SON.

His Bitter Denunciation of Self Righteousness and the Lack of Sympathy For the Fallen and Unfortunate.

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Text, Luke xv., 8, "And he was angry and would not go in."

Many times have I been asked to preach a sermon about the elder brother of the parable. I received a letter from Canada saying, "Is the elder son of the parable so unsympathetic and so cold that he is not worthy of recognition?" The fact is that we ministers pursue the younger son. You can hear the flapping of his rags in many a sermonic breeze and the cranching of the pods for which he was an unsuccessful contestant. I confess that it has been difficult for me to train the camera obscura upon the elder son of the parable. I could not get a negative of the photograph. There was not enough light in the gallery, or the chemicals were too poor, or the sitter moved in the picture. But now I think I have him, not a side face or a three-quarters or the mere bust, but a full length portrait as he appears to me. The father in the parable of the prodigal had nothing to brag of in his two sons. The one was a rake and the other a churl. I find nothing admirable in the dissoluteness of the one, and I find nothing attractive in the acrid sobriety of the other. The one goes down over the larboard side, and the other goes down over the starboard side, but they both go down.

From all the windows of the old homestead bursts the minstrelsy. The floor quakes with the feet of the rustics, whose dance is always vigorous and resounding. The neighbors have heard of the return of the younger son from his wanderings, and they have gathered together. The house is full of congratulators. I suppose the tables are loaded with luxuries, not only the one kind of meat mentioned, but its concomitants. "Clap!" go the cymbals, "thrum!" go the harps, "click!" go the chalices, up and down go the feet inside, while outside is a most sorry spectacle.

The Senior Son's Anger.

The senior son stands at the corner of the house, a frigid phlegmatic. He has just come in from the fields in very substantial apparel. Seeing some wild exhilarations around the old mansion, he asks of a servant passing by with a goat-skin of wine on his shoulder what all the fuss is about. One would have thought that, on hearing that his younger brother had got back, he would have gone into the house and rejoiced, and, if he were not conscientiously opposed to dancing, that he would have joined the Oriental schottish. No, there he stands. His brow lowers; his face darkens; his lip curls with contempt. He stamps the ground with indignation; he sees nothing at all to attract. The odors of the feast, coming out on the air, do not sharpen his appetite. The lively music does not put any spring into his step. He is in a terrible pout. He criticises the expense, the injustice and the morals of the entertainment. The father rushes out bareheaded and coaxes him to come in. He will not go in. He scolds the father. He goes into a pasquinade against the younger brother, and he makes the most uncomely scene. He says, "Father, you put a premium on vagabondism. I staid at home and worked on the farm. You never made a party for me; you didn't so much as kill a kid. That wouldn't have cost half as much as a calf; but this scapegrace went off in fine clothes, and he comes back not fit to be seen, and what a time you make over him! He breaks your heart and you pay him for it. That calf, to which we have been giving extra feed during all these weeks, wouldn't be so fat and sleek if I had known to what use you were going to put it. That vagabond deserves to be cowhided instead of banqueted. Veal is too good for him." That evening, while the younger son sat telling his father about his adventures and asking about what had occurred on the place since his departure, the senior brother goes to bed disgusted and slams the door after him. That senior brother still lives. You can see him any Sunday, any day of the week. At a meeting of ministers in Germany some one asked the question, "Who is that elder son?" and Krummacher answered, "I know him; I saw him yesterday." And when they insisted upon knowing whom he meant he said, "Myself; when I saw the account of the conversion of a most obnoxious man I was irritated."

First, the senior brother of the text stands for the self-congratulatory, self-satisfied, self-worshipful man. With the same breath in which he vituperates against his younger brother he utters a panegyric for himself. The self-righteous man of the text, like every other self-righteous man, was full of faults. He was an ingrate, for he did not appreciate the home blessings which he had all those years. He was disobedient, for when the father told him to come in he staid out. He was a liar, for he said that the recreant son had devoured his father's living, when the father, so far from being reduced to penury, had a homestead left, had instruments of music, had jewels, had a mansion, and instead of being a pauper was a prince. This senior brother, with so many faults of his own, was merciless in his criticism of the younger brother. The only perfect people that I have ever known were utterly obnoxious. I was never so badly cheated in my life as by a perfect man. He got so far up in his devotions that he was clear up above all the rules of common honesty. These men that go about prowling among prayer meetings and in places of business, telling how good they are—look out for them; keep your hand on your pocketbook! I have noticed that just in proportion as a man gets good he gets humble. The deep Mississippi does not make so much noise as the brawling mountain rivulet. There has been many a store that had more goods in the show window than inside on the shelves.

The Self-Righteous Man.

This self-righteous man of the text stood at the corner of the house hugging himself in admiration. We hear a great deal in our day about the higher life. Now, there are two kinds of higher life men. The one is admirable, and the other is most repulsive. The one kind of higher life man is very lenient in his criticism of others, does not bore prayer meetings to death with long harangues, does not talk a great deal about himself, but much about Christ and heaven, gets kindlier and more gentle and more useful until one day his soul spreads a wing, and he flies away to eternal rest, and everybody mourns his departure. The other higher life man goes around with a Bible conspicuously under his arm, goes from church to church, a sort of general evangelist, is a nuisance to his own pastor when he is at home and a nuisance to other pastors when he is away from home, runs up to some man who is counting out a roll of bank bills or running up a difficult line of figures and asks him how his soul is, makes religion a dose of ipec acuanha. Standing in a religious meeting making an address, he has a patronizing way, as though ordinary Christians were clear away down below him, so he had to talk at the top of his voice in order to make him hear, but at the same time encouraging them to hope on that by climbing many years they may after awhile come up within sight of the place where he now stands. I tell you plainly that a roaring, roistering, bouncing sinner is not so repulsive to me as that higher life malformation. The former may repent; the latter never gets over his pharisaism. The younger brother of the parable came back, but the senior brother stands outside entirely oblivious of his own delinquencies and deficits, pronouncing his own eulogium. Oh, how much easier it is to blame others than to blame ourselves! Adam blamed Eve, Eve blamed the serpent, the senior brother blamed the younger brother, and none of them blamed themselves.

Again, the senior brother of my text stands for all those who are faithless about the reformation of the dissipated and the dissolute. In the very tones of his voice you can hear the fact that he has no faith that the reformation of the younger son is genuine. His entire manner seems to say: "That boy has come back for more money. He got a third of the property; now he has come back for another third. He will never be contented to stay on the farm. He will fall away. I would go in too and rejoice with the others if I thought this thing were genuine; but it is a sham. That boy is a confirmed inebriate and debauchee." Alas, my friends, for the incredulity in the church of Christ in regard to the reclamation of the recreant! You say a man has been a strong drinker. I say, "Yes, but he has reformed." "Oh," you say, with a lugubrious face, "I hope you are not mistaken; I hope you are not mistaken." You say: "Don't rejoice too much over his conversion, for soon he will be unconverted, I fear. Don't make too big a party for that returned prodigal or strike the timbrel too loud; and, if you kill a calf, kill the one that is on the commons and not the one that has been luxuriating in the paddock." That is the reason why more prodigals do not come home to their father's house. It is the rank infidelity of the church of God on this subject. There is not a house on the streets of heaven that has not in it a prodigal that returned and staid home. There could be unrolled before you a scroll of a hundred thousand names—the names of prodigals who came back forever reformed. Who was John Bunyan? A returned prodigal. Who was Richard Baxter? A returned prodigal. Who was George Whitefield, the thunderer? A returned prodigal. And I could go out in all the aisles of this church today and find on either side those who, once far astray for many years, have been faithful, and their eternal salvation is as sure as though they had been ten years in heaven. And yet some of you have not enough faith in their return.

Greeting the Prodigal.

You do not know how to shake hands with a prodigal. You do not know how to pray for him. You do not know how to greet him. He wants to sail into the warm gulf stream of Christian sympathy. You are the iceberg against which he strikes and shivers. You say he has been a prodigal. I know it, but you are the sour, unresponsive, censorious, saturnine, cranky elder brother, and if you are going to heaven one would think some people would be tempted to go to perdition to get away from you. The hunters say that if a deer be shot the other deer shove him out of their company, and the general rule is—away with a man that has been wounded with sin. Now, I say, the more bones a man has broken the more need he has of an hospital, and the more a man has been bruised and cut with sin the more need he has to be carried into human and divine sympathy? But for such men there is not much room come back after wandering. Plenty of room for elegant sinners, for sinners in velvet and satin and lace, for sinners high salaried, for kid-gloved and patent-leathered sinners, for sinners fixed up by hairdresser, pomatumed and lavendered and cologned and frizzled and crimped and "banged" sinners—plenty of room! Such we meet elegantly at the door of our churches and we invite them into the best seats with Chesterfieldian gallantries; we usher them into the house of God and put soft ottomans under their feet and put a gilt edged prayer book in their hands and pass the contribution box before them with an air of apology, while they, the generous souls, take out the exquisite portemonnaie and open it, and with diamond finger push down beyond the $10 gold pieces and delicately pick out as an expression of gratitude their offering to the Lord—of one cent! For such sinners plenty of room, plenty of room. But for the man who has been drinking until his coat is threadbare, and his face is erysipelased, and his wife's wedding dress is in the pawnbroker's shop, and his children, instead of being in school, are out begging broken bread at the basement doors of the city—the man, body, mind and soul on fire with the flames that have leaped from the scathing, scorching, blasting, blistering, consuming cup which the drunkard takes, trembling and agonized and affrighted, and presses to his parched lips, and his cracked tongue and his shrieking yet immoral spirit—no room.

Oh, if this younger son of the parable had not gone so far off, if he had not dropped so low in wassail, the protest would not have been so severe! But, going clear over the precipice, as the younger son did, the elder son is angry and will not go in.

Sympathy for the Fallen.

Be not so hard in your criticism of the fallen lest thou thyself also be tempted. Do you know who that man was who Sabbath before last staggered up and down the aisle in a church, disturbing the service until the service had to stop until he was taken from the room? He was a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ in a sister denomination! That man had preached the gospel, that man had broken the bread of the holy communion for the people. From what a height to what a depth! Oh, I was glad there was no smiling in the room when that man was taken out, his poor wife following him, with his hat in her hand and his coat on her arm! It was as solemn to me as two funerals—the funeral of the body and the funeral of the soul. Beware, lest thou also be tempted!

An invalid went to South America for his health and one day sat sunning himself on the beach when he saw something crawling up the beach, wriggling toward him, and he was affrighted. He thought it was a wild beast or a reptile, and he took his pistol from his pocket. Then he saw it was not a wild beast. It was a man, an immortal man, a man made in God's own image, and the poor wretch crawled up to the feet of the invalid and asked for strong drink, and the invalid took his wine flask from his pocket and gave the poor wretch something to drink, and then under the stimulus he rose up and gave his history. He had been a merchant in Glasgow, Scotland. He had gone down under the power of strong drink until he was so reduced in poverty that he was living in a boat just off the beach. "Why," said the invalid, "I knew a merchant in Glasgow once, a merchant of such and such a name." And the poor wretch straightened himself and said, "I am that man." "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

Again, I remark that the senior brother of my text stands for the spirit of envy and jealousy. The senior brother thought that all the honor they did to the returned brother was a wrong to him. He said, "I have staid at home, and I ought to have had the ring, and I ought to have had the banquet, and I ought to have had the garlands." Alas for this spirit of envy and jealousy coming down through the ages! Cain and Abel, Esau and Jacob, Saul and David, Haman and Mordecai, Othello and Iago, Orlando and Angelica, Caligula and Torquatus, Caesar and Pompey, Columbus and the Spanish courtiers, Cambyses and the brother he slew because he was a better marksman, Dionysius and Philoxenius, whom he slew because he was a better singer. Jealousy among painters. Closterman and Geoffrey Kneller, Hudson and Reynolds, Francia, anxious to see a picture of Raphael, Raphael sends him a picture. Francia, seeing it, falls in a fit of jealousy, from which he dies. Jealousy among authors! How seldom contemporaries speak of each other! Xenophen and Plato living at the same time, but from their writings you never would suppose they heard of each other. Religious jealousies. The Mohammedans praying for rain during a drought; no rain coming. Then the Christians begin to pray for rain, and the rain comes. Then the Mohammedans met together to account for this, and they resolved that God was so well pleased with their prayers he kept the drought on so as to keep them praying, but that the Christians began to pray, and the Lord was so disgusted with their prayers that he sent rain right away so he would not hear any more of their supplications. Oh, this accursed spirit of envy and jealousy! Let us stamp it out from all our hearts.

The Proverb Did Not Apply.

The little girl stood on the street corner sobbing as if her heart would break. On the stone flagging were the bits of a broken pitcher. "There, there, little girl," said the benevolent man, "don't cry, don't cry, little girl; 'never cry over spilt milk.'" "But it isn't milk," sobbed the girl, "it's beer."

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The Boers Are Still Holding Out in Large Forces.

BRITISH CAPTURE BRANDFORT.

Roberts' Front Covers Forty Miles—Boers Found in Strength at Every Point—Boer Envoys Cheered by Dutch People as They Sail for New York.

Wednesday, May 2.

British forces are reported still trying to drive the Boers and making some headway. Casualties have been severe on both sides in recent fighting.

The three Boer envoys, amid expressions of warmest sympathy, started from the Hague for the United States. They hope to interest this government and people in a movement to force peace in South Africa.

Thursday, May 3.

British capture Brandfort, north of Bloemfontein, but no details of fighting are given. Roberts' front now covers forty miles, but Boers are found in strength at every point, burghers behind covering transport of cattle and supplies. Boer envoys cheered by Dutch people as they sail for New York; Mr. Fischer expects sympathy of Americans and declares peace without liberty impossible.

United States ask England to explain boarding of American vessel by British warship in neutral waters off east Africa.

Friday, May 4.

Roberts' main forces at Brandfort, thirty-three miles north of Bloemfontein. Mounted infantry at Vet river, nineteen miles north of Brandfort. Abraham Fischer of Boer peace commission says Kruger was goaded into issuing his ultimatum. Hunter's division crossed Vaal river at Windsorton en route to Mafeking.

May, 5-6.

British push on to Winburg. Thabanchu district was found to be practically clear of Boers, thus verifying Gen. Roberts' prediction. Burghers not expected to make a stand at the river. Big gun lost at Brandfort. Gen. Hamilton believed to have passed around the flank of Gen. Oliver's army.

Occupation of Winburg by Hamilton column is reported; fierce battle along Vet river continues, but Boers vanish during the night; hot fighting near Thaba 'Nchu; Mafeking's relief deemed far away.

Monday, May 7.

Boers retiring before British except on Natal frontier and at Mafeking. They appear determined not to fight until Kroonstad is reached.

Norwegian military attache said Kruger regards everything but honor as lost, but has no intention of surrendering.

Report of occupation of Winburg by British confirmed. Roberts seized Smaldeel Junction.

Tie-Up Threatened at Chicago.

The Chicago Building Trades' council has decided to call a labor convention for May 13. Each trades union in the city will be invited to send three delegates. The existing industrial troubles will be discussed. A general strike of every trades organization in the city, it is rumored, will be urged by the men arranging the convention. The object is to bring such pressure on the building contractors as to force them to make terms with their locked-out employes.

LATEST MARKET NEWS.

Winter wheat—Quotably steady; No. 2 red, 70c; No. 3 red, 67@69c; No. 2 hard, 65½c.

Spring wheat—Dull and easier; No. 1 northern in store, 65¼@66c; No. 3 spring, 64¾@65c; No. 4, 58@63½c for common to fancy.

No. 3 yellow, 40¾c.

Oats—¼@¾c lower; No. 4 white, 26c; No. 3 white, 26@27½c; No. 2, 24@24½c; No. 2 white, 27¾c.

Cattle—Native shipping and export steers, $4.65@5.85; dressed beef and butchers' steers, $4.45@5; steers under 1,000 lbs, $4@4.65; stockers and feeders, $3.25@4.85; cows and heifers, $2@4.75; canners, $1.50@2.85; bulls, $3.15@4.25; Texas and Indian steers, $3.75@5; cows and heifers, $3@3.85. Hogs—Market steady to 5c higher; pigs and lights, $5.35@5.45; packers, $5.35@5.50; butchers, $5.50@5.60. Sheep—Market steady; native muttons, $4.50@5.50; lambs, $5@5.60; spring lambs, $5.50@7; culls and bucks, $3.50@4.25; stockers, $3.65.

Butter—Firm. Creameries, extras, 18c per lb.; firsts, 16@17c; seconds, 13½@14½c; dairies, fancy makes, 15½c; firsts, 14½c; seconds, 13½c; imitation creameries, 13½@14c; ladles, 12½@13½c; packing stock, fresh, 12c; roll butter, 12c. Cheese—Full creams, western, twins, new, 9c; Young Americas, new, 9@9½c; eastern, cheddars, 11@11½c; special makes, Swiss, 13¼@12¾c; Limburger, 9¾@10c; brick, 10c.

Eggs—Fresh at mark, 11½c, cases included; sales, loss off, cases returned, 10¾c. Live Poultry—Chickens, hens, 9c per lb; springs, 1½@2 lbs, $4@5 per doz; small, $2@2.50 per doz; ducks, 9½c per lb; geese, $4@4.50 per doz. Veal—Fancy carcases, 8½c per lb; good to choice, 7½@8c; fair, 6½@7c; light-weights, 6c; coarse and heavy, 5@6c. Potatoes—Choice stock, 33@35c per bu; common mixed, 25@30c; new potatoes, Bermuda, $7@8 per bbl. Beans—Steady; hand-picked pea, $2.16; hand-picked medium, $2.10; brown Swedish, $2.25; red kidneys, $2@2.10.

TOLSTOI PRAISES AMERICANS.

Speaks of Their Great and Useful Philanthropy.

Count Lyof Tolstoi gave a cordial reception for an hour Thursday evening at Moscow to the party of Chicagoans headed by President William R. Harper of the University of Chicago, who are in Moscow on their way to St. Petersburg. The United States consul, Thomas Smith, introduced the party, which included also Mr. Charles Crane, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ayer, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Ryerson and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hutchinson. Count Tolstoi conversed with his guests in excellent English, complimenting their city and nation on the progress of both in matters of public education, scientific advancement, higher education, financial and commercial prosperity, and particularly as regards the emancipation of women. The count spoke in terms of highest appreciation of "the great and useful philanthropy of the Americans."

Falls 120 Feet and Lives.

Gus Olson of Chicago, an expert who was engaged in building the steel tank for the municipal works at Oconomowoc, Wis., fell a distance of of 120 feet, is still alive, has no broken bones, but is bruised terribly. He was working on a ladder suspended by a rope. The latter gave away, but Olson clung to the ladder until it struck a guy rope 105 feet below, to which fact he owes his escape from instant death.

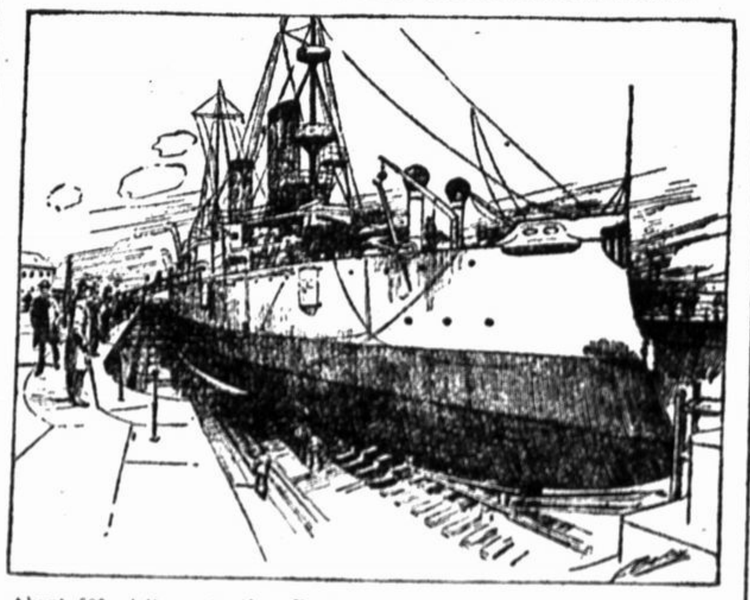
British Attacked by Chinese.

At Shanghai, China, a premeditated attack was made upon two camps of the Wei-Hai-Wei boundary commission May 5. Major Penrose and four men of the Chinese regiment were wounded. The attacking party was repulsed with the loss of thirty men killed. The disturbances are due to Chinese officials working on the credulity of the natives.

Is Made Bishop of Savannah.

Formal notice of one of the most important appointments ever made by Pope Leo XIII. was received at the papal legation at Washington when the official brief recognizing Very Rev. Benjamin Kelley, D. D., as bishop of Savannah, Ga., arrived. Archbishop Martinelli, the papal delegate in Washington, at once forwarded it to the bishop-elect at Savannah, who has been administrator of that diocese since the last incumbent, Bishop Becker, died on July 29, 1899.

DEWEY'S FLAGSHIP OLYMPIA IN BOSTON DRY DOCK.



About 500 visitors in the Boston navy yard the other morning had the first American opportunity of looking at the bottom of the vessel which led the United States fleet in Manila bay May 1, 1898—Admiral Dewey's flagship Olympia. Probably all of the spectators, excepting a few who had seen a battleship in dry dock, were much surprised to observe, as the water was pumped out of the stone basin, that the under part of the hull was not shaped like that of an ordinary vessel—not like an ocean liner's—but was flat in the center, or amidships, and bulged outward from the water line down. The hull, painted red below the water line, was seen to be "bewhiskered"—shaggy with barnacles. Still, considering the fact that the ship had not been out of the water since she was docked at Hong Kong, a year ago last June, the bottom was quite clean, indeed. Most of the spectators had heard of the accident in the Suez canal to one of the propellers, when Admiral Dewey was on his way home. So they went round to the stern and took a peek. The starboard propeller showed two blades askew, one being bent in the middle to a right angle and the other having a bad twist. The docking of the Olympia is the foremost operation of the kind in the records of the Boston navy yard. The ship had about six inches to spare on each side as she passed through the mouth of the dock. Four thousand six hundred tons of precious historic iron and steel was manoeuvered into position in the stone basin safely and with remarkable skill. Naval Constructor William J. Baxter, chief of the department of construction of the yard, superintended the whole business.

A WEEK IN ILLINOIS.

RECORD OF HAPPENINGS FOR SEVEN DAYS.

Two Men Break Out of Jail—A World's Record in Pigeon Shooting—Lightning Strikes House—Treasurer Porter Removed—Matrimonial Association.

Jail Break at Havana.

Havana.—Frank Clark and William J. Browning, the two men arrested last fall and indicted by the grand jury for the Easton bank robbery, broke jail here Thursday night. Three bars between the corridor and prisoners' dining room and entry had been left open, as no meals were served in the dining room, prisoners being fed in the corridor. Browning and Clark had broken out the bars and crawled into the dining room and stepped into the entry, and when Charles Hoff, son of the sheriff, unlocked the large steel door these men pushed it back, knocking him out of their way, thus getting into the kitchen. Young Hoff grappled with one man and the sheriff's wife with the other. The son sprang to his mother's assitance, and both men ran out of the kitchen door. Mrs. Hoff was struck several blows on the head with a heavy rubber hose.

Another Extension of the C. and E. I.

Joppa.—Grading has been begun on an extension of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois railroad from Cypress to Joppa, Ill. Across the Ohio river from Joppa is Paducah, which is a terminal of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis railroad. The Chicago and Eastern Illinois and the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis roads will interchange traffic by means of ferries on the Ohio river, similar to those now operated by the Cotton Belt and the Chicago and Eastern Illinois to and from Thebes. By building the link from Cypress to Joppa the Chicago and Eastern Illinois will have a new route to the south, independent of the Evansville and Terre Haute and the Louisville and Nashville roads, and it will get a much longer haul on southern traffic than it now does by the Evansville route.

Will Encourage Matrimony.

Champaign.—The Marriageable Benefit Association of this city has received its charter and is prepared to encourage matrimony by making it possible for young persons of limited means to secure enough cash to start with a home by taking out a policy in the new concern. Before a member can receive the benefit (insurance) due him he must have his marriage certified to or produce his marriage certificate. The plan is to enable young men and women to start into married life with enough ready cash to fit up a home. The incorporators of the association are A. L. and M. L. Williams and J. W. Cleveland. The head offices will be located in Champaign.

Gift to Wheaton College Band.

Wheaton.—The citizens of Wheaton have presented the Wheaton College Band with a full set of instruments, valued at nearly $300. The instruments have been purchased and are to arrive this week. The band is doing very nicely in practice, and its members are very grateful to those who have furnished them with the beautiful instruments which they are to use. A gentleman who has long been one of the honored trustees and benefactors of the college recently paid to the treasurer $4,000 toward the endowment fund. This is the second payment to that fund this year, $500 having been previously paid by a friend in a sister state.

Ill From Lightning's Shock.

Chicago.—Mrs. P. Drautzberg and her 5-year-old son are prostrated at their residence, 4429 Halsted street, as a result of the storm of Wednesday afternoon. Lightning struck the building in the top flat of which reside the Drautzbergs, ripping open the roof and damaging the furnishings in Mrs. Drautzberg's bedroom. The mother and child were both unconscious from the shock for several minutes, and they are still ill. Ten families live in the building and all were shaken up.

Gilbert Scores 126 Straight Kills.

Springfield.—Fred Gilbert of Spirit Lake, Ia., established a world's record at the Illinois Gun club shoot when he killed fifty pigeons straight at thirty-one yards' rise in the Grand Capital City Handicap. In the shoot-off Gilbert won the purse of $100. This makes a run of 126 live pigeons for Gilbert at this shoot, and he has not yet missed. C. W. Budd of Des Moines, Ia., was last man to drop out.

Treasurer Porter Is Removed.

Carbondale.—E. A. Porter of this city was to-day removed from the position of treasurer of the Southern Illinois Normal university by the board of trustees in session upon the order of the governor, and Harry B. Searing appointed his successor. The funds of the institution will hereafter be deposited in the Jackson State bank instead of the First National bank as heretofore.

Charles Ray Dean Is Chosen.

Chicago.—Charles Ray Dean of this city has been appointed private secretary to First Assistant Secretary of State Hill at Washington. Mr. Dean was member of the class of '97 University of Chicago, and was born and brought up in this city.

Simpson Is Now the Champion.

Sycamore.—Captain James Shafter lost the championship live bird shoot to Dr. William Simpson. In the shoot that Dr. Simpson challenged Captain Shafter to meet him. Shafter missed three birds and Simpson only two.