

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

FALSE NOTIONS ABOUT REAL RELIGION CORRECTED.

"Of Spices Great Abundance; Neither Was There Any Such Spice as the Queen of Sheba Gave King Solomon." II Chronicles IX: 10.

[Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.] Washington, Aug. 4.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage corrects some of the false notions about religion and represents it as being joy inspiring instead of dolorous. Text II Chronicles IX, 9: "Of spices great abundance; neither was there any such spice as the queen of Sheba gave King Solomon."

What is that building out yonder glittering in the sun? Have you not heard? It is the house of the forest of Lebanon. King Solomon has just taken to his bride, the princess of Egypt. You see the pillars of the portico and a great tower, adorned with 1,000 shields of gold hung on the outside of the tower—500 of the shields of gold manufactured at Solomon's order, 500 were captured by David, his father, in battle. See how they blaze in the noonday sun!

Solomon goes up the ivory stairs of his throne between twelve lions in stately and sits down on the back of the golden bull, the head of the huge beast turned toward the people. The family and the attendants of the king are so many that the caterers of the palace have to provide every day 300 sheep and thirteen oxen, besides the birds and the venison. I hear the stamping and pawing of 4,000 fine horses in the royal stables. There were important officials who had charge of the work of gathering the straw and the barley for these horses. King Solomon was an early riser, tradition says, and used to take a ride out at daybreak, and when, in his white apparel, behind the swiftest horses of all the realm and followed by mounted archers in purple, as the cavalcade dashed through the streets of Jerusalem I suppose it was something worth getting up at 5 o'clock in the morning to look at.

Seeing for Omelet.

Queen Balkis was so pleased with the acuteness of Solomon that she said, "I'll just go and see him for myself." Yonder it comes—the cavalcade—horses and dromedaries, chariots and charioteers, jangling harness and clattering hoofs and blazing shields and flying ensigns and clapping cymbals. The place is saturated with the perfume. She brings cinnamon and saffron and calamus and frankincense and all manner of sweet spices. As the retinue sweeps through the gate the armed guard inhales the aroma. "Hail!" cry the charioteers, as the wheels grind the gravel in front of the pillared portico of the king. Queen Balkis alights in an atmosphere bewitched with perfume. As the dromedaries are driven up to the king's storehouses, and the bundles of camphor are unloaded, and the sacks of cinnamon and the boxes of spices are opened, the purveyors of the palace discover what my text announces: "Of spices, great abundance; neither was there any such spice as the queen of Sheba gave to King Solomon."

Well, my friends, you know that all theologians agree in making Solomon a type of Christ and in making the queen of Sheba a type of every truth seeker, and I will take the responsibility of saying that all the spikenard and cassia and frankincense which the queen of Sheba brought to King Solomon are mightily suggestive of the sweet spices of our holy religion. Christianity is not a collection of sharp technicalities and angular facts and chronological tables and dry statistics. Our religion is compared to frankincense and to cassia, but never to nighshade. It is a bundle of myrrh. It is a dash of holy light. It is a sparkle of cool fountains. It is an opening of opaline gates. It is a collection of spices. Would God that we were as wise in taking spices to our Divine King as Queen Balkis was wise in taking the spices to the earthly Solomon.

Christ Brings Cheerfulness.

How any woman keeps house without the religion of Christ to help her is a mystery to me. To have to spend the greater part of one's life, as many women do, in planning for the meals and stitching garments that will soon be rent again and deploring breakages and supervising tardy subordinates and driving off dust that soon again will settle and doing the same thing day in and day out and year in and year out until the hair silvers and the back stoops and the spectacles crawl to the eyes and the grave breaks open under the thin sole of the shoe—oh, it is a long monotony! But when Christ comes to the drawing room and comes to the kitchen and comes to the nursery and comes to the dwelling, then how cheery become all womanly duties! She is never alone now. Martha gets through fretting and joins Mary at the feet of Jesus. All day long Deborah is happy because she can help Lapidus, Hannah because she can make a coat for young Samuel, Miriam because she can watch her infant brother, Rachel because she can help her father water the stock, the widow of Sarepta because the crust of oil is being replenished. O woman, having in your pantry a nest of boxes containing all kinds of condiments, why have you not tried in your heart and life the spicery of our holy religion? "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."

I must confess that a great deal of the religion of this day is utterly insipid. There is nothing piquant or el-

evating about it. Men and women go around humming psalms in a minor key and cultivating melancholy, and their worship has in it more sighs than raptures. We do not doubt their piety. Oh, no! But they are sitting at a feast where the cook has forgotten to season the food. Everything is flat in their experience and in their conversation. Emancipated from sin and death and hell and on their way to a magnificent heaven, they act as though they were trudging on toward an everlasting Botany Bay. Religion does not seem to agree with them. It seems to catch in the windpipe and become a tight strangulation instead of an exhilaration. All the infidel books that have been written, from Voltaire down to Herbert Spencer, have not done so much damage to our Christianity as lugubrious Christians.

Put in More Spices.

I have to say also that we need to put more spice and enlivenment in our religious teaching, whether it be in the prayer meeting or in the Sunday school or in the church. We ministers need more fresh air and sunshine in our lungs and our heart and our head. Do you wonder that the world is so far from being converted when you find so little vivacity in the pulpit and in the pew? We want, like the Lord, to plant in our sermons and exhortations more lilies of the field. We want fewer rhetorical elaborations and fewer sequipedalian words, and when we talk about shadows we do not want to say adumbration, and when we mean querness we do not want to talk about idiosyncrasies, or if a stitch in the back we do not want to talk about lumbago; but, in the plain vernacular of the great masses, preach that gospel which proposes to make all men happy, honest, victorious and free. In other words, we want more cinnamon and less gristle. Let this be so in all the different departments of work to which the Lord calls us. Let us be plain. Let us be earnest. Let us be common sensical. When we talk to the people in a vernacular they can understand, they will be very glad to comprehend the truth we present. Would to God that Queen Balkis would drive her spice laden dromedaries into all our sermons and prayer meeting exhortations!

More than that, we want more life and spice in our Christian work. The poor do not want so much to be groaned over as sung to. With the bread and medicines and garments you give them let there be an accompaniment of smiles and brisk encouragement. Do not stand and talk to them about the wretchedness of their abode, and the hunger of their looks, and the hardness of their lot. Ah, they know it better than you can tell them. Show them the bright side of the thing, if there be any bright side. Tell them good times will come. Tell them that for the children of God there is immortal rescue. Wake them up out of their stolidity by an inspiring laugh, and while you send in help, like the queen of Sheba, also send in the spices. There are two ways of meeting the poor. One is to come into their house with a nose elevated in disgust, as much as to say: "I don't see how you live here in this neighborhood. It actually makes me sick. There is that bundle. Take it, you poor, miserable wretch, and make the most of it." Another way is to go into the abode of the poor in a manner which seems to say: "The blessed Lord sent me. He was poor himself. It is not more for the good I am going to try to do you than it is for the good that you can do me." Coming in that spirit, the gift will be as aromatic as the spikenard on the feet of Christ, and all the hovels on that alley will be fragrant with the spice.

Singing as a Religious Duty.

I promise a high spiritual blessing to any one who will sing in church and who will sing so heartily that the people all around cannot help but sing. Wake up, all the churches from Bangor to San Francisco and across Christendom! It is not a matter of preference. It is a matter of religious duty. Oh, for fifty times more the volume of sound than has ever yet rolled up from our churches! German chorals in German cathedrals surpass us, and yet Germany has received nothing at the hands of God compared with America. And ought the acclaim in Germany be louder than that of America? Soft, long drawn out music is appropriate for the drawing-room and appropriate for the concert, but St. John gives an idea of the sonorous and resonant congregational singing appropriate for churches when in listening to the temple service of heaven he says: "I hear a great voice as the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunders. Halleluiah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!" Join with me in a crusade, giving me not only your hearts, but the mighty uplifting of your voices, and I believe we can through Christ's grace send 5,000 souls into the kingdom of Christ. An argument they can laugh at, a sermon they may talk down, but a 5,000-voiced utterance of praise to God is irresistible. Would that Queen Balkis would drive all her spice-laden dromedaries into our church music!

The Remedy for Sorrow.

Why did you look so sad this morning when you came in? Alas, for the loneliness and the heartbreak and the load that is never lifted from your soul! Some of you go about feeling like Macaulay when he wrote, "If I had another month of such days as I have been spending, I would be impatient to get down into my little, narrow crib in the ground, like a weary factory child." And there have been times in your life when you wished you could get out of this life. You

have said, "Oh, how sweet to my eyes would be the dust of the valley!" and wished you could pull over you in your last slumber the covert of green grass and daisies. You have said: "Oh, how beautifully quiet it must be in the tomb! I wish I was there."

I see all around about me widowhood and orphanage and childlessness; sadness, disappointment, perplexity. If I could ask all those in any audience who have felt no sorrow and been buffeted by no disappointment—if I could ask all such to rise, how many would rise? Not one.

A widowed mother, with her little child, went west, hoping to get better wages there, and she was taken sick and died. The overseer of the poor got her body and put it in a box and put it in a wagon and started down the street toward the cemetery at full trot. The little child—the only child—ran after it through the streets bare-headed, crying: "Bring me back my mother! Bring me back my mother!" And it was said that as the people looked on and saw her crying after that which lay in the box in the wagon, all she loved on earth—it is said the whole village was in tears. And that is what a great many of you are doing—chasing the dead. Dear Lord, is there no appeasement for all this sorrow that I see about me? Yes; the thought of resurrection and reunion far beyond this scene of struggle and tears. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Across the couches of your dead I fling this shower of sweet spices. Queen Balkis, driving up to the pillared portico of the house of cedar, carried so much pungency of perfume as exhales to-day from the Lord's garden. It is peace. It is sweetness.

The Most Magnificent Temple.

Have you read of the Taj Mahal, in India, in some respects the most majestic building on earth? Twenty thousand men were twenty years in building it. It cost about \$16,000,000. The walls are of marble inlaid with carnelian from Bagdad and turquoise from Tibet and jasper from the Punjab and amethyst from Persia and all manner of precious stones. A traveler said that it seemed to him like the shining of the enchanted castle of burished silver. The walls are 246 feet high, and from the top of these springs a dome 39 more feet high, that dome containing the most wonderful echo the world has ever known, so that ever and anon travelers standing below with flutes and drums and harps are testing that echo, and the sounds from below strike up, and then come down, as it were, the voices of angels all around about the building. There is around it a garden of tamarind and banyan and palm and all the floral glories of the ransacked earth. But that is only a tomb of a dead empress, and it is tame compared with the grandeur which God has builded for your living and immortal spirit.

Oh, home of the blessed! Foundations of gold! Arches of victory! Capstones of praise! And a dome in which there are echoing and re-echoing the halleluiah of the ages! And around about that mansion is a garden, the garden of God, and all the springing fountains are the bottled tears of the church in the wilderness and all the crimson of the flowers is the deep hue that was caught up from the carnage of earthly martyrdoms and the fragrance is the prayer of all the saints and the aroma puts into utter forgetfulness the cassia and the spikenard and the frankincense and the world renowned spices which Queen Balkis of Abyssinia stung at the feet of King Solomon.

When shall these eyes thy heaven built walls And pearly gates behold, Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong And streets of shining gold?

Two Passenger Distances.

A lady of a truly masculine spirit, accompanied by a small poodle, is said to have failed sadly the other day in an attempted reformatory movement. She entered the smoking car of a suburban train and sternly refused, when approached by the conductor, to go into another car, observing that her presence would keep the other occupants from smoking. One thick-skinned wretch, however, insensitive to the claims of refinement and reform, began to enjoy his accustomed cigar, which was suddenly snatched from his lips with the remark in a high treble: "If there is anything I do hate it is tobacco smoking!" For a time the offender was motionless, then, gravely rising, amid the curiosity of the assembled smokers, he took that little poodle out of the lady's lap and gently threw him through the window, sighing: "If there is anything I do hate it is a poodle."—Chicago Tribune.

Caught a Freak Lobster.

Daniel Carpenter of the South Ferry recently caught in one of his lobster pots a freak lobster. While this crustacean is of ordinary size and perfectly developed, one-half of the shell, running down the back, from the center of its head to its tail, is of a brilliant crimson and the other half of a bright green, while according to the learned ones of Brown University who are making a study of this species of marine animals, similar specimens have been found. A lobster thus colored was never before seen by old fishermen in these waters.—Providence Journal.

British lifeboats save, on an average, 550 lives a year.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.

Save the Forests.

The preservation of the forests has become a live question with the American public. Everyone that studies the question at all must be convinced that something should be done and done at once. Forests are of slow growth, and an area denuded cannot be reforested in a generation. There are few big trees that are not older than the men around them. Careful estimates on the growth of the spruce shows that the trees now having a diameter of 18 inches cannot be replaced by trees of the same size in less than 150 years. It takes a spruce seedling 22 years to attain a diameter of 3 inches at breast high from the ground. To gain the next inch in diameter requires 17 years. The next inch of growth is made in 14 years; so that in 53 years it has attained a diameter of only five inches. The diameter of a foot and a half will be reached when the tree is 154 years of age. We look upon a young forest of spruce without realizing its value. We see trees 5, 7 or 8 inches in diameter without suspecting that they represent decades of growth. They are cut down ruthlessly and sometimes set on fire for pasture. Yet the 8-inch trees are more than 80 years old, and more valuable because of age. A tree that is 17 inches in diameter makes another inch in 6 years. This fact indicates that the larger the tree the more rapidly does it increase in diameter. The time of waiting is while the tree is small.

These small but old trees will, in a few decades, be very valuable for lumber, if preserved. Yet how often are they sacrificed without thought. The big trees fit for lumber are cut down and trimmed. The branches are left on the ground where they fall and in a few years become as dry as kindling wood. They are kindling wood spread out over hundreds of square miles of so-called young growth. The day is sure to come when the fire gets a start in this material and when the wind is in a mood to work mischief. Then the tiny fire becomes a demon of flame, rushing through the slender forests and devouring as it goes. Even green wood will burn when the heat around it is intense. We all know the stories of the recent great fires in the west that have had their origin in the rubbish left by the companies that had exploited the forests and then left them a public menace. The record of loss of property and life is long. Whole villages have been obliterated, miles of railroads destroyed, trains caught in the fiery vortex and abandoned, herds of cattle and flocks of sheep smothered. All this has occurred because men or companies have been given free hand to conduct their operations with the sole idea of profit to themselves, and with no idea of the profit or even safety of others.

There is only one solution to the problem. The states must secure as much of the land now in forests as possible. In some cases this can be done without expense. In other appropriations should be made for the purchase of forest areas. New York has already taken the lead in the matter and is showing what can be done. By an act of the legislature the state has entered on a system of forest preservation. In the Adirondack region the forest preserve amounts to 1,390,987 acres, and in the Catskill region to 79,941 acres. This large public reservation was set apart to "be forever reserved, maintained and cared for as a ground open for the free use of all the people for their health and pleasure, and as forest lands, necessary to the preservation of the head waters of the chief rivers of the state, and a future timber supply; and shall remain part of the forest preserve." Additions to the preserve are made by the Forest Preserve Board. The superintendent of state forests has "charge of all work connected with the care and custody of the forest preserve."

It is perhaps well for the other states that New York has taken so vigorous a lead; for they can profit by her mistakes. In their haste to further the movement for the preservation of the forests, the people of New York in the year 1894 adopted an amendment to their constitution as follows: "The lands of the state, now owned or hereafter acquired, constituting the forest preserve as now fixed by law, shall be forever kept as wild forest lands. They shall not be leased, sold or exchanged, or be taken by any corporation, public or private, nor shall the timber thereon be sold, removed or destroyed." This is certainly overshooting the mark, and leading foresters are recognizing the fact. It is believed that the amendment will be modified at the first opportunity. It is manifestly absurd to permit the state to sell no lumber, as the annual removal of a portion of the trees is a benefit to the forest, and the revenue thus secured would be in time considerable. To demonstrate this the state of New York has made an arrangement with the United States Forestry Commission by which one township in the Adirondacks is set aside for experimental work in scientific forestry including the annual removal of some of the trees.

Remedies for Chinch Bugs.

The chinch bug disease, which the experiment station at Columbia, Mo., has been sending out, is effectual only when the weather is warm and moist. When it is hot and dry, this disease will not take at all, and it is useless

to distribute it in the fields at this time. Furthermore, the disease may be found in the fields naturally, and when proper climatic conditions occur, it will "take" and kill the bugs without the special introduction of diseased germs from the experiment station. There are two things which can be done to lessen the ravages of the bugs and to kill them, that are under our control and should be used when the weather is dry. In the first place, by plowing for a space of ten feet around the corn field, harrowing and dragging brush after the harrow, so as to make as much dust as possible, it will be found that when the young bugs begin to migrate from the wheat to the corn they will not as a rule be able to cross this ten feet of dust. When the insects develop wings, they may fly over the plowed space (this will happen about once in ten times) and if they alight upon the first few rows of corn the second method may be used for destroying them.

Second, when the insects collect, as they frequently do, upon the first few rows of corn, the best way to kill them and prevent their spreading through the field is to spray immediately with kerosene emulsion. This will not injure the corn, and will kill the bugs readily. Kerosene emulsion is made as follows: Dissolve one-half pound of hard soap in one gallon of soft boiling water, add two gallons of kerosene or coal oil, and then by means of the force pump with the spray nozzle removed, churn this mixture for ten minutes by pumping it back into itself. Then add to this emulsion nineteen gallons of water, stir thoroughly and use as a spray. The important thing to be noted in the use of this kerosene emulsion is that it should be sprayed just as soon as possible and before the bugs have scattered through the corn; otherwise it will be impracticable to reach them by spraying. This spray kills only by contact, and hence one must actually touch the bugs with the spray in order to kill them.—J. M. Steadman, Entomologist of Experiment Station.

Harvesting Kafir Corn.

J. G. Haney, in a communication to the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, says:

Kafir corn remains green until frost and the seed does not shatter; so, if grain is the only consideration, there is no great hurry to harvest; it can stand until after frost and the stalk is dry. But generally the fodder is a consideration, as well as the grain, and then the problem is to cut when the best results from both may be obtained. The longer the fodder stands the harder and less palatable it becomes, while if cut too early the best yield of grain is not secured. After the grain is hardened so that it is difficult to mash between the thumb and finger, and there is little moisture apparently in the seed, there will be very little shrinkage in the grain. This would perhaps be called "just past the hard-dough stage." If cut earlier the fodder will be better feed, but there will be a considerable shrinkage in the grain.

One thing that has kept this crop from being more generally raised is the problem of harvesting. There are a number of methods and they all have their merits. If the fodder is desired for feed it is perhaps best to cut stalk and all and leave it in the shock until dry. The best machine for accomplishing this is the corn binder, which leaves it in bundles of convenient size for handling, and the fodder is held together. The common method, however, is to cut with a mower, and the crop should be left to cure well before raking. Ordinarily it is put into large shocks or small ricks containing from a ton to three tons each. This is done with a hay gatherer, "buck rake," or "go-devil," and saves a great deal of handling. It keeps in excellent condition when treated this way and can be hauled when needed. It is ready to harvest for hay in about 105 days after planting, and this should be before frost, as freezing while green is detrimental; besides, the hay will not cure so well in cool weather, and it is essential that it be as perfectly cured as possible.

The Young Foal.

It is advisable, in fact very important, that mares which are intended to be worked should be fed in the box with the foals for a short time before, so as to get the latter well accustomed to eating crushed oats, bran, etc., so that the separation will be less keenly felt by them, and eating will occupy the time and minimize the risk of taking too much milk on an empty stomach. A drop of clean water should also be placed where it can be got at, but not split, and two foals will do better together than separately, if they are not shut in too small a place. If they spend the day in a warm box and the night in a field exposed to the weather, a nasty cold may be the result; therefore, if the night should be very unpropitious after a hot day, it is wise to keep both mare and foal in an open shed or yard with a bit of green food rather than run the risk of exposure. When the day of showing or selling arrives the youngster which has never had a check, and is therefore fit and full of bloom, wins over the head of the dull and seedy looking one, and the difference in value will pay for a little trouble.—London Live Stock Journal.

The use of muck as a stable absorbent adds greatly to its store of nitrogen because of the nitrogen of the urine thus taken up, and the germs always present in manure accelerate the conversion of the inert nitrogen into available forms.

Labor in the south is in great demand and the negroes are better paid than they have ever been in their lives before.

A WEEK IN ILLINOIS.

RECORD OF HAPPENINGS FOR SEVEN DAYS.

Commissioners to Charleston Expt. Station and West Officers—Miss Parker Wins—Aged Woman of Geneva Seeks Divorce.

Stage a Telephone Monopoly. Judge George Brown in the Kane county Circuit court at Geneva gave a decision in the case of the Chicago Telephone Company vs. the Northwestern Telephone Company, ruling against the contention of the Chicago company, which sought by an injunction to preserve a monopoly of the use of all streets already occupied by the Chicago Telephone Company. The principal issue in the case was as to whether or not the Chicago Telephone Company, by reason of prior occupancy of the streets of Aurora, had exclusive rights in the streets which could not be interfered with by any other company. Nearly 1,500 pages of testimony was taken in the case by experts all over the United States as to the custom of overbuilding and underbuilding in other cities. They found that such custom of overbuilding one system of wires by another had proved reasonably safe.

Aged Woman Seeks Divorce.

In order to secure an unclouded title to a certain section of its right of way, the Chicago and Wheaton Electric railway has induced Mrs. Amelia Jane Hoover to apply for a divorce from her husband, from whom she has been separated for seventeen years. Mrs. Hoover is a wealthy property owner in the vicinity of Batavia and Geneva, and it is through certain tracts of her land that the proposed line of the Interurban road will pass. For a long time she is said to have been reluctant to bring her domestic affairs into the civil courts for the sake of making a real estate deal. Finally she was persuaded by the officials of the road to do so. Mrs. Hoover is 70 years old and her hair is now white. Her husband, from whom she seeks a divorce, is 85 years old. His present whereabouts are not now known with certainty. They were married fifty-three years ago.

Justice Goes Back to the Court.

Suit has been begun in the Circuit Court at Chicago by De Forest D. Morin against Clarence D. Shoemaker and wife to recover \$50,000 damages for alleged false arrest and malicious prosecution. Morin, who was a janitor at the defendants' home, contends that he was arrested at the instance of Mrs. Shoemaker on a charge of petty larceny, and, after a hearing, was held over to the grand jury, which, at its last session, failed to return an indictment against him. Mr. Shoemaker is assistant teller of the First National Bank.

Illinois Exhibits to be Moved.

The Illinois commissioners of the South Carolina Interstate and West Indian Exposition have elected Colonel Fred H. Smith of Peoria president, H. E. Hewitt of Peoria architect and Hector C. Durant of Chicago secretary. The Illinois building will cost \$1,000 and the Illinois exhibit at Buffalo will be moved to Charleston. The commission will meet in Charleston the middle of this month to pick out a site. The exposition will open December 1 and continue until May 1, 1902.

Successor Veterans Prison Warden.

M. H. Luke, deputy warden at the penitentiary at Joliet, and for twenty-four years in the penal service of the state, has been succeeded by Charles Pierson, a milk dealer and politician in Chicago. Pierson's appointment is credited to Congressman Lorimer. Luke has handled some of the most noted criminals in the country, and was considered a first-class officer. Walter Ayres of Jacksonville succeeds W. S. Green of Ottawa as parole officer.

Taken Place of Senator.

Governor Yates has appointed Garrett De F. Kenney of Peoria a member of the board of managers of the Illinois state reformatory at Pontiac, vice Senator Homer F. Aspinwall of Freeport, who had resigned since the constitution forbids the appointment to such positions of members of the legislature.

McLennan-Coffin.

Rev. William D. McLennan, rector of St. John's Episcopal church, at Keokuk, and Miss Ella L. Collier, a teacher in the public schools at Petersburg, were married in Lincoln by Rev. C. A. Cabana, rector of Trinity Episcopal church.

Train Guard Family Hurt.

J. H. Clark, a train guard, while crossing the city railway track at Sixty-third street and South Park avenue, Chicago, was struck by a mail car. His leg and three ribs were broken and his skull was fractured.

Vivian-Lloyd Wedding.

William Vivian and Miss Sarah Lloyd were married at the home of the bride's parents at Rentchler. Mr. John Trobe and Mr. Jeff Lloyd acted as groomsmen, Misses Lizzie and Nettie Lloyd, sisters of the bride, bridesmaids.

John Fries Is Dead.

John Fries, aged 85, is dead at Keokuk. He was one of the earliest settlers of St. Clair county, and owned valuable land in Bagnalltown.