THE LORD'S WAR.

Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Christian Conflict.

Firmness and Earnestness Essential—The Bible the Mightiest Weapon of Christians—Hard Blows Necessary in the Battle With Sin.

In a late sermon at Brooklyn on the Christian warfare Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage took his text from II. Samuel, xxiii. 10: "And his hand clave unto the sword." The preacher said:

A great general of King David was Eleazar, the hero of the text. The Philistines opened a battle against him, and his troops retreated. The cowards fled. Eleazar and three of his comrades went into the battle and swept the field, for four men with God on their side are stronger than a whole battalion with God against them. "Fall back!" shouted the commander of the Philistine army. The cry ran along the host: "Fall back!" Eleazar, having swept the field, throws himself on the ground to rest, but the muscles and sinews of his hand had been so long bent around the hilt of the sword that the hilt was embedded in the flesh, and the gold wire of the hilt had broken through the skin of the palm of the hand, and he could not drop this sword which he had so gallantly wielded. "His hand clave unto the sword." That is what I call magnificent fighting for the Lord God of Israel. And we want more of it. I look at Eleazar's hand, and I come to the conclusion that he took the sword with a very tight grip. The cowards who fled had no trouble in dropping their swords. But Eleazar's hand clave to the sword.

O, my friends, in this Christian conflict we want a tighter grip of the gospel weapons, a tighter grasp of the truth. It two-edged sword of the truth. It [redacted] ment comes into my palm, and keep on sweeping our hand around the book until the tips of the fingers clutch at the words: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." I like an infidel a great deal better than I do one of these namby-pamby Christians who hold a part of the truth and let the rest go. By miracle God preserved this Bible just as it is, and it is a Damascus blade. The severest test to which a sword can be put in a sword factory is to wind the blade around a gun barrel like a ribbon, and then when the sword is let loose it flies back to its own shape. So the sword of God's truth has been fully tested, and it is bent this way and that way, and wound this way and that way, but it always comes back to its own shape. Think of it! A book written eighteen centuries ago, and some of it thousands of years ago, and yet in our time the sale of this Book is more than 20,000 copies every week and more than a million copies a year. I say now that a book which is divinely inspired and divinely kept and divinely scattered is a weapon worth holding a tight grip of. You give up the Bible, you give up any part of it, and you give up pardon and peace, and life and Heaven. Do not be ashamed, young man, to have the world know that you are a friend of the Bible. This book is the friend of all that is good, and is the sworn enemy of all that is bad. O, hold on to it. Do not take part of it and throw the rest away. Hold on to all of it.

There are so many people now who do not know. You ask them if the soul is immortal, and they say: "I guess it is, I don't know; perhaps it is, perhaps it isn't." Is the Bible true? "Well, perhaps it is, and perhaps it isn't; perhaps it may be figuratively, and perhaps it may be partly, and perhaps it may not be at all." They despise what they call the apostolic creed; but if their own creed were written out it would read like this: "I believe in nothing, the maker of Heaven and earth, and in nothing which it hath sent, which nothing was born of nothing, and which nothing was dead and buried and descended into nothing, and arose from nothing, and ascended to nothing, and now sitteth at the right hand of nothing. I believe in the holy agnostic church and in the communion of nothingarians, and in the forgiveness of nothing, and the resurrection of nothing, and in the life that never shall be. Amen!"

That is the creed of tens of thousands of people in this day. If you have a mind to adopt such a theory I will not. "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, and in the holy catholic church, and in the communion of saints and in the life everlasting. Amen." O, when I see Eleazar taking such a stout grip of the sword in the battle against sin and for righteousness, I come to the conclusion that we ought to take a stouter grip of God's eternal truth, the sword of righteousness.

As I look at Eleazar's hand I also notice his spirit of sad forgetfulness. He did not notice that the hilt of the sword was eating through the palm of his hand. He did not know it hurt him. As he went on into the conflict he was so anxious for the victory that he forgot himself and that hilt might go never so deep into the palm of his hand it could not disturb him. "His hand clave unto the sword." O, my brothers and sisters, let us go into the Christian conflict with the spirit of abnegation. We care whether the world praises us or denounces us? What do we care for misrepresentation or abuse or persecution in a conflict like this? Let us forget ourselves. That man who is afraid of getting his hand hurt will never kill a Philistine. Who care whether you get hurt or not if you gain the victory? Oh, how many Christians there are who are all the time worrying about the way the world treats them. They are so tired and they are so abused and they are so tempted when Eleazar did not think whether he had a hand or an arm or a foot. All he wanted was victory.

We see how men forget themselves in world achievement. We have often seen men who in order to achieve worldly success will forget all physical fatigue and all annoyance and all obstacle. Just after the battle of Yorktown, in the American revolution, a soldier, wounded, was told he must have his limbs amputated, and they were about to fasten him to the surgeon's table—for it was long before the merciful discovery of anæsthetics. He said: "No; don't fasten me to that table; get me a violin." A violin was brought to him, and he said: "Now go to work as I begin to play," and for forty minutes, during the awful pangs of amputation, he moved not a muscle nor dropped a note, while he played some sweet tune.

Oh, is it not strange that with the music of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and with this grand march of the church militant on the way to become the church triumphant, we cannot forget ourselves and forget all pang and all sorrow and all persecution and all perturbation. We know what men accomplish under worldly opposition. Men do not shrink back for antagonism or for hardships. O, how much men will endure for worldly knowledge and for worldly success, and yet how little we endure for Jesus Christ. How many Christians there are that go around saying: "O my hand, my hand, my hurt hand; don't you see there is blood on the hand, and there is blood on the sword?" while Eleazar, with the hilt imbedded in the flesh of his right hand does not know it.

> Must I be carried to the skies
> On flowery beds of ease,
> While others fought to win the prize
> Or sailed through bloody seas?

What have we suffered in comparison with those who expired with suffocation, or were burned, or were chopped to pieces for the truth's sake? We talk of the persecution of olden times. There is just as much persecution going on now in various ways. In 1849, in Madagascar, eighteen men were put to death for Christ's sake. They were to be hurled over the rocks, and before they were hurled over the rocks, in order to make their death the more dreadful in anticipation, they were put in baskets and swung to and fro over the precipice that they might see how many hundred feet they would have to be dashed down, and while they were swinging in these baskets over the rocks they sang:

> Jesus, lover of my soul,
> Let me to Thy bosom fly,
> While the billows near me roll,
> While the tempest still is high,

Then they were dashed down to death. O, how much others have endured for Christ, and how little we endure for Christ. We want to ride to Heaven in a Pullman sleeping car, our feet on soft plush, the bed made up early so we can sleep all the way, the black porter of death to wake us up only in time to enter the Golden City.

As I look at Eleazar's hand I come to the conclusion that he has done a great deal of hard hitting. I am not surprised when I see that these four men—Eleazar and his three companions—drove back the army of Philistines, that Eleazar's sword clave to his hand, every time he struck an enemy [redacted] h one end of the sword the other d wounded him. When he took hold the sword the sword took hold of n. O, we have found an enemy that not be conquered by rosewater and t speeches. It must be sharp stroke d straight thrust. There is intemrance and there is fraud and there is lust and there are ten thousand battalions of iniquity, armed Philistine iniquity. How are they to be captured and overthrown? Soft sermons in morocco cases laid down in front of an exquisite audience will not do it. You have got to call things by their right names.

We have got to expel from our churches Christians who eat the sacrament on Sunday and devour widow's houses all the week. We have got to stop our indignation against the Hittites and the Jebusites and the Gergishites and let these poor wretches go and apply our indignation to the modern transgressions which need to be dragged out and slain. Ahabs here. Herods here. Jezebels here. The massacre of the infants here. Strike for God so hard that while you slay the sin the sword will adhere to your own hand. I tell you, my friends, we want a[redacted] knees and John Wesleys [redacted] unfurnished housing, putting time in only just enough to make a change, dance gracefully, and then we must send a missive, delicate as a wedding card, to ask the old black giant of sin if he will not surrender.

Women saved by the grace of God and on glorious mission sent, detained from Sabbath classes because their new hat is not done. Churches that shook our cities with great revivals bending around to ask some demonstrate worshiper if he will not please to say "amen" and "hallelujah" a little softer. It seems as if in our churches we wanted a baptism of cologne and balm of a thousand flowers, when we actually need a baptism of fire from the Lord God of Pentecost. But we are so afraid somebody will criticise our sermons, or criticise our prayers, or criticise our religious work, that our anxiety for the world's redemption is lost in the fear that we will get our hand hurt, while Eleazar went into the conflict, "and his hand clave unto the sword."

But I see in the next place with a hard thing is was for Eleazar to get his hand and his sword parted. The muscles and the sinews had been so long grasped around the sword he did not drop it when he proposed to do it, and his three comrades, I suppose, [redacted]

There are in the United States to-day many aged ministers of the gospel. They are too feeble now to preach. In the church records the word opposite their names is "emeritus," or the words are, "a minister without charge." They were a heroic race. They had small salaries, and but few books, and they swam spring freshets to meet their appointments. But they did in their day a mighty work for God. They took off more of the heads of Philistine iniquity than you could count from noon to sundown. You put that old minister of the gospel now into a prayer meeting, or occasional pulpit, or a sick room where there is some one to be comforted, and it is the same old ring to his voice and the same old story of pardon and peace and Christ and Heaven. His hand has so long clutched the sword in Christian conflict he cannot drop it. "His hand clave unto the sword."

O, if there ever was anyone who had a right to retire from the conflict it was old Joshua. Soldiers come back from battle and have the names of the battles on their flags, showing where they distinguished themselves, and it is a very appropriate inscription. Look at the flag of old Gen. Joshua. On it, Jericho, Gibeon, Hazar, City of Ai, and instead of the stars sprinkled on the flag the sun and the moon which stood still. There he is 110 years old. He is lying flat on his back, but he is preaching. His dying words are a battle charge against idolatry, and a rallying cry for the Lord of Hosts as he says: "Behold this day I go the way of all the earth, and God hath not failed to fulfill his promise concerning Israel." His dying hand clave unto the sword.

There is the headless body of Paul on the road to Ostea. His great brain and his great heart have been severed. The elmwood rods had stung him fearfully. When the corn ship broke up he swam ashore, coming up drenched with the brine. Every day since that day when the horse reared under him in the suburbs of Damascus, as the supernatural light fell, down to this day when he is sixty-eight years of age and decrepit from the prison cell of the Mamertine, he has been outrageously treated, and he is waiting to die.

How does he spend his last hours? Telling the world how badly he feels, and describing the rheumatism that he got in prison, the rheumatism inflicting his limbs, or the neuralgia piercing his temples, or the thirst that fevers his tongue? O, no. His last words are the battle shout for Christendom: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight." And so his dying hand clave unto the sword.

I preach this sermon as a tonic. I want you to hold the truth with ineradicable grip, and I want you to strike so hard for God that it will react, and while you take the sword the sword will take you.

You noticed that the officers of the northern army a few years ago assembled at Denver, and you noticed that the officers of the southern army had assembled at Lexington. Soldiers coming together are very apt to recount their experiences and to show their scars. Here is a soldier who pulls up his sleeve and says: "There, I was wounded in that arm," and shows the scar. And another soldier pulls down his collar and says: "There, I was wounded in the neck." And another soldier says: "I have had no use of that limb since the gunshot fracture."

O, my friends, when the battle of life is over, and the resurrection has come, and our bodies rise from the dead, will we have on us any scars of bravery for God? Christ will be there all covered with scars. Scars on the brow, scars on the hand, scars on the feet, scars all over the heart won in the battle of redemption. And all Heaven will sob aloud with emotion as they look at those scars. Ignatius will be there, and he will point out the place where the tooth and the paw of the lion seized him in the Coliseum, and John Huss will be there, and he will show where the coal first scorched the foot on that day when his spirit took wing of flame from Constance. McMillan and Campbell and Freeman, American missionaries in India, will be there, the men who with their wives and children went down in the awful massacre at Cawnpore, and they will show where the daggers of the Sepoys struck them. The Waldenses will be there, and they will show where their bones were broken on that day when the Piedmontese soldiery pitched them over the rocks. And there will be those there who took care of the sick and who looked after the poor, and they will have evidences of earthly exhaustion. And Christ, with His scarred hand waving over the scarred multitude, will say: "You suffered with Me on earth; now be glorified with Me in Heaven." And then the great organs of eternity will take up the chant, and St. John will play: "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of of the lamb."

But what will your chagrin and mine be if it shall be told that day on the streets of Heaven that on earth we shrank back from all toil and sacrifice and hardship. No scars to show the heavenly soldiery. Not so much as one ridge on the palm of the hand to show that, in the battle for God and the truth, we just once grasped the sword so firmly, and struck so hard that the sword and the hand stuck together, and the hand clave to the sword. O, my Lord Jesus, rouse us to Thy service.

> Thy saints in all this glorious war
> Shall conquer though they die;
> They see the triumph from afar,
> And seize it with the eye.
>
> When that illustrious day shall rise,
> And all Thy armies shine
> In robes of victory through the skies,
> The glory shall be Thine.

INSECT PESTS IN FRANCE.

Devastating Fields in the Absence of Birds.

The insect plagues with which the French fields are ravaged remind us how delicate is the balance of nature, and how easily upset by human interference. The equally divided system of inheritance brought in by the French revolution marked the beginning of an era of small and careful culture. Under this system the productiveness of the land went up ten and a hundred fold. So precious did the soil become in the eye of the peasant that hedges were abolished and a thin fence of wattle took its place where a line of demarcation was required. But with the destruction of the hedges whole tribes of birds were extinguished for want of nesting room, and when they went the insects whose multiplying powers had only been counteracted by the farmer's feathered allies were free to exercise them unchecked. Now the larva of the gnat or the white grub of the turnip will, if it enters a field, destroy often twenty and sometimes fifty cent. of its value.

The microscopists have discovered that these pernicious larvæ are themselves liable to diseases, caused by the presence of deadly parasitical organisms. This much was made clear by the researches of Pasteur and Koch, and it is strange that the loaded tubes of bacillic bouillon manufactured by these scientists, after being first hailed as a specific for saving life, should now be welcomed as a certain means of destroying it. This is the application of the principle. The farmer who recognizes the presence of a grub in his field will collect a couple of dozen by hand and put them into a soup-plate full of mold, where they can run to hiding. He then consults the vade-mecum, which is already in the press, to find what grublet attacks this grub with the deadliest virulence. He then orders a tube full of the little parasites, and pouring it over the mold, covers the soup-plate with another, and allows the venom twenty-four hours for its work. The grubs have now the taint of death on them, and if planted out in likely parts of the field, will spread it among their kind, till the whole field is rid of the pest. What becomes of the auxiliary legions after they have done man's service and no food remains for them suitable to eat is not yet revealed by the men of science.—N. Y. Tribune.

Grasses That Cause Palsy.

There are some very poisonous grasses in the world. The plants are not so, but they acquire their deadly properties from certain fungi, which attack them and invade their tissue. Cattle eat them and perish. Sometimes the seeds get mixed with grain and poison people. One such species has recently taken root in this country, and it may cause trouble yet. It came from Europe and is known as "lolium." "Trembling grass" it is called, because it brings on a sort of palsy. Two or three kinds of coarse marsh grass are used, particularly in Holland, to keep the soil from blowing or being washed away on the banks of streams or canals. Their roots form a complex network beneath the surface and hold the earth together. Sugar cane is a grass and so is sorghum. There are about three thousand two hundred species of grasses in the world, and of this number the United States has eight hundred of all sorts—marsh grasses, desert grasses, etc. There is a curious forage grass in Brazil that is like very much magnified oats; growing to the height of twelve feet. From some grasses paper is made. The only genus of plants peculiar to the arctic is a rare and beautiful grass indigenous to Melville island.—Philadelphia Press.

—When a man gets in a towering passion there is no corresponding elevation in popular esteem.

CONFIDENCE UNABATED.

Dun's Report Shows That Surprising Activity Prevails—Business in the South and West Improving.

NEW YORK, Oct. 17.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says:

Business throughout the west and south is strong and improving. At eastern centers there is less satisfaction and the expected results from the harvesting of large crops are more slowly realized. Yet the volume of all trade is as large as it ever has been, and for October may even surpass the unprecedented record of last year.

The prevailing confidence in the future of business continues unabated and is seen even in some branches which complain most of dull trade at present. The iron industry illustrates the contradictory conditions. The output of furnaces in blast October 1 was 181,615 tons weekly, yet this enormous production is marvelously absorbed. The demand for use in producing all kinds of farm machinery and implements is far greater than it has been in any previous year and the quantity of iron thus used is enormous. On the other hand the wool manufactories are short of orders in the men's wear department, though Chicago clothiers are buying more freely. But, on the whole, clothiers have not taken nearly their usual supply of goods and many of the mills are closing. The demand for dress goods is strong, while knit goods are dull as well as carpets. Cotton manufacture is active without change in prices.

The demand for copper is large, but a rumor of resumption by the Anaconda put down the price of the lake to 12.15 cents, and tin is weak at 20.1 cents, with lead 4.45. The market for anthracite coal is better, but circular prices are not realized.

The reports from other cities are almost uniformly encouraging. At Pittsburgh the demand for manufactured iron and for structural forms is improving, but the coal strike continues. At Cleveland trade exceeds last year's considerably, and is brisk at Cincinnati and especially in dry goods. At Chicago the clothing and dry goods trades are active, and the movement of farm products large, though receipts of cattle fall below last year's. At Detroit manufacturing is active and factories running full time. At Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha and Kansas City business is very active, especially in lumber at Minneapolis, with advance in prices, while the output of flour is 195,000 barrels per week, against 161,000 last year. At St. Louis trade is unusually strong. At Jacksonville the largest orange crop ever grown promises improvement.

Speculation has not been very heavy, though corn and oats are sustained in the face of great crops and wheat is a shade higher. Cotton is a quarter lower. Pork products are lower, coffee unchanged and oil half a cent lower.

The supplies of money are ample here and at all western centers. Foreign trade though smaller than a year ago when the movement was extraordinary is larger than in previous years and the heavy exports of breadstuffs promise further reinforcement of gold from Europe.

FIGHT AMONG SAILORS.

Chilian and American Sailors Engage in a Deadly Fight in the Streets of Valparaiso.

NEW YORK, Oct. 17.—The Herald has a Valparaiso special which says:

Three, perhaps four, men-of-war's men were killed and several more or less injured in a desperate fight there with a number of Chilian sailors.

The Chilians did not do all the fighting, for when the fight was ended a number of them were found to be pretty badly hurt, though so far as can be ascertained now none of them were killed.

The American blue jackets who were engaged in the battle were from the United States cruiser Baltimore and the Chilians were from the various war ships now in the harbor.

It is impossible at present to get full particulars of the fight or the names of the killed and wounded.

There are several accounts as to the origin of the difficulty. One of them, which seems plausible, is this: Ever since the triumph of the junta there has been a feeling among the lower classes of the people of marked hostility to the Americans, and the blue jackets from the American war ships were sometimes subjected to insult.

It is alleged that a party of men from the Baltimore, ashore on liberty, met with the Chilian men-of-war's men.

The hatred of the "Yankees" led to some insulting remark, which was resented by one of the hotter-headed Americans and this brought on the general fight, which was attended with such fatal results.

There was much excitement in the city when the news of the fight spread. The unfortunate affair is much regretted in official circles and among the better class of citizens.

The Bomb Finders.

VIENNA, Oct. 17.—An investigation made into the finding yesterday of a dynamite bomb on the Reichenburg railroad bridge in Bohemia resulted in the discovery of an iron vessel which contained a quantity of loose dynamite, some dynamite cartridges, some gunpowder and some fuses. In addition to this another bomb with fuse attached was found in the frame work of the bridge. It is believed these had been concealed there in order to avoid seizure as a result of domiciliary visits by the police.

Amalgamation Completed.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 17.—The committees of the Brotherhoods of Railway Section Foremen and Order of Railway Trackmen have completed the amalgamation of the two orders and adjourned sine die. The name of the association will henceforth be the "International Brotherhood of Railway Track Foremen." The following officers were elected: John Wilson, of Tennessee, grand chief foreman; R. P. Bridges, of Kansas, vice grand chief; Mike O Dowd, of Kansas City, secretary and treasurer; L. C. Davis, of Kansas, and M. J. Lord, of Georgia, organizers.

News From Panama.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 17.—The steamer Van Buren, Capt. Crane, arrived from Panama yesterday. It was thought the steamer would have a number of Chilian refugees, but there were none on board. Among the passengers was Dr. Donoso Maliano, of Nicaragua. He left San Salvador September 24. "San Salvador is quite ready to go to war with her neighbors," he said, "but will not bring on any trouble by any overt act." The recent trouble in the city of Guatemala, he said, was occasioned by the arrest of a prominent editor by order of President Barillas.

Railway Notes.

The Southeastern Mississippi Valley association will disband next week.

The Wheeling & Lake Erie directors declared a quarterly dividend of 1¼ per cent.

The Northern Pacific report for the year shows increased earnings of over $2,000,000.

A rise in the Mississippi river has resulted in relieving the freight blockade at Bird's Point, Mo.

The Texas commissioners restored certain rates on cotton to the old figures in existence before they took charge

ECUMENICAL COUNCIL.

The Brethren Somewhat Excited Over the Proposed Methodist Federation.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16.—Rev. Dr. Bonnelly, of the Irish Methodist church, presided over the Ecumenical Methodist council at the beginning of the eighth day's session. The first business was further consideration of the report of the business committee, in response to a memorial on Methodist federation. Dr. Stephenson, for the committee, suggested a few alterations in the original text.

Rev. Dr. Collier, of England, thought it would be better to adopt no resolution relative to Methodist union at this time, as such action might be regarded as approaching a violation of the rules that the council had agreed to accept. The resolution should read "unity," or preferably "Christian unity," instead of "union," and "United kingdom" instead of Great Britain, which excluded Ireland.

Rev. Dr. Ralph Abercrombie, of England, regretted that the proceedings of the morning had not been characterized by that spirit of harmony which seemed to be proper in the consideration of the subject of unity. It reminded him of the old hymn, "Into a world of ruffians sent, I walk on hostile ground."

A deprecating murmur went up at this quotation, but hardly had Dr. Abercrombie taken his seat before there was a struggle for the floor.

Dr. Leonard, of New York, insisted upon recognition, although the chair had already accorded the floor to Dr. King.

Immediately there followed a scene of great confusion and disorder, the chair refusing to recognize Dr. Leonard and the latter shouting repeatedly: "Mr. Chairman! Mr. Chairman! I rise to a point of order."

Nothing could be done in the way of transacting business and considerable warm feeling developed. Dr. Pavey, an Englishman, called out that if the delegate persisted in rebelling against the chair's orders he should be suspended, whereupon an Irish delegate attempted to move Dr. Leonard's suspension. The chairman explained that he had no wish to sit down upon a member, but that he had recognized Dr. King first.

But Dr. Leonard was not content. Forcing his way toward the front, he kept calling out: "Mr. Chairman, Mr. Chairman!"

Dr. Lanahan, of Baltimore, exclaimed that Dr. King had the floor and added: "It is out of order for anybody to try to bulldoze the chair."

These appeals had the desired effect. Dr. Leonard abandoned his effort to make his point of order, and Dr. King, the secretary, was recognized. His object, it appeared, was to postpone the further discussion of the subject of federation until to-morrow morning, and, although Mr. Hughes and others urged that a vote be taken at once on the adoption of the first resolution on the ground that otherwise the "wrangling" would be resumed to-morrow, Dr. King's motion to adjourn the debate prevailed by a vote of yeas 158, nays 146.

FATAL MIDNIGHT RIDE

Awful Fate of Three Reporters Who Wanted to Write Up and Illustrate a Midnight Ride on a Locomotive.

CHICAGO, Oct. 16.—An accident, resulting in the death of three members of the Inter Ocean newspaper staff and the engineer and the serious injury of several other passengers, occurred on the Chicago & Eastern Illinois railroad at Crete. The dead are:

Leonard Washburne, sporting editor of the Inter Ocean.

Fred W. Henry, a reporter who had come here recently from Louisville.

J. A. McCafferty, an artist, recently from St. Louis.

James Clark, engineer.

The train left Evansville early yesterday morning and proceeded safely to Crete, where it ran into an open switch. The three men who were killed were on the engine, Henry and McCafferty having gone out for the purpose of writing up and illustrating a midnight ride on the fast train, and Washburne, who was returning to Chicago from an Indiana trip, having joined his friends on the train.

The accident came without warning and as the locomotive plunged from the track the four men were caught and completely buried beneath the wreck.

Mr. Washburne was to have been best man last night at the wedding of one of his associates, Thomas R. Weddell, assistant city editor of the Inter Ocean. The news of his tragic end was kept from Mr. Weddell and his bride and the happy ceremony took place shortly after poor Washburne's body reached the city.

The German Minister Dead.

BERLIN, Oct. 16.—Count Ludwig Von Arco-Valley, minister of the German empire to the United States, is dead. On Monday Prof. Bergmann performed an operation on the count, his stomach for some time past having refused to receive any food. The operation was unsuccessful. The brother and sister of Count Von Arco-Valley were at his bedside when he died.

Officers of the Prison Congress.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Oct. 16.—The following officers of the national prison congress were chosen for the ensuing year at the closing meeting to-day: President, Hon. R. B. Hayes, of Fremont, O.; vice-president, Roeliff Brinkerhoff, of Mansfield, O.; secretary, Rev. John L. Milligan, of Allegheny City; treasurer, Charles W. Jessup, of New York city.

Raided By Anthony Comstock.

NEW YORK, Oct. 16.—Anthony Comstock, with five assistants, raided "Steve" Brodie's saloons at 114 and 355 Bowery, and gathered in over 100 pictures and a quantity of cards on which rhymes had been printed. Brodie was arrested and taken to police headquarters where he gave bail in the sum of $500 to appear Monday morning in court to answer to the charge of exposing immoral pictures and literature. The pictures were valued at about $300. Brodie bought them in Paris over a year ago. Brodie says Comstock raided him for spite.

Won in Straight Heats.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Oct. 16.—Twenty-five thousand people witnessed the trotting races yesterday. The majority were attracted by the Allerton-Delmarch match for $5,000. The track was firm and fast. Allerton appeared to be in splendid condition. Walker sent the two away on even terms, Delmarch leading a half length at the half and length and a half at the three quarters. In the stretch Doble gave Delmarch the whip, but Allerton came under the wire winner by a length. The second and third heats were a repetition of the first. Time—2:13¼, 2:15, 2:15¼.

Railway Notes.

The Illinois Central's earnings for three months show an increase of $400,000.

The roads doing business in Texas have decided to test the constitutionality and rulings of the state railroad commission.

The Louisville & Nashville road has been fined $600 by a Kentucky court for violating the Sunday law by repairing its track on that day.

Grand Master Sargent, of the locomotive firemen's organization, denies the reported federation with the conductors' organization.

STOCK ITEMS

A first-class cow, well cared for, on any farm in the land is a storehouse of comfort and economy.

The cow for economy is the one that from a quantity of food will produce the most and best milk and butter.

Feed brood sows oats, bran and oilmeal in connection with corn, and do not depend upon corn alone. Corn is a good feed when used in connection with other materials, but it is not a good feed for brood sows when used exclusively.

Calves need plenty of roughness, and if this is of a good quality and fed under a comfortable shelter, very little grain will be necessary. A little bran and oilmeal, or bran and cornmeal, make up a very complete ration with roughness.

The small potatoes, turnips, carrots or other roots, if boiled and mixed with bran, make a wholesome, nutritious food for growing and breeding hogs. By providing warm, dry quarters less food will be required to winter than when they are left to look out for themselves.

Of all animals kept on the farm, with none is it more necessary to secure a quick growth and an early maturity than with pigs. If the sows are mated in November they will farrow in February. It is best always to keep a record so as to make whatever arrangements are needed at the proper time.

It is only in exceptional cases that it will pay to feed an animal even for a short time after it is fully ready to market. The expense of feeding will require considerable advance in the price to return a profit. The safest plan is to push the growth and then market as soon as they are fully ready.

A great many farmers do not keep good cows and thus have abundance of rich cream, and milk and butter, because they say "it is so much trouble to milk." The man who makes his living out of the soil and who cannot in some way find somebody to milk two or three cows is four thousand years behind this age of common sense and common comfort.—Exchange.

Many prefer to have the sows farrow in February rather than in March, as the weather is more settled and the pigs have that much longer to grow before severe cold weather in the fall. The first six weeks, at least, the pigs must depend very largely upon their mother's milk for sustenance, and by the time they are able to eat grass will have made a good start to grow.

Colts need to run out every day that the weather will permit. There is no benefit in exposing them in storms or in extremely cold weather. At such times they will be better confined in comfortable quarters, but every day that will admit they should be allowed to run out. Calves need exercise less than colts, yet they will be better if allowed to run out in pleasant weather.

FARM NOTES.

While turnips and cabbage can be left out until the heavy frosts, yet it is not a good plan to leave out too late.

One advantage in winter manuring of wheat is that it acts as a mulch to the plants as well as benefits the soil.

A good healthy chicken six weeks old can pick up its own living around almost any farm yard. When it is four or six months old its flesh is worth twice as much per pound as either beef, mutton or pork.

An exchange remarks: "We know a great many farmers who own 250 acres of good land, in good districts, near railroads and fine towns, who make butter that is just fit for a very hungry hog to eat. Is that 'business' in this age of progress on the farm?"

Of rye Secretary Rusk, of the agricultural department, says: "It is hardly, the straw is valuable and the average yield an acre is enough larger than that of wheat to cover the difference in selling price. I believe it would be quite as profitable as wheat."

The use of wood ashes as a fertilizer should be more generally understood. Hardwood ashes are much richer in potash than softwood ashes and are relatively more valuable. Leached wood ashes are hardly worth more than the labor of spreading on the lands as a rule.

The time when corn can be cribbed depends largely upon the season. Some years it can be husked out and cribbed much earlier than others. Generally a short time after there is a killing frost corn will do to crib, especially fodder corn. It is nearly always best to husk out and throw directly into wagons, as throwing upon the ground causes waste.

Save your own tomato seed from the choicest specimens you can find. For seed choose only those that are smooth and round and that ripen fully up to the stem. Save seed of pepper, egg plant, snap beans, bush butter-beans and corn. Let all seeds dry good and put up in paper bags. See that they are kept in a dry place and out of the reach of rats.

Twenty-five years ago not one farmer in one hundred knew what celery looked like, few having heard of the plant. First-class hotels in the cities had it occasionally. To-day the crop is worth millions of dollars annually and is in use throughout the land. At Kalamazoo, Mich., the crop was first grown in 1875, in a very small way. In ten years the crop grown at this place alone was valued at one-fourth of a million of dollars, and land comparatively worthless before celery was grown is valued at from $20 to $500 per acre.

Notes.

Never permit a calf to stop growing.

An important work now is to get ready for winter. Better a little early than a little late with work of this kind.

If five cents more per bushel, or one cent more per pound, can be secured by knowing the market and using good judgment in selling, it is that much more clear profit.

A farmer in Dawson county, Neb., raised forty bushels of rye to the acre. He refused an offer of 85 cents per bushel for the crop which had he sold, would have brought him $6,000.

Make a shelter for the calves. Almost anything will be found better than attempting to winter them out of doors. Set up a frame work of poles, side up with corn-fodder and cover with straw.

There is nothing better for the fowls than an occasional feed of onions chopped fine and fed with any soft food in the morning. Poultry fed in this way seldom are ailing with any of the fowl diseases.

Generally if stock or products are raised to sell, the best time to market is when a price that will leave a fair per cent. of profit can be secured.

Keep good mares to do the farm work with. Breed to a draft horse and have them foal about May 1, as that is a slack time in the work and grass has a good start. Work the mare carefully up to foaling time and let her rest ten days after before going to work again. Feed mare and colt a little once a day and the colt will soon learn to eat. When working the mare have the colt in the stable. It will soon learn to stay, is less bother, and it is better for the colt than to follow the mare.

A good cow cannot give a uniform mess of milk unless she is fed well and regularly.

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The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la, have a good deal to do with the breath of promise case in the fall.—Dallas News.

•

Is you think your child has worms, don't neglect it until it has spasms. At once give it Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers. They taste good.

•

"Love levels all ranks," but not the rank odor of an onion, that is too much for it, sometimes.—Philadelphia Press.

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Those who wish to practice economy should buy Carter's Little Liver Pills. Forty pills in a vial; only one pill a dose.

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