VOL. XIX.

Slender strips of crimson sky

Piping to the nymph and faun,

Shifting shadows indistinct;

In the gloomy wood begins

In their atmospheric camps,

Echoes back from hill to hill,

Liquid clear above the crickets

Weary eyelids, eyes that weep,

Wait the magic touch of sleep;

Fills the air with scert of musk,

While the dew, in silence falling.

And this lonely night bird, calling,

MR. RALPH ELKINS lives at Marions-

ville, Mo., and is a successful farmer.

He says that he has been a great

sufferer from impurities of the blood,

which made his limbs stiff and gave

him pain in the lungs; but that he

took Swift's Specific, and it soon

WE have sold Swift's Specific for

six years in quantity lots, and the

goods have been entirely satisfactory.

and without a complaint from a single

customer. HUTCHERSON & ELLIOTT.

SWIFT's SPECIFIC has a brisk and

Sherman, Texas.

constant sale with us, and the univer-

MR. JAS. J. McCALLEY, of Monet,

Mo, says he had dyspepsia for eight

years, which made him a wreck, sick

and suffering during the whole time.

After trying all the remedies, including

all the doctors, in reach, he discarded

everything and took Swift's Specific.

He increased from 114 to 158 pounds.

and was soon a sound and healthy

She Had a Bite.

Every one had his or her line over

the rail of the boat awaiting a bite

when the freckled face girl with au-

burn hair turned to the young man

with downy moustache and two watch

Oh! Augustus, I believe-believe

"But it may be a great big fish, and

"I will save you, or we will perish

She pulled and brought in a sea

robin about as big as your finger. The

peril had passed. We sneered at the

catch, but they minded it not. Not un-

til that moment had they dared ac-

knowledge their love. He was hern

and she was his'n, and they were very

happy as they spit on their bait for

Caution to Mothers.

Every mother is cautioned against

giving her child laudanum or paregoric;

it creates an unnatural craving for stim-

ulants which kills the mind or the

child. Acker's Baby Soother is spe-

cially prepared to benefit children and

cure their pains. It is harmless and

contains no Opium or Morphine.

To Keep Dried Fruit.

A subscriber, who has tried the

plan successfully, asks us to tell

housekeepers how to keep dried

fruit so that it will not be troubled

with worms and will get better the

longer it is kept. Pack the dried

fruit tightly in jars or cans, sprink-

ling the layers with whiskey, which

will help to preserve it and will a'so

give it a delicious flavor. A pint of

whiskey will be enough for a bushel

of fruit. When treated this way it

Pimples on the Face.

plexion smooth and clear. There is

nothing that will so thoroughly build

up the constitution, purify and

and guaranteed by Dr. M. Q. Hendrix.

Give Your Stock Fresh Water.

North Carolina Farmer.

and there left all day, the water supply

must be looked after. A milch cow

must have plenty of nice fresh water,

She cannot to wait until she

driven up at night. The water is

necessary constituent of the milk, and

must have it during the time the milk

is being manufactured. If deprived of

water during the warm days her supply

A Duty to Yourself.

It is surprising that people will use

a common, ordinary pill when they can secure a valuable English one for

the same money. Dr. Acker's English

pill are a positive cure for sick-head-

ache and all liver troubles. They are

small sweet, easy taken and do not

gripe. Sold by Dr. M. Q. Hendrix.

When stock is turned on the pasture,

strengthen the whole system.

Sold by Dr. M. Q. Hendrix.

"Then pull in," he commanded.

he may pull me into the water."

"Then-then I will pull."

chains, and exclaimed:

"I won't let bim."

"But if he does?"

I have a bite!"

LANKFORD & TOYMAN, Druggists,

relieved him entirely.

Paris, Texas.

it has no rival.

-Frank Dempster Sherman

Drops a note down through the dusk.

Chirping in the thorny thickets,

And the sad-voiced whippoorwill

Noise of insect violins:

Nimbly dance to greet the dawn.

Cling like children, and embrace,

Frightened at the moon's pale face.

Swarms of fire-flies flash their lamps

Who, with wreaths of ivy woven,

Leaves and branches, crossed and linked.

Near the dim horizon lie.

LEXINGTON, S. C., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1889.

NO. 39.

A REAL AMERICAN PRINCE.

Ex-Governor John Lee Carroll's Claim to

the Title of Uriel.

It is not generally known that there

is a real, live American prince, born

on the soil, able to trace his direct de-

scent to the man who last bore the ti-

competitor to contest his right. An-

other lives in the ancient castle, re-

novated and modernized, and derives

his income from his broad lands, but

he makes no claim to the title and

bears another which is the gift of an

English king. The man is John Lee

Carroll, once governor of Maryland, and the title is Prince of Uriel.

One of his progenitors, Charles Car-

roll, of Carrollton, signed the Declara-

tion of Independence, a rather demo-

cratic document for a prince to put his name to, and the family have long

since ceased to trouble themselves

about the title, but they are the lineal

and only descendants of the men who

Ex-Governor Carroll is descended

from Roger Carroll, or, more correctly,

Rory O'Carroll, the last chief of the

Irish clan of that name, and the lineal

descendant of the princess of Uriel,

who played a not unimportant part in

the history of ancient and mediæval

Ireland. He espoused the cause of

the Stuarts in the wars between Charles

I and the parliament, and stood

loyally by that ungrateful family

when other Irishmen of his kind un-

der Owen Roe O'Neill, who had won

rank and fame in the armies of Spain,

were battling to shake off the English

Ireland was crushed under the iron

heel of Cromwell, and Col. Roger

Carroll accompanied Charles II in his

exile, taking service under various

European governments according as

the whims of the banished prince dic-

tated. During his absence the lord deputy, Sir John Parsons, found the

Clan O'Carroll's domain, which, in

violation of the rights of clansmen,

had been conferred on the chief by

an English title, a most desirable loca-

tion and selected it for himself. He

settled down there and made it his

Among the numerous Irish and

Scotch Jacobite families who made

their home in Maryland were the Mac-

Tavishes. They were the chief of the

clan, and, as such matters go, as

Sutherlands or the Fifes, or any

others now counting among the Scotch

aristocracy. In later times the Mac-

Tavishes intermarried with the Car-

rolls and the families are now related.

family history and a strange freak of

the old "blue blood" run wild. One

daughter of the Carrolls, as is well

known, married a Bonaparte. An-

other married a Wellesley, brother of

another married a MacTavish.

Carlton club in London.

"the Iron Duke" of Wellington. Still

A son of this MacTavish conceived

the idea of running for the British

parliament, and with the aid of the

Wellesleys contested the borough of

Dundalk, then rotten to the core. The

Wellesleys were Tories, but family in-

led to his father's mania. But it was

of no avail, and he, too, undertook

the task of ousting Lord Rosse from

the ancestral home of the O'Carrolls.

they recognized him as a prince of

Uriel and began their communications

in the proper form with "May it please

your highness," he would not conde-

scend to take any notice of them. That

ended the alliance. The council would

not hear of "princes or royal high-

"We must draw the line some-

where," said one of them, "an' be the

hokey pokey! I wouldn't call any

man 'Yer Royal Highness' if he was

to give ten thousand a year to the

Poor Prince MacTavish, who was a

tall, slim and very aristocratic looking

young man, went through a course of

training to fit him for the task of win-

ning back the ancestral lands by the

sword. He entered the Servian army

as a volunteer during their disastrous

war with Turkey some thirteen years

ago, fought under the banner of Don

Carlos and sought the sanction of the

pope for his enterprise. He found

unscrupulous lawyers who preved

upon his mania and encouraged him

to go on, until he was finally put in a

place of safety by his friends.-New

Bourrienne in his memoirs of Na-

ows that architects' estimates of the

poleon mentions an incident which

cost of refitting old buildings varied

as much from the actual expenditure

in 1800 as they do today. Bonaparte

was bound to have St. Cloud as a sum-

mer residence. The architect reported

it would cost him about 3,000,000

francs to put it in proper shape. It cost 6,000,000 francs, independently of

A Vienna man of science has pub-

lished statistics showing that one

smoker contracts diphtheria to three

non-smokers. His theory is this, that

crobes very much as it destroys para-

ODDS AND ENDS.

A retreat for retired women mission-

A trustworty estimate of the spring

wheat crop in Minnesota is 80,000,000

bushels against 70,000,000 actual yield

The fashionable London wedding

ring has recently been of dull gold

but Princess Louise went back to the

The national superintendent of pub-

lie buildings and grounds recommend-

ed in his annual report the erection of

an addition to the White House as a

private residence for the president.

old fashion and chose hers bright.

aries has just been opened at Round Lake, N. Y.

York Journal.

the furniture.

sites on rosebushes.

last year.

the MacTavishes held sway.

This involves a curious feature of

"blue" in blood as the Argyles or the

bore it for a thousand years.

tle, and having no European or other

## DAWN AND DUSK. TO CLOSE OUT

Shot across with golden bars Reached to the fading stars; Soft the balmy west wind blows SUMMER STOCK Wide the portals of the rose; Smell the dewy pine and fir, Lisping leaves and vines astir; On the borders of the dark Gavly sings the meadow-lark. CLOTHING, Bidding all the birds assemble Hark, the welkie seems to tremble, Suddenly the sunny gleams Break the poppy-fettered dreams-Dreams of Pan, with two feet cloven,

HATS

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS

The following quantities will be

At and Below Cost From this date until further no-

50 assorted Men's Suits, of different fabrics, at \$4.97. worth \$7. 40 assorted styles of Wool Fabric Suits, at \$5.95, a bargain at \$8. 32 assorted Blue Flannel Suits, from \$5 upwards. 55 Diagonal Sack Suits, from \$5.78 and upwards, fully worth double the price. 25 Corkscrew Cutaway Suits, all wool, warranted, from \$7.87 upwards, richly worth \$12. 25 choice Colored Suits, \$9.371, cheap at \$14.50, 25 assorted Prince Albert Suits, from \$11 upwards, a bargain at double the price. 150 assorted Children's Suits, of handsome make and quality, from \$1 35 a suit and upwards. These are special bargains. 75 assorted Boy's Suits, from 12 to 18 years, at special low prices. In addition to my large stock of Pants,

I have lately received fifteen hundred dollars's worth of choice Cottonades and Jeans Pants, which will be offered at 67 cents a pair. These are positively, the greatest bargains ever offered in this city, They cannot be made up for double the price. My stock of

CHILDREN'S KNEE PANTS

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS Will compare with any stock in this city for quality, style and, prices lower than the lowest in this city and State. Look at the price list: 75 dozen Linen Turn down Collars at 75c. per dozen, or 3 for 25c. 100 dozen assorted Linen Standing Collars, at \$1 per dozen, worth \$2. 75 dozen choice pure Linen Collars, \$1.25 per dozen, worth double the price. 150 dozen assorted Cuffs of all descriptions, the best goods on the market, at \$1.75, \$2, \$2.50 and \$3 per dozen. 25 dozen Shirts, anchor brand, at 45c. each and upwards. 35 dozen fine Pleated Pereale, Pique and a variety of fine styles, at less than cost. 30 dozen Balbriggan Undershirts, 20c. 25 dozen Gauze Undershirts, at 15c. 33 dozen fine Ganze Undershirts, at 30c. and upwards. 20 Bleached Jeans Drawers, at 40c. The cheapest and best line of Flannel Dress Shirts, at 35c. each and upwards. My stock of Hosiery, Suspenders, Silk Umbrellas, Gloves and

Neckwear Is the largest and cheapest in this city. Polite attention given to all who will favor me with their call, L. EPSTIN, Under Columbia Hotel Block

PATRONIZE

## Home Industry!

Tozer Engine Works.

117 WEST GERVAIS STREET,

Near Union Depot, Are now operated with a competent force

of Skilled Mechanics, and are manufacturing all sizes of "TOZER ENGINES" and BOILERS, including

RETURN TUBULAR AND LOCO-MOTIVE BOILERS. Pulleys and Shafting,

Castings in Brass or Iron Repair Work Promptly Executed.

BRASS GOODS A SPECIALTY.

Remember.

That " THE TOZER" has stood the test o actual and general use for years, and has no superior on the market. All of its parts are thoroughly inspected and tested, and all our work is fully warranted FIRST-CLASS in material and workmanship. For Price-Lists, &c., apply to

JOHN A. WILLIS, Proprietor Tozer Engine Works,

217 West Gervais Street, Columbia, S. C. troubled with worms.

## GOING TO MOVE Denote an impure state of the blood and are leoked upon by many with sus-

change our present location we do intend to move our present stock into the hands of our customers

AT PRICES THAT WILL TEMPT

everybody who wears or has to buy

Shoes and Slippers

to lay in a year's supply. See what we offer

300 Pair Ladies' Kid Opera Slippers, at 45c, per pair. 360 Pairs Ladies' Oxford Ties, at 67 cents per pair. 180 Pairs Ladies' Oxford Ties, Patent Leather Tips, at 72 cents per pair.

250 Pairs of Misses' Kid Slippers, at 40 cents per pair, 120 Pairs Ladies' Dongola Button Shoes, at \$1.75, fermerly \$2.50. Ladies' \$3.00 Button Shoes, at \$2.45.

Gentlemen's Shoes, High and Low Cut at a Big Sacrifice. Our entire stock will be offered regardless of cost or former price, as we intend to move our stock as stated and turn it

## LEVER & STORK'S,

148 Main Street,

COLUMBIA, S. C. nov 2-ly

THE STRONG SWIMMER. SUBJECT OF DR. TALMAGE'S SER-

MON AT SEATTLE, AUG. 18. 'He Shall Spread Forth His Hands in the Midst of Them, as He That Swimmeth Spreadeth Forth His Hands to Swim,"

the Words of His Text. SEATTLE, W. T., Aug. 18 .- The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, preached here today. His text was Isaiah xxv. 11: "He shall spread forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim." The preacher

At this season of the year multitudes of people wade into the ponds and lakes and rivers and seas. At first putting out cautiously from the shore, but having learned the right stroke of arm and foot, they let the waters roll over them, and in wild glee dive or float or swim. So the text will be very suggestive: "He shall spread forth his hand in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

The fisherman seeks out unfrequented nooks. You stand all day on the bank of a river in the broiling sun, and fling out your line, and catch nothing, while the expert angler breaks through the jungle and goes by the shadow of the solitary rock, and in a place where no fisherman has been for ten years, throws out his line and comes home at night, his face shining and his basket full. I do not know why we ministers of the Gospel need always be fishing in the same stream, and preaching from the same text that other people preach from. I cannot understand the policy of the minister who, in Blackfriars, London, England, every week for thirty years preached from the Epistle to the Hebrews. It is an exhilaration to me when I come across a theme which I feel no one else has treated, and my text is one of that kind. There are sal verdict is, that as a blood medicine paths in God's Word that are well want to quote Scripture, they quote the old passages that every one has heard. When they want a chapter read, they read a chapter that all the other people have been reading, so that the church today is ignorant of three-fourths of the Bible. You go into the Louvre at Paris. You confine yourself to one corridor of that opulent gallery of paintings. As you come out your friend says to you, "Did you see that Rembrandt?" "Did you see that Rubens?" "No." "Did you see that Titian?" "Did you see that Raphael?" "No." "Well," says your friend, "then you didn't see the Louvre." Now, my friends, I think we are too much apt to confine ourselves to one of the great corridors of this Scripture

truth, and so much so that there is not

one person out of a million who has

ever noticed the all suggestive and

powerful picture in the words of my

text.

This text represents God as a strong swimmer, striking out to push down iniquity and save the souls of men. "He shall spread forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim." The figure is bold and many Most of you know how to swim. Some of you learned it in the city school, where this art is taught; some of you in boyhood, in the river near your father's house; some of you since you came to manhood or womanhood, while summering on the beach of the sea. You step down in the wave, you throw your head back, you bring your elbows to the chest, you put the palms of your hands downward and the soles of your feet outward, and you push through the water as though you had been born aquatic. It is a grand thing to know how to swim, not only for yourself, but because you will after a while, perhaps, have to help others. I do not know anything more stirring or sublime than to see some man like Norman McKenzie leaping from the ship Madras into the sea to save Charles Turner, who had dropped from the royal yard while trying to loosen the sail, bringing him back to the deck amid the huzzas of the passengers and crew. If a man has not enthusiasm enough to cheer in such circumstances he deserves himself to drop the sea and have no one help him, into The Royal Humane society of England was established in 1774, its object to applaud and reward those who should pluck up life from the deep. Any one who has performed such a deed of daring has all the particulars of that bravery recorded in a public record, and on his breast a medal done in blue, and gold, and bronze; anchor, and monogram, and inscription, telling to future generations the bravery of the man or woman who saved some one from drowning. But, my friends, if it is such a worthy thing to save a body from the deep, I ask you if it is not a worthier thing to save an immortal soul? And you shall see this will keep indefinitely and never be hour the Son of God step forth for this achievement. "He shall spread forth his hand in the midst of them,

as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth THE RACE IN A SINKING CONDITION. In order to understand the full force of this ligure, you need to real- ing out his hands among us as a picion. Acker's Blood Elixir will re- ize, first of all, that our race is in a swimmer spreadeth forth his hands to TATHILE NOT INTENDING TO move all impurities and leave the com- sinking condition. You sometimes hear people talking of what they consider the most beautiful words in our language. One man says it is "home." another man says it is the word "mother," another says it is the word "Jesus," but I will tell you the bitterest word in all our language, the word most angry and baleful, the word saturated with the most trouble, the word that accounts for all the loathsomeness, and the pang, and the outrage, and the harrowing; and that word is "sin." You spell it with three letters, and yet those three letters describe the circumference and pierce the diameter of everything bad in the universe. Sin! it is a sibilant word. You cannot pronounce it without giving the siss of the flame or the hiss of the serpent. Sin! And then if you

add three letters to that word it describes every one of us by naturesinner. We have outraged the law of God, not occasionally, or now and then, but perpetually. The Bible de-clares it. Hark! It thunders two claps: "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.' "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." What the Bible says our own con science affirms. After Judge Morgan had sentenced Lady Jane Grey to death his conscience troubled him so much for the deed that he became insane, and all through his insanity he kept saving: "Take her away from me! Lady Jane Grev. Take her away! Lady Jane Grey." It was the voice of his

conscience. And no man ever does

anything wrong, however great or small, but his conscience brings that matter before him, and at every step of his misbehavior it says, "Wrong, wrong." Sin is a leprosy, sin is a paralysis, sin is a consumption, sin is pollution, sin is death. Give it a fair chance and it will swamp you, body, mind and soul forever. In this world it only gives a faint intimation of its virulence. You see a patient in the first stages of typhoid fever. The cheek is somewhat flushed, the hands somewhat hot, preceded by a slight chill. "Why," you say, "typhoid fever does not seem to be much of a LAY HOLD OF THIS STRONG SWIMMER. disease." But wait until the patient I want to persuade you to lay hold

ger, and his intellect is gone, then you see the full havoc of the disease. Now sin in this world is an ailment which is only in its very first stages; but let it get under full way and it is but let it get under full way and it is an all consuming typhoid. Oh, if we are under full way and it is an all consuming typhoid. Oh, if we around him, pinioned his arms, and could see our unpardoned sins as God sees them our teeth would chatter, and our knees would knock together. and our respiration would be choked. and our heart would break. If your sins are unforgiven, they are bearing down on you, and you are sinkingsinking away from happiness, sinking away from God, sinking away from everything that is good and blessed.

has been six weeks under it, and all

his energies have been wrung out,

and he is too weak to lift his little fin-

A SWIFT SWIMMER WANTED. Then what do we want? A swimmer! A strong swimmer! A swift swimmer! And, blessed be God, in my text we have him announced. "He shall spread forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim." You have noticed that when a swimmer goes out to rescue any one he puts off his heavy apparel. He must not have any such impediment about him if he is going to do this great deed. And when Christ stepped forth to save us he shook off the sandals of heaven, and his feet were free; and then he stepped down into the wave of our transgressions, and it came up over his wounded feet, and it came above the spear stab in his side—aye, dashed to the lacerated temple, the high water mark of his anguish. Then, rising above the flood, of them, as he that swimmeth spread-

eth forth his hands to swim.

If you have ever watched a swim-

mer, you notice that his whole body

is brought into play. The arms are flexed, the hands drive the water back, the knees are active, the head is thrown back to escape strangulation. the whole body is in propulsion. And when Christ sprang into the deep to save us, he threw his entire nature into it-all his Godhead, his omnisci ence, his goodness, his love, his om nipotence-head, heart, eyes, hands feet. We were far out on the sea and so deep down in the waves and so far out from the shore that nothing short of an entire God could save us. Christ leaped out for our rescue, saying: 'Lo! I come to do thy will," and all the surges of human and satanic hate beat against him, and those who watched him from the gates of heaven feared he would go down under the wave, and instead of saving others would himself perish; but, putting his breast to the foam, and shaking the surf from his locks, he came on and on, until he is now within the reach of every one here. Eye omniscient, heart infinite, arm omnipotent. Mighty to save, even unto the uttermost. Oh, it was not half a God that trampled down bellowing Gennesaret. It was not a quarter of a God that mastered the demons of Gadara. It was not two-thirds of a God that lifted up Lazarus into the arms of his overjoyed sisters. It was not a fragment of a God who offered pardon and peace to all the race. No. This mighty swimmer threw his grandeur, his glory, his might, his wisdom, his omnipotence and his eternity into this one act. It took both hands of

both feet nailed! His entire nature involved in our redemption! THE RESCUER MUST BE FEARLESS. If you have lived much by the water, you notice also that if any one is going out to the rescue of the drowning he must be independent, self reliant, able to go alone. There may be a time when he must spring out to save one and he cannot get a lifeboat, and he goes out and has not strength enough to bear himself up, and bear another up, he will sink and instead of dragging one corpse out of the torrent you will have two to drag out. When Christ sprang out into the sea to deliver us he had no life buoy. His father did not help him. Alone in the wine press. Alone in the pang. Alone in the darkness. Alone in the mountain. Alone in the sea. O, if he saves us he shall have all the credit, for "there was none to help." No ear. No wing. No ladder. When Nathaniel Lyon fell in the battle charge in front of his troops, he had a whole army to cheer him. When Marshal Nev sprang into the contest and plunged in the spurs till the horse's flanks spurted blood, all France applauded him. But Jesus alone! "Of the people there was none to help." "All for-sook him and fled." O, it was not a flotilla that sailed down and saved us. It was not a cluster of gondolas that came over the wave. It was one person independent and alone, "spread-

God to save us-both feet. How do

prove it? On the cross, were not both

hands nailed? On the cross, were not

Behold then today, the spectacle of a drowning soul and Christ the swimmer. I believe it was in 1848, when there were six English soldiers of the Fifth Fusiliers who were hanging to the bottom of a capsized boat—a boat that had been upset by a squall three miles from shore. It was in the night, but one man swam mightily for the beach, guided by the dark mountains that lifted their top through the night. He came to the beach. He found a shore man that consented to go with him and save the other men, and they put out. It was some time before they could find the place where the men were, but after awhite they heard their cry: "Help! Help!" and they bore down to them, and they saved them, and brought them to shore. Oh, that this moment our cry might be lifted long, loud and shrill, till Christ the swimmer shall come and take us lest we drop a thousand fath-

oms down. If you have been much by water. you know very well that when one is in peril help must come very quickly, or it will be of no use. One minute may decide everything. Immediate help the man wants or no help at all. Now, that is just the kind of a relief we want. The case is urgent, imminent, instantaneous. See that soul sinking. Son of God, lay hold of him. Be quick! be quick! Oh, I wish you all understood how urgent this Gospel is. There was a man in the navy at

sea who had been severely whipped for bad behavior, and he was maddened by it, and he leaped into the sea, and no sooner had he leaped into the sea than, quick as lightning, an albatross swooped upon him. The drowning man, brought to his senses, seized hold of the albatross and held on. The fluttering of the bird kept him on the wave until relief could come. Would now the dove of God's convicting, converting and saving spirit might flash from the throne upon your soul, and that you, taking hold of its potent wing, might live and live forever.

of this strong swimmer. "No," you say, "it is always disastrous for a drowning man to lay hold of a swimmer." but has a calamity resultant from the fact that when a strong swimmer went out to save a sinking man, the drownthey both went down together. When you are saving a man in the water you do not want to come up by his face; you want to come up by his back. You do not want him to take hold of you while you take hold of him. But, blessed be God, Jesus Christ is so strong a swimmer, he comes not to our back, but to our face, and he asks us to throw around him the arms of our love, and then promises to take us to the beach, and he will do it. Do not trust that plank of good works. Do not trust that shivered spar of your own righteousness. Christ only can give you transportation. Turn your face upon him as the dying martyr did in olden days when he cried out: "None but Christ! None but Christ!" Jesus has taken millions to the land, and he is willing to take you there. Oh, what hardness to shove him back when he has been swimming all the way from the throne of God to where you are now, and is ready to swim all the way back again, taking your redeemed spirit.

I have sometimes thought what a spectacle the ocean bed will present when in the last day the water is all drawn off. It will be a line of wrecks from beach to beach. There is where the harpooners went down. There is where the line of battle ships went down. There is where the merthe steamers went down, a long line of wrecks from beach to beach. What a spectacle in the last day when the water is drawn off! But oh, how much more solemn if we had an eye to see the spiritual wrecks and the places where they foundered. You would find thousands along our roads and streets. Christ came down in their awful catastrophe, putting out for their souls, "spreading forth his hands as a swimmer spreadeth forth his hands to swim;" but they thrust him in the sore heart, and they smote his fair cheek, and the storm and dark. ness swallowed them up. I ask you to lay hold of this Christ and lay hold of him now. You will sink without him. From horizon to horizon not one sail in sight. Only one strong swimmer, with head flung back and arms outspread. I hear a great many in the audience saying: "Well, I would like to be a Christian. I am going to work to become a Christian.' My brother, you begin wrong. When a man is drowning, and a strong swimmer comes out to help him, he says to him: "Now be quiet. Put your arm on my arm or on my shoulder, but don't struggle, don't try to help yourself, and I'll take you

ashore. The more you struggle and the more you try to help yourself, the more you impede me. Now be quiet and I'll take you ashore." When Christ, the strong swimmer, comes out to save a soul, the sinner savs: "That's right. I am glad to see Christ, and I am going to help him in the work of my redemption. I am going to pray more and that will help him; and I am going to weep extravagantly over my sins and that will help him. No, my brother, it will not. Stop your doing. Christ will do all or none. You cannot lift an ounce, you cannot move an inch, in this matter of your redemption. This is the difficulty which keeps thousands of souls out of the kingdom of heaven. It is because they cannot consent to let Jesus Christ begin and complete the work of their redemption. "Why," you say, "then is there nothing for me to do?" Only one

thing have you to do, and that is to lay hold of Christ and let him achieve your salvation and achieve it all. I do not know whether I make the matter plain or not. I simply want to show you that a man cannot save himself, but that the Almighty Son of God can do it, and will do it it, if you ask him. O, fling your two arms, the arms of your trust and love,

That is a thrilling time when some one swamped in the surf is brought ashore and being resuscitated. How the people watch for the moment when he begins to breathe again, and when at last he takes one full inhalation, and opens his eyes upon the bystanders, a shout of joy rings up and down the beech. There is joy because a life has been saved. O, ye who have been swamped in the seas of trouble and sin! we gather around you. Would that this might be the hour when you begin to live. The lord Jesus Christ steps down, he gets on his knees he puts his lip to your lip, and would breathe pardon and life God grant that this hour there may be thousands of souls resuscitated. stand on the deck of the old Gospel ship amid a crowd of passengers, all of them hoping that the last man overboard may be saved. May the living Christ this hour put out for your safety, "spreading forth his hands in the midst of you, as a swimmer spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

Love's Wretchedness Abroad. Several Berlin families have been thrown into mourning lately by do mestic tragedies in which love figured as the motive cause of all the mischief. One Sunday morning the sound of shots was heard from a compartment of a carriage on the Metropolitan railway. When the train was brought to a standstill the lifeless corpse of a young man and a sweetly pretty girl under 20, whose parents reside in a suburb of this city, were found in the compartment, each shot through the temple. It was clear from the contents of the letters in their pockets that they had met with the express purpose of dying together. Another suicide was committed near the Lake of Como, in Italy. Nineteen years of age and of prepossessing appearance, the young Berlin girl who shuffled off this mortal coil by her own act had been engaged against her will by her parents to a cousin whom she disliked, in order to free her from the ties and consequences of a love affair she had

had with a retired officer. The inclinations of her heart, however, had more weight than the convenances of society, and the new state of affairs had such an effect upon her nerves and her health that her parents sent her to Italy for change of air. There the faithful heart could no more submit to the thought of the union imposed upon her. A correspondence with her parents on the subject seems not to have resulted as she desired, and at length she wrote one last letter to her mother and one to the lover to whom she clung faithfully, and disappeared from the house in which she was residing with a relation. A few days afterward her corpse was found in a secluded olive wood near the lake. -Berlin Cor. London Telegraph.

Took Breakfast With Jefferson Samuel Hensley, of this county, is 90 years of age. He was reared in Virginia, and in his youth knew Thomas Jefferson well. A few days ago he

said to a Sun correspondent: "I was born in the neighborhood of Monticello, President Jefferson's Virginia home. I have seen Tom Jeffer son many a time, and I ate dinner with him once. I'll tell you how it was. Many years ago I was a bare-footed boy, roaming the fields and woods of Virginia. I lived near Monticello, and to tell the truth, didn't think much more of Tom Jefferson than any other Virginia gentleman. So one day when a companion and myself found a big bee tree in Monticello woods, we determined to ask Mr. Jefferson for the honey. The next morning, bright and early, we went up to Monticello, and sent in our request to the father of the Declaration of Independence. He sent back word to us to come in and eat breakfast with him, and we could have the tree. We were quite willing to share his breakfast and in we went. We got a good breakfast, but I couldn't eat much, for I was somewhat afraid of the old gentleman, and then Mr. Jef ferson wrote an order to his overseer to let us have that bee tree.

"We nearly sweated ourselves to death cutting the bee tree down, and we didn't get a half gallon of honey out of it. I have seen Tom Jefferson tent of my personal acquaintance with him.—Munfordville (Ky.) Cor. New York Sun.

Catching Flies. The early Greek naturalists reported that the crocodile caught and ate eeches. His plan of operations was described as simple but effective. The great reptile lay on the banks of the Nile with his mouth open and his eyes shut, as if off guard. The leeches attached themselves to the inside of his mouth, and when their numbers were sufficient to give the huge creature a taste, his jaws came together with a sharp report. Mr. Powell found that the crocodiles of New

Britain had a similar habit. At every turn in the river we saw a colony of crocodiles of all sizes flop off the bank into the water, where they had been previously lying catch-

ing flies. Their fly catching is performed in this manner. They take up their position on the bank, and remain perfectly motionless with their mouths open. Flies, attracted by the peculiar musky smell of saliva in their mouths, settle in swarms inside the open jaws. Presently there is a sharp snap, and a hundred or so of flies are entombed. I was not aware before I saw this that crocodiles were fly catchers, as well as fish, flesh and fowl eaters .-Youth's Companion.

Professor Edward P. Crowell, of Amherst college, dean of the faculty and professor of Latin and literature, is totally blind. When he lost his evesight four years ago he tendered his resignation to the trustees, but they refused to accept it.

Sight Transmitted by Wire. Thomas A. Edison announced the other day that he is at work on a new invention by which sight as well as sound may be transmitted by electric wire. It seems, however, that a young German named Korzel has anticipated him. The Centralblatt fur Electrotechnik gives an interesting account of an exhibition recently made by this gentleman, in which two of his instruments in different cities were connected with a telephone wire. The features of the person standing at one end of the wire were distinctly seen in a glass plate at the other end, and the larger type in a newspaper held before the instrument in one city was easily read in the other. Everything seen was greatly reduced in size, but this was because the glass plates were small, this phenomenon being governof electricity.

ed by the laws of optics and not those The secret of the wonderful invention lies in the sensitiveness of selenium to the effects of light. When a ray of light falls on a plate of selenium the electric conductivity of the metal changes. Mr. Korzel uses a plate covered with a composition which he calls bromide of selenium gelatine for "collecting" the image of he person using the telephone, which is then transmitted by the same wire that conducts the sound of his voice and thrown, apparently without the use of any further apparatus, on a glass plate at the other end. In this way the persons using the telephone cannot only hear but see each other. -Philadelphia Inquirer.

Studying the Currents of the Ocean. Prince Albert of Monaco has recenty reported the results of his experiments to ascertrin the ocean circulation in the north Atlantic. Four years ago he set adrift several hundred floats, many of which have been picked up. Some of these were hol-low copper balls, some oak barrels and some ordinary bottles. In 1885 he cast overboard on the

seas northwest of the Azores 169 floats. Fourteen of this number have been recovered, giving clear indications of a southeasterly current curving around the western islands at a daily mean rate of 3.83 miles. Of 510 floats which the prince launched in 1886 nearer the French coast nine have been picked up, showing the movement of a current in a similar direction with a mean velocity of about six miles a

The United States coast survey is now conducting similar experiments on the Atlantic currents with improved floats, each marked by a white painted pine staff. It is to be hoped in the interests of navigation that all who find them will comply with the printed instructions which each float carries. - New York Herald.

THE DISPATCH is one of the best advertising medic is in the State.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Advertisements will be inserted at the rate of 75c per square of one inch space for first insertion, and 50c per square for each subsequent insertion.

Liberal contracts made with those wishing to advertise for three, six or twelve

Notices in local column 10c. per line each insertion.

Marriage notices inserted free. Obituaries over ten lines charged for at regular advertising rates.

G. M. HARMAN Editor and Propri

ton, Ky., had twenty-four sit ten by dogs. Since that time poisoned and shot over 30 and is still engaged in the s A Bombay newspaper, two marriages, in one c being aged 2 years and in months, while the bride

This is the system w Ramabai is struggling Brick tiling on flat re made tight with cem will absorb water; the also open a little by the s age from the heat of

temperature of falling ra In his brief report for ing May 1, 1889, the di Pasteur institute, Paris, the treatment of 1,673 whom 6 were seized with ing and 4 within a fortnight process. But only three succ after the treatment had been o pletely carried out, making one death in 554, or, including all cases, 1 in 128.

Dr. Gradenigo, professor of oph-thalmic surgery in the University of Padua, has just succeeded in transplanting the cornea from the eye of a barn fowl into the eye of a patient under his care. On the eighth day after the operation the transplanted cornea presented a quite pellucid and convex appearance. Such a result has not been recorded in the annals of continental surgery.

The French chamber of deputies having failed to vote the money for the purchase of Millet's "The Angelus," the painting will become the property of the American Art association, for whom it is purchased by its agent, Mr. Sutton. The latter will exhibit "The Angelus" for two months in-Paris for the benefit of charitable in-

There is a man living somewhere in Russia who is 140 years old. So at least says a Russian newspaper. It appears that he is an old-a very old -soldier, and in his youth was subject to 180 blows from the knout, and condemned to hard labor for life in the mines of Siberia, from which, however, he was released after a sojourn of eight-and-thirty years.

A curious method of testing the D. G. Evans, an English physician. He has observed that when a perfectly fresh egg is placed to the ear and vio-lently agitated, no sound is noted; but, if the egg is stale, a knocking sound is heard, as if the contents were not sufficient to fill the shell. The staler the egg the greater are the os-cillation and the sound generated. Dr. Evans says the test is an infallible one.

Facts and Figures.

Dr J. R. McDendon of Georgia, gives the following facts and figures to the Atlanta Journal, concerning the value of cotton and jute bagging, and the great advantage to be gained by the use of cotton bagging instead of jute. He eays: If the cotton crop of 1889 is as

fluence was stronger than party fealty, and MacTavish was elected large as that of 1888, 49,00,000 yards over a candidate supported by the will be required to wrap the crop. If the cotton is wrapped in jute,

An old Irishman now living in this \$4,900,000 will pass out of the plantcity remembers well that rollicking canvass, and describes how MacTavish If the cotton is wrapped in cotton used to drive a four-in-hand through town "showering fistfuls of sixpences bagging, \$4 900,000 will remain inand fourpenny bits among the mob. side the lines of the cotton States to

He was unseated on petition of bribbe added to the circulating medium. ery, these "sixpences and fourpenny The making of 40,000,000 yards of bits" constituting the bribes. Then cotton bagging will consume 100,000 he commenced suit to recover the bales of cotton, which decreases the O'Carroll estate from Lord Rosse, and number of bales for the market and wound up in a private lunatic asylum. His son was trained with great care. enhances the value of the remainder and everything possible was done to 1 cent per pound, making the gain to keep from him the knowledge which the cotton planters \$8,625,000.

The J. R Adams f.ctory can put a bale of cotton into its spinning room for \$6 77 less than it can be laid Neither seemed to bother about the in Lowel, Mass. If the cotton was spun in the

bleak, heath covered hills over which South, \$47,390,000 would be saved in This last prince of Uriel, as MacTavfreight charges, etc. ish called himself, once made an alli-A better day is coming for in 1887 ance with the O'Donovan Rossa Fenthe product of the Southern cotton ians, by which for a time they received a donation of \$20 a month. Fimills was \$48,000,000 against \$21.nally he notified them that, unless 000,000 in 1880.

It is a fact worth strong emphasis that cotton mills are increasing more rapidly in the South than anywhere Common sense will, at no distant

day, compel the spinning of raw material where it can be done the cheap-

The way to have goods cheap is to make them at the least expense. The cotton crop of 1889, if sold as beretofore, will give the planters \$300,000,000. If wholly manufactured in the South the great sum of \$1,000,000.000.

raw material and that of the manufactured article is \$700 000,000 in favor of the South. No other country in the world could have existed as long as the

The difference in the price of the

South has under such a system of God basten the time when the farmers of these United States will

receive just profits for their products. Cold, cough, coffin is what philoso-

phers term "a logical sequence." . One is very liable to follow the other: but by curing the cold with a dose of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, the cough will be stopped and the coffin not needed-just at present.

A lady says the first time she was kissed she felt like a tub of roses. swimming in honey, cologne, nutmegs and cranberries. She felt also as if something were running through her nerves on diamonds, escorted by several little Cupids in chariots drawn by angels, shaded by honeysuckles, and tobacco protects the throat against mi- the whole spread with melted rain-bows.

People Everywhere.

Confirm our statement when we say that Acker's English Remedy is superior to any and all other preparations for the Throat and Lungs. In Whooping Cough and Croup it is magic and relieves at once. We offer you a sample bottle free. Remember, this Remedy is sold on a positive guarantee by Dr. M. Q. Hendrix.

What could be any truer than the expression of an exchange that should man be judged by n.an, hell would be too small." Ten years ago a man near Lexing-