

THE MADRIGAL OF LOVE.
 Every rose has its thorn,
 If your love is a thorn,
 I'll claim it, dear, as mine;
 And in my heart I'll wear it
 To relieve you of its pain.
 And wish you'd never ask it
 Back from me again.
 Every star that shines, dear,
 In God's fair, purpling skies,
 Would add its glorious beauty
 To the lustre of thine eyes.
 To you you'd not be less,
 O, first love of my heart,
 Ah! thought not of earth, dear,
 But of heaven itself a part.
 If every bird that sings, dear,
 With passion in its breast,
 Would sing his songs for you, dear,
 And brought you to my rest,
 I'd wish your tenderest music
 Would whisper unto thee,
 That I loved you and only you,
 For all eternity.

THE ETERNAL REST.

There is no Peace Here, but a Glorious
 Existence in Eternity.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 26.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now in Australia on a globe-trotting tour, has selected as the subject of his sermon for today through the press the words, "Everlasting Life," the text being from Micah ii, 10, "Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest." This was the drumbeat of a prophet who wanted to arouse his people from their oppressed and squalid condition, but it may just as properly be uttered now as then. Bells, by long exposure and much ringing, lose their clearness of tone and the ringing bell of the gospel strikes in as clear a tone as when it first rang on the air.

As far as I can see, your great want and mine is rest. From the time you enter life a great many vexations and annoyances take after us. We may have our holidays and our seasons of recreation and quiet, but where is the man come to middle who has found an end rest? The fact is that God did not make this world to rest in. A ship mired in a narrow Cape Hatteras is to find smooth water by leaving this world to find quiet. From the fact that God has striven the thorns and hung the clouds and sharpened the tusks, from the colds that distress us, and the heats that smite us, and the pleurisies that stab us, and the fevers that consume us, I know that he did not make this world as a place to linger in. God does every thing successfully, and this world would be a very different world if it were intended for us to lounge in. It does not rest in a few hours. Indeed it is magnificent! Nothing but infinite wisdom and goodness could have mixed this beverage of water, or hung up these brackets of stars, or trained those voices of rill and bird and ocean, so that God has but to lift his hand, and the whole world breaks forth into orchestra. But, after all, it is only the splendors of a king's highway, over which we are to march on to eternal conquests.

You and I have seen men who tried to rest here. They builded around them great stores. They gathered around them the patronage of merchant princes. The voice of their bid shook the money markets. They had staked in the most successful railroads, and in "safety deposits" great rolls of government securities.

They had embellished carriages, high mounted steeds, footmen, plate that confounded lords and senators who sat at their table, tapestry on which floated the richest designs of foreign looms, splendor of carriages on the wall, exquisite tones of music rattle among the vistas of bronze and drooping, soft as light, on snow of sculpture. Here let them rest. Put back the embroidered curtain, and shake up the pillow of down. Turn out the lights! It is 11 o'clock at night. Let slumber drop upon the eyelids, and the air float through the half opened lattice drowsy with midsummer perfume. Stand back, all care, anxiety and trouble! But no, they will not be lulled. They raise the lattice. They look under the canopy. They rough louch they startle his pulses. They cry out at 12 o'clock at night: "Awake man! How can you sleep when things are so uncertain? What about those stocks? Hark to the tap of that fire bell, it is your district! How if you should die soon? Awake, man! Think of it! Who will get your property when you are gone? What will they do with it? Wake up! Riches sometimes take wings. How if you should get poor? Wake up! Rise on one elbow. The man of fortune looks out into the darkness of the room and wipes the dampness from his forehead and says: "Alas! For all this scene of wealth and magnificence—no rest!"

I passed down a street of a city with a merchant. He knew all the next houses on the street. He said: "There is something the matter in all these houses. In that one it is conjugal infelicity. In that one, a dissipated son, in that, a dissolute father. In that, an idiot child. In that, the prospect of bankruptcy." This world's wealth can give no permanent satisfaction. This is not your rest.

You and I have seen men try in another direction. A man says, "If I could only rise to such and such a place of renown; if I could gain that office; if I could only get the stand and have my sentiments met with one good word or hand clapping applause; if I could only write a book that would live, or make a name that would thrill, or do an action that would astonish." The tide turns in his favor. His name jaunts for 10,000 lips. He is bowed to and sought for and advanced. Men drink his health, and dinners. At his fiery words the multitudes huzza! From galleries of beauty they throw garlands. From house-tops, as he passes in long procession, they shake out the national standards. Here let him rest. It is 11 o'clock at night. Or a pillow stuffed with a nation's praise voices. In his dream let there be a coronation. Hush, hush! "Wake up!" says a rough voice. "Political sentiment is changing. How if you should lose this place of honor? Wake up! The morning papers are to be full of denunciations. Hearken to the execrations of those who once caressed you. By tomorrow night there will be multitudes sneering at the words which last night you expected would be universally admired. How can you sleep when every thing depends upon the next turn of the great tragedy? Up man! Off of this pillow!" The man, who had next yet hark from his last oration, starts up suddenly, looks out upon the night, but sees nothing except the flowers that lie on his stand, or the scroll from which he read his speech, or the books from which he quoted his authorities, and goes to his desk to finish his neglected correspondence, or to pen an indignant line to some reporter, or to sketch the plan for a public defense against the assaults of

the people. Happy when he got his first lawyer's brief, exultant when he triumphed over his first political rival, yet, sitting on the very top of all that this world offers of praise, he exclaims, "No rest, no rest!"

The very world that now applauds will soon hiss. That world said of the great Webster. "What a statesman!" We remember his position as the one man of a man for any position." That same world said, after awhile, "Down with him! He is an office seeker! He is a so!" He is a libertine! Away with him!" And there is no peace for the man until he lays down his broken heart in the grave at Marshfield. Jeffrey thought that if he could only be Jeffrey that would be the making of him; to get to be judge and cursed the day on which he was born. Alexander wanted to submerge the world with his grandeur, and he drank himself to death because he could not stand the trouble. Burns thought he would give everything if he could win the favor of courts and princes. Won it, and amid the shouts of a great entertainment, when poets and orators and duchesses were adoring his genius, wished that he could creep back into the obscurity in which he dwelt when he wrote of the modest, crimson tipped flower. Napoleon wanted to make all Europe tremble at his power; made it tremble; then died, his entire military achievements dwindling down to a pair of military boots which he insisted on having on his feet when dying. At Versailles I saw a picture of Napoleon in his triumph. I went into another room and saw a bust of Napoleon as he appeared at St. Helena; but, lo! what grief and anguish in the face of the latter! The Napoleon in his triumph was broken; the Napoleon with his hair, broken; how they laughed and cried when silver-tongued Sheridan in the middle of prosperity haranged the people of Britain, and how they howled at and execrated him when, outside of the room where his corpse lay, his creditors tried to get his miserable bones and sell them!

This world for rest? "Aha," cry the waters, "no rest here! We plunge to the sea." "Aha," cry the mountains, "no rest here! We crumple to the plain." "Aha," cry the flowers, "no rest here! We follow Babylon; The bes and Nineveh into the dust." No rest for the flowers. They fade. No rest for the stars. They die. No rest for man. He must work, toil, suffer and slave.

Now, for what have I said all this? Just to prepare you the text, "Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest." I am going to make you a grand offer. Some of you remember that when gold was discovered in California large companies were made up and started off to get their fortunes. Today I want to make up a party for the land of gold. I hold in my hand a deed from the proprietor of the estate, in which he offers to all who will join the company 10,000 shares of infinite value in a city whose streets are gold, whose harbors are gold, whose crowns are gold. You have read the holy satcher. I ask you to join a grandly crusade, not for the purpose of carrying the scepter of a domineering throne, but for the purpose of reaching the throne of a living Jesus. When an army is to be made up, the recruiting officer examines the volunteers. He tests their eyesight. He sounds their lungs. He measures their stature. They must be just right, or they are rejected. But there shall be no partiality in making up this army of Christ. Whatever your physical or physical nature, whatever your dissipation, whatever your crimes, whatever your weaknesses, I have a commission from the Lord Almighty to make up the regiment of redeemed souls, and I cry, "Arise ye and depart for this is not your rest!"

Many of you have lately joined this company, and my desire is that you may all join it. Why not? You know in your own heart's experience that what I have said about this world is true. There is no place to rest in. There are muds here waters, oh, how weary we think; weary with trouble, weary with bereavement! Some of you have been pierced through and through. You carry the scars of a thousand conflicts in which you have bled at every pore and you sigh, "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove that I might fly away and be at rest!" You have taken the cup of this world's pleasures and drank it to the dregs, and still the thirder claw at your tongue and the fever strikes to your brain. You have chased pleasure through every valley, by every stream amid every breeze, and under every shadow, but just at that moment when you were already just to put your hand upon the rock, laughing with the joy of a fiddler and the breath of a satyr, her locks adders, and her beauty the child dam of a grave house, and the eye of Jesus Christ no rest. No voice to silence the storm. No light to kindle the darkness. No drydock to repair the split bark.

Thank God, I can tell you something better. If there is no rest on earth there is rest in heaven. Oh, ye who are worn out with work, your hands calloused, your backs bent, your feet aching, your fingers worn with the needle that in this world you may never lay down; ye discouraged ones who have been waging a hand to hand fight for bread; ye to whom the night brings little rest and the morning more druggery—oh, ye of the weary hand, and of the weary side, and the weary foot, hear me talk about rest!

Look at that company of enthroned ones. Look at their hands. Look at their feet. Look at their eyes. It can never be that those bright ones ever looked to rest, yes! These pained the Chinese laborers, and through missionary instruction escaped into glory. These swelled on southern plantations, and one night after the cotton picking went up as white as if they had never been black. Those died of overwork in the Lowell carpet factories, and these in Mauchester mills; those helped build the pyramids, and these broke away from work on the day Christ was hounded out of Jerusalem. No more towers to build. Heaven is done. No more garments to weave. The robes are finished. No more harvests to raise. The gardens are full. Oh, sons and daughters of toil, arise ye and depart, for that is your rest!

Sevill McCallum, a boy of my Sunday school, while dying said to his mother, "Don't cry, but sing—sing." "There is rest for the weary." "There is rest for the weary." Then putting his wasted hands over his heart, said, "There is rest for me."

Oh, ye whose locks are wet with the dew of heaven's night of grief; ye whose hearts are heavy because those well known footsteps have no more at the doorway, you are in your rest! There is a David triumphant, but once he had seen Absalom. There is an Abraham entrusted but once he wept for Sarah. There is

SENATOR M. C. BUTLER

WITHDRAWS HIS PLEDGE TO ABIDE BY THE PRIMARY ELECTION.

Which Means That the Members of the State Legislature are to be Fought For in the General Election in November. The Negro to Come In.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Aug. 28.—Senator Butler has withdrawn his chances for re-election from before the Democratic primaries and he and his friends are going to make the fight in the November election. That was the startling and unexpected news received in Columbia yesterday and it will furnish a sensation throughout South Carolina. Many people will find it hard to believe, but it is a cold fact and it means serious times for this turbulent little State and her people; a fact which appears to mean an appeal to the negroes; a fact which means bloodshed when the negro again tries to loom up as the dominant power.

The die is now cast and with it is cast the political fortune of the man who fought the negro harder than any other man in 1876. Not only is the fortune of General Butler at stake, but the fortunes and lives of hundreds of others are involved.

General Butler's determination was announced in the following brief telegram to D. H. Tompkins, Secretary of the State Democratic Executive Committee, and came yesterday about noon:

Washington, D. C., Aug. 27. "I hereby withdraw the paper I filed with you on the 16th or 17th of June, announcing my candidacy.

"M. C. BUTLER."

When the newspapers first got hold of General Butler's brief telegram yesterday they were in doubt. It was subject to the usual qualifications, one that Senator Butler had withdrawn from the Senatorial race altogether and the other that he would no longer submit his claims to the primaries. So that there would be no doubt on the matter the chief editor of the Register at once telegraphed to Butler for an explanation of his telegram to Tompkins. The following answer was received:

Washington, D. C., Aug. 27, 1891. "To W. W. Price, Correspondent 'City Register.' "Replying to telegraphic inquiry just received, I beg to say in withdrawing the paper I filed with Tompkins, secretary of the Democratic Executive Committee, announcing my candidacy, I am following in the footsteps of disaffected other kindred spirits, who are unwilling to submit their claims to the primaries, where everything from erroneous report, where every body from error of fact, been out, dried, packed and salted down by the ring; where the result is slanted and known by the ring before a vote has been put in the ballot box.

A copy of the Tompkins telegram was shown before General Butler's answer was received, to Captain John G. Capers, who was supposed to know just what it meant, and in reply he said: "The telegram must speak for itself. General Butler entirely absconded with the action of the primary on the 28th. You will know a great deal before ten days elapse, and you can rest assured that Senator Butler is still a most active factor in State and national politics. The news of his withdrawal from the primary, if true, is a matter of no consequence. He is a man of independent mind and of independent standing in the Democratic party, no matter what its woes or its tribulations.

The alleged cause for Senator Butler's withdrawal from the primary, as stated by the State Democratic Executive Committee to grant the separate box which Senator Butler asked for. General Butler's action, even with this, is strange in view of the fact that in his campaign speeches he made eloquent stand in this matter," was asked. "I have no official report to how they stand as a body. The only communication of this sort was received from secretary of the Farmers' Alliance in Charleston, S. C., in which he put the same question that had been put by other correspondents from the agricultural districts and indicated the same preference for sugar bagging. I thought that it would be a hardship to be forced to use jute."

"To what do you attribute this preference for sugar bagging?" "Well, it is cheaper, in the first place; and in the second place, being more tightly woven, it is easier to protect the cotton better than jute."

Mr. Walter T. Miller, secretary of the Exchange, was in substantial accord with the president. Sugar bagging, he explained, "can be obtained by the cotton dealers either at second or first hand. It is not made any cheaper than jute. Second hand, it may be as much as 3 cents a yard cheaper, which would be about 18 cents a bale. You see that is a consideration. Bagging that has been through a steam process of cleaning and may readily be utilized for covering bales of cotton."

"Have any now crop bales been covered with the sugar bagging?" "No, it is too early for that. But now that the Board has declared itself there is no doubt that the sugar bagging will come into general use. Naturally, all purchases of cotton made through the New York Exchange are subject to the rules of the Exchange and no customer can object to the bagging which the Exchange approves."

A pioneer trader in cotton who has been in the business for twenty-five years assured the reporter that the more tightly woven material was preferred by the planters of the South, not only because it was cheaper, but because it protected the cotton from dust and ashes and also, to a moderate degree, from the chafers which occasionally fall upon bales of cotton in cars or when piled up at the station and set fire to them. And in any case, he added, they did not care to be dictated to by any combination of manufacturers, but wanted full liberty to use any material they preferred.

NEW COVERING FOR COTTON.

The Substitution of Sugar Bag for Jute Bagging.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—The Cotton Exchange, as already reported, has officially decided that the use of sugar bag cloth in covering cotton is not contrary to its rules. It was rumored on the Exchange yesterday that no body cared to stand sponsor for the rumor, but the matter had come up before the Board of Managers, through the action of the various jute manufacturing companies, which saw the threat of a damaging competition in any eraochanical of other kindred spirits, consequently they had induced the cotton manufacturers to unite in a protest against the use of sugar bag cloth, and address it to the Board. Mr. Richard Sidesberg, of the Cotton Exchange, acknowledged that letters of protest had been received from a number of Eastern cotton planters protesting against the use of sugar bag cloth. But he knew nothing of the motives that prompted this move, and presumed they were entirely disinterested.

"On the other hand," he added, "the Board received a number of communications from farmers and cotton merchants asking whether it discriminated against the use of sugar bagging and intimating a preference for the latter. It was in answer to these applications and on that we passed our resolution of the 28th inst. in favor of the use of a letter to all our patrons. We desire to make no discrimination whatever, but to leave them to their own election in the matter. Only when there is a serious contest in any particular sort of bagging, should I care to interfere. For example, last May it was constrained to give notice that pine straw bagging was objectionable, inasmuch as it stained, and therefore, deteriorated the cotton covered by it in the event of its becoming damp or wet. This was in answer to the serious bitter protests that came to us, especially from European customers, which made immediate action imperative."

"How does the Farmers' Alliance stand in this matter?" was asked. "I have no official report to how they stand as a body. The only communication of this sort was received from secretary of the Farmers' Alliance in Charleston, S. C., in which he put the same question that had been put by other correspondents from the agricultural districts and indicated the same preference for sugar bagging. I thought that it would be a hardship to be forced to use jute."

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UPRISING OF NEGROES.

How a Few Determined, Nervy White Men Prevented a Riot.

An embryo race riot started on Monday of last week near Vances in the Eastern part of Orangeburg County, and for a time things looked equally, but an open riot was happily averted by the coolness and nerve of the white men in that section. Two or three telegrams were sent to Governor Tillman about the matter. The first, from Trial Justice O. B. Whetsell, read as follows:

Harlin City, Aug. 29. "Governor B. R. Tillman: "Order out the Santee Riflemen to meet at a race riot is imminent. Gladness of honor on hand and can't commit them because of the trouble by negroes. O. B. Whetsell, Trial Justice." "Trial Justice."

The second telegram was from Mr. M. R. Evans, First Lieutenant and Commander of the Santee Riflemen, about the same matter. "I have been notified by Trial Justice O. B. Whetsell that he has asked for the Santee Riflemen. I am ready to respond upon your orders."

Governor Tillman sent the following telegram to the trial justice:

Columbia, Aug. 27. O. B. Whetsell, Trial Justice, Harlin City, S. C. "What is the cause of trouble? Don't attempt to move prisoners to jail till tomorrow. B. R. TILLMAN, Governor. "The Governor also sent the following to Lieutenant Evans: Columbia, Aug. 27. M. R. Evans, Lieutenant Commanding, Harlin City. "Hold your company subject to orders of Trial Justice in maintaining the peace and enforcing legal process. B. R. TILLMAN, Governor."

A dispatch from Harlin to the Columbia Register says the negroes are holding meetings all about in that section of Orangeburg County for the purpose of making a strike on cotton picking. They are pledging themselves not to pick for less than 75 cents for less than fifty cents per hundred, and forcents for negroes. Some of the best element among the negroes are opposed to the strike, as many of them have nothing to eat, and a great many have no money to pick cotton for. It is with the promise to pick for 75 cents a ton at a fixed price. They threaten to whip any one who disobeyed this determination. As a result of the agitation one old negro, Peter Pelzer, was taken out of his house last night about 11 o'clock by a party of whites, who were about twenty-five negroes for picking cotton for Mr. A. R. Rhame for forty cents. Most of them were recognized and Trial Justice O. B. Whetsell will issue warrants for the parties today, which it is hoped will break up the strike in this section.

The following is Trial Justice Whetsell's statement concerning the difficulty. He says: "When the cotton season first opened the negroes in our section organized into a body, about 250 strong and resolved not to pick cotton for less than 50 cents per 100 pounds. If any violated this rule in picking for a white man for less, he was to be taken out and whipped. These rules were to be enforced against all negroes, whether they were members of the organization or not. Last Monday, Peter Pelzer, a non-member, picked some cotton for a white man near Vances for less than 50 cents. He was promptly taken out and given about 100 lashes by a party of whites. As soon as he got up he swore out warrants before me against seventeen negroes, all of whom he recognized in the mob. I deputized seven men to arrest the seventeen indicated. They were brought before me and evidence was taken and determined to send the cases up to the Court of General Sessions. About 250 negroes had gathered around the office and in the house, who swore the men should not be taken to jail. Some were armed with pistols, guns, axes and billets of wood. They were cutting and detouring those who were unarmed went home. Those who were returned, leaving a sufficient number of the men to guard the office until they returned. About one dozen white men were there and they drew their pistols."

A riot was imminent, and things looked equally undecid. He told the white men to stick to him and gave them authority to shoot the first man who interfered with the prisoners. He telegraphed the Governor for the Santee Rifles as above stated. The negroes were raging, swearing and detouring their glittering weapons about their heads saying, "d-n the Rifles." The white men and constables were all armed; they stood together with pistols in hand and marched upon the negroes, who at this time looked like blood when they were ordered to disperse. They were all armed, the whites held a solid front and marched the prisoners out of the office into a vacant place. Thence they were brought without molestation to Branchville and turned over to Sheriff Wingo, who had telegraphed to the Sheriff to lodge them in jail, where they will remain until court meets or released on bail.

Fortunately not a shot was fired. If the negroes had fired one time there would have been a bloody riot. The news of the riot was determined, and the white men and constables were all armed; they stood together with pistols in hand and marched upon the negroes, who at this time looked like blood when they were ordered to disperse. They were all armed, the whites held a solid front and marched the prisoners out of the office into a vacant place. Thence they were brought without molestation to Branchville and turned over to Sheriff Wingo, who had telegraphed to the Sheriff to lodge them in jail, where they will remain until court meets or released on bail.

Another Murder.

Aiken, Aug. 29.—A fatal shooting scrape took place about 9 o'clock at night in front of Blue Mountain Joe's saloon on the corner of the intersection between Night Marshal James J. Wingo and Will Chatfield, and the result of it is that Chatfield lies with a mortal wound in his abdomen. The reports in reference to the affair are conflicting. One is that it was a personal difficulty between Wingo and Chatfield; the other is that Wingo was acting in the discharge of his duties as marshal. However, that will all come out at the corner's inquest. They had words and in the scuffle that ensued, a bystander grabbed Wingo's club to prevent his using it, when he drew his pistol and shot twice, one ball penetrating the abdomen, entering at the waist, the other making a glancing wound in the side. Chatfield was taken to the Park Avenue Hotel and Drs. Wynnan and Edwards called in. They are now working him trying to find the bullet. Wingo's wound is not serious, but his recovery is doubtful. The flames were extinguished the firemen found on the fifth floor the bodies of a watchman named Herman and a boy, both boys were Herman's sons. The property loss was small.

THE WEATHER AND CROPS.
 The Weekly Bulletin of the State Bureau for the Past Week.

The following is the bulletin of the condition of the weather and crops of the State for the week just ended, as issued Tuesday by State Observer Bauer:

During the week ending, August 27, the temperature fluctuations were somewhat below normal limits owing to the diversity of the weather, with frequent rains, especially during the hottest portions of the day which prevented very high maxima, and at night which retarded radiation preventing low minima; the resulting average temperature for the week did not vary more than two degrees from the normal in any portion of the State, being generally slightly below. Highest temperature for the week, 95 at Oakworth on the 25th; lowest 60 at Greenville on the 22d.

In most sections of the State the sunshine was deficient, averaging somewhat less than 50 per cent of the possible over the entire State.

The rainfall was local in its character, although fairly well distributed on the 25th and 26th; the showers were heaviest in the southern portion of the State. The amount of rainfall varied greatly, ranging from nearly four inches in portions of the south and southeastern counties to a trace or none at all in the upper counties. A cloud burst was reported from Orangeburg county that did much damage, and was followed by heavy rains from various other places. There was several showers in Sumter county, however, causing no particular injury, and a severe wind and hail storm in Greenville county breaking down corn and cotton. The excessive rains of two weeks ago were very destructive in Darlington county, damaging old corn and fruit that had been planted, and it is estimated that cotton was reduced in prospect 40 per cent. Communication with the town of Darlington was interrupted for nearly two weeks by the high water.

There has received no soil and topography of the State makes it improbable that the same weather conditions would be equally favorable for crops in all portions of the State, and the condition of cotton at the present time exemplify the diversity of soil and topography of the State, which is probably the reason why cotton on sandy soil is a poor crop, and in some places to shed too freely and rust is developed very generally, while the plants' growth has stopped with scarcely any top crop; from this condition, heavy grades up to 50 good fields can be produced and fine ones, but taken all together the prospects fall considerably short of an average crop. Bolls are maturing and opening rapidly and picking will, in a short time, become general.

Corn has received no setback, and fodder piling which is being done in low counties, is general in the "up country." One correspondent who has traveled extensively throughout the State, states that in his opinion the corn crop has been over estimated and will not prove to be so much, if any, greater than an average crop.

Tobacco suffered severely during the first of the month and the rains ruined to a large extent the very promising crop of July.

There has been no rise in the rice counties since previous estimates.

Pears are giving evidence of bearing and are growing luxuriantly.

Syrup making is the prevailing occupation in districts where cane is grown extensively, and the general opinion is that the yield of syrup will not come up to expectation, although the cane is juicy.

Potatoes, turnips, gardens and pasturage continue to do well, the warm and moist conditions having been extremely favorable. Truck farmers are beginning to prepare their lands for winter and spring vegetables.

The wet ground is causing Irish potatoes to rot in places.

Supperpot grapes are ripening and should be plentiful in portions of the State, being about the only native fruit grown in any abundance this year.

Butler's Move.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Aug. 30.—E. Mayor William A. Courtenay arrived in the city yesterday from the upcountry. He was accompanied by a Sun man today and anticipated his relations with regard to the state of politics, by inquiring: "What does this move of Butler's mean?" Not waiting for a reply, he said: "I have no promise of success here, but I should have had more from the beginning of the campaign. It should have adopted the suggestion of Hampton and formed National Democratic clubs."

"It is too late to change the result now. I come from the up-country and I know that the way to get Butler's primary is not a good test of Tillman's strength. The farmers in my section argued, as they foolishly argued in other sections, that the thing was all one-sided and that it was not necessary for them to leave their work in the height of the season and go a dozen miles to vote. But a Butler manifesto would bring out this dormant strength, and mark my words," concluded the sage of Newry, "he will find twenty-eight counties solid against him if he attempts to make an independent race."

Killed in the Surf.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Aug. 16.—William Carr, aged 20 years, was instantly killed this afternoon by a bolt of lightning, while in bathing in company with two young women. He had just entered the surf and had risen from a dive beneath a breaker, when the bolt came, the first intimation of a coming storm, and he fell, struck by a fatal shock. His companions, the Misses Farnum, were within ten feet of him, when the bolt descended. They suffered a severe electrical shock and were also prostrated by fright at sight of their companion's lifeless body. There were hundreds of people in the surf near by who saw the fatal flash and the mark it struck. There was an instant panic among the bathers, who more or less fled, the resulting shock, as they hurried out on to the strand as a faint relief, another violation of the destroying element. Although restoratives were promptly applied, young Carr could not be revived. His death is said to be the first by lightning ever occurring at this resort.

Killed.

CINCINNATI, O., August 30.—The Times-Star Lexington, Ky., special says: A duel to death with knives occurred in Clark county in Boonesboro yesterday, over the scandal feature of the Ashland Congressional contest. John King, a Breckinridge man, living in Fayette county, met on the highway his old friend who lives in Clark county. Cook said that any woman who went to hear Breckinridge speak was no better than a courtesan. King dismounted from his horse, saying his wife had been struck and he had struck her. Cook insisted it was a shame. He also dismounted. Both drew knives and blood flowed freely until Cook dropped, having three stabs in the breast; King has escaped.

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