

PICK UP THE KEY WILL BE DONE. earth is reached with sunny blue, id life is but the corolling memories of pleasant sun, and thoughts that no sadness bring, every then it is to say, Battered shined knee, day unto day: "They will be done."

But when the morning's ray light Wee not through our tear-dimmed eyes, And Peace has winged herself from sight, And blue some of our memories; How hard a thing it is to say, On hended knee, day unto day: "They will be done."

Three blessed they, or high or low, Or rich or poor, in youth or age Who calmly walk through weal or woe, And con life's lessons page by page, And with an honest heart can say, And with a child-like trust cry: "They will be done."

THE DIVINE RESCUE. Salvation Without Money—Death Robbed of Its Terrors. BROOKLYN, Sept. 2.—Rev. Dr. Talma, who is still absent in the south Pacific, has selected as the subject of today's sermon through the press "The Rescue," the text chosen being Acts xv, 31, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Jails are dark, dull, damp, loathsome places even now, but they were worse in the apostolic times. I imagine today we are standing in the Philippian dungeon. Do you not feel the chill? Do you not hear the groans of those incarcerated ones who for 10 years have not seen the sunlight and the deep sigh of women who remember their father's house and mourn over their wasted estate? Listen again. It is the cough of a consumptive or the struggle of one in the nightmare of a great horror. You listen again and hear a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over in his dreams, and you say, "God, pity the prisoner."

It is the song of joy and gladness. What a place to sing in! The music comes winding through the corridors of the prison, and in all the dark wards the whisper is heard: "What's that? What's that?" It is the song of Paul and Silas. They cannot sleep. They have been whipped very badly. The long queues on their backs are bleeding. They lie flat on the old ground, their feet fast in wooden sockets, and of course they cannot sleep. But they can sing. Jailers, what are you doing with these people? Why have they been put in here? Oh, they have been trying to make the world better. Is that all? That is all. A pit for Joseph, a lion's cave for Daniel, a blazing furnace for Shadrach, clubs for John Wesley, an anathema for Philipp Melancthon, a dungeon for Paul and Silas.

But while we are standing in the gloom of the Philippian dungeon, and we hear the mingling voices of sob and groan and blasphemy and halleluiah, suddenly an earthquake! The iron bars of the prison twist, the pillars crack off, the solid masonry begins to heave, and all the doors swing open. The jailer, feeling himself, responsible for these prisoners and believing in his pagan ignorance suicide to be honorable since Brutus killed himself and Cato killed himself, and Cassius killed himself—puts his own heart, proposing with one strong keen thrust to put an end to his excitement and agitation. But Paul cries out: "Stop, stop! Do yourself no harm. We are all here."

Then I see the jailer running through the dust and amid the ruin of that prison, and I see him throwing himself down at the feet of these prisoners, crying out: "What shall I do? What shall I do?" Did Paul and Silas do anything of this kind before there was another earthquake. Put handcuffs and hobbles on these other prisoners, lest they get away? No word of that kind. His compact, thrilling, tremendous answer, memorable all through earth and heaven, was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Well, we have all read of the earthquake in Lisbon, in Lima, in Aleppo and in Caracas, but we live in a latitude where in all our memories there has not been one severe volcanic disturbance. And yet we have seen 50 earthquakes. Here is a man who has been building up a large fortune. His bid on the money market was felt in all the cities. He thinks he has got beyond all annoying rivalries in trade, and he says to himself "Now I am free and safe from all possible perturbation." But in 1857 or in 1873 a national panic strikes the foundation of the commercial world, and crash goes all that magnificent business establishment.

Here is a man who has built up a very beautiful home. His daughters have just come home from the seminary with diplomas of graduation. His sons have started in life, honest, temperate and pure. When the evening lights are struck, there is a happy and unbroken family circle. But there has been an accident down at Long Branch. The young man ventured too far out in the surf. The telegraph hurled the terror up to the city. An earthquake struck under the foundation of that beautiful home.

The piano closed; the curtains dropped; the lamps were put out. Crash go all those domestic hopes, prospects and expectations! So my friends, we have all felt the shaking down of some great trouble, and there was a time when, we were as much excited as this man of the text, and we cried out as he did: "What shall I do? What shall I do?" The same reply that the apostle made to him is appropriate to us, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

There are some documents of so little importance that you do not care to put any more than your name under them, or even your initials; but there are some documents of so great importance that you write out your full names. So the Saviour in some parts of the Bible is called "Lord," and in other parts of the Bible he is called "Jesus," and in other parts of the Bible he is called "Christ," but that there might be no mistake about this passage all three names come together, "Lord Jesus Christ."

Now, who is this being that you want me to trust in and believe in? Men sometimes come to me with credentials and certificates of good character, but I cannot trust them. There is some dishonesty in their looks that makes me know that I shall be cheated if I confide in them. You cannot put your heart's confidence in a man until you know what sort he is made of, and am I unreasonable when I stop to ask you who this is that you want me to trust in? No man would think of venturing his life on a

vessel going out to sea that had never been inspected. No; you must have the certificate hung amidships, telling how many tons it carries and how long ago it was built, and who built it, and all that sort of thing. You cannot expect me to risk the cargo of my mortal interests on board any craft till you tell me what it is made of, and where it was made, and what it is. When then, I ask you who this is you want me to trust in, you tell me he is a very attractive person. Contemporary writers describe his whole appearance as being resplendent. There was no need for Christ to tell the children to come unto him. "Suffer little children to come unto me," was not spoken to the children. It was spoken to the disciples. The children came readily enough without any invitation. No sooner did Jesus appear than the little ones jumped from their mothers' arms, an avalanche of beauty and love, into his lap. Christ did not ask John to put his head down on his bosom. John could not help but put his head there. I suppose a look at Christ was just to love him. How attractive his manner! Why, when they saw Christ coming along the street they ran into their houses, and they wrapped up their invalids as quick as they could, and brought them out that he might look at them. Oh, there was something so pleasant, so inviting, so cheerful in everything he did, in his very look. When these sick ones were brought out did he say: "Do not bring before me these sores?" No, no trouble me with these sores? No, no. There was a kind look; there was a gentle word; there was a healing touch. They could not keep away from him.

There was a certain fitness of character. There was a fiery momentum. How the kings of the earth turned pale! Here is a plain man with a few sailors at his back, coming off the sea of Galilee, going up to the palace of the Caesars, making that palace quake to the foundations and uttering a word of mercy and kindness which throbs through all the earth and through all the heavens, and through all ages. Oh, he was a young Christ. But it was not eloquence or insinuation of character. It was accompanied with majesty, infinite and omnipotent. Lest this world should not realize his earnestness, this Christ mounts the cross.

I think there are many under the influence of the Spirit of God who are saying, "I will trust him if you will only tell me how," and the great question asked by many is, "How, how?" And while I answer your question I look up at the prayer which Rowland Hill so often uttered in the midst of his sermons, "Master, help!" How are you to trust in Christ?

Just as you trust any one. You trust your partner in business with important things. If a commercial house gives you a note payable three months hence, you expect the payment of that note at the end of three months. You have perfect confidence in their word and in their ability. Or, again, you go home today, and you expect there will be food on the table. You have perfect confidence in that. Now, I ask you to have the same confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ. He says "You believe; I take away your sins," and they are all taken away. "What?" you say, "before I pray any more, before I read my Bible any more, before I cry over my sins any more?" Yes, this is my belief. Believe with all your heart and you are saved. Why, Christ is only waiting to get from you what you give to scores of people every day. What is that? Confidence. If those people whom you trust day by day are more worthy than Christ, if they are more faithful than Christ, if they have done more than Christ ever did, then give them the preference, but if you really think that Christ is as trustworthy as they are then deal with him as fairly.

"Oh," says some one in a light way, "I believe that Christ was born at Bethlehem, and that he died on the cross." Do you believe it with your heart or your head? I will illustrate the difference. You are in your house. In the morning you open a newspaper, and you read how Captain Braveheart on the sea risked his life for the salvation of his passengers. You say: "What a grand fellow he must have been! His family deserves very well of the country." You fold the newspaper and sit down at the table and perhaps do not think of that accident again. That is historical fact.

But now you are on the sea and it is night, and you are asleep, and you are awakened by the shriek of "Fire!" You rush out on the deck. You hear, amid the wringing of the hands and the fainting cry: "No hope! No hope! We are lost! We are lost!" The sail puts out its wing of fire, the rope makes a burning ladder in the night heavens, the spirit of wreck hisses in the wave and the breaker of smoke and darkness. "Down with the lifeboats!" cries the captain. "Down with the lifeboats!" People rush into them. The boats are about full. Room only for one more man. You are standing on the deck beside the captain.

Who shall it be? You or the captain? The captain says, "You." You jump and are saved. He stands there and dies. Now, you believe that Captain Braveheart sacrificed himself for his passengers, but you believe it with love, with tears, with hot and long continued exclamations, with grief at his loss and joy at your deliverance. This is saving faith. The words, "you who believe with all the heart, and believe in regard to yourself. On this hinge turns my sermon—aye, the salvation of your immortal soul. You often go across a bridge you know nothing about. You do not know who built the bridge, you do not know what material it is made of but you come to it and walk over it and ask no questions. And here is an arched bridge blasted from the "Rock of Ages" and built by the Architect of the whole universe, spanning the dark gulf between sin and righteousness, and all God asks you is to walk across it, and you start and you come to it and you stop, and you go a little way on, and you stop and you fall back, away on, and you stop and you fall back, away on, and you stop and you say, "How do I know that bridge will hold me?" Instead of marching on with firm step, asking no questions, but feeling that the strength of the eternal God is under you.

Oh, was there ever a prize proffered so cheap as pardon and heaven are offered to you? For how much? A million dollars? It is certainly worth more than that. But cheaper than that you can have it. Ten thousand dollars? Less than that. One dollar? Less than that. One farthing? Less than that. "Without money and without price." No money to pay. No journey to take. No penance to suffer. Only just one decisive action of the soul. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Shall I try to tell you what it is to save? I cannot tell you. No man, no angel can tell you. But I can hint at it for my text brings me up to this point, "Thou shalt be saved." It means a happy life here and a peaceful death and a blissful eternity. It is a grand thing to sleep at night and to get up in the morning and to do his duty with a feeling that all is right between my heart and God. No accident, no sickness, no persecution, no peril, no sword can do me any permanent damage. I am a forgiven child of God, and he is bound to see me through. He has sworn he will see me through. The mountains may depart, the earth may burn, the light of the stars may be blown out by the blast of the judgment hurricane, but life and death, things present and things to come are mine. Fear, further than that, it means peaceful death. Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Young and almost all the poets have said handsome things about death. There is nothing beautiful about it. When we stand by the white rigid features of those whom we love and they give no answering pressure of the hand and no returning kiss of the lip, we do not want anybody pointing around about us. Death is loathsomeness and the light and the wringing of the heart until the tendril snaps and curl in the torture unless Christ shall fear, a confession to you an infinite fear, a suffering horror of death unless Christ shall be with me. I would rather go down into a cave of wild beasts or a jungle of reptiles than into the grave unless Christ goes with me. Will you tell me that I am to be carried out from my bright home and put away in the darkness? I cannot bear darkness. At the first coming of the evening I must have the light, and the farther on in life I get the more I like to have my friends round about me.

And am I to be put off for thousands of years in a dark place, with no one to speak to? When the holidays come and the gifts are distributed, shall I add no joy to the "Merry Christmas" or the "Happy New Year?" Ah, do not point down to the hole in the ground, the grave and call it a beautiful place. Unless I shudder back from it. My whole nature revolts at the thought of this glorious lamp is lifted above the grave, and all the darkness is gone, and the way is clear. I look into it now without a single shudder. Now my anxiety is that I may not die. My anxiety is that I may live right, for I know that if my life is consistent, when I come to the last hour and this voice is silent, and these eyes are closed, and these hands with which I beg for your eternal salvation to day are folded over the still heart, that then I only begin to live.

What power is there in anything to chill me in the last hour if Christ wraps around me the skirt of his own garments? What darkness can fall upon my eyelids then, amid the heavenly daybreak? O death, I will not fear thee! Back to thy cavern of darkness, thou robber of all the earth. Fly, thou despoiler of families. With this battle-axe I hew thee in twain from helmet to scabbard, the voice of Christ sounding all over the earth and through the heavens: "O death, I will be thy plagues." O grave, I will be thy destruction.

To be saved is to wake up in the presence of Christ. You know when Jesus was upon the earth how happy he made every house he went into, and when he brings us up to his house in heaven how great shall be our gladness. His voice has more music in it than is to be heard in about banks of eternity. Talk not about banks of eternity. Talk not about the chief business of heaven. We shall see the very face that bore our sin, patting in Babylon and take the very hand that dropped its blood from the short beam of the cross. Oh, I want to stand in eternity with him. Toward that harbor I steer. Toward that goal I run. I shall be satisfied when I awake in his likeness.

Oh, broken hearted men and women, how sweet it will be in that good land to point all your hardships and bereavements and losses into the light of Christ and then have him explain to you why it was best for you to be sick, and why it was best for you to be widowed, and why it was best for you to be persecuted, and why it was best for you to be tried, and have him point to an elevation proportionate to your disquietude here saying, "You suffered with me on earth; come up now and be glorified with me in heaven."

Some one went into a house where there had been a good deal of trouble and said to the woman there, "You seem to be lonely." "Yes," she said, "I am lonely." "How many in the family?" "Only myself." "Have you had any children?" "I had seven children." "All gone?" "All." "All dead?" "All." "Then she breathed a long sigh into the loneliness and said, "Oh, sir, I have been good a mother to the grave."

And so there are hearts here that are utterly broken down by the bereavement of life. I point you today to the eternal balm of heaven. Oh, aged men and women who have knelt at the throne of grace for threescore years and on will not you depreciable change for the leaf of a heart when you come to look face to face upon him whom having not seen you love? O, that will be the Good Shepherd, not cut in the night and watching to keep off the wolves, but with lamb reclining on the sunlit hill. That will be the Captain of our salvation, not amid the roar and crash and boom of battle, but amid his disabed troops keeping the victorious festivity. That will be the Bridegroom of the church, coming from afar, the bridegroom upon his arm while he looks down at the face and says: "Behold, thou art fair, my love! Behold, thou art fair!"

Needs Hanging. JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Sept. 5.—William F. Hayes, a young white man, twenty years of age, a fisherman by occupation, murdered his sixteen-year-old wife and dangerously wounded his mother-in-law, Mrs. Susan Nason, last night in East Jacksonville. Hayes' wife had left him on her way home from several months ago and had gone to live with her mother. Last night Hayes appeared and was admitted. Without provocation he began shooting, first wounding Mrs. Nason twice in the head and once in the side. His wife ran behind the bed and he followed her, shooting her through the back, the ball passing through her heart and out of her left breast and through her left hand. Hayes then calmly reloaded his pistol and walked out. This is the statement of Mrs. Nason. A watchman, who rooms in the house, also reported the deed, and wounded pair fled to the "Rock of Ages." Searching parties are now after the murderer. Hayes, the husband of the murdered woman, was captured late this afternoon in the outskirts of the city. He denied doing the shooting and said he could not prove an alibi. Hayes was carried before his wife's mother, who is rapidly sinking, and she identified him as the man who did the shooting.

THE SOUTH'S PROSPERITY. Encouraging Reports from This Section to The Manufacturers Record. BALTIMORE, Sept. 6.—The Manufacturers' Record of this week says: "The encouraging condition of business, and the extent of its revival in the South are shown by the bank clearings of several Southern cities, notably Birmingham, Louisville, Memphis and Jacksonville. At the three last cities, the increase for the week ending August 25, was 202, 189 and 90 per cent, respectively, over the corresponding week of 1893, while at Birmingham, the clearings increased over 400 per cent, indicating to what an extent manufacturing industries are being affected."

Special reports received by the Manufacturers' Record during the past week, include the construction of forty miles of new railroad in Alabama and twelve miles in Tennessee, the opening of three more coal mines in Alabama and the formation of a line of twenty-five barges on the Mississippi river trade; two steamship lines, one coastwise, and one to the West Indies, number and sales of land, in small tracts to settlers, and the sale of 30,000 tons of Tennessee ore by a single corporation.

Throughout the entire South there is a better feeling in business circles than has been seen for the last two or three years and reports from all over the country show that the increasing prosperity of the South is attracting wide attention from capitalists, manufacturers and farmers. The rehabilitation of Southern railroads is making good progress and with earnings steadily increasing there is a tendency towards large expenditures for the improvement of roads, an increase in rolling stock and for the building of new lines and especially short leaders and branch roads.

Among the leading industrial enterprises reported for the week are a \$100,000 phosphate company, organized in Baltimore to operate in Florida; a \$30,000 phosphate company, \$10,000 machine works, water works and a flour mill in Georgia; a packing house, shoe factory, brick works, electric light plants and quarrying company in Alabama; a \$100,000 manufacturing company and \$50,000 boat building company in Louisiana; a barrel factory, knitting mill and flour mill in North Carolina; a \$350,000 cotton mill addition to one of the most prosperous mills in the State, a quarrying company, sewerage plant, electric light plant and gold mine in South Carolina; water works, paper mill and wood working plant in Tennessee, and a large number of miscellaneous enterprises in all the different States.

An increase in building interests is reported and a number of large buildings are to be constructed in various parts of the South, including a \$150,000 jail and three hotels in Georgia.

That Extra Session. COLUMBIA, S. C., Sept. 6.—The Journal published an article a few days ago saying that it was likely that an extra session of the Legislature would be called to amend the election laws of the State. Senator Levy was seen at the Grand Central Hotel and when asked for an interview on the subject said: "I did not come here to be interviewed. I came here to attend the meeting of the State executive committee, and when that is over I shall go home." Then looking in a rather insinuating way he said: "Do not shoot in the bushes. I wait until the birds come out."

"Is that in reference to the proposed 'independent movement'?" "Yes, but I do not think there will be one. When those fellows get together they will think the matter over and not put out a ticket. There is no cause for it. The people have spoken and that settles it."

"Do you think there will be an extra session of the Legislature?" "It depends upon circumstances," was the significant reply. "What circumstances?" "That is private," was the pertinent reply. "What do you think of the registration laws?" "They are before the Supreme Court. I am no lawyer. I referred and quit the law, and cannot now give a legal opinion."

"Will the registration laws have anything to do with the calling of the extra session?" "I do not know. Go ask Tillman." "Do you not think that Governor Tillman has been indirect in his attacks upon the Democratic party?" "As I understand it, he has not attacked the Democratic party. He gave Cleveland the devil, but Cleveland deserved ten times as much as he gave him. Cleveland is not the Democratic party, nor is it represented by such hangers as he is. Some people in South Carolina seem to think that Cleveland is the embodiment of the Democratic party. I don't."

"Don't you think that Tillman will leave the Democratic party?" "I believe Tillman is as good a Democrat as wears hair. If anybody leaves the Democratic party Cleveland's sort ought. I am convinced that Cleveland could not have gotten the nomination if the Southern States could have known his financial policy in advance."

RAPING AND MURDER. The Charge Against a White Man of Fort Lawn. CHESTER, Sept. 4.—The short dispatch containing the news of a rape and a murder, which appeared in The State of September 1st, has caused a great deal more excitement in the county than was at first anticipated. There was no special attention paid to it by any of your readers until later in the day, Saturday, when a young white man named Lawrence Rives, appeared at the doors of the jail and asked the sheriff for protection. News soon reached this city that he was suspected of the crime and had been advised by his father and friends to give himself up to the sheriff as there was strong threats from the negroes of lynching him.

The facts in the case, gathered by your correspondent today at Fort Lawn, where Trial Justice Minors was holding a coroner's inquest, are as follows: Mattie Heath, the young wife of Andy Heath, a negro laborer, living on the farm of Col. Cado Rives, near Fort Lawn, went to the house of a neighbor, Amelia Marshall, on the morning of 31st ult., and having remained there a short while, started on her return home, but never reached her destination. Her husband had been working on the public roads that day and in the evening, on his return home passed the house of Col. Rives, who told him that Mattie had not been home since morning.

After learning from his children that his wife had gone to the house of the Marshall woman, Andy started along the path leading to that place. About 200 yards down the path he found the body of his dead wife lying across the path in a terrible condition. Her throat was cut from ear to ear, her head washed in and her clothes burnt from her body. Trial Justice Minors was summoned, and a jury empanelled. Suspicion at once pointed to two men, Andy and old negro Jack Ferguson, a young son of Col. Rives. Circumstances cleared Ferguson but young Rives was not so lucky. The justice adjourned the inquest until the 11th, giving Andy and Ferguson a full opportunity to disappear before the inquest was again held. It was found during Friday night that Rives had crossed the Catawba River and taken the Georgia, Carolina and Northern train at a way station near York, S. C. They then advanced morning for Chester. When evidence taking was resumed and the prisoners wired for. Justice Minors, fearing that serious trouble would result from the maddened and threatening crowds of negroes gathering around Fort Lawn, wired the Governor for a special posse to keep the peace, is answer to which Attorney General Buchanan authorized him to swear in as many extra constables as was necessary. Sheriff Hood also got orders from the same source to order around the Lee Light Infantry to conduct the prisoner to York, S. C.

About 12:30 a special train left for Fort Lawn bearing half a dozen citizens, the Lee Light Infantry, twenty-four strong, the Sheriff and prisoner and two newspaper correspondents. On reaching Fort Lawn trouble seemed imminent. About 600 infuriated negroes had gathered near the depot and were surrounding an old store house, where the inquest was being conducted. Forty or fifty special constables, armed with all manner of arms, were lined up to each side of the track. The special constables containing the prisoner was guarded about forty minutes, when Justice Minors ordered the prisoner to be brought before the jury. This was done by the military without any trouble and by the time his testimony was taken, a large train was ready for Chester and the prisoner and Lee Light Infantry departed, leaving Fort Lawn and the negroes in the hands of the special constables.

The negroes were aroused by the fact that the suspected white man whom they claimed had ravished and murdered one of their daughters, had not been arrested. The whites checked their rashness in a great measure by raising a posse and obtaining the service of Attorney John C. Green, Lancaster, to represent the prosecution at the inquest. J. K. Henry, of this bar, was employed by the defense. It will be impossible to get the verdict until tomorrow morning, as news has just reached here, at 9 o'clock p. m., that the jury has agreed as yet. The evidence is strong against young Rives and all the circumstances tend to make it further than suspicion with him. During his examination he contradicted himself several times and his father's testimony also. It is clearly a case of rape and murder, and the young white man will likely be kept in safe keeping in the Chester jail until the higher court meets.—State.

The Populists' Jubilation. WASHINGTON, Sept. 5.—Populists here are claiming that great results will follow in the Western States from Senator Jones' defection from the Republican party. They claim that Idaho will go for the Populists, but Senator Dabbs, who leaves for the West tonight, denies this and also asserts that neither himself nor any other Western Senator will follow Mr. Jones' example. The other States which will elect Senators this fall and which, it is claimed, will be more or less affected by the action of Senator Jones, are Colorado, Montana and Wyoming. It is within the range of possibility that all of those States may have legislatures controlled by Populists instead of sending back Republicans, will elect Populist Senators, Colorado has already been carried by the Populists. The members of the House of Representatives from Colorado belong to that party.

In Wyoming, the Legislature chosen two years ago, failed to elect a successor to Senator Warren, because the Populists held the balance of power and a combination could not be formed between either of the parties, none having a majority in the Legislature. The same was true of Montana, even a successor to Senator Sanders could not be chosen. It is asserted by Republican Senators that when Congress reassembles a motion will be carried in the Republican caucus to remove Jones from the finance committee and to replace him by a Republican silver free coinage advocate. When Jones' colleague, Stewart, some time ago, announced his withdrawal from the Republican party he held a place on the committee on appropriations. He was removed and Teller put on in his place. The Populists claim that with the election of Jones to the Senate, the general feeling of the South Carolina and other States, seem to them now absolutely certain, and they will hold the balance of power in the Senate in the future.

Arrests in High Officials. WASHINGTON, Sept. 5.—Chief Hosen of the Treasury secret service, received a telegram today announcing the arrest in St. Louis, Mo., this morning of Secretary Smith, of the St. Louis Bank Note Company. This company, it will be recalled, printed and engraved the \$2 and \$3 warrants of the State of Mississippi, which bore a striking similarity to United States money. The president of the company will be arrested when he returns to St. Louis and Agent Holmes, of the company, who is in charge of the Chicago branch, will also be looked after. In the meantime, the United States district attorney at Jackson, Miss., is preparing a case against the State officials of Mississippi, Governor Stone and others, in the same case. The Mississippi officials refused to call in the warrants, but the fact that they have been declared illegal by the general government has, it is said, had the effect of destroying public confidence in them as money, and the banks refuse longer to take them.

Weather-Crop Bulletin. The temperature was somewhat lower than during the previous week but there was an average daily excess of the temperature of from two to three degrees over the normal, with twenty degrees distributed throughout the week. The coast regions were relatively warmer than the interior of the State. Highest temperature 96 at Oakwood on the 28th, and 94 at Spartanburg on the 28th; lowest 56 at Greenville on the 28th.

There was more sunshine than during the previous week. During the latter portion of the week there was light haze or smoke, which caused the temperature to fall during the hottest parts of the day through which the sun shed a diffused orange colored light. The nights were uniformly clear after 9 p. m.

There were few rainy days, although there was a shower on the 28th throughout the greater portion of the State except on the coast where the showers occurred on the 28th, but small, in any sections of the State without rain. It was generally needed and proved very beneficial, except that the showers on the 28th were very heavy at places washing some lands badly. Cotton bolls are maturing and opening rapidly and picking has by this time become general. As nearly all fields have been gone over, the actual condition of the fields can be judged, for the most part, by the damage done by shedding and rust and the rotting of bolls. Shedding and rust are not so general as heretofore although the reports of damage from those sources continue, particularly from localities having a sandy soil, where, also, there is no top crop, making the growth having stopped. Heavier soil the plant has attained a very rank growth of weed, but the fruitage is deficient, owing to its being thought to the rapid growth of the plant when the July rains began. This luxuriant growth of weed has given the crop a deceptive appearance heretofore, and its aggregate condition must be placed at considerable less than an average crop. There is considerable and quite general complaint of rotting of bolls near the ground.

The late corn crop is fast maturing and will not yield as well as the early planted but is nevertheless a fair crop. For a number of years past the yield of sweet potatoes is large, but the growth of the tuber was so rapid that many are split, and a dry rot has affected the crop in places. Rutabagas and other varieties of turnips are growing finely where a good stand was obtained, which was generally the case. A large portion of the cabbage crop has rotted, but other seasonable garden products are plentiful, having been favored by the weather. On the whole the past week's weather was favorable for growing and maturing crops.

Democratic Campaign Book. WASHINGTON, Sept. 6.—The Democratic Congressional campaign committee has issued its campaign book for September 12. A list of the contents is as follows: 1. What the Democratic Congress did. 2. Causes of the panic of 1893. 3. Not caused by fear of tariff legislation. 4. Labor day law. 5. Alien contract labor law—its repeal. 6. Chinese immigration. 7. Immigration. 8. The tariff schedules and tables showing the rates and duties upon which duties have been reduced 100 per cent or less. 9. Somers statistics on woolen cloths. 10. Income tax provisions. 11. McMillan's report on income tax. 12. Scott Wike's speech on income tax. 13. Tax on luxuries and wealth, repealed by the Republicans. 14. Sugar duties. 15. Trust provisions of tariff laws. 16. Carlisle's letter to Senate on sugar. 17. Mill's speech on tariff. 18. Appropriations—Sayor's speech and tables. 19. Reform in departments—Dokey commission, etc. 20. Diplomatic relations. 21. Democracy and its relations to Union soldiers. 22. Piggott's speech on Populism. 23. Abuse of civil service reform—Bryant's and Cooper's speeches. 24. Democratic platform of 1892. 25. Cleveland's letter of acceptance. 26. Cleveland's letter to Wilson. 27. Cleveland's letter to Catchings. 28. Taxation of greenbacks law. 29. Sherman silver law. 30. Silver statistics, exports and imports of gold and silver; production of gold and silver; price of silver dollars in gold; price of silver dollars in bullion. 31. Currency in tables—character and amount outstanding. 32. Commercial statistics—exports and imports of the United States to and from other countries.

The committee has received advices of the results of the nominating conventions in 131 districts which are now Democratic. Ninety-seven Representatives have been renominated and only thirty-four districts have chosen new Democratic candidates.

Agent Shot. ATLANTA, Ga., Sept. 4.—Rev. B. N. Gaston, who recently gave a personally conducted emigration excursion for negroes from Atlanta to Liberia, was shot last night during a general fight in Hancock County. Gaston has been in that County working up an emigration scheme. Two or three thousand negroes have become worthless idlers in consequence. They quit work and often refused to take an interest in politics. A negro politician named Jenkins told the Gaston crowd that they were deluded. Gaston and his lieutenants got mad at Jenkins. Last night there was a pitched battle between the two factions. Gaston was shot in the head. Six others were wounded.

Judge Freely Dead. CHARLESTON, S. C., Sept. 5.—Hon. B. C. Pressley, ex-Judge of the Court of General Sessions, First District, died at his residence in Summerville today, aged 85 years. Judge Pressley was an assistant United States Treasurer here before the war and at the close of the war was immediately reappointed without his solicitation. He was the author of Pressley's "Law of Magistrates," a well known text book in the courts of this State.

Yslanders Arrested. MEMPHIS, Tenn., Sept. 6.—The grand jury this morning returned indictments for murder in the first degree against W. S. Richardson, J. D. Laxton and E. T. Atkinson in connection with the poisoning of six negro prisoners, near Millington, Friday night. There are six couples in each jail, Richardson, Laxton and Atkinson were out on \$5,000 bail each, but were rearrested and jailed this morning after the finding of the indictments. Ed Smith, a father living near Knoxville, has also been arrested charged with the same crime.

Drowned. LONDON, Sept. 4.—A party of 27 pleasure seekers from Burnley were returned into the water of Morecambe bay by the capsizing of a boat they had hired. Of this number only seven were saved. Four bodies have been recovered.

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