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STATESMAN AND SCHOLAR.

A PRETTY PICTURE OF JUDGE THURMAN AT HIS OHIO HOME.

The Red Bandanna and the Snuff Box—"Allen" and "Mary," and How they Live Together—Poor Little Foraker and the Noble Old Roman—A Kind Word About Blaine.

(From the Boston Herald.)

COLUMBUS, OHIO, June 10.—Judge Thurman's quiet home was again thronged with visitors to-day. There is evidence that the red-hued bandanna and the Democrat will now be as inseparable as the red-headed girl and the white horse. All the Judge's friends declare that the snuff box and the bandanna will be the unique emblems of the campaign, and will doubtless arouse a great deal of enthusiasm, and put a spirit into the canvass that has not been experienced for many a year. It is curious to note the remarks of some of the fair visitors to the Thurman home. The men admirers of the Judge say that his name is as sacred in the litiny of Democracy as his record is above reproach. The pictures of the Democratic candidates are seen everywhere. The faces of some of the leading lights of the St. Louis Convention are also strewn about. When chatting in his library, Judge Thurman is very entertaining. A happy smile, kindly eyes, frank ways and hearty laughter are then the Judge's chief peculiarities, combined, of course, with his brilliant conversation. His silvery chin beard and snowy locks contrast with his rich suit of black broadcloth, dark blue homespun socks and highly polished low shoes. His linen is of immaculate whiteness, and almost glistens beside the black silk stock and black silk watch chain that is the sole indication of jewelry about him. He is a shining example of a cultivated gentleman, with many of the little courteous ways that once were so pronounced in statesmen, but which, in the rush and crush of the present generation, are sometimes slighted, if not altogether overlooked. He has been visited by a throng of reminiscence hunters since his nomination. He refers them to his old friends and neighbors.

To a Herald man to-day he said he thought that he would have got along fairly well in newspaper life if late and irregular hours were the only requisites for that vocation. He referred to his habit of reading and studying half the night and having breakfast when other folks were eating luncheon. He looks and acts like a born debater and a parliamentary fighter. His voice is strong and musically deep, and between the puffs of his cigar he mentioned that, of all the speeches he had made in the Senate and out of it, and of all the records pertaining to his public life, not one was handy. He doubted even if any were in existence. He said that he had never kept a scrapbook because his mother, when he was a lad of 10 and wanted one, had told him that a scrapbook was one of the greatest agents to kill the memory. His mother, he added, was more responsible for his education than any college or institution of learning. He, however, bought a scrapbook when he entered the Senate. He culled it from shelves containing hundreds of books, and showed it to the reporter. It was as barren as the day he bought it. He spoke of the days when he, Roscoe Conkling, Bill Eaton, of Connecticut, and Don Cameron had pleasant late dinners together in Washington. All could "cut to the red," he said, referring to the rhetorical slashings in the Senate, but after the day's session they were cordial and hospitable. Roscoe Conkling, he thinks, was one of the greatest actors of his time.

The Old Roman has been beset by political tramps since his nomination. He spoke of the regiments who have visited his kitchen door begging the red-headed maid to convey their compliments to the Judge, and at the same time mention that a few dollars wisely distributed through them would reap untold results. He packed them all off empty handed. He says he never believed in money campaigns. He is spoken of by his neighbors as generous and liberal, but it is mighty evident from the Judge's manner that no political strikers are to be tolerated.

The Judge was a great walker in his early days. When, as an Ohio lawyer, he attended circuit, and even down to the last attack of rheumatism, he was fond of the exercise. He does not keep a carriage, although he worth in the neighborhood of $400,000, and the [illegible] of his wife, who was a charming [illegible] Dun, [illegible] ose to [illegible] urman [illegible] Mike" [illegible] liar figures in the streets of Columbus, but with the death of "Mike" and the more retired life of the Thurmans the carriage was given up. The Judge and Mrs. Thurman now come [illegible] on the horse cars. The con- [illegible] board shown [illegible] same old gal- [illegible] marked the days [illegible] urting. The touching [illegible] couple for each other [illegible] en is everywhere re- [illegible], the Judge's oldest [illegible] nd man in managing [illegible] which is largely in [illegible] the country think [illegible] os, too determined [illegible] the Democrats who were engaged with [illegible] the tally-sheet frauds. The Judge differs with them, on the ground that a Democrat should have such exalted ideas of his party as to be even above the suspicion of wrongdoing, and when any derelict ones are caught they should be punished with swifter and greater severity, because of the shock they have given to the Democratic temple. The Judge is a great mathematician. He is a surveyor of renown throughout the State. He justly jokes at the comments of his Republican adversaries on his age. He refers to Bismarck at 77 and Gladstone at 79.

It is amusing to many Columbians to remark the wide berth that Governor Foraker gives the Old Roman. The declaration is freely made that, if the two should meet on the stump in this campaign, and it is not unlikely that they will, House-a-fire Foraker will have convincing evidence that he is a pigmy beside the logical and determined old warrior. The Judge thinks Mr. Blaine one of the brainiest men of the century, but he cannot understand the widespread popularity of the Plumed Knight. He spoke in high terms of the Maine statesman, but up to date has not been able to fanthom the furor with which Mr. Blaine's name is greeted.

The Judge's old law office is one of the interesting spots in the town. A weather-eaten metal sign, reading "[illegible] G. Thurman," marks the entrance. It is a one-story cottage, 20 by 30, and was built for the Judge in 1851. Up to three years ago he lived in a frame house adjoining, but business buildings have crowded him into a modest stone house a mile out. The Judge speaks with regret of the change. The old home and the old office are treasures to him. His office is now on one of the floors of his old house, and his old office is temporarily occupied by an old friend. It is shelved all around with law books, and old-fashioned powder horns are hung in the niches. The Judge says the President couldn't interest him in fishing tackle, but if he wants to talk about deer stalking and game hunting generally, Allen G. Thurman is the man to come to. The Judge told of his early successes as a hunter in Ohio, when the houses were few and far between. A noble picture of Sunset Cox hangs over the Judge's old desk. French and Spanish books are plenty. The former recall the sturday old Democrat's fondness for French literatue, and his service as a member of the commission on bimetalism. He reads French like a Parisian, and one of his recreations is a French hovel. The Spanish books tell of the time when he first entered the Senate and was made a member of the committee on Mexican claims. At recess he returned to his home and said he had been put on one of the "measliest" committees in the Senate. How was he to be of value on the committee when his knowledge of Spanish was as meagre as his acquaintance with Choctaw? That was the question which confronted him. He was 56 years old at the time. He solved the problem by buckling in and learning the language, and to-day he can roll off Spanish with the ease and grace of a nut-brown nobleman of the Infant Alfonso's kingdom.

House-a-fire Foraker having pitched into the Thurmans for providing delicacies for Confederate prisoners at Camp Chase, a few miles out of Columbus, during the war, an old friend of the family remarked to-day the charity extended was simply an infinitesimal drop in the gentle dew of Mrs Thurman's goodness. As a Blue Grass beauty, she left many old friends behind in Kentucky when she came to Judge Thurman's home. Many of the prisoners were sons of her old neighbors, and some had been her schoolmates. For auld lang syne's sake she remembered them in their trouble. Her charity extended to stranger Confederates, also, and to the regiments of Union soldiers quartered outside the camp. She was a Union woman with a motherly heart for all. Many recall the time when the Republicans of the State were called "Union sliders," because their pet remark was: "Let the Union slide." At that time the Democrats were jeeringly referred to as "Union savers," from the fact that it was their one cry to keep the Union intact. Judge Thurman came under the ban as a Union saver.

The Judge is fond of athletic sports and good sparring bouts. He remembers Heenan and the stir he created in Columbus. The Judge saw the big man knock out the local notables, and, although the ruffled and frilled ones of "Larry" Godkin's association may hold up their hands and shift their eyes until they look as if they are cut on the bias in mawkish sentiment, the Judge thinks he had a pretty good time that night.

BANDANNAS IN GREAT DEMAND.

The Large Stores Report the Sale of Many Thousands.

(New York Star, June 11.)

The red handkerchief is fairly unfurled. The sacred bandanna is aloft and floats proudly in the breeze. Such a boom in bandannas never known. They are selling like "hot cakes," as the old circus men would say.

Yesterday, in the course of a cursory inspection of some of the large dry goods establishments, the Star reporter was able to ascertain facts which speak with peculiar significance of the prospects of the party in the coming campaign. Said the assistant superintendent at Denning's, on Broadway: "Since Thurman's nomination the demand for bandannas has been really enormous, and, as a peculiar fact, I can tell you that the ladies are fairly taking the lead in the new political crusade. Mr. Thurman has been nominated exactly six days. Well, we had 12,000 bandannas in stock on nomination day, and between then and now have sold, wholesale and retail, nearly four thousand. The demand is increasing day by day, and, from all I can see, we are likely to be pressed for a supply when the campaign fairly starts."

At Macy's the Star reporter saw Mr. Strauss, a partner in the firm. He said that since the nomination day, demand for bandannas had greatly strained the supply. At O'Neill's a very pretty young lady engaged in the handkerchief department laughed merrily when questioned by the reporter concerning the bandanna boom. "I don't know what it all means," she said. "It would be hard for me to tell the difference between a Republican and Democrat, but one thing I do know—before this campaign is over we shall have sold enough bandannas sufficient to elect Cleveland and Thurman twice over; that is supposing each bandanna counts as a vote, and, of course, presuming that the present demand continues. I have done scarcely anything else but sell bandanna handkerchiefs for nearly a week past. I think we have already disposed of some thousands. Is Mr. Thurman a ladies' man?" asked the young lady, as the reporter was about leaving. "I should think he must be, for nine out of ten bandanna buyers are ladies."

Charity is Not Selfishness.

It is not charity to give a penny to the street mendicant of whom nothing is known, while we haggle with a poor man out of employment for a miserable dime. It is not charity to beat down a poor seamstress to starvation price; to let her sit in her wet clothes sewing all day; to deduct from her pitiful remuneration if the storm delays her prompt arrival. It is not charity to take a poor reletave into your family and make her a slave of all your whims, and taunt her continually with her dependent situation. It is not charity to turn a man who is out of work into the streets with his family because he cannot pay his rent. It is not charity to exact the utmost farthing from the widow and orphan. It is not charity to give with a supercilious air and patronage, as if God had made you, the rich man, of different blood from the shivering recipient, whose only crime is that he is poor. It is not charity to be an extortioner—not though you bestow your alms by the thousand.

It is "touch and go" with people who incautiously handle electric light wires.

The Emperor of Germany breathed his last at 11 o'clock on Friday morning. The end was peaceful.

A Vienna dispatch says that 1,500 cotton operatives at Horitz have gone on a strike.

No good cook ever throws asparagus stalks away, because they make a delicious soup.

CAROLINA AT THE HEAD.

The Fine Record of South Carolina Girls at the Charlotte Female Institute.

The commencement exercises of the Charlotte Female Institute came off on Tuesday and Wednesday nights, the 5th and 6th of June.

The graduating class numbered twelve, among whom were Misses Mary E. Anderson, of Greenville, Mary Louise Keith, of Darlington, and Mary Steed, of Marion counties. Upon the roll of first distinction were Misses Anna Mary Moore, of Spartanburg county, Florence Allen, of Florence, Lois Drennan, of Richbourg, and Pauline Moore, of Lancaster.

South Carolina always comes in for her full share of the prizes; and that her fair representatives won them by merit and did not receive them through any favor or partiality, is shown by the fact that in the case of all the prizes the judges were chosen outside the institute and were unacquainted not only with the contestants personally, but did not even know their names, as the fair competitors had fictitious names appended to essays and works of art. Miss Florence Allen bore away the prize for the best essay on the English language and literature, and Miss Mary Steed the prize for the best exhibit of drawings.

The art exhibit this year was the largest and finest ever made, comprising over three hundred works, drawings, paintings in oil and water colors, pastils, china decoration, &c. The exhibits of oil paintings by the Misses Mary Louise Keith, one of the graduates, Annie Strayhorn, of Chesterfield, Mamie Traxler, of Timmonsville, Mary Anderson, another graduate, and Janie Gregg, from Mars' Bluff, were much admired. Besides the exhibit of Miss Steed, which took the prize in drawing, Misses Margaret Cannon, Etta Davis, Nannie McKeown and Mamie Agurs deserve special mention, though there were forty-three exhibitors and three hundred paintings and drawings. Miss Thompson, the teacher, has shown, by the wonderful progress of her pupils, a marvellous faculty for imparting instruction in her department of art. The exhibit her pupils make cannot be excelled anywhere.

The music department, under the director, Prof. Carl S. Gaertner, acquitted itself at both commencement and concert more brilliantly than ever. Here, as usual, the young ladies from South Carolina distinguished themselves. Miss Florence Allen attracted attention in both instrumental and vocal music; her piano playing was magnificent. Miss Annie Strayhorn with a very sweet soprano voice sang a solo, "Oh! as fair as poet's dreaming," which was much admired. Prof. Gaertner's playing on the violoncello was one of the most attractive features in the concert Wednesday night. He has lately come to the institute. For ten years he had been teaching in the National Conservatory of Music, Philadelphia. He was graduated from the Royal High School of Music, Berlin; afterwards of the Conservatorium, Leipsic, and of the Conservatoire, Paris.

Dress of Men and Women.

It is singular to contrast the growing splendor and prodigality of the dress of one sex in this nineteenth century with the sobriety of the dress of the other sex, which has shrunk within our own recollection, says an English writer, into a grim uniformity of black kerseymere. The laws of nature are reversed, if it be true, as Mr. Darwin teaches, that the male bird owes the hues of his plumage and the beauty of his form to his desire to please the hens and obtain the honor of natural selection. In modern society it is the hens who carry the gay feathers. Shall we say with the same motives, and with equal success?

There was a time when the dress of men was alike wasteful, extravagant, and inexpedient; when they wore costly stuffs, rich embroidery, lace, jewels; when at the Court of France the Duke of Buckingham shook off diamonds, and the maids of honor went on their knees to pick them up and appropriate them; when the folds of a cravat and the embroidery of a waistcoat were subjects of earnest attention to the masculine mind. Those days are over. Men's dress is simple, suitable, inexpensive.

Is it too much to hope that reason may assert her authority in the case of women's dress, as she has done for men, and that while slovenliness is unknown, and the highest standard of neatness is attained, there may be neither waste nor extravagance, but that all-pervading sense of propriety of which Dr. Johnson was the advocate? "Learn," said he, "that there is propriety or impropriety in everything how slight soever, and get at the general principles of dress and behavior." When Mrs. Thrale asked his opinion of the dress of a child, "Well, sir, how did you like little miss? I hope she was fine enough?" "It was the finery of a beggar," said he; "she looked like a native of Bow Lane dressed up to be carried to Bartholomew Fair." Views which the philosopher and the economist advocate may well gain a hearing, though only now urged by one who has no other claim to an audience than the desire to help in woman's work.

Crooked Paths.

From a description furnished by a Scotch missionary, it is evident that native roads in Affer are hardly in keeping with Yankee nineteenth-century ideas. They are never straight; at best they glide along by an easy succession of curves. Sometimes the amount of curvation is very annoying.

The path is little more than a foot broad. Each side is covered with tall grass, which reaches over the traveller's head. You can see only four or five paces in front, and can never predict what curve the path will take after that.

The causes of curvature are numerous. Here a tree fell down long ago, and lay across the path. Every traveller went round the end of it, and the original path grew up to grass that no future traveller will care to interfere with. At another place the path turned aside to go through a little village, but the village disappeared years ago. At another spot some one had hoed a field, and made the road go round its border.

On many roads we lose one mile in every five. After the grass is burned, or on bad soil where very little grass grows, one may have the pleasure of going in a straight line; but where the grass is at all flourishing no one can pass thorugh it without the greatest exertion.

If a person leaves the native path with the idea of taking a short cut he may get into a tangle of long grass and bushes, where his progress will be not more than one mile in four hours.

At Chancellorsville, Va., yesterday, the monument that marks the spot where Stonewall Jackson received the wound from which he died was dedicated with imposing ceremonies. The Fredericksburg Greys, the Maury Camp of Confederate Veterans, delegations from the Lee Camp of Richmond and the Lee Camp Alexandria were in attendance. General Fitzhugh Lee presided. A number of distinguished Confederates were present.

AT THE TYGER'S YAWNING MOUTH.

A Narrow Escape on the Burning Trestle—The Engineer's Courage Saves a Train Load of People.

(From the Charlotte Chronicle.)

The Charlotte bound passenger train on the Air-Line road, due here yesterday morning at 5 o'clock, had a narrow escape from total destruction at South Tyger River, where it ran upon a bridge, a portion of which had been burned away. The bridge over South Tyger is a very high structure, the track which is laid upon it being 100 feet above the ground. It is approached by a high trestle on either side; and sparks from a passing engine set fire to the northern end of the bridge some time Monday night. The fire had been burning for perhaps a couple of hours, and had destroyed thirty feet of the bridge on the Charlotte side when the morning passenger train from Atlanta came thundering up. Coming toward Charlotte the bridge is approached around a sharp curve, which prevents the engineer, in his seat on the right-hand side of the cab, from seeing the bridge until he is almost upon it. On this occasion Capt. Ed. Roseborough was conductor, and engineer John Pettus was in the cab.

The train approached the bridge at the usual speed—thirty miles an hour—and when within a few hundreds yards of it engineer Pettus noticed a heavy smoke ahead, which he concluded was from a burning brush-pile such as is seen almost every day along the road. When his engine forged round the curve he lost sight of the smoke, but just as he emerged and the pilot threw a shadow over the timbers of the trestle he saw that what he had thought a burning brush-pile was something far more serious.

The bridge was burning away and his engine was upon it!

There was but little time for thought. A few more strokes of the driving-rod would carry the whole train, with a mass of blazing timbers, down a sheer descent of 120 feet to the ground below. It required nerve to leap from the engine, but it required greater nerve to remain on it. Pettus remained at his post. He reversed his engine and brought every brake to bear upon the wheels with all the force that was possible. The big drivers of the engine flew backward with lightning-like revolution, streams of fire shot from every brake wheel under the train, there was a succession of rough jerks that threw the passengers from their seats, and the train came to a dead halt—with the pilot of the engine within a car's-length of the fiery gap. The perspiration stood in cold drops on the engineer's forehead as he looked from his cab down into the chasm to the brink of which his train and the people upon it had drawn so closely.

The train was backed from the burning structure and Capt. Roseborough and his crew organized a bucket brigade and after half-an-hour's work extinguished the fire and saved the main portion of the bridge. The watchman whose duty it is to patrol the bridge was not present, it is said, but came upon the scene while the people were fighting the fire, and seeing the state of affairs disappeared. The midnight train from Charlotte approached the north side of the bridge shortly afterwards, and a transfer of passengers and baggage was made, the train returning here at 11 o'clock yesterday morning. A large force of workmen was put to work at once reconstructing the trestle, and trains crossed the bridge in the afternoon.

The passengers speak in the highest praise of engineer Pettus; and so appreciative were they of his nerve and bravery that one of their number, the Rev. Mr. Pentecost, started a subscription and the passengers liberally responded. They made up a purse of $40 which Mr. Pentecost presented to engineer Pettus, assuring him that it was "but a slight token of their appreciation of his action, for they felt that he had saved them from a horrible death."

A BATTLE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Gabe Lucker's Biggest Bear Fight on the Wahsatch Range.

(From the Idaho Enquirer.)

A few days ago Gabe Lucker went up in the Wahsatch range of mountains to kill some game. After bringing down a large elk he dressed it, cut off some of the choicest pieces and covered the remainder so that it would not be disturbed by wild animals, intending to return and secure the balance.

He then shouldered the steak, and was walking along the side of the mountain on his way homeward, and was only a few rods distant from where the elk had been slain, when suddenly out rushed a huge grizzly from a thicket near by, and made toward Gabe in a twinkling.

It was not the first time Gabe had faced a grizzly, for he had killed many a bear and knew no such term as coward in their presence. So he threw down his load quickly, but cooley, and hauled up his Winchester and fired. Gabe had intended to break the bear's neck, but the closeness of the animal and the necessary haste in shooting caused the bullet to go wide of its aim, but it tore out the bear's right eye and deprived the brute of half of its powers of vision. The shot scarcely checked the mad beast; for it rose on its feet, and before Gabe could fire a second time the bear struck his gun from his hands and it was sent spinning rods away, while the force of the blow made Gabe whirl around for a moment as if he was a top in the hands of a schoolboy. He fell some distance from the bear, yet he was on his feet in a twinkling and braced himself for a grapple.

Uttering a horrid grown that fairly froze the blood of his antagonist, the bear followed up his stroke, and, with outstretched arms, both hunted and bear clinched in a hand to paw contest and fell to the ground, rolling and tumbling over and over down the steep, craggy sides of the mountains, the bear bellowing and roaring with pain and rage, while the hunter, who had drawn his sharp knife from its sheath in his hunting belt, was viciously plunging it the hilt at every stroke into the sides of the animal. Blood quickly followed, besmearing both combatants. The embraces of the bear, though at a disadvantage, were terrific, and Gabe nearly lost his breath during the frightful hugs, but it only made him the more desperate as he began to think his time had about come and he must get in his work quickly.

By a lucky stab and slash of the knife on the bear's head Gabe cut the left eyeball of the animal in two and completely destroyed the brute's vision. As the eyeball streamed from its socket the bear became doubly enraged, and catching the left side of Gabe's head in his mouth he instantly tore off an ear and part of the hunter's scalp. In a moment more both Gabe and the bear, tight in each other's embrace and fighting desperately, had reached a fifty-foot precipice. Down they went, whirling and tumbling among the brush and rocks below. The bear, being heaviest, struck first, and Gabe was thus saved from instant death. The hard shock caused both to loosen their holds and bound several feet apart from each other.

The bear was evidently stunned by the concussion, and Gabe was on his feet first and out of the former's reach. The grizzly's wrath in endeavoring to find his enemy was terrible. He ran in various directions, tore the ground and wreaked his vengeance on the bushes by pulling and tearing into shreds. Keeping out of reach of the infuriated monster, Gabe endeavored to find the knife which he had dropped from his grasp in the fall. At last he discovered the missing weapon, and, grasping the handle firmly, he approached the grizzly and plunged the blade into the latter's body with all the strength he could summon.

The bear whirled in a twinkling, and Gabe made a narrow escape, leaving the knife still sticking in the animal's body. The bear now plunged about among the rocks and brush in the maddest agony.

Remembering his Winchester and revolver, Gabe made a long detour to get above the top of the precipice to secure them. On nearing the place he fainted and lay senseless with exhaust on.

How long he remained in that condition he does not know, but thinks it must have been at least an hour. On coming to he was so weak from loss of blood that he could only crawl to his gun and revolver on his hands and knees. The bear's stroke had broken the gun so that it was useless. Resting awhile, and recovering his strength he returned below the precipice and found the bear sitting up and rubbing his eyes in a vain effort to see. Gabe opened fire, and at each shot the bear would charge in the direction of the sound, but being sightless and the ground uneven he would fall and tumble around in the most reckless manner. Ten shots finished him, and Gabe went home and secured help, and when he was hauled to the hunter's cabin he was found to weigh 1,200 pounds.

The loss of an ear and part of his scalp, besides being lacerated in various other places, did not affect Gabe's courage, and when seen by your correspondent he declared that he is still a match for any grizzly that ever walked.

The Condition of the Crops.

The State Department of Agriculture furnishes the following statements, showing the condition of the crops, &c., June 1, based on the report of 251 county and township correspondents.

The crop prospects in South Carolina are not generally so favorable as at this date last year. The seasons during the month of May were unfavorable for cotton, cool nights, high winds and excessive rains retarded the growth of the plant and caused the crop to become grassy. It is the general opinion of correspondents that it is fully two weeks later in development than on the first of June, 1887. In some favored localities the plant is reported healthy, well cultivated and vigorous. The area has been slightly increased over last year.

Corn lands have been well prepared and the crop well cultivated, while more fertilizers per acre have been used than formerly. The growth was slow in the early part of the month owing to lack of rain, but more favorable seasons later benefitted it greatly. About three-fourths of the crop is planted on uplands and the condition of this part of the crop closely approximates an average. Lowlands have been flooded and some damage has resulted from the freshets. Insects have injured the crop on bottom lands, and at present the prospect for the usual yield is promising.

Wheat was injured by late frosts and rust, ripened prematurely, and the yield was reduced below last year. Unfavorable seasons somewhat reduced the yield of oats. Harvesting began the latter part of May.

The other crops, including peas, rice, sweet and Irish potatoes, sugar cane and sorghum, peanuts, &c., are fully up to an average. Berries of all kinds are abundant. The melon crop is backward In some sections peaches and apples will produce full crops while in other parts of the State they almost failures.

The consumption of commercial fertilizers is estimated at about 120,000 tons, classified as follows: Ammoniated 46,600 tons; acid phosphate 45,600 tons; Kainit 19,200 tons, and chemicals 8,400 tons.

The large crop of cotton produced last year, the fair prices obtained for the same and the bountiful corn crop greatly improved the financial condition of land owners, tenants and laborers in every county. The amount of farm supplies purchased was much less than last year. A majority of the progressive farmers of the State raised last year corn enough for plantation use and bacon sufficient for family consumption.

Pastures are fine, cattle fat, work stock in splendid condition and the farmers energetic and hopeful.

The New Pastor.

The Portland Advertiser has a good story, which it credits to Bishop Simpson. A Methodist congregation, who regretted the departure of a minister whose time had expired, plied the pastor with questions about the man appointed to succeed him. The pastor gravely answered them: "He is a good man and an able preacher, but—there, I don't suppose I ought to say anything, and I think on reflection that I won't." Of course this inflamed everybody's curiosity, and they insisted that he explain. After disclaiming any intention to prejudice the new man, he informed them that the coming incumbent parted his hair in the middle. The congregation were indignant, but decided to suspend final judgment until they had seen the new man. The next Sunday, when he walked up the aisle, every eye was upon him, and as he faced the people there was a broad smile on every face in the church. He was bald.

A REMARKABLE SHOWING FOR B. B. B. AGAINST OTHER REMEDIES.

PUTNAM CO., April 29, 1887.

I have been suffering for almost thirty years with an itching and burning all over my face and body. I took eighteen bottles of one blood medicine and it did me no good. I commenced last January to use B. B. B., and after using five bottles I felt better and stouter than I have for thirty years, my health is better and I weigh more than I ever did. The itching has nearly ceased, and I am confident that a few more bottles of B. B. B. will cure me entirely. I am sixty-two years old and can now do a good day's work in my field. I consider it the best medicine I have ever seen, for it certainly did me more good than all the medicine I have ever taken. I had in all nearly a hundred risings on my face, neck and body.

JAMES PINKERTON.

Francis A. Hoffman, Jr., of Chicago, who was nominated by the Democratic State central committee for State Treasurer in place of Chas. Wacker, who declined, has consented to run. Hoffman was appointed appraiser of the port of Chicago in 1886 by President Cleveland, but resigned last fall, and has since devoted himself to his law practice.

WHY NOT LIVE FOREVER?

DR. TALMAGE TELLS HOW RELIGION PROLONGS LIFE.

He Knows Very Many Good Old Men, but Few Bad Old Men, He Says, Has Killed Them Off.

Rev. Dr. Talmage preached Sunday morning to an audience that filled the Tabernacle and overflowed to the sidewalk. His subject was, "Does Religion Prolong life?" We find his text in Psalm 91, verse 16: "With long life will I satisfy him."

"Through the mistake of its friend," said the popular divine, "religion has been chiefly associated with sick beds and grave yards. The whole subject to many people is odorous with chlorine and carbolic acid. It is high time that this were changed and that religion, instead of being represented as a hearse to carry out the dead, should be represented as a chariot in which the living are to triumph.

"Religion, far from subtracting from one's vitality, is glorious addition. It is good for the eyes, good for the ears, good for the spleen, good for the digestion and good for the nerves. The fact is, men and women die too soon. It is high time that religion joined the hand of medical science in attempting to improve human longevity. Adam lived 900 years; Methuselah lived 969 years. I do not say that religion will take the race back to anti-diluvian longevity, but I do say that the length of human life will be greatly improved.

"It is said in Isaiah: 'The child shall live a hundred years old.' Now if the child is to live to be 100 years old, may not the men reach to 300 an 1 400 and 500. The fact is we are mere dwarfs, skeletons, compared to some of the generations to come. Religion has just touched our world. Give it full power for a few centuries, and who can tell what will be the strength of man and the beauty of woman, and the longevity of all.

"My design is to show that practical religion is the friend of long life. I prove it first from the fact that it makes the care of our health a positive Christian duty. The Christian man lifts the whole problem of health into the accountable and divine. He sees God's caligraph in every page—anatomical and physiological. The Christian man says, if I hurt my nerves, if I hurt my brain, if I hurt any of my physical faculties, I insult God and call for dire retribution. God meant to tell us in all ages that we are to offer to Him our best physical condition. A man who, through gluttonous or irregular eating, ruins his health, is not offering to God such a sacrifice.

"An intelligent Christian man would consider it an absurdity to kneel at night and pray and ask God's protection while at the same time he kept the windows of his bedroom tight shut against fresh air. He would just as soon think of going out on the bridge between Brooklyn and New York, leaping off and then praying to God to keep him from getting hurt. Take care of all your physical forces—nervous, muscular, bone, brain, cellular tissue—for all you must be brought to judgment.

"Smoking your nerves system into fidgets, burning out the the coating of your stomach with wine logwooded and strychnyzed, walking with thin shoes to make your feet look delicate, pinched at the waist until you are nigh cut in too, and neither part worth anything, groaning about headache and palpitation of the heart, which you think came from God, when they came from your own folly.

"What right has any man or woman to deface the temple of the Holly Ghost? What is the ear? Why, it is the whispering gallery of the human soul. What is the eye? It is the observatory God constructed, its telescope sweeping the heavens. Again I remarked that practical friend of longevity in the fact that it is a prrtest against dissipations which snjure and destroy the health. Bad men and women live a very short life. Their sins kill them. I know hundreds of good old men, but I do not know half a dozen bad old men? Why? They do not get old. Lord Byron died at 36 years of age, himself his own Mazeppa, his embridled passion the horse that dashed him into the desert. Edgar A. Poe died at 38 years. The black raven that alighted on the bust above the chamber door was delirium tremens.

Only this and nothing more.

"But, you say, professors of religion have fallen, professors of religion have misappropriated trust funds. Yes, but they threw away their religion before they threw away their morality. There are aged people who would have been dead twenty-five years ago but for the defenses and the equipage of religion. You have no more natural resistance than hundreds of people who lie in the cemeteries to-day, slain by their own vices. The doctors made their cases as kind and pleasant as they could and it was called congestion of the brain or something else, but the snakes and the blue flies that seemed to crawl over the pillow in the sight of the delirious patient showed what was the matter with him. You, the aged Christian, walked along by that unhappy man until you came to the golden pillar of a Christian life You went to the right, he went to the left. That is all the difference between you

"Again, religion is a friend of longevity, because it takes the worry out of our temporalities. It is not work that kills men, it is worry. When a man becomes a genuine Christian, he makes over to God not only his affections, but his family, his business, his reputation, his mind, his body, his soul, his everything. Industrious he will be, but never worrying, because God is managing his affairs.

"Suppose you had a supernatural neighbor who came in and said: 'I want you to call on me in every exigency. I am your fast friend. I could fall back on $20,000,000 and see a panic ten years ahead. Whenever you in trouble, call on me and I will help you.' How much would you worry about business? Why, you would say: 'I'll do the best I can, and depend on my friend's generosities for the rest.'

"Now more than that is promised for every Christian business man. God says to him: 'I own New York, London, and St. Petersburg and Pekin and Australia and California. I am your friend. When you get in trouble I will help you.' How much would that man worry? Not much."

"'Oh,' you say. 'Here is a man who asked God's blessing in a certain enterprise and he lost $5,000. Explain that.' I will. 'All things work together for good to them that love God.' Is there not rest in that? Is there not truth in that? Is there not longevity in that? If that broker who some years ago in Wall street, after he had lost his money, sat down and wrote a farewell letter to his wife before he blew his brains out—if instead of taking out of his pocket a pistol had taken out a well read New Testament there would have been one less suicide. Oh, nervous and feverish people of the world try this sedative. You will live twenty-five years longer. It is not chloral that you want, or morphine. It is the Gospel of Jesus Christ."

TORTURED FOR HIS MONEY.

A Supposed Miser Roasted by Robbers.

PITTSBURG, June 11.—An atrocious outrage is reported from Fairchance, about two miles from Uniontown. Samuel Humbert, an old resident of Fairchance, was assaulted by masked men at his residence at midnight Saturday and subjected to great tortures to make him disclose where his money was secreted. At a late hour Humbert, who lives alone, was aroused by a knock at his door. In response to his inquiries as to who was there the men outside asked for a drink of water. When the old man opened the door to comply with their request he was seized and gagged. Two ruffians then searched the house, but failed to find anything of value, where upon they commanded their captive to surrender his money and valuables. He insisted that he had no money. The two fiends then built a fire in the grate, and drawing the old man up to it, roasted his feet until they were blistered and shockingly burned. Still the old man protested that he had no money and implored them to release him. They threatened to set the house on fire if he did not confess.

After turning everything in the house upside down and ripping up the carpet in their search for money, they bound the old man hand and foot and departed. Humbert, after a desperate struggle, freed himself and gave the alarm. His neighbors quickly gathered and organized a search party to hunt the rascals down. The fugitives were tracked a considerable distance and have, it is said, been located.

Had Worked Against Him.

A gaunt man, with yellowish beard and hair that looked like hackled flax, stood throwing stones at a log meeting-house, says the Arkansaw Traveller. He seemed to be aiming his missiles at a small window, the only one that lighted the house, had just thrown, with encouraging directness, a fragment of flint, when a man, riding a horse, drew rein and demanded the cause of the bombardment.

"You jest jog along, now, an' let me 'tend to this, will you?" he replied.

"But why are you throwing stones at that church?"

"Go on now, I tell you. This here is a fam'ly erfair."

"A family affair?"

"That's what I 'lowed," attempting to dislodge a stone with the heel of his boot.

"I must say that it is a peculiar family affair that leads a man into such a senseless performance as throwing stones at a church."

"I don't kere whut you must say." He swayed his long arm drew in his hand with a jerk, squatted, stamped the ground, and exclaimed, "I gad, I come in one iv puttin' her thar that time!" He began to poke around in a sort of nodding saunter, looking for another stone.

"Look here, if you don't explain yourself I'll swear out a warrant for your arrest."

"Go ahead. You'll have a mighty uphill work arrestin' a feller fur 'tendin' to a sam'ly erfair. Bet a dollar I drap one uv 'em when they come out," he added, as he found a stone.

"When who comes out?"

"My folks—wife, Puss, the Fulgums, Tom Welch, and that hanggry-lookin' preacher."

"What are they doing?"

"W'y, Tom—never seed rocks so scarce—Tom he has tuck my daughter Puss in thar to marry her, and the others have gone in to help, 'specially that preacher whut I'm goin' to whup the fust time I ketch him out. I skeered the old cuss so he wouldn't come over to my house, so he 'suaded 'em to come out here."

"Why do you object to your daughter marrying?"

"Wouldn't object of she wuster marry the right sorter man."

"Isn't Tom the right sort of man?"

"Not by a blamed sight."

"Won't he provide well for your daughter?"

"Yas, mout do that."

"Dosen't he seem to care enough for her?"

"O yas; he has putty nigh broke his neck airter her."

"Why, then, do you object to him?"

"On account uv his cussed meanness."

"In what way is he mean?"

"W'y, dad blast him, he's the man that driv whiskey from Oak Grove—tuck around a paper an' had it signed so the county jedge wouldn't let no mo' license be issured, that's whut's he's done. Tuck away from the citizens uv this here community the right uv goin' out to the grove uv a Saturday evenin' an' havin' a little fun, that's what's he's done. Robbed the folks uv a privilege give to 'em by Washington an' ole Andy Jackson an' sich men, when, cadfound him, he knows that I've got two barrels of wild cat that I made last fall, intendin' to pay off a mortgage on my place with it. That's what he's done, an' now, cadfond you, do you recon I want my daughter to marry a man that has worked agin me thater way?"

"Well, but instead of throwing stones at the church, why don't you go to him—"

"Look here, do you reckon I wanter go to a man that has done whupped me three times, an' stove in all my front teeth? Ride on, now, and don't try to give me advice about my fam'ly matters." Then, finding a stone that suited his fancy, he added, "Bet a ca't I put this right down in the weddin' circle."

The Newspaper in the Schoolroom.

The use of the newspaper in school is now getting to be quite common, and the results are so gratifying as to prove the wisdom of the plan. The country teacher, who cannot get a daily, can use his weekly, either giving only an exercise a week, or by dividing the news, give a short exercise each day. The village or city teacher can of course have fresh material each day. The manner of using may be greatly varied and rendered quite attractive. I look my daily over each evening, make a memorandum of the items most instructive and interesting to my classes, and then next day, usually in the morning before school, I write the head lines on the board, leaving the pupils to copy and talk over, or possibly read the articles, until the time appointed for our exercise, when each item is taken up and discussed thoroughly. I find these exercises quite as valuable to me as to the pupils. Questions are asked about men, nations, and events that put us all to thinking and searching our books of reference; thus the use of books is learned. Another day we will read articles from newspapers instead of our readers and again some pupil will prepare the list to be written on the board. Every pupil in my school reads as many papers as he can get hold of, and all are learning to sift out the good and skip the spurious padding with a celerity and judgment that are surprising.—Carolina Teacher.

James Foster, colored, was taken from the Henderson, Ky., jail by a mob at 1 o'clock yesterday morning and hanged to a tree. His offense was outraging an eight-year-old child.

A TRIP ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

Its Comforts and Discomforts—The Wonderful Gulf Stream—Albion's Cliffs and London City.

Messrs. Editors: Pursuant to my promise, I beg to give below some impressions of a trip abroad, and as many of your readers have traveled over the same ground, I trust, therefore, they will not feel any obligation to read these reflections. A great many persons fear the sea and its dangers, and allow their anticipations to so affect their nerves, that long ere they get out to sea, they have succumbed to nameless terrors and more likely that dreaded and awful calamity sea sickness. Most probably they will consult their physicians for a preventive against this fearful evil; but alas, no remedy has yet been discovered to prevent it, and if it comes, we must b