PLAGUES OF THE CITIES.

THE SECOND SERMON IN DR. TALMAGE'S PRESENT SERIES.

Drunkenness is the Topic and This is the Text, "Noah Planted a Vineyard, and He Drank of the Wine and Was Drunken."

NEW YORK, March 1.—Dr. Talmage continued to-day the series of sermons he commenced last Sunday on the "Ten Plagues of New York and the Adjacent Cities." The plague which he places second on the list is intemperance, and on that subject he discoursed this morning in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, and this evening in New York. The text of the doctor's sermon was taken from Genesis ix, 20, 21: "Noah planted a vineyard, and he drank of the wine and was drunken."

This Noah did the best and the worst thing for the world. He built an ark against the deluge of water, but introduced a deluge against which the human race has ever since been trying to build an ark—the deluge of drunkenness. In my text we hear his staggering steps. Shem and Japhet tried to cover up the disgrace, but there he is, drunk on wine at a time in the history of the world, when, to say the least, there was no lack of water. Inebriation, having entered the world, has not retreated. Abigail, the fair and heroic wife, who saved the flocks of Nabal, her husband, from confiscation by invaders, goes home at night and finds him so intoxicated she cannot tell him the story of his narrow escape. Uriah came to see David, and David got him drunk and paved the way for the despoliation of a household. Even the church bishops needed to be charged to be sober and not given to too much wine, and so familiar were people of Bible times with the staggering and falling motion of the inebriate that Isaiah, when he comes to describe the final dislocation of worlds, says, "The earth shall reel to fro like a drunkard."

Ever since apples and grapes and wheat grew the world has been tempted to unhealthful stimulants. But the intoxicants of the olden time were an innocent beverage, a harmless orangeade, a quiet sirup, a peaceful soda water as compared with the liquids of modern inebriation, into which a madness, and a fury, and a gloom, and a fire, and a suicide, and a retribution have mixed and mingled. Fermentation was always known, but it was not until a thousand years after Christ that distillation was invented. While we must confess that some of the ancient arts have been lost, the Christian era is superior to all others in the bad eminence of whisky and rum and gin. The modern drunk is a hundred fold worse than the ancient drunk. Noah in his intoxication became imbecile, but the victims of modern alcoholism have to struggle with whole menageries of wild beasts, and jungles of hissing serpents, and perditions of blaspheming demons.

An arch fiend arrived in our world, and he built an invisible caldron of temptation. He built that caldron strong and stout for all ages and all nations. First he squeezed into the caldron the juices of the forbidden fruit of Paradise. Then he gathered for it a distillation from the harvest fields and the orchards of the hemispheres. Then he poured into this caldron capsicum and copperas and logwood and deadly nightshade and assault and battery and vitriol and opium and rum and murder and sulphuric acid and theft and potash and cochineal and red carrots and poverty and death and hops. But it was a dry compound and it must be moistened, and it must be liquefied, and so the arch fiend poured into that caldron the tears of centuries of orphanage and widowhood, and he poured in the blood of twenty thousand assassinations.

And then the arch fiend took a shovel that he had brought up from the furnaces beneath, and he put that shovel into this great caldron and began to stir, and the caldron began to heave and rock and boil and spatter and hiss and smoke, and the nations gathered around it with caps and tankards and demijohns and kegs, and there was enough for all, and the arch fiend cried: "Aha! champion fiend am I! Who has done more than I have for coffins and graveyards and prisons and insane asylums, and the populating of the lost world? And when this caldron is emptied I'll fill it again and I'll stir it again, and it will smoke again, and that smoke will join another smoke, the smoke of a torment that ascendeth for ever and ever. I drove fifty ships on the rocks of Newfoundland, and the Skerries, and the Goodwins. I have ruined more senators than gather this winter in the national councils. I have ruined more lords than are now gathered in the house of peers. The cup out of which I ordinarily drink is a bleached human skull, and the upholstery of my palace is so rich a crimson, because it is dyed in human gore, and the mosaic of my floors is made up of the bones of children dashed to death by drunken parents, and my favorite music—sweeter than Te Deum or triumphal march—my favorite music is the cry of daughters turned out at midnight on the street because father has come home from the carousal, and the seven hundred voiced shriek of the sinking steamer, because the captain was not himself when he put the ship on the wrong course. Champion fiend am I! I have kindled more fires, I have wrung out more agonies, I have sketched out more midnight shadows, have opened more Golgothas, I have rolled more Juggernauts, I have damned more souls than any other emissary of diabolism. Champion fiend am I!

Drunkenness is the greatest evil of this nation, and it takes no logical process to prove to this audience that a drunken nation cannot long be a free nation. I call your attention to the fact that drunkenness is not subsiding, certainly that it is not at a standstill, but that it is on an onward march, and it is a double quick. There is more rum swallowed in this country, and of a worse kind, than was ever swallowed since the first distillery began its work of death. Where there was one drunken home there are ten drunken homes. Where there was one drunkard's grave there are twenty drunkards' graves. It is on the increase. Talk about crooked whiskey—by which men mean the whisky that does not pay the tax to government—I tell you all strong drink is crooked. Crooked Otard, crooked Cognac, crooked schnapps, crooked wine, crooked beer, crooked whisky—because it makes a man's path crooked, and his life crooked, and his death crooked, and his eternity crooked.

If I could gather all the armies of the night key in the door long after the last watchman has gone by and tried to see that everything was closed up for the night!

Oh! what a change for that young man who we had hoped would do something in merchandise or in artisanship or in a profession that would do honor to the family name, long after mother's wrinkled hands are folded from the last toil! All that exchanged for startled look when the door bell rings, lest something has happened; and the wish that the scarlet fever twenty years ago had been fatal, for then he would have gone directly to the bosom of his Saviour. But alas! poor old soul, she has lived to experience what Solomon said, "A foolish son is a heaviness to his mother."

Oh! what a funeral it will be when that boy is brought home dead! And how mother will sit there and say: "Is this my boy that I used to fondle and that I walked the floor with in the night when he was sick? Is this the boy that I held to the baptismal font for baptism? Is this the boy for whom I toiled until the blood burst from the tips of my fingers, that he might have a good start and a good home? Lord, why hast thou let me live to see this? Can it be that these swollen hands are the ones that used to wander over my face when rocking him to sleep? Can it be that this swollen brow is the one that I once so rapturously kissed? Poor boy! how tired he does look. I wonder who struck him that blow across the temples? I wonder if he uttered a dying prayer? Wake up, my son; don't you hear me? wake up! Oh! he can't hear me! Dead! dead! dead! Oh, Absalom, my son, my son, would God that I had died for thee, oh, Absalom, my son, son!"

I am not much of a mathematician and I cannot estimate it, but is there any one here quick enough at figures to estimate how many mothers there are waiting for something to be done? Ay, there are many wives waiting for domestic rescue. He promised something different from that when, after the long acquaintance and the careful scrutiny of character, the hand and the heart were offered and accepted. What a hell on earth a woman lives in who has a drunken husband! O death, how lovely thou art to her, and how soft and warm thy skeleton hand! The sepulcher at midnight in winter is a king's drawing room compared with that woman's home. It is not so much the blow on the head that hurts as the blow on the heart.

The run head came to the door of that beautiful home, and opened the door and stood there and said: "I curse this dwelling with an unrelenting curse. I curse that father into a maniac, I curse that mother into a pauper, I curse these sons into vagabonds. I curse those daughters into profligacy. Cursed be bread tray and cradle. Cursed be couch and chair, and family Bible with record of marriages and births and deaths. Curse upon curse." Oh, how many wives are there waiting to see if something cannot be done to shake these frosts of the second death off the orange blossoms! Yes, God is waiting, the God who works through human instrumentalities, waiting to see whether this nation is going to overthrow this evil, and if it refuse to do so God will wipe out the nation as he did Phœnicia, as he did Rome, as he did Thebes, as he did Babylon.

Ay, he is waiting to see what the church of God will do. If the church does not do its work, then he will wipe it out as he did the church of Ephesus, church of Thyatira, church of Sardis. The Protestant and Roman Catholic churches to-day stand side by side, with an impotent look, gazing on this evil, which cost this country more than a billion dollars a year to take care of the 800,000 paupers, and the 315,000 criminals, and the 30,000 idiots, and to bury the 75,000 drunkards. Protagoras boasted that out of the sixty years of his life forty years he had spent in training youth; but this evil may make the more infamous boast that all its life it has been ruining the bodies, minds and souls of the human race.

Put on your spectacles and take a candle and examine the platforms of the two leading political parties of this country and see what they are doing for the arrest of this evil and for the overthrow of this abomination. Resolutions—oh! yes, resolutions about Mormonism! It is safe to attack that organized nastiness two thousand miles away. But not one resolution against drunkenness, which would turn this entire nation into one bestial Salt Lake City. Resolutions against political corruption, but not one word about drunkenness, which would rot this nation from scalp to heel. Resolutions about protection against competition with foreign industries, but not one word about protection of family and church and nation against the scathing, blasting, all consuming, damning tariff of strong drink put upon every financial, individual, spiritual, moral, national interest.

I look in another direction. The Church of God is the grandest and most glorious institution on earth. What has it in solid phalanx accomplished for the overthrow of drunkenness? Have its forces ever been marshaled? No, not in this direction. Not long ago a great ecclesiastical court assembled in New York, and resolutions arraigning strong drink were offered, and clergymen with strong drink on their tables and strong drink in their cellars defeated the resolutions by threating speeches. They could not bear to give up their own lusts.

I tell this audience what many of you may never have thought of, that to-day—not in the millennium, but to-day—the church holds the balance of power in America; and if Christian people—the men and the women who profess to love the Lord Jesus Christ and to love purity and to be the sworn enemies of all uncleanness and debauchery and sin—if all such would march side by side and shoulder to shoulder, this evil would soon be overthrown. Think of three hundred thousand churches and Sunday schools in Christendom marching shoulder to shoulder! How very short a time it would take them to put down this evil, if all the churches of God, transatlantic and cisatlantic were armed on this subject?

Young men of America, pass over into the army of teetotalism. Whiskey, good to preserve corpses, ought never to turn you into a corpse. Tens of thousands of young men have been dragged out of respectability, and out of purity, and out of good character, and into darkness by this infernal stuff called strong drink. Do not touch it! Do not touch it!

Gather up the money that the working classes have spent for rum during the last thirty years, and I will build for every workingman a house, and lay out for him a garden, and clothe his sons in broadcloth and his daughters in silks, and stand at his front door a prancing span of sorrels or bays, and secure him a policy of life insurance so that the present home may be well maintained after he is dead. The most persistent, most overpowering enemy of the working classes is intoxicating liquor. It is the anarchist of the centuries, and has boycotted and is now boycotting the body and mind and soul of American labor. It annually swindles industry out of a large percentage of its earnings. It holds out its blasting solicitations to the mechanic or operative on his way to work, and at the noon spell, and on his way home at eventide. On Saturday, when the wages are paid, it snatches a large part of the money that might come to the family and sacrifices it among the saloon keepers. Stand the saloons of this country side by side, and it is carefully estimated that they would reach from New York to Chicago.

This evil is pouring its vitriolic and damnable liquors down the throats of hundreds of thousands of laborers, and while the ordinary strikes are ruinous both to employers and employes, I proclaim a universal strike, against strong strong drink, which article, if kept up, will be the relief of the working classes and the salvation of the nation. I will undertake to say that there is not a healthy laborer in the United States who, within the next twenty years, if he will refuse all intoxicating beverages and be saving, may not become a capitalist on a small scale.

Oh, how many are waiting to see if something cannot be done for the stopping of intemperance! Thousands of drunkards waiting who cannot go ten minutes in any direction without having the temptation glaring before their eyes or appealing to their nostrils, they fighting against it with enfeebled will and diseased appetite, conquering, then surrendering again, and crying, "How long, O Lord! how long before these infamous solicitations shall be gone!" And how many mothers are waiting to see if this national curse cannot lift? Oh, is that the boy who had the honest breath who comes home with breath vitiated or disguised? What a change! How quickly those habits of early coming home have been exchanged for the rattling of the night key in the door long after the last watchman has gone by and tried to see that everything was closed up for the night.

In the front door of our church in Brooklyn a few summers ago, this scene occurred: Sabbath morning a young man was entering for divine worship. A friend passing along the street said, "Joe, come along with me; I am going down to Coney Island, and we'll have a gay Sunday." "No," replied Joe, "I have started to go here to church, and I am going to attend service here." "Oh, Joe," his friend said, "you can go to church any time! The day is bright, and we'll go to Coney Island and we'll have a splendid time." The temptation was too great, and the swain went to the beach, spent the day in drunkenness and riot. The evening train started up from Brighton. The young men were on it. Joe, in his intoxication, when the train was in full speed tried to pass around from one seat to another, and fell and was crushed.

Under the lantern, as Joe lay bleeding his life away on the grass, he said to his comrade: "John, that was a bad business, your taking me away from church; it was a very bad business. You ought not to have done that, John. I want you to tell the boys to-morrow when you see them that rum and Sabbath breaking did this for me. And John, while you are telling them I will be in hell, and it will be your fault." Is it not time for me to pull out from the great organ of God's word, with many banks of keys, the tremolo stop? "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

But this evil will be arrested. Blucher came up just before night and saved the day at Waterloo. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon it looked very badly for the English. Generals Ponsonby and Pickton fallen. Sabres broken, flags surrendered, Scots Grays annihilated. Only forty-two men left out of the German brigade. The English army falling back and falling back. Napoleon rubbed his hands together and said: "Aha! aha! we'll teach that little Englishman a lesson. Ninety chances out of a hundred are in our favor. Magnificent! magnificent!" He even sent messages to Paris to say he had won the day.

But before sundown Blucher came up, and he who had been the conqueror of Austerlitz became the victim of Waterloo. The name which had shaken all Europe and filled even America with apprehension, that name went down, and Napoleon, muddy and hatless, and crazed with his disasters, was found feeling for the stirrup of a horse, that he might mount and resume the conflict.

Well, my friends, alcoholism is imperial, and it is a conqueror, and there are good people who say the night of national overthrow is coming, and that it is almost night. But before sundown the Conqueror of earth and heaven will ride in on the white horse, and alcoholism, which has had its Austerlitz of triumph, shall have its Waterloo of defeat. Alcoholism having lost its crown, the grizzy and cruel breaker of human hearts, crazed with the disaster, will be found feeling in vain for the stirrup on which to remount its foaming charger. "So, O Lord, let thine enemies perish!"

A LOSS TO THE CHURCH.

Death of Dr. J. C. Furman, the Eminent Baptist Divine.

GREENVILLE, S. C., March 3.—Rev. James C. Furman, D. D., died at 6 a. m. at his home three miles from this city from a general break down of his system, caused by a deep cold.

Dr. Furman was born in Charleston in 1809, and was 81 years old on December 5th, 1890. His parents were Richard and Susan Furman, and lived in Charleston for a long time. He was educated at the Charleston College and was preparing himself for the practice of medicine. In his nineteenth year he was converted to Christianity, and was baptized the by elder Dr. Basil Manly, who was then pastor of the First Baptist Church of Charleston. His conversion changed the current of his life and he commenced to prepare himself for the ministry. He was at one time pastor of the church at Society Hill, and remained there for a number of years. From there he connected himself with the Furman Theological institution then located near Winnsboro. He began to labor as a professor in 1843; and since then he has been connected with Furman University as an educator and has at no time during that time been idle in the pulpit. He has been, to a certain extent, the life of Furman University, and partly through his effort brought it to where it now stands—as one of the foremost denominational colleges of the State.

For a number of years he filled the pulpit of the First Baptist Church of this city, and he was associate editor of the Baptist Courier. He leaves four living children, C. M. Furman, Dr. Davis Furman, Mrs. Peter H. Goldsmith, of Gallantin, Tenn., and Kincaid Furman. He lost two children by death. His widow survives him. The funeral services over his remains will be held in the First Baptist Church on Thursday next at 3 p. m.—Columbia Register.

They Died Together.

CINCINNATI, March 4.—Ernest Sallinger and Isador Frankenthal, students in the Hebrew Union College, entered into a compact yesterday to end their troubles by suicide, and shortly after 1 o'clock this morning they were both found dead at their boarding house, No. 495 Race street. The young men purchased a revolver yesterday with which to accomplish their self-destruction. Sallinger shot himself in the left side, just below the heart. Frankenthal then seized the weapon and fired a bullet through his brain, dying instantly.

THE CLOSING SCENES.

A Remarkable and Ending of a Session of the House.

WASHINGTON, March 4.—Congress adjourned sine die to-day. The Republicans in the House had nailed their colors to the mast and were determined to go out of power as aggressive, defiant and full of fight as they had been at any time during the session. They were loyal to the Speaker and awaited the proper occasion to manifest the fact. It soon came. No Democrat having prepared the usual vote of thanks to the Speaker, McKinley arose and offered a resolution thanking the Speaker for the able and impartial manner in which he had performed his duties.

The House, which had been in a buzz from the many toned whispers of the members on the floor, lapsed momentarily into something approaching quiet as the resolution was read, and Mills arose in his place. He disappointed those persons who hoped for a vigorous oratorical display, as he merely demanded the call of the yeas and nays. The call was proceeded with amid great confusion due to the fact that nearly every member had some parting remarks for a neighbor whom he perhaps might never see again. When at last the vote was announced the Republicans rose en masse, clapping their hands vigorously, waving papers and books and making the air resound with cheers, the volume of sound being swelled by the applause in the galleries. The applause was renewed, more vigorously than before as Speaker Reed entered the hall to relieve Berry who was temporarily in the chair.

The Democrats jeered at the demonstration. Bland and McClammy of North Carolina shouting out retorts to the Republican applause that were lost in the confusion. A scene similar to that which followed the declaration of the speaker that the Fifty-first Congress was adjourned without day, it is safe to say, never occurred before in a Congress of the United States. The vocalists of the House on the Republican side of the chamber gathered in a body near the front row of desks—headed by Coleman of Louisiana, Yardley of Pennsylvania, Stivers of New York and Wade of Missouri—and as soon as the House was declared adjounded they started up "Marching Through Georgia," which was taken up by the great mass of Republican Representatives who made the hall ring to the great delight and edification of the galleries packed full of people.

The Democratic chorus, headed by Representative-elect John J. O'Neill of Missouri, started with the doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." But their voices were soon drowned in the superior volume of sound from the press gallery, the reporters having taken up the hymn, Republicans and Democrats alike ceased their singing to listen to that of their some time critics whose full resonant chorus was very effective.

Burrows and Allen of Michigan, and Coleman with Yardley, struck up "Our Fatherland," as the closing notes of the doxology died away, and the Republicans joining in very generally the effect was fine, as was the singing of "John Brown's Body," which was taken up immediately. The occupants of the press gallery for the last number on the programme rendered "Good-Bye, Congress, Good-Bye, My Lover, Good-Bye," and "He's a Jolly Good Fellow." It was regret on the part of the immense throng on the floor and galleries that the impromtue musicale came to an end. The crowd then slowly dispersed.

His "Wife" Was a Man.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 2.—Henry Sewers, a middle-aged man, who lives at No. 185 West Randolph street, is mourning the loss of a supposed wife and $150 He courted Johanna Sebus by letter and a week ago yesterday he married her. She left him as soon as the ceremony was over to hurry to the bedside of a dying father. He gave her $150 when she went away and promised to give her $2,000 yesterday morning, when she said she would return if her parent was better.

Yesterday morning she came back and commenced to urge Sewers to give her the money. He told her to wait a few days, and she became angry. A fight followed, during which Sewers discovered that his "wife" was a man, and that the imposter was simply trying to swindle him out of his money.

Sewers, last July, came from New York to Chicago. He secured a position with George Sellenger, a commission merchant, at No. 185 West Randolph street. Two months ago his aunt died in Germany and left him $2,000 which he recieved shortly afterwards. When he received the money he determined to take unto himself a wife. In an advertisement which he inserted in several newspapers, he stated his age and the amount of money he was worth. He wanted to marry at once. This was consented to, and the wedding was set for February 22.

About 7 o'clock last night Sewers's friends came to the house. Johanna kept asking for the money and Sewers became angry. Hot words were exchanged and soon a fight was in progress between husband and wife. During the struggle, in which Johanna was the aggressor, "her" skirt fell off, displaying a pair of black trousers. Every one saw at a glance that the bride was a man, and before any one could interfere he rushed from the house and escaped.

An Electric Wedding.

BALTIMORE, Md., March 3.—The wedding of Mr. Louis S. Greensfelder and Miss Jeannette Ries last night was marked by one of the most unique electrical displays ever witnessed. As soon as the guests were seated a flood of light burst upon them from vari-colored incandescent lamps hidden among the decorations and suspended above the tables. The bride and groom were hailed by the automatic ringing of electrical bells and the playing of electrical musical instruments.

When the first course was finished the room was plunged into semi-darkness for an instant, and then from the floral decorations upon the table there glowed tiny electric lamps. The flowers and the interior of the translucent vases they filled scintillated with flashes of light, producing a charming effect.

A little later a miniature electric lamp attached to the bride's hair shone brightly, and a toast was given which was concluded with an injunction to be temperate in all things. As the speaker finished two serpents slowly uncoiled themselves and issued from the wine bottle that stood before the bridal couple. Cigars were lighted by an electrical lighter, and the speeches were liberally applauded by an electrical kettle drum.

Dispepsia, distress after eating, sour stomach, loss of appetite, a faint, allgone feeling, bad taste, coated tongue, heart burn, all relieved and cured by P. P. P. (Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium). It will regulate the system, gives an appetite and make you well.

SLAVERY IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

Italians Return From There With Startling Tales of Woe.

NEW YORK, March 1.—Della Pollina Lugi, Belestra Francesca, Giacomo Conti and his wife Teresa arrived in this city yesterday from South Carolina without money, but with a big story of trials and tribulations. This is the story they tell:

They arrived here from Italy, expecting to get rich very fast, on November 21 of last year. They were met at the Barge Office by Domenico Cappeilo, the agent for a man called Tomasso Scantone, who, he said, would pay them all big wages if they would go south and do some very easy work. As this happened to be just what they were looking for they decided to go South, especially as they were assured that their traveling expenses would be paid. They had no idea of where they were going, but they were transported as far as Charleston and then conveyed to a little town twelve miles distant. There the men were put to work in some pumice stone quarries, where the work was very hard and where they had to stand up to their waist in water most of the time.

They could make only forty cents a day, and despite the promise made to them they were "docked" for the amount of their railroad fares. They were charged exorbitant prices for food and for the privilege of sleeping in wretched hovels. They say they were often beaten and, in fact, treated just as if they were prisoners. At the end of three months of hard work and poor living their joint savings amounted to $1.75. They managed to escape from the armed guards, who they say were stationed about the camp, and made their way to Charleston, where one of them had banked $40 which he had brought from Italy. That sufficed to pay their fares to New York, where, after they had told their tale, they were taken care of by the Italian Benevolent Society, which has its headquarters at No 46 Varick street.

The Italian Consul General telegraphed to the Italian Consul at Charleston to make inquiries. On Monday an agent will be sent from here to thoroughly investigate the matter. They say there are other Italians in the quarries who remain there because they have no money and cannot find a chance to run away.—Herald.

Happy Women.

What is it that makes women more smiling and happy looking than men? We meet them on the cars, on the streets, in the country, by the seashore, always smiling, teeth a glistening, eyes a dancing. Ah! the secret is they aim to please. It is an effort in many instances for them to smile, and were it not for a desire to look pleasing and pretty many would "never smile again." Why? Because in a large majority of instances they don't feel like smiling. They feel more like crying. With their nervous aches, weakness and bearing down pains, life to them is a burden. What a gold-find to many a physician is a rich sick woman. Why should he aim to cure her and deny himself the pleasure of presenting his bills with the usual regularity. It seems from the following, that the surest and cheapest way for invalid women to regain health and strength is by using Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.)

Mrs. J. A. White, 340 Wythe Street, Petersburg, Va., writes: "I have used B. B. B. with happy results, and others have taken it at my advice and are delighted with its curative results."

J. N. Gregory, Butler Postoffice, S. C., writes: "My wife had been under the treatment of several good physicians, but continued in poor health, so I bought four bottles of Botanic Blood Balm, and it did her more good than those doctors had done her in ten years. She is now doing her own washing, a thing she had not been able to do for four years."

Pianos and Organs.

N. W. TRUMP, 134 Main Street, Columbia, S. C., sells Pianos and Organs, direct from factory. No agents' commissions. The celebrated Chickering Piano. Mathushek Piano, celebrated for its clearness of tone, lightness of touch and lasting qualities. Mason & Hamlin Upright Piano. Sterling Upright Pianos, from $225 up. Mason & Hamlin Organs surpassed by none. Sterling Organs, $50 up. Every Instrument guaranteed for six years. Fifteen days' trial, expenses both ways, if not satisfactory. Sold on Instalments.

Scrofula is an impurity of the blood which produces unsightly lumps or swelling, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, causes painful running sores on the arms, legs or feet, which develops ulcers in the eyes, ears or nose, often causing blindness and deafness. Take P. P. P. (Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Patassium). It has proved itself the most remarkable of all blood purifiers.

He who is feeling miserable, suffering with Dyspepsia and Indigestion and often times with dizziness, would do well to take P. P. P. at once. P. P. P. (Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium) will cure you and arrest the disease in its incipiency.

COLLEGE FOR WOMEN,
COLUMBIA, S. C.

This College and Institute for Women and Girls opened October 1 under auspices more favorable than its most sanguine friends hoped for. The grounds, buildings, appointments and furnishings are unequalled among boarding schools in the South. The historic old Hampton or Preston place was bought, the mansion repaired and refitted, a larger and finer building constructed for the chapel, domitories and recitation rooms. A corps of teachers unexcelled in ability and experience is now teaching in the College. From the 1st of January to 1st of February offers a convenient time for new pupils to enter, who are charged only from date of entrance. For terms, &c., address the President, the
REV. WM. R. ATKINSON,
Columbia S. C.

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2 3-4 in Thimble Skin..... $39.50
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3½ in Thimble Skin..... 42.00
One Horse Wagons, $24.50, $26.50 and $28.50. Warranted second to none.
Write for Circulars.
Buggies, Carriages, Road Carts, &c., at 10 per cent less than regular prices. Send for Catalogue. This offer is for only 30 days in order to reduce stock—so order at once.
HOLLER & ANDERSON
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Write for Catalogue now, and say what paper you saw this advertisement in.
Remember that I sell everything that goes to furnishing a home—manufacturing some things and buying others in the largest possible lots, which enables me to wipe out all competition.
HERE ARE A FEW OF MY STARTLING BARGAINS
A No. 7 Flat top Cooking Stove, full size, 15x17 inch oven, fitted with 21 pieces of ware, delivered at your own depot, all freight charges paid by me, for only Twelve Dollars.
Again, I will sell you a 5 hole Cookin Range 13x13 inch oven, 18x26 inch top, fitted with 21 pieces of ware, for THIRTEEN DOLLARS, and pay the freight to your depot.
DO NOT PAY TWO PRICES FOR YOUR GOODS.
I will send you a nice plush Parlor suit, walnut frame, either in combination or banded, the most stylish colors for 33.50, to your railroad station, freight paid.
I will also sell you a nice Bedromos uit consisting of Bureau with glass, 1 high head Bedstead, 1 Washstand, 1 Centre table, 4 cane seat chairs, 1 cane seat and back rocker all for 16.50, and pay freight to your depot.
Or I will send you an elegant Bedroom suit with large glass, full marble top, for $30, and pay freight.
Nice window shade on spring roller $ 40
Elegant large walnut 8 day clock, 4.00
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I cannot describe everything in a small advertisement, but have an immense store containing 22,600 feet of floor room, with ware houses and factory buildings in other parts of Augusta, making in all the largest business of this kind under one management in the Southern States. These storesand warehouses are crowded with the choicest productions of the best factories. My catalogue containing illustrations of goods will be mailed if you will kindly say where you saw this advertisement. I pay freight. Address,
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For Blood Poison, Rheumatism, Scrofula, Old Sores, Malaria, Chronic Female Complaints, take
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Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium.
The best blood purifier in the world.
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