

GOSPEL OF THE WEATHER.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ON THE COMPLAINTS ABOUT THE RAIN.

The Wonderful Imagery of the Book of Job—How the Study of It Has Made Weak Men Into Infidels—Never Wades Into a Mystery Over Your Head.

BROOKLYN, July 5.—Dr. Talmage's sermon today is on a kind of gospel in which few people believe. The weather is a common object of complaint and fault finding, but Dr. Talmage finds a gospel in it, which today he proclaims from the text, "Hath the rain a father?" Job xxxviii, 28.

This Book of Job has been the subject of unbounded theological wrangle. Men have made it the ring in which to display their ecclesiastical pugilism. Some say that the Book of Job is a true history; others, that it is an allegory; others, that it is an epic poem; others, that it is a drama. Some say that Job lived eighteen hundred years before Christ, others say that he never lived at all. Some say that the author of this book was Job; others, David; others, Solomon. The discussion has landed some in blank infidelity. Now, I have no trouble with the books of Job or Revelation—the two most mysterious books in the Bible, because of a rule I adopted some years ago.

I waded into a Scripture passage as long as I can touch bottom, and when I cannot then I wade out. I used to wade in until it was over my head and then I got drowned. I study a passage of Scripture so long as it is a comfort and help to my soul, but when it becomes a perplexity and a spiritual upturning, I quit. In other words, we ought to wade in up to our heart, but never wade in until it is over our head. No man should ever wade to swim across this great ocean of divine truth. I go down into that ocean as I go down into the Atlantic ocean at East Hampton, Long Island, just far enough to bathe; then I come out. I never had any idea that with my weak hand and foot I could strike my way clear over to Liverpool.

GOD'S MYSTERIOUS GOVERNMENT.

Suppose you understand your family genealogy. You know something about your parents, your grandparents, your great grandparents. Perhaps you know where they were born, or where they died. Have you ever studied the partridge of the shower, "Hath not the rain a father?" This question is not asked by a poetaster or a scientist, but by the head of the universe. To humble and to save Job God asks him fourteen questions, about the world's architecture, about the refraction of the sun's rays, about the flies about the snow crystal, about the lightning, and then he arraigns him with the interrogation of the text, "Hath the rain a father?"

With the scientific wonders of the rain I have nothing to do. A minister gets through with that kind of serious within the first three years, and if he has piety enough he gets through with it in the first three months. A sermon has come to me to mean one word of four letters, "help!" You all know that the rain is not an orphan. You know it is not cast out of the gates of heaven a foundling. You would answer the question of my text in the affirmative.

Safely housed during the storm, you hear the rain beating against the window pane, and you find it searching all the crevices of the window sill. It first comes down in solitary drops, pattering the dust, and then it deluges the fields and angers the mountain torrents, and makes the traveler implore shelter. You know that the rain is not an accident of the world's economy. You know it was born of the cloud. You know it was rocked in the cradle of the wind. You know it was sung to sleep by the storm. You know that it is a flying evangel from heaven to earth. You know it is the gospel of the weather. You know that God is his father.

If that be true, then how wicked is our murmuring about climatic changes. The first eleven Sabbaths after I entered the ministry it rained. Through the week it was clear weather, and on the Sabbaths the old country meeting house looked like Noah's ark before it landed. A few drenched people sat before a drenched pastor; but most of the farmers stayed at home and thanked God that what was bad for the church was good for the crops. I committed a good deal of sin in those days in denouncing the weather. Ministers of the Gospel sometimes fret about stormy Sabbaths, or hot Sabbaths, or inclement Sabbaths. They forget the fact that the same God who ordained the Sabbath and sent forth his ministers to announce salvation also ordained the weather. "Hath the rain a father?"

INCESSANT COMPLAINTS OF THE WEATHER.

Merchants, also, with their stores filled with new goods, and their clerks hanging idly around the counters, commit the same transgression. There have been seasons when the whole spring and fall trade has been ruined by protracted wet weather. The merchants then examined the "weather probabilities" with more interest than they read their Bibles. They wanted for a patch of blue sky. They went complaining to the store and came complaining home again. In all that season of wet feet and dripping garments and impassable streets they never once asked the question, "Hath the rain a father?"

So agriculturists commit this sin. There is nothing more annoying than to have planted corn rot in the ground because of too much moisture, or hay all ready for the mow dashed by a shower, or wheat almost ready for the sickle spoiled with the rust. How hard it is to bear the agricultural disappointments. God has infinite resources, but I do not think he has capacity to make weather to please all the farmers. Sometimes it is too hot, or it is too cold; it is too wet, or it is too dry; it is too early, or it is too late. They forget that the God who promised seed time and harvest, summer and winter, cold and heat, also ordained all the climatic changes. There is one question that ought to be written on every barn, on every fence, on every

haystack, on every farmhouse, "Hath the rain a father?"

If we only knew what a vast enterprise it is to provide appropriate weather for this world we should not be so critical of the Lord. Isaac Watts at ten years of age complained that he did not like the hymns that were sung in the English chapel. "Well," said his father, "Isaac, instead of your complaining about the hymns, go and make hymns that are better." And he did go and make hymns that were better. Now, I say to you if you do not like the weather get up a weather company and have a president, and a board of directors, and ten million dollars of stock, and then provide weather that will suit us all. There is a man who has a weak head, and he cannot stand the glare of the sun. You must have a cloud always hovering over him.

I like the sunshine; I cannot live without plenty of sunlight, so you must allow me enough light for me. Two ships meet in mid-Atlantic. The one is coming to Southampton and the other is coming to New York. Provide weather that, while it is about one ship, it is not a head wind for the other. There is a farm that is dried up for lack of rain, and there is a pleasure party going out for a field excursion. Provide weather that will suit the dry farm and the pleasure excursion. No, sirs, I will not take one dollar of stock in your weather company. There is only one Being in the universe who knows enough to provide the right kind of weather for this world. "Hath the rain a father?"

GOD IS INFINITE IN INFINITESIMALS.

My text also suggests God's infinite superlatives. You see the divine Sonship showered down on us only a single drop, but who knows how many he showers or where they fall. They are all thrown in princes of heaven. They all have an eternal lineage. They are all the children of a king. "Hath the rain a father?" Well then, I say if God takes notice of every minute raindrop he will take notice of the most insignificant affair of my life. It is the astronomical view of things that bothers me.

We look up into the night heavens, and we say, "Worlds! worlds!" and how insignificant we feel. We stand at the foot of Mount Washington, and we see Mt. Blanc, and we feel that we are only insects, and then we say to ourselves, "Though the world is so large, the sun is one million four hundred thousand times larger." "Oh!" we say, "it is no use. It God wheels that great machinery through immensity he will not take the trouble to look down at me." Infidel are no more rounded and weighed and swung by the hand of God than are the globes on a lilac bush the morning after a shower.

God is no more in magnitudes than he is in minutiae. If he has scales to weigh the mountains, he has balances delicate enough to weigh the infinitesimal. You can no more see him through the telescope than you can see him through the microscope; no more when you look up the hairs of your head, than you can see the hairs of your head all numbered. And if Himalaya has a God, "Hath not the rain a father?" I take this as a proof of a particular Providence, and I thrust it into the very midst of your everyday life. If God fathers a raindrop, is there anything so insignificant in your affairs that God will not father that?

When Drusey, the gunsmith, invented the needle gun, which decided the battle of Sadowa, was it a mere accident? When a farmer's boy showed Blucher an army up soon enough to decide Waterloo for England, was it a mere accident? When Lord Byron took a piece of money and tossed it up to decide whether or not he should be affianced to Miss Milbank, was it a mere accident which side of the money was up and which was down? When the Christian army was besieged at Bezier, and a drunken drummer came in at midnight and rang the bell, not knowing what he was doing, but waking up the host in time to fight their enemies that moment arriving, was it an accident?

When in one of the Irish was a starving mother, lying with her starving child, sank down and fainted on the rocks in the night, and her hand fell on a warm bottle of milk, did that just happen so? God is either in the affairs of men, or our religion is worth nothing at all, and you had better take it a way from us, and instead of this Bible, which teaches the doctrine, gives us a secular book, and let us, as the famous Mr. Fox, the member of parliament, in his last hour, cry out, "Read me the eighth book of Virgil."

Oh! my friends, let us rouse up to an appreciation of the fact that all the affairs of our life are under a king's command, and under a father's watch. Alexander's war horse, Bucephalus, would allow anybody to mount him when he was unharmed, but as soon as they put on that war horse Bucephalus, the saddle and the trappings of the conqueror he would allow no one but Alexander to touch him. And if a soulless horse could have so much pride in his owner, shall not we immortals exult in the fact that we are owned by a king? "Hath the rain a father?"

GOD'S WAYS ARE PAST FINDING OUT.

Again my subject teaches me that God's dealings with us are inexorable. That was the original force of my text. The rain was a great mystery to the ancients. They could not understand how the water should get into the cloud, and getting there, how it should be suspended, or falling, why it should come down in drops. Modern science comes along and says there are two portions of air of different temperature, and they are charged with moisture, and the one portion of air decreases in temperature so the water may no longer be held in vapor, and it falls. And they tell us that some of the clouds that look to be only as large as a man's hand, and to be almost quiet in the heavens, are great mountains of mist four thousand feet from base to top, and that they rush miles a minute.

But after all the brilliant experiments of Dr. James Watson, and Saussure, and other scientists, there is an infinite mystery about the rain. There is an ocean of the unfathomable in every rain-

drop, and God says today as he said in the time of Job, "If you cannot understand one drop of rain, do not be surprised if my dealings with you are inexplicable." Why does that aged man, decrepit, beggared, vicious, sick of the world and the world sick of him, live on, while here is a man in mid life, consecrated to God, hard working, useful in every respect, who dies? Why does that old gossip, gadding about the street about every body's business, her own, have such good luck with a flock of children mother, with a whole of little ones about her whom she is preparing for usefulness and for heaven—the mother who you think could not be spared an hour from that household—why does she die and die with a cancer?

Why does that man, selfish to the core, go on adding fortune to fortune, consuming everything on himself, continuing to prosper, while that man, who has income to give ten per cent. of all his income to God, and he is bankrupt? Before we make stacks of ourselves, let us stop pressing this everlasting "why." Let us worship where we cannot understand. Let a man take that one question, "Why?" and follow it far enough, and push it, and he will land in wretchedness and perdition. We want in our theology fewer interrogation marks and more exclamations. Heaven is the place for explanation. Earth is the place for trust. If you cannot understand so minute a thing as a raindrop, how can you expect to understand God's dealings? "Hath the rain a father?"

Again, my text makes me think that the rain of tears is of divine origin. Great clouds of trouble sometimes hover over us. They are black, and they are gray, and they are dark, and they are more portentous than any other clouds ever painted—clouds of poverty, or persecution, or bereavement. They hover over us, and they get darker and blacker, and after awhile a tear starts, and we think by an extra pressure of the eyelid to stop it. Others follow, and after awhile there is a shower of tearful emotion. Yea, there is a rain of tears. "Hath the rain a father?"

GOD SEES OUR TEARS.

"Oh," you say, "a tear is nothing but a drop of limpid fluid secreted by the lacrimal gland, and it is only a weak eye." Great mistake! It is one of the Lord's richest benedictions to the world. There are people in Blackwell's Island insane asylum, and at Utica, and at all the asylums of this kind, who are denuded by the fact that they could not cry at the right time. Said a maniac in one of our public institutions, under a Gospel sermon that started the tears: "Do you see that tear? that is the first I have wept for twelve years. I think it will have done the world, if you had possessed it, for one tear. You could not cry, but you never see a man holding the hand of a dead wife, who had been all the world to him? The temples living with excitement, the eyes dark and frantic, the mouth open upper or lower lid. You saw there were bolts of anger in the cloud, but no rain. To your Christian comfort, he said, "Don't talk to me about God; there is no God, or if there is I hate him; don't talk to me about God; would he have left me and these motherless children?"

But a few hours or days after, coming across some lead pencil that she owned in life, or some letters which she wrote when he was away from home, with an outcry that appals the furthest fountain of tears, "No, my friends, the light of God's consolation strikes that fountain of tears, you find out that it is a tender hearted, merciful, pitiful and all compassionate God who was the father of that rain. "Oh," you say, "it is absurd to think that God is going to watch over tears." No, my friends, there are three or four kinds of them that God counts, bottles and eternizes. First, there are all parental tears, and there are more of these than of any other kind, because the most of the race die in infancy, and keep parents mourning all around the world. They never get over it. They may live to shout and sing afterward, but there is always a corridor in the soul that is silent, though it once resounded.

My parents never mentioned the death of a child but kept parents weeping without a tremor in the face and a sigh, oh, how deep fetched! It was better she should die. It was a mere she should die. She would have been a lifelong invalid. But you cannot argue away a parent's grief. How often you hear a man say, "Oh my child, my child!" Then there are the filial tears. Little children soon get over the loss of parents. They are easily diverted with a new toy. But where is the man that has come to thirty or forty or fifty years of age, who can think of the old parent without having all the contents of his soul stir up? You may not had to take care of her a good many years, but you never can forget how she used to take care of you.

There have been many sea captains concerted in our church, and the peculiarity of them was that they were nearly all prayed ashore by their mothers, though the mothers went into the dust soon after they went to sea. Have you never heard an old man in delirium of some sickness call for his mother? The fact is we get so used to calling for her the first ten years of our life we never get over it, and when she goes away from us it makes deep sorrow. You sometimes, perhaps, in days of trouble and darkness, when the world would say, "You ought to be able to take care of yourself"—you wake up from your dreams, crying out, "Oh my mother, my mother!" Have these tears no divine origin? Why, take all the warm hearts that ever beat in all lands, and in all ages, and put them together and their united throbs would be weak compared with the throbs of father's and of mother's. Yes, God also is father of all that rain of repentance.

A Sad Accident.

BLACKWELL, S. C. July 2.—Mr. James McDonald, a highly respected and well-to-do citizen living about a half mile from Elko, went this morning with a party to Capt. W. W. Willis's mill on a fishing expedition. About 10 o'clock he and his two grown daughters went out to the pond in a boat, and while paddling up the pond the boat struck a tree, throwing out the younger daughter. He immediately jumped overboard to save her when they both went to the bottom and did not rise again. The daughter left in the boat managed to get the boat out and returned it. The bodies have not yet been recovered, but they are being searched for.—News and Courier.

when one wakes up and says: "I am a bad man, I have not sinned against the laws of the land, but I have sinned against my life; God asked me for my services and I haven't given those services. Oh, my sins; God forgive me." When that tear starts it thrills all heaven. An angel cannot keep his eye off it, and the church of the members around, and there is a commingling of tears, and God is the Father of that rain, the Lord, long suffering, merciful and gracious.

THE CRY OF A MOTHER'S HEART.

In a religious assemblage a man arose and said: "I have been a very wicked man; I broke mother's heart, I am an infidel, but I have seen my evil way, and I have surrendered my heart to God, but it is a grief that I never can get over that my parents should never have heard of my salvation; I don't know whether they are living or dead. While yet he was standing in the audience a voice from the gallery said, "Oh, my son, my son!" He looked up and recognized her. It was his old mother. She had been praying for him a great many years, and when at the foot of the cross the prodigal son came, the praying mother embrace each other, and she said, "I have seen you in rain, and tears, and God was the Father of these tears. Oh, that God would break us down with a sense of our sin, and then lift us with an appreciation of his mercy. Tears over our wasted life, tears over a grieving spirit. Tears over an injured faith. Tears over a God would move upon this audience with a great wave of religious emotion. The king of Carthage was dethroned. His people rebelled against him. He was driven into banishment. His wife and children were taken into slavery. Year, went by, and the king's only son, who made many friends. He gathered up a great army. He marched again toward Carthage. Reaching the gates of Carthage the best men of the place came out barefooted and bareheaded, and with ropes around their necks crying for mercy. They said, "We are yours, and we abused your family, but we cry for mercy." The king of Carthage looked down upon the people from his chariot and said: "I came to bless, I didn't come to destroy. You drove me out, but this day I pronounce pardon for all the people. Open the gates and let the army come in." The king marched in and took the throne, and the people all shouted, "Long live the king!"

My friends, you have driven the Lord Jesus Christ, the King of the church, away from your hearts; you have been mistreating him all these years, but he will come back to-day. He stands in front of the gates of your soul. If you will only pray for his pardon he will meet you with his gracious spirit and he will forgive your sins and thine iniquities. I will re-entrance you. Open wide the gate, I will take the throne. My peace I give unto you." And then, all through this audience, from the young and from the old, there will be a rain of tears, and God will be the father of that rain!

Cantwell is Still Supervisor.

CHARLESTON, S. C., July 2. Judge Wallace rendered his decision in the Cantwell case this afternoon, speaking briefly but emphatically on the points of law. He reviewed the case as made out against Cantwell, and also the authority of the governor to remove. It was in the power of the governor to appoint, with the approval and consent of the Senate, and it was also in his power to remove, but he could not grant the petition. They must be content with their conditions. There was a special act by which trial justices, auditors and treasurers could be suspended, pending a meeting of the Senate, but no general law. On a letter of the governor about the two offices, the judge said that the law had been decided unconstitutional in the Supreme Court relating to appointive officers; that the discharge of the duties of clerk of the county commissioners did not all conflict with those of supervisor; that they were not incompatible offices, and he would grant the prayer of Mr. Bryan in favor of Mr. Cantwell.—State.

Felt Into the Volcanic Crater.

ROME, July 2.—Vesuvius has renewed its volcanic activity, and the torrent of lava rushing down the mountain side is rapidly increasing in volume. Yesterday two Brazilian tourists ascended the mountain, and had just reached the summit and were standing on the verge of the crater when they were suddenly engulfed in a dense cloud of smoke and fire. When the outburst had subsided it was found that one of the gentlemen had become asphyxiated and had fallen into the mouth of the crater. His companion was only saved by the presence of mind of the other who had accompanied him. As the sulphurous smoke puffed out from the crater's mouth he rushed forward and dragged one of his patrons out of danger, but was unable to save the other. The victim of the accident was Dr. Silva Jardim, of Rio Janeiro, Brazil, a journalist. He fell a sheer distance of 170 feet into the glowing lava of the crater.

Brooke Her Spire.

BOSTON, July 6.—On Saturday last Mrs. Jennie C. Crockett, aged thirty-four, of Boston, a professional ballroomist under the name of Nellie Wheeler, made an ascension from the grounds of the Waverly Land Company as a means of advertising a land sale. At a height of 120 feet she grasped her parachute and descended. When about thirty feet from the ground she became frightened and, letting go of the handle, fell on her back, breaking her spine. She cannot survive. Mrs. Wheeler had made many successful ascensions. She is the mother of a boy of twelve. Her husband is said to have in Providence, R. I.

A Female Aeronaut Killed.

CLEVELAND, July 4.—As Miss Zoceta Bentley was making a balloon ascension at Elyria, O., to-day, a strong gust of wind caught the air ship and dragged the trapeze upon which she was sitting through the trees. She was not able to retain her hold, and fell to the ground, a distance of sixty feet. She was instantly killed. Every rib in her body was broken.

HANGED FOR HIS CRIME.

Brabham, the Negro Murderer of an Italian, Who Killed No More.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., July 2.—The hanging of Brabham, the negro who murdered the Italian Mocco, took place at 10:14 this forenoon.

A day or two ago he expressed a desire that his execution take place about 11 o'clock that he might take dinner "in hell," yet he changed his intention about this morning and had a conversation with three clergymen, with whom he confessed repentance and hope of pardon.

He met his fate with firmness in the presence of about 200 persons. He made no remarks to the crowd himself, but Rev. P. P. Akshon, the colored clergyman, at Brabham's request, said that he had confessed his guilt of the crime for which he was to be hanged, and that he was also guilty of the robbery which occurred at the Buford house several years before the murder.

Brabham, however, declined to betray an associate in the robbery, who he said, was in possession of some of the stolen goods. He refused to go further in his confession.

He bade farewell this morning to all his comrades in jail with the exception of Caldwell, who had twice assisted Sheriff Smith in defeating his attempts to escape from jail. He had, however, on the previous day included Caldwell in his farewell.

He said nothing since yesterday morning, and so declined to utter any words, were offered him. He slept, at night, and seemed to have good control of himself when he was brought to the scaffold.

He was the seventh victim who has been hanged on the same scaffold. The drop was cut, and the fall was about a half feet, which did not suffice to break his neck. Death ensued in eleven minutes.

The hanging caused much interest here through the brutality of the crime, threats of lynching which followed, and a conflict between whites and blacks in the neighborhood of the jail in which he was imprisoned. The fact that he has only recently made a desperate attack on Sheriff Smith with his shackles, which, but for the interposition of that officer, quite a riot for gunning and a conflict between whites and blacks, would have proved successful, added to the public interest in the affair.

There was no race feeling, however, the justice of the sentence having been acknowledged, quite a number of witnesses being negroes.

A novel feature of the occasion was that tickets of admission to the jail, issued by the sheriff were eagerly sought, being peddled around at from 50 cents to \$1.00.

The crime for which Brabham was executed was committed last April. He entered the small store of an Italian named Mocco, where calling for a glass of cider, he drew a car coupling pin, concealed under his coat and dealt the death blow with it. This occurred in the turned drawing the cider. This occurred at 11 o'clock at night, and Brabham today, said he had the pin concealed under his coat from 1 o'clock on the previous afternoon, awaiting his opportunity.

The Davis Monument.

NASHVILLE, TENN., July 2.—Capt. John W. Childers, chairman of the committee from the Southern Press association, to-day delivered a report on the details of erecting a monument to the memory of Jefferson Davis, is just back from a meeting of the committee at Atlanta.

He says that the committee feel much encouraged by the progress of affairs. About \$200,000 have already been raised, but before the actual work is commenced on the monument they expect to raise \$500,000. Active measures will be taken at once in soliciting for the fund.

It was decided to select a general agent to look after collections, whose name will be announced in a few days. The committee determined to request President Sewers, of the Southern Press association, to call a meeting of the association at Nashville not later than October.

An Honor Declined.

COLUMBIA, S. C., July 2.—Previous to the appointment of Dr. Babcock as Superintendent of the Lunatic Asylum, an account of which appears elsewhere, the position was tendered to Dr. W. H. Xardin of Anderson, who declined the honor in the following letter: Hon. B. B. Tillman, Governor, Columbia, S. C.

DEAR SIR: Your esteemed favor of the 27th inst. to hand. Please accept my thanks for the honor conferred upon me by your selection for the high and responsible position tendered, and it is with regret that I am forced to decline the honor, first from a sense of my unworthiness for the position, and second the unwillingness to raise my growing family thus surrounded. With highest esteem and hoping you may find one more worthy.

I am with respect yours truly,

W. H. XARDIN.

Terrible Storm in Germany.

BELLEVILLE, July 2.—A terrible storm of thunder, hail and rain passed over a large part of Germany, last night, causing immense damage to property and loss of life in the villages of Suedellon, near Dusseldorf and Sittard, and in the Crefeld district, also near the Dusseldorf, many houses were completely wrecked and the inmates buried in the ruins. Thirteen bodies have already been recovered.

The tornado caused terrible destruction throughout the lower Rhine district. A steamer named Creel was lifted from its foundations and carried clean away. The circus was blown over and the pavilions were damaged and their contents shattered. Several attaches sustained injuries.

A Female Aeronaut Killed.

CLEVELAND, July 4.—As Miss Zoceta Bentley was making a balloon ascension at Elyria, O., to-day, a strong gust of wind caught the air ship and dragged the trapeze upon which she was sitting through the trees. She was not able to retain her hold, and fell to the ground, a distance of sixty feet. She was instantly killed. Every rib in her body was broken.

HORRORS OF THE ELECTRIC CHAIR.

Terrible Work of the Deadly Current on the Victims.

NEW YORK, July 8.—The Evening World, in its sporting edition, says: The body of the murderer Harris A. Smiler was brought to this city this afternoon. The body had been claimed by Smiler's widow, the woman he married and deserted for the woman whom he afterwards murdered. The body was taken from the train to the undertaking establishment at 255 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. Three or four hundred people were gathered there to witness the arrival of the body. By a previous arrangement with the undertaker, an Evening World reporter was waiting at the rooms to see the body of the executed murderer. The coffin was taken to the basement by the undertaker's assistants, and the lid was quickly taken off, exposing the dead man's face. The porter stood close by, and was horrified at the sight that met his eyes. Smiler's face had been burned and seamed by the electric fluid and presented the appearance of having been broiled. The hair on the front of the head, the moustache and eyebrows had been singed and burned off. The face was furrowed and scarred as though with a hot iron. These marks were not those of a dissecting knife or scalpel. They were palpable burns. Pressing closer to see the dead man's face, the reporter attracted the attention of the undertaker's assistants, and they seized him by the shoulders and compelled him to leave the place before any other portion of the body was exposed. In reply to repeated requests to be allowed to see the body, the reporter was informed that no one but the undertaker and his assistants would be permitted to see it until it had been fully prepared for burial. It was learned through one of the undertaker's assistants that Smiler's left leg was burned to the bone and the eyes were badly burned.

A Terrible Tale of the Sea.

LONDON, July 7.—A dispatch from Auckland, New Zealand, reports that the bark Compadre, bound from Auckland to Chile, recently caught fire at sea. After an ineffectual effort to subside the flames the captain steered his vessel for Haul Harbor, a scarp of the coast of Otago, New Zealand. He had succeeded in bringing his burning vessel to the mouth of the harbor when a tremendous hurricane overtook her. The exhausted crew spent their last energies in attempting to keep down the raging fire and at the same time force the unfortunate bark to face the tremendous waves and seas which beat upon and rushed over her. It was, however, all to no avail. After a desperate struggle with the opposing elements, the Compadre became waterlogged and driven with fearful force upon the rocks of the desolate and uninhabited Auckland Islands. After incredible suffering, the crew of the bark succeeded in swimming ashore. Here, in one of the latter years of the nineteenth century, the miserable men were forced to spend full days of their lives in the most wretched conditions of exposure and starvation. On the one hundred and fourth day of their being cast away their distress signals were observed by a passing sealing vessel, and the sorely tried sailors were taken off in safety, but in a distressing condition of weakness and emaciation. During their enforced stay on the island one of their number wandered into the bush and was never heard of again. It is supposed that suffering drove the man mad.

Look Up Your Tax Receipts!

COLUMBIA, S. C., July 8.—According to the reports made to the Secretary of State the agents of the sinking fund and land agents are doing splendid work in their respective fields. Dr. A. E. Williams, the agent for Beaufort, Colleton and Hampton, was in the city to-day to make a monthly report. His territory is very large and the greater part of his time is spent in making these reports. Secretary Tindal made the interesting and surprising statement to-day that Dr. Williams had discovered and is now rectifying fully three hundred errors in tax receipts, tax executions, etc., an item claiming lands to the State. In a case called to attention to-day executions were levied and collected against a tract of land in Colleton in which the owners held receipts but were not entered on the treasurer's books. This is shown to be not the fault of sheriff or treasurer, but of the carelessness of the deputies who were charged with the collection of taxes.

This is only one of a great many of the same kind. It is evident that the State must be out the amount of such unreturned collections. Secretary Tindal says that it is paying the State well to employ these agents, and that the way they are working is very satisfactory to the property owners. Williams left here to-day for Walterboro and will continue his work the following week in Beaufort.—News and Courier.

Did Climb High on Gold.

SAN JOSE, CAL., July 6.—Prof Herman Kottlinger, who up to twenty years ago was the leading gold-miner on the coast, and well known as a writer of prose and poetry, died yesterday in a squall hit on Colfax street. He was worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, but quitted by a lifetime of misery. His one child, William Kottlinger, was present at the death. When the old man, in his death throes raised himself in bed, the son rushed to his side. His father, mistaking the net, with a frenzied yell waved his hands, and clutching at the bed clothes pulled them back, disclosing to view a quantity of gold coin. He had a grab at it with both hands, and with the bright pieces in his fingers, fell back with a gasp and expired.

As Bad as a Battle.

SYDNEY, N. S. W., July 6.—The British war ship Cordelia, Capt. Harry T. Grenfell, ten guns, 2,280 tons and 2,420 horse power, has just returned to sea for target practice with her big guns. Capt. Grenfell reports that while practicing with one of the Cordelia's six-inch breech-loading guns the latter exploded, killing Lieut. Wm. B. Hillyar, Lieut. Grenfell, and four seamen and wounding three midshipmen and ten seamen. The Cordelia is a single screw corvette, built of steel and iron, cased with wood. She is attached to the Australian station.

Money Value of a Wife's Affections.

DENVER, Col., July 4.—A verdict of \$100,000 damages, the largest sum ever awarded in America upon the suit for the alienation of a wife's affections, was returned yesterday by a jury in the district court in this city. Mrs. Willis French, believed to be a millionaire, must hand over this sum to Cecil Dane as the result of a suit which lasted for nearly three weeks behind closed doors.

SWEEP BY A CYCLONE.

DEATH AND DESTRUCTION IN LOUISIANA'S CAPITAL CITY.

The Factory and Hospital of the Penitentiary Demolished—Ten Persons Killed and Thirty Injured—Damage in the City.

NEW ORLEANS, July 6.—A cyclone at Baton Rouge this morning brought death and destruction to that city. The steamboat Sooky City was blown to pieces, there being nothing left of her but the hull. Several of her crew were badly injured. Two squares in the east side of Baton Rouge were destroyed. The cyclone passed over the lower portion of the town, unroofing houses, tearing up immense trees and carrying missiles along the air for many blocks. The governor's mansion was directly in the path of the hurricane, which made a sweep of every chimney and cleared the front lawn of its large trees. The top of a handsome residence belonging to Mr. Marsh, was carried away, and other damage done to the place. The bank yard is one mass of trees that have been torn up by the wind, and the street is filled with pieces of house tops and other lumber of almost every description.

The penitentiary walls were blown down and ten persons killed and thirty wounded. The factory building was demolished and the hospital of the penitentiary blown down.

What house hold goods have not been carried away by the wind have been ruined by the water. Streets and cellars are flooded, and it is feared that some persons have been drowned in the lower part of the city.

At the penitentiary the scene was a terrible one. Without any warning the walls of the factory, in which 100 convicts were at work, were crushed in as they had been mere paper. The convicts were helpless, and as most of the men were either killed or wounded, little could be done toward extricating the unfortunate victims until help arrived from the main prison building.

To aid to the horror of the situation, the rains could be felt from the furnace in the boiler room, but owing to the heavy rain which was falling, the threatened calamity was averted. The rescuers went quickly to work and began the task of extricating the dead and dying from beneath the ruins. Of the force at work when the storm struck, the building was discovered that ten had been killed and thirty seriously injured, and all the others more or less bruised.

This was not the worst. The hospital of the penitentiary in which was lying a number of maimed and helpless convicts, was leveled to the ground by the fury of the storm. The work of rescue in the factory building, where a larger number of lives were in danger, attracted attention from the unfortunates in the hospital, and it was not until most of the working force had been rescued that the prison officials found time to turn their attention to the hospital. Here the work was even more difficult than at the factory, owing to the weakness of the inmates, who were unable even to raise their heads to groan at the sight of their presence in the deluge. The work therefore, proceeds but slowly. Up to noon, however, it is believed that most of the patients have been rescued.