The Pickens Sentinel.

VOL. XX. PICKENS, S. C., THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1891. NO. 44.

TALMAGE IN KENTUCKY.

WITNESSES TO THE TRANSFORMING POWER OF CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

The Dying Christian's Testimony--The Generous Action of Madame Sontag---The Missionaries and Their Reward---Ignorance of Unbelievers.

HIGH BRIDGE, KY., July 12.—A vast concourse of people assembled this morning on the historic camp ground at High Bridge, Ky., to hear Dr. Talmage preach. They came from all the surrounding cities, towns and neighborhood. A large contingent from Louisville and another from Cincinnati were present. Many of the visitors have remained here since yesterday afternoon, when Dr. Talmage preached in the same place. The text of his sermon this morning was from Acts iii, 15, "We are witnesses."

Standing amid the hills and groves of Kentucky, and befor this great multitude that no man can number, most of whom I never saw before and never will see again in this world, I choose a very practical theme. In the days of George Stephenson, the perfector of the locomotive engine, the scientists proved conclusively that a railroad train could never be driven by steam power successfully without peril; but the rushing express trains from Liverpool to Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh to London, have made all the nation witnesses of the splendid achievement.

Machinists and navigators proved conclusively that a steamer could never cross the Atlantic ocean; but no sooner had they successfully proved the impossibility of such an undertaking than the work was done, and the passengers on the Cunard, and the Inman, and the National, and the White Star line are witnesses. There went up a guffaw of wise laughter at Professor Morse's proposition to make the lightning of heaven his errand boy, and it was proved conclusively that the thing could never be done; but now all the news of the wide world put in your hands every morning and night has made all nations witnesses.

So in the time of Christ it was proved conclusively that it was impossible for him to rise from the dead. It was shown logically that when a man was dead, he was dead, and the heart, and the liver, and the lungs having ceased to perform their offices, the limbs would be rigid beyond all power of friction or arousal. They showed it to be an absolute absurdity that the dead Christ should ever get up alive; but no sooner had they proved this than the dead Christ arose, and the disciples beheld him, heard his voice, and talked with him, and they took the witnesses stand to prove that to be true which the wiseacres of the day had proved to be impossible; the record of the experiment and of the testimony is in the text: "Him hath God raised from the dead, whereof we are witnesses."

FOLLY OF THE AGNOSTIC.

Now let me play the skeptic for a moment. "There is no God," says the skeptic, "for I have never seen him with my physical eyesight. Your Bible is a pack of contradictions. There never was a miracle. Lazarus was not raised from the dead, and the water was never turned into wine. Your religion is an imposition on the credulity of the ages." There is an aged man moving in that pew though he would like to respond. Here are hundreds of people with faces a little flushed at these announcements, and all through this throng there is a suppressed feeling which would like to speak out in behalf of the truth of our glorious Christianity, as in the days of the text, crying out, "We are witnesses!"

The fact is that if this world is ever brought to God it will not be through argument, but through testimony. You might cover the whole earth with apologies for Christianity and learned treatises in defense of religion—you would not convert a soul. Lectures on the harmony between science and religion are beautiful mental discipline, but have never saved a soul and never will save a soul. Put a man of the world and a man of the church against each other, and the man of the world will, in all probability, get the triumph. There are a thousand things in our religion that seem illogical to the world, and always will seem illogical.

Our weapon in this conflict is faith, not logic; faith, not metaphysics; faith, not profundity; faith, not scholastic exploration. But then, in order to have faith, we must have testimony, and if five hundred men, or one thousand men, or five hundred thousand men, or five million men get up and tell me that they have felt the religion of Jesus Christ a joy, a comfort, a help, an inspiration, I am bound as a fair minded man to accept their testimony. I want just now to put before you three propositions, the truth of which I think this audience will attest with overwhelming unanimity. The first proposition is: We are witnesses that the religion of Christ is able to convert a soul. The Gospel may have had a hard time to conquer us, we may have fought it back, but we were vanquished. You say conversion is only an imaginary thing. We know better. "We are witnesses." There never was so great a change in our heart and life on any other subject as on this.

People laughed at the missionaries in Madagascar because they preached ten years without one convert; but there are many thousands of converts in Madagascar today. People laughed at Dr. Judson, the Baptist missionary because he kept on preaching in Burmah five years without a single convert; but there are many thousands of Baptists in Burmah today. People laughed at Dr. Morrison in China for preaching there seven years without a single conversion; but there are many thousands of Christians in China today. People laughed at the messsionaries for preaching at Tahiti for fifteen years without a single conversion, and at the missionaries for preaching in Bengal seventeen years without a single conversion; yet in all those lands there are multitudes of Christians today.

But why go so far to find evidences of the Gospel's power to save a soul? "We are witnesses." We were so proud that no man could have humbled us; we were so hard that no earthly power could have melted us. Angels of God were all around about us; they could not overcome us; but one day, perhaps at a Methodist anxious seat or at a Presbyterian catechetical lecture or at a burial or on horseback, a power seized us and made us get down and made us tremble and made us kneel and made us cry for mercy, and we tried to wrench ourselves away from the grasp, but we could not. It flung us flat, and when we arose we were as much changed as Gourgis, the heathen, who whent into a prayer meeting with a dagger and a gun, to disturb the meeting and desroy it, but the next day was found crying: "Oh, my great sins! Oh, my great Saviour!" and for eleven years preached the Gospel of Christ to his fellow mountaineers, the last wods on his dying lips being "Free race!" Oh, it was free grace!

MILLIONS COMFORTED BY THE GOSPEL.

There is a man who was ten years a hard drinker. The dreadful appetite had sent down its roots around the palate and the tongue, and on down until they were interlinked with the vitals of the body, mind and soul, but he has not taken any stimulants for two years. What did that? Not temperance societies. Not prohibition laws. Not moral suasion. Conversion did it. "Why," said one upon whom the great change had come, "sir, I feel just as though I were somebody else." There is a sea captain who swore all the way from New York to Havana, and from Havana to San Francisco, and when he was in port he was worse than when he was on sea. What power was it that washed his tongue clean of profanities and made him a psalm singer? Conversion by the Holy Spirit. There are thousands of people here today who are no more what they once were than a water lily is a nightshade, or a morning lark is a vulture, or day is night.

Now, if I should demand that all those people here present who have felt the converting power of religion should rise, so far from being ashamed they would spring to their feet with far more alacrity than they ever sprang to the dance, the tears mingling with their exhilaration as they cried, "We are witnesses!" And if they tried to sing the old Gospel hymn they would break down with emotion by the time they got to the second line:

Ashamed of Jesus, that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No! When I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

Again, I remark that "we are witnesses" of the Gospel's power to comfort. When a man has trouble the world comes in and says: "Now get your mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business." What poor advice! Get your mind off it! when everything is upturned with the bereavement, and everything reminds you of what you have lost. Get your mind off it! They might as well advise you to stop thinking, and you cannot stop thinking in that direction. Take a walk in the fresh air! Why, along that very street, or that very road, she once accompanied you. Out of that grass plot she plucked flowers, or into that show window she looked fascinated, saying, "Come see the pictures." Go deeper into business! Why, she was associated with all your business ambition, and since she has gone you have no ambition left. Oh, this is a clumsy world when it tries to comfort a broken heart!

I can build a Corliss engine, I can paint a Raphael's "Madonna," I can play a Beethoven's symphony as easily as this world can comfort a broken heart. And yet you have been comforted. How was it done? Did Christ come to you and say: "Get your mind off this. Go out and breathe the fresh air. Plunge deeper into business?" No. There was a minute when he came to you—perhaps in the watches of the night, perhaps in your place of business, perhaps along the street—and he breathed something into your soul that gave peace, rest, infinite quiet, so that you could take out the photograph of the departed one and look into the eyes and the face of the dear one and say: "It is all right. She is better off. I would not call her back. Lord, I thank thee that thou has comforted my poor heart."

DIVINE HEALING FOR THE SICK SOUL.

There are Christian parents here who are willing to testify to the power of this Gospel to comfort. Your son had just graduated from school or college and was going into business, and the Lord took him. Or your daughter had just graduated from the young ladies' seminary, and you thought she was going to be a useful woman and of long life, but the Lord took her, and you were tempted to say, "All this culture of twenty years for nothing!" Or the little child came home from school with the hot fever that stopped not for the agonized prayer or for the skillful physician, and the little child was taken. Or the babe was lifted out of your arms by some quick epidemic, and you stood wondering why God ever gave you that child at all if so soon he was to take it away. And yet you are not repining, you are not fretful, you are not fighting against God. What enabled you to stand all the trial?

"Oh," you say, "I took the medicine that God gave my sick soul. In my distress I threw myself at the feet of a sympathizing God; and when I was too weak to pray or to look up he breathed into me a peace that I think must be the foretaste of that heaven where there is neither a tear nor a farewell nor a grave." Come, all ye who have been out to the grave to weep there—come, all ye comforted souls, get up off your knees. Is there no power in this gospel to soothe the heart? Is there no power in this religion to quiet the worst paroxysm of grief? There comes up an answer from comforted widowhood and orphanage and childlessness, saying, "Ay, ay, we are witnesses!"

Again, I remark that we are witnesses of the fact that religion has power to give composure in the last moment. I shall never forget the first time I confronted death. We went across the cornfields in the country. I was led by my father's hand, and we came to the farmhouse where the bereavement had come and we saw the crowd of wagons and carriages; but there was one carriage that especially attracted my boyish attention, and it had black plumes. I said: "What's that? what's that? Why those black tassels at the top?" And after it was explained to me I was lifted up to look upon the bright face of an aged Christian woman, who three days before had departed in triumph. The whole scene made an impression I never forgot.

IT IS NO HEARSAY EVIDENCE.

In our sermons and our lay exhortations we are very apt, when we want to bring illustrations of dying triumph, to go back to some distinguished personage—to a John Knox or a Harriett Newell. But I want you for witnesses. I want to know if you have ever seen anything to make you believe that the religion of Christ can give composure in the final hour. Now, in the courts, attorney, jury and judge will never admit mere heresay. They demand that the witness must have seen with his own eyes, or heard with his own ears, and so I am critical in my examination of you now, and I want to know whether you have seen or heard anything that makes you believe that the religion of Christ gives composure in the final hour.

"Oh, yes," you say. "I saw my father and mother depart. There was a great difference in their deathbeds. Standing by the one we felt more veneration. By the other, there was more tenderness." Before the one you bowed, perhaps, in awe. In the other case you felt as if you would like to go along with her. How did they feel in that last hour? How did they seem to act? Were they very much frightened? Did they take hold of this world with both hands as though they did not want to give it up? "Oh, no," you say; "no; I remember as though it were yesterday; she had a kind word for us all, and there were a few mementoes distributed among the children, and then she told us how kind we must be to our father in his loneliness, and then she kissed us goodby and went asleep as a child in a cradle." What made her so composed? Natural courage?

"No," you say; "mother was very nervous; when the carriage inclined to the side of the road she would cry out; she was always rather weakly." What gave her composure? Was it because she did not care much for you and the pang of parting was not great? "Oh," you say, "she showered upon us a wealth of affection; no mother ever loved her children more than mother loved us; she showed it by the way she nursed us when we were sick, and she toiled for us until her strength gave out." What, then, was it that gave her composure in the last hour? Do not hide it. Be frank and let me know. "Oh," you say, "it was because she was so good; she made the Lord her portion and she had faith that she would go straight to glory, and that we should all meet her at last at the foot of the throne."

UNCOUNTED MILLIONS OF WITNESSES.

Here are people who say, "I saw a Christian brother die, and he triumphed." And some one else, "I saw a Christian sister die, and she triumphed." Some one else said I saw a Christian daughter die, and she triumphed. Come, all ye who have seen the last moments of a Christian, and give testimony in this cause on trial. Uncover your heads, put your hand on the old family Bible, from which they used to read the promises, and promise in the presence of high heaven that you will tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. With what you have seen with your own eyes and what you have heard with your own ears, is there power in this Gospel to give calmness and triumph in the last exigency? The response comes from all sides, from young and old and middle aged, "We are witnesses!"

You see, my friends, I have not put before you an abstraction or a chimera, or anything like guess work. I present you affidavits of the best men and women, living and dead. Two witnesses in court will establish a fact. Here are not two witnesses, but millions of witnesses on earth and in heaven testifying that there is power in this religion to convert the soul, to give comfort in trouble and to afford composure in the last hour.

If ten men should come to you when you are sick with appalling sickness and say they had the same sickness and took a certain medicine and it cured them, you would probably take it. Now, suppose ten other men should come up and say, "We don't believe that there is anything in that medicine." "Well," I say, "have you tried it?" "No, I never tried it, but I don't believe there is anything in it." Of course you discredit their testimony. The skeptic may come and say, "There is no power in your religion." "Have you ever tried it?" "No, no." Then avaunt!" Let me take the testimony of the millions of souls that have been converted to God and comforted in trial and solaced in the last hour. We will take their testimony as they cry, "We are witnesses!"

LOOK FOR THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

Professor Henry, of Washington, discovered a new star, and the tidings sped by submarine telegraph, and all the observatories of Europe were watching for that new star. Oh, hearer, looking out through the darkness of thy soul, canst thou see a bright light beaming on thee? "Where?" you say, "where? How can I find it? Look along by the line of the Cross of the Son of God. Do you not see it trembling with all tenderness and beaming with all hope. It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Deathstruck I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose—
It was Star of Bethlehem.

Oh, hearers, get your eye on it. It is easier for you now to become Christians than it is to stay away from Christ and heaven. When Mme Sontag began her musical career she was hissed off the stage at Vienna by the friends of her rival, Amelia Steininger, who had already begun to decline through her dissipation. Years passed on, and one day Mme. Sontag, in her glory, was riding through the streets of Berlin, when she saw a little child leading a blind woman, and she said: "Come here my little child, come here. Who is that you are leading by the hand?" And the little child replied: "That's my mother; that's Amelia Steininger. She used to be a great singer, but she lost her voice, and she cried so much about it that she lost her eyesight." "Give my love to her," said Mme. Sontag, "and tell her an old acquaintance will call on this afternoon."

The next week in Berlin a vast assemblage gathered at a benefit for that poor blind woman, and it was said that Sontag sang that night as she had never sung before. And she took a skilled oculist, who in vain tried to give eyesight to the poor blind woman. Until the day of Amelia Steminger's death Madam Sontag took care of her and her daughter after her. That was what the queen of song did for her enemy. But oh, hear a more thrilling story still. Blind, immortal, poor and lost, thou who, when the world and Christ were rivals for thy heart didst hiss thy Lord away—Christ comes now to give thee sight, to give thee a home, to give thee a heaven. With more than a Sontag's generosity, he comes now to meet your need. With more than a Sontag's music, he comes to plead for thy deliverance.

AN AMUSING APPLICATION.

The Illiterate Requist for a Charter from a Colored Body.

COLUMBIA, S. C., July 11.—One is always stumbling across something interesting in the Secretary of State's office, and even in so dry an official document as an application for the charter of a corporation or a society, there is sometimes that which will raise a laugh. Of such a nature is the following application of a colored organization in Marion County:

The St. of S. C. July 7th 1891
State Secretary of South Carolina

Dear sir we the under Sign, have Gathered our selves to gether; and looking at our Present condition and seeing our Prosper, that Bin upon us for the last 25 years, desided that their is no hope fir us; in the State of South Carolina, and we had well gether our Selves to Gether, and leave for and other State and while we was meditating over the Subject, a thought was handed down to us by the all mighty, who Rules Both heven and Earth, like unto this that we needed a new organization among our selves; and upon that thought, we call a Body of mens to gether and organized a Society Known as the Days of Labor and, we do hear By apply to the State of South Carolina for a Charter; and our objects is thus, first to teach our People how to work, for the upbiling of our Race second to care more for the helpless, and sick, third to try and turn the minds of our un thoughtful Peoples; four to advicate the cause of the State, where they wer Bred and Born, five to care more for the Edgercational of our Children, than we have here to for; we hope that you will Give us the full charge of the Charter if it are granted to us, and also what sorse must we apply to for further instruction if any neaded weating your Reply the Boddy mintion Below

1. J. N. Hamlin; 2. S A. Bithon; 3. A. R. Stafford; 4. E. Harlee; 5. R. Stephenson; 6. N. S. Stephens; 7. J. R. Royster; 8. J. R. Comiched; 9. W. N. Hamelton; 10 S. C. Kennedy; 11. H. Jackson; Totel no 12—S. J. McNeil; 12. you Will Please address

MOSE HAMELTON & CO.
Little Hock, S. C.

The applicants were informed that the Clerk of the Court was authorized by law to charter benevolent societies and in all probability, "the Days of Labor and (Knights of Toil" will soon be a full fledged society and ready to aid in the "educashon" of their people around them.—Register.

An Alliance Boil.

FORT WORTH, Texas, July 11.—The following resolutions, having a national bearing, were adopted to-day by the anti sub-treasury State convention of the Farmers' Alliance.

"Resolved, That we denounce the sub-treasury and land loan schemes and governmental ownership of railroads as a violation of the first principles of good government, as paternal in their character, as centralizing in their tendencies, and if enacted into the law they would create such a horde of national office-holders as would fasten the clutches of the party in power upon the throats of the people so strongly that the voices of honest, patriotic citizens would no longer be heard in the control of government affairs.

"We demand that these men who are not farmers be removed from the national and State offices of our order, and that none but those who have their interests in farming be allowed to fill such places. We now appeal to all honest members of the Alliance throughout the United States to unite with us in putting down this common enemy and disgrace of our order. To this end we most earnestly recommend the brother Alliancemen of the United States to meet in national convention at St. Louis on the third Tuesday of September, 1891.

"Resolved, That we most heartily endorse the course of Hon. U. S. Hall president of the State Alliance of Missouri, in refusing to concur in the action on the case of C. W. Macune at Ocala in opposition to the sub-treasury scheme, etc. We earnestly pledge Mr. Hall our support in the noble and manly effort to rid the order, both State and national, of all shackles which will retard its strength for ultimate success."

An "Excellent" Bank Failure.

LOUISVILLE, KY., July 10.—The Falls City Bank, established in 1865, went to the wall this morning, making an assignment to the Mechanic Trust Company and closed it doors at 701 West Main street. Liabilities $431,300, of which $223,900 is due the clearing house, and deposits are $191,700, assets nominally $123,600. From the beginning of the financial panic last year the bank has been carried along by the clearing house, being on the ragged edge all the time. It has been known for several days that it was only a matter of time before it would have to go. Depositors will be paid in full and stockholders will get possibly 35 cents on the dollar. The capital stock is $600,000. J. T. Moore is president. Bankers regard the failure as an excellent one, as creditors were getting ready to bring attachments.

Mother and Child Killed.

OLYNEY, Ill., July 9.—Mrs. Raymond and her little four-year-old son were struck and killed by a passenger train on the Ohio and Mississippi Road near here this morning. Mrs. Raymond was picking berries, and her child strayed on the track. The mother tried to rescue the lad, but both were run over and killed.

CUPID CUTS A CAPER.

ALFRED SUARTZ BRINGS HIS SWEETHEART FROM AUSTRIA.

On Arrival She Informs Her Lover She Didn't Like His Looks, and Starts on the Long Journey Homeward.

COLUMBIA, S. C., July 14.—Alfored Suartz was the saddest man in Columbia yesterday, for the rose-colored dream of his uneventful, hard working life had been rudely, suddenly swept away by the faithless action of the girl whom he intended to make his wife. All the way from sunny Austrit came Alfred, just a year ago, with ambition beating high within his breast, and the sweet assurance that her whom he loved would come over and join her fortunes with his, should he make his way in the New World.

And he did. In the course of events he drifted to this city and engaged in his trade of baker. By his careful mode of living, Alfred amassed quite a tidy sum of money, and he sent a portion of it to his sweetheart, Marie Epple, of Vienna, with the request that she come on at once. The young woman left her native country at once, and took passage for America.

Although wild with the impatient desire to see his loved one, Alfred could not go to New York to meet her and bring her on to this city, and so he waited.

Yesterday morning Marie arrived on the train from the Metropolis, and her lover was waiting for her at the depot. He had made preparations for them to be married at once, and had prepared her a home,—humble, but still a home. Now Alfred is almost a dwarf in size and by no means handsome. His personal excellencies atoned for this among his few friends, however, but his appearance proved the death knell of all his hopes. He had looked forward to the meeting with all the longing that his simple mind was capable of, and his future happiness seemed centered in Marie. Perhaps the fair Marie thought that he would grow, and that the air of the new and mystic continent would improve his looks. When the Coast Line train steamed into the depot early yesterday morning, Alfred was waiting anxiously at the gates. Through the window of one of the cars he saw Marie, and executed a war-dance in his glee. But his joy was dashed to the earth. Disappointment was plainly visible on the young woman's face when she caught sight of her diminutive lover. Evidently the climate had done nothing to increase his stature, or make him better looking, as she fondly hoped it would.

When they met, Marie dismayed poor Alfred by coolly telling him that she had changed her mined and was content to remain plain Marie Epple for the present. A long and stormy interview followed, and the crestfallen lover left his faithless sweetheart, vowing to do something desperate in his terrible disappointment.

Marie remained in the depot until the next train left, when she started back on her long tedious journey to her home. She told a Register reporter in broken English that she was very mad at being dragged all the way from Vienna for nothing, and that she was going right home. She just had money enough to get back.

Alfred was despairing his luck last night, and lamented the loss of his hard earned savings, which he had given to Marie. The poor baker swears that he will now remain a bachelor the rest of his natural life.—Register.

Mrs. Davis's Decision.

NEW YORK, July 11.—Mrs. Davis, the widow of the late Jefferson Davis, who has been sojourning at the New York Hotel in this city for some time past, in a letter forwarded to the citizens of Richmond to-day, states that, after much deliberation, she has decided to give Virginia the care of her husband's body.

She briefly reviews the claims of the various States to her husband's remains, and urges the fact that in the fullness of fame he did not belong to any part of the country, but that in Richmond he received generous and unwavering support in the darkest hour of the South's defeat.

She refers to her personal sacrafice in giving up the hope of dwelling near her husband's resting place, and expresses the hope that the States of the Confederacy will also relinquish their cherished plans for the sake of gratifying the majority of the veterans of the South who have urged Richmond as the proper place for him who loved them all and labored for their glory.

Death by Drowning

CHICAGO, July 13.—Five deaths by drowning was the record in this city yesterday. John McNeff and Lacy Kaiser were drowned while boating on the little lake at Columbia Park during the afternoonr While turning the boat for shore McNeff relessed his hold on one of the oars and it quickly slid from the lock. In his eagerness to regain at McNeff tipped the boat over and it carsized, throwing both of the occupants into the water. McNeff, who was a good swimmer, lost his life while trying to save the girl. Henry Campbell and Lesire Young lost their lives while bathing yesterday. The boys were bantering each other into wading into deep water, and got beyond their depth. Teamster John Swanson was drowned in the lake.

The Storm at Galveston.

GALVESTON, July 8.—The loss on Galveston Island from Sunday night's storm did not amount to more than $1,500. The citizens were more scared than hurt. The fishing smack Dania, commanded by Capt. Robert Frankovich, was wrecked off Smith's Point, on the north side of Galveston Bay, during the squall Monday morning, and five of the six men aboard of her were drowned. Those drowned are: Robert Frankovich, Frank Millovich, Pete Strangel, Jack Speech, and an unknown man. News of the terrible disaster was brought to the city Monday evening by Vincent Sagovitch, the sole survivor of the little craft. The sloop Mattre left last night to search for the bodies of the unfortunate men.

TILLMAN VERSUS TALBERT.

It Looks Like a Drawn Battle at Edgefield.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., July 10.—The gathering of the Edgefield County Alliance to-day took the shape of a protracted meeting and a love-feast. It assembled at 11 A. M. and adjourned at 5.30 P. M Mr. S. L. Reedy presided, with Mr. S. B Mays as secretary.

The business of the meeting was dispatched promptly. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, S. L. Reed; vice-president, I. B. Jones; secretary, S. B. Mays; treasurer, Dr. W. H. Timmerman; county lecturer, James P. Bean; assistant lecturer, P. D. Outzts; chaplain, the Rev. J. D. Parish. Executive committee, D. P. Lagrone, W. S. Allen and J. W. Aiton. Delegate to State Convention, S. L. Reedy; alternate, W. W. Holson.

After the elections as above speeches were made by District Lecturer Gaston, Col. W. J. Talbert and Governor Tillman.

Mr. Gaston's speech was on the following points: Punctual attendance, unity of action, education, abolition of national banks and free and unlimited coinage of silver.

Col. Talbert spoke of the policy of the Alliance and followed the line generally of his speeches heretofore published.

Governor Tillman also spoke on Alliance principles and the course of the Alliance to insure its success as an organization.

After the speeches several resolutions were offered, as follows:

Resolved, That the endorsement of the sub-treasury scheme has a tendency to disrupt the Democratic party.

This resolution was tabled.

Resolved, That the Edgefield County Alliance adopt the Ocala platform, with the omission of the sub-treasury plank.

The third and last resolution was offered by Mr. Williams, of Grey Township. It was

Resolved, That the Edgefield Alliance do adopt the Ocala platform.

This resolution was not pressed nor put to the house and was therefore not carried.

Col. Talbert spoke for two hours and a half, and is said by his friends to have made the best speech of his series. He was very frequently applauded

Governor Tillman was very warmly received by his Edgefield friends, and his speech was characteristic, earnest, forcible, and at times humorous. While he was speaking inside a large crowd of friends from the country and town outside were patiently awaiting the close of the meeting to call him out He declined, however, to make another speech.

It was expected before the meeting this morning that there would be a conflict between Governor Tillman and Col. Talbert.

Outside of criticisms, however, which have been repeatedly referred to, the meeting was quiet and harmonious, the delegates in an excellent humor with themselves and everybody else at the close of the six hours' session.

Those who oppose or are negative on the sub-treasury business say that they desire more enlightenment before they commit themselves to it, and the prominent sub-treasury men say the passage of the Williams resolution endorsing the Ocala platform was not necessary, as the St. Louis platform had been endorsed and that Alliance men by a great majority endorse it, whether formally or not.

The sub-treasury men at the meeting claim that, although no resolutions of instructions were passed, State Delegate Reedy is a sub-treasury man and also the district delegates. The fact is both sides in the meeting to day claim a victory of peace. Those who differ with either side can read over the record.—News and Courier.

America Must Feed the World.

WASHINGTON, July 13.—A report on the harvest prospects in France and Europe has been received at the state department from Commercial Agent Gritlin, of Limoges, France. The National Millers Association of France, the report says, has just issued an estimate, founded on very carefully collected data, of the probable wheat harvest of France and Europe for 1891. The estimated yield of wheat for 1891 will be 82,779,000 hectoliters. This is the maximum estimate. It will be 31 per cent. less than the harvest of 1890.

Russia, Tunis, Egypt and some of the Danubian provinces with have a fair harvest, and in Hunguray it will be below the average this year.

The estimates given by the millers, the report says, are optimistic. The desire to create an impression that there is a better supply than really exists is all done with a purpose; they want to buy grain as cheaply as possible in those fortunate countries that have an abundance to export

In conclusion, the report says that not only France, but all Europe, is looking longingly to the wheat fields of the United States. Last year many hoped that South America would help supply the deficit, especially the Argentine Republic; but today no mention is made of those countries. The fact, as recently stated, is that the bread of Europe must come from America.

Shot Dead in a Field.

BATESBURG, July 10.—News reached here this afternoon that one Press Wise, a notorious negro tough, who had been working at Prater's Mill, in Edgefield County, was killed to day in a field. It seems that one day last week Wise had a difficulty with a white man and dealt him a severe blow on the head with a hook. Since that time there has been bad blood among the whites, or a part of the whites and blacks, in that neighborhood. Wise and his companions, it is said, have been waylaying the roads with double-barrelled shotguns. No one seems to know who did the killing, as there were no witnesses present. He was a bad negro and had the reputation of being a bully.—News and Courier.

Found Dead in Bed.

AUGUSTA, Ga., July 8.—Julius Neilson, a young Dane who has been over five months in Augusta, was found dead in his boarding house to-day with five wounds in his stomach, three of which were fatal. He had been unwell and it is not known whether it is a case of suicide or murder.

TO MAKE RAIN TO ORDER.

UNCLE SAM TO SEE WHAT HE CAN DO AS A RAIN DOCTOR.

A Party of Scientists Bound for Kansas to Try and Break the Windows of Heaven with Dynamite Guns and Balloons.

WASHINGTON, July 14.—Some time within the next few days there is going to be a noise out in Western Kansas. Uncle Sam's rain-makers will be found thither with a provision of explosives sufficient to stock a fair sized volcano in active operation. They take with them threescore balloons, each ten feet in diameter when expanded; likewise about one hundred kites five feet high, a freight car full of wooden mortars to fire bombs from, and many thousands of pounds of dynamite, gunpowder, nitro-glycerine and other powerful agents for agitating nature with spasms. If there is not a second deluge in the region mentioned within a fortnight it will not be for lack of effort on part of Gen. Rochester Ricketts and the department of agriculture.

Seven thousand dollars yet remains of the $9,000 appropriated by Congress for this purpose, and so there is no need to economize on the fireworks for the preliminary experiment. Because it is a matter of history that storms have often followed heavy cannonading in warfare, it has been thought desirable to attack the sky for this meteorological purpose with a regular line of battle. A convenient and excessively arid plain will be selected for operations, and the wooden mortars will be planted across it in drills, as it were, for a distance of about two miles. They will be loaded with dynamite, rackarock and other materials caculated to agitate the atmosphere as much as possible, while at suitable intervals of space the balloons will be arranged for ascension. Simultaneously a flight of kites will be let loose in the air.

The three-score balloons will in themselves represent an extraordinary scientific novelty. They are all completed, now, and each one is calculated to hold about five hundred and twenty five cubic feet of gas—one-third oxygen and two-thirds hydrogen. The oxygen is put in first, and then the hydrogen. Each balloon upon being inflated ascends under control of a double wire, which serves instead of a rope to hold it by. When it reaches the desired height the button of an electric instrument on the ground is touched, a spark ignites a fuse in the balloon, and the oxygen and hydrogen suddenly combine with a terrific explosion. Experiments made within the last few days in this city show that such an oxyhydrogen balloon thus ignited produces a really tremendous detonation, the cloth or paper vessel itself appearing for an instant and by daylight like a ball of fire. Few things can be imagined more curious than this phenomenon, which signifies that the two gases, at the touch of fire, have united in the shape of a drop or two of water, which fluid consists of two parts of hydrogen and one of oxygen.

But, as has been said, the balloons will be supplemented by great kites, each of which will be held by a doubled wire instead of a string. Their tails will carry dynamite and other explosives, which will be set off in the same way by the electric spark. Meantime, while the oxyhydrogen bags explode and the kite tails go bang, the buried mortars will vomit forth rackarock to the heavens along the two-mile line. For at least two and possibly three, days the racket will be kept up. Then the expedition will hoist its umbrellas and calmly await the downpour, consoled for the inconvenience by the acclamations of the agricultural population.

It must not be supposed, however, that this bombardment of the heavens will be conducted without scientific method. Before it is begun the observers of the expedition will ascend in a suitable balloon, and find out by the wet and hygrometer works at what level the explosives may be most advatageously so shot. If they discover the greatest amount of moisture at an elevation of one thousand five hundred feet, that is the station of air in which they want to work. On the theory of the matter no one pretends to understand very thoroughly, but it is imagined that the artificial concussion, as scientific men would so express it, makes a sort of vortex or hole in the air, into which the heavier moist particles rush, so as to occasion condensation and precipitation of rain. It is surmised also that the small particles of water made by the explosion of the combining oxygen and hydrogen form a sort of nucleus for other particles to gather about. Another important idea is that the very particles in the atmosphere being heavier than the rest of the air are shaken out of it by concussion and fall to the earth.

If the efficacy of explosives in producing rain is proved, it is supposed farmers will make it their business to establish detonating plants, either for the purpose balloons, kites, bombs, or what not. The balloons to be used in the approaching Government trials cost about $22 apiece, but the expense entailed for a score or so would be of no consequence to the party for which a single good shower might signify $10,000 or even $1,000,000 in value.

They All Do It.

GREENWOOD, S. C., July 9.—From an authentic source your correspondent has ascertained that the following State officials enjoy the felicity of riding on free railroad passes of the following numbers: Lieutenant Governor E. H. Gary, No 16; J. W. Gray, No 1; J. E. Tindal, No 4; Dr. Samson Pope, No 12, Gen. W. H. Ellerbe, No 2; Col. J. Gary Watts, No III; Cole Blease has one, but the number could not be ascertained, so also has Representative John R. Harrison, of Greenville, and Dr. Fuller, of Laurens, who came here on the 9th to attend the big Alliance meeting.

Killed by Lightning.

NEW ORLEANS, July 9.—A special from Clifton, Boscue county, Texas, says the house of S. P. Anderson, fifteen miles west of that place, was struck by lightning last night. Anderson's wife and three daughters, all that were in the house at the time, were killed. The building was burned to the ground.