TALMAGE'S SERMON.

REFUGE OFFERED TO ALL PEOPLE BY THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

The Faith of Jesus Is Likened to the Cedar of Lebanon, In the Shade of Whose Branches Fowl of Every Wing Shall Dwell.

BROOKLYN, March 6.—The congregation at the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning sang with fervor the hymn beginning—

My faith looks up to thee
Thou lamb of Calvary.

Dr. Talmage's subject was the refuge offered by the Christian religion to people of all ages and every variety of character. His text was Ezekiel xvii, 23, "A goodly cedar, and under it shall dwell all fowl of every wing."

The cedar of Lebanon is a royal tree. It stands six thousand feet above the level of the sea. A missionary counted the concentric circles and found one tree thirty-five hundred years old—long rooted, broad branches, all the year in luxuriant foliage. The same branches that bent in the hurricane that David saw sweeping over Lebanon rock today over the head of the American traveler. This monarch of the forest, with its leafy fingers, plucks the honors of a thousand years and sprinkles them upon its own uplifted brow, as though some great hallelujah of heaven had been planted upon Lebanon and it were rising up with all its long armed strength to take hold of the hills whence it came.

Oh, what a fine place for birds to nest in! In hot days they come thither—the eagle, the dove, the swallow, the sparrow and the raven. There is to many of us a complete fascination in the structure and habits of birds. They seem not more of earth than heaven—ever vacillating between the two. No wonder that Audubon, with his gun, tramped through all of the American forests in search of new specimens. Geologists have spent years in finding the track of a bird's claw in the new red sandstone. There is enough of God's architecture in a snipe's bill or a grouse's foot to confound all the universities. Musicians have, with clefs and bars, tried to catch the sound of the nightingale and robin. Among the first things that a child notices is a swallow at the eaves, and grandfather goes out with a handful of crumbs to feed the snowbirds.

The Bible is full of ornithological allusions. The birds of the Bible are not dead and stuffed, like those of the museum, but living birds, with fluttering wings and plumage. "Behold the fowls of the air," says Christ. "Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down," exclaims Obadiah. "Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacocks?" says Job. David describes his desolation by saying, "I am like a pelican of the wilderness; I am like an owl of the desert; I watch and am as a sparrow alone upon the housetop." "Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed time; and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord"—so says Jeremiah.

Ezekiel in my text intimates that Christ is the cedar, and the people from all quarters are the birds that lodge among the branches. "It shall be a goodly cedar, and under it shall dwell all fowl of every wing." As in Ezekie's time, so now—Christ is a goodly cedar, and to him are flying all kinds of people—young and old, rich and poor, men high soaring as the eagle, those fierce as the raven, and those gentle as the dove. "All fowl of every wing."

First, the young may come. Of the eighteen hundred and ninety-two years that have passed since Christ came, about sixteen hundred have been wasted by the good in misdirected efforts. Until Robert Raikes came there was no organized effort for saving the young. We spend all our strength trying to bend old trees, when a little pressure would have been sufficient for the sapling. We let men go down to the very bottom of sin before we try to lift them up. It is a great deal easier to keep a train on the track than to get it on when it is off. The experienced rein-man checks the fiery steed at the first jump, for when he gets in full swing, the swift hoofs clicking fire from the pavement and the bit between his teeth, his momentum is irresistible.

It is said that the young must be allowed to sow their "wild oats." I have noticed that those who sow their wild oats seldom try to raise any other kind of crop. There are to opposite destinies. If you are going to heaven, you had better take the straight road, and not try to go to Boston by the way of New Orleans. What is to be the history of this multitude of young people around me today? I will take you by the hand and show you a glorious sunrise. I will not whine about this thing, nor groan about it, but come, young men and maidens, Jesus wants you. His hand is love, his voice is music, his smile is heaven. Religion will put no handcuffs on your wrist, no hopples on your feet, no brand on your forehead.

I went through the heaviest snowstorm I have ever known to see a dying girl. Her cheek on the pillow was white as the snow on the casement. Her large, round eye had not lost any of its luster. Loved ones stoood all around the bed trying to hold her back. Her mother could not give her up, and one nearer to her than either father or mother was frantic with grief. I said, "Fanny, how do you feel?" "Oh!" she said, "happy, happy! Mr. Talmage, tell all the young folks that religion will make them happy."

As I came out of the room, louder than all the sobs and wailings of grief, I heard the clear, sweet, glad voice of the dying girl, "Good night; we shall meet again on the other side of the river." The next Sabbath we buried her. We brought white flowers and laid them on the coffin. There was in all that crowded church but one really happy and delighted face, and that was the face of Fanny. Oh, I wish that now my Lord Jesus would go through this audience and take all these flowers of youth and garland them on his brow. The cedar is a fit refuge for birds of brightest plumage and swiftest wing. See, they fly! they fly! "All fowl of every wing."

Again, I remark that the old may come. You say, "Suppose a man has to go on crutches; suppose he is blind; suppose he is deaf; suppose that nine-tenths of his life has been wasted." Then I answer: Come with crutches. Come, old men, blind and deaf, come to Jesus. If you would sweep your hand around before your blind eyes, the first thing you would touch would be the cross. It is hard for an aged man or woman to have grown old without religion. Their taste is gone. The peach and the grape have lost their flavor. They say that somehow fruit does not taste as it used to. Their hearing gets defective, and they miss a great deal that is said in their presence.

Their friends have all gone and everybody seems so strange. The world seems to go away from them and they are left all alone. They begin to feel in the way when you come into the room where they are, and they move their chair nervously and say, "I hope I am not in the way." Alas! that father and mother should ever be in the way. When you were sick and they sat up all night rocking you, singing to you, administering to you, did they think that you were in the way? Are you tired of the old people? Do you snap them up quick and sharp? You will be cursed to the bone for your ingratitude and unkindness!

Oh, it is hard to be old without religion—to feel this world going away, and nothing better coming. If there be any here who have gone far on without Christ, I address you deferentially. You have found this a tough world for old people. Alas! to have aches and pains, and no Christ to soothe them! I want to give you a cane better than that you lean on. It is the cane that the Bible speaks of when it says, "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." I want to give you better spectacles than those you now look through. It is the spiritual eyesight of divine grace. Christ will not think that you are in the way.

Does your head tremble with the palsy of old age? Lay it on Christ's bosom. Do you feel lonely now that your companions and children are gone? I think Christ has them. They are safe in his keeping. Very soon he will take you where they are. I take hold of your arm and try to lead you to a place where you can put down all your burden. Go with me. On a little while longer and your sight will come again, and your hearing will come again, and with the strength of an immortal athlete you will step on the pavement of heaven. No crutches in heaven, no sleepless nights in heaven, no cross looks for old people. Dwelling there for ages, no one will say, "Father, you know nothing about this; step back; you are in the way."

Oh, how many dear old folks Jesus has put to sleep! How sweetly he has closed their eyes! How gently folded their arms! How he has put his hand on their silent hearts and said: "Rest now, tired pilgrim. It is all over. The tears will never start again. Hush! hush!" So he gives his beloved sleep. I think the most beautiful object on earth is an old Christian—the hair white, not with the frosts of winter, but the blossoms of the tree of life. I never felt sorry for a Christian old man. Why feel sorry for those upon whom the glories of the eternal world are about to burst? They are going to the goodly cedar. Though their wings are heavy with age, God shall renew their strength like the eagle, and they shall make their nest in the cedar. "All fowl of every wing."

Again, the very bad, the outrageously sinful, may come. Men talk of the grace of God as though it were so many yards long and so many yards deep. People point to the dying thief as an encouragement to the sinner. How much better it would be to point to our own case and say, "If God saved us he can save anybody." There may be those here who never had one earnest word said to them about their souls. Consider me as putting my hand on your shoulder and looking in your eye. God has been good to you. You ask, "How do you know that? He has been very hard on me." "Where did you come from?" "Home." "Then you have a home. Have you ever thanked God for your home? Have you children?" "Yes." "Have you ever thanked God for your children? Who keeps them safe? Were you ever sick?" "Yes." "Who made you well? Have you been to every man? Who feeds you? Put your hand on your pulse. Who makes it throb? Listen to the respiration of your lungs. Who helps you to breathe? Have you a table in the house, preparing to feed you the future life? Who can say that it is?"

Oh, it is such a story of goodness and mercy all the way through. You have been one of God's pet children. Who founded you and caressed you and loved you? And when you went astray and wanted to come back, did he ever refuse? I knew of a father who, after his son came back the fourth time, said, "No; I forgave you three times, but I will never forgive you again." And the son went off and died. But God takes back his children the thousandth time as cheerfully as the first. As easily as with my handkerchief I strike the dust off a book, God will wipe out all your sins.

There are hospitals for "incurables." When men are hopelessly sick, they are sent there. Thank God! there is no hospital for spiritual incurables. Though you had the worst leprosy that ever struck a soul, your flesh shall come again like the flesh of a little child. Oh, this mercy of God! I am told it is an ocean. Then I place on it four swift sailing craft, with compass and charts and choice rigging and skillful navigators, and I tell them to launch away and discover for me the extent of this ocean.

That craft puts out in one direction, and sails to the north; this craft to the south; this to the east; this to the west. They crowd on all their canvas and sail ten thousand years, and one day come up the harbor of heaven, and I shout to them from the beach, "Have you found the shore?" and they answer, "No shore to God's mercy!" Swift angels, dispatched from the throne, attempt to go across it. For a million years they fly and fly, but then come back and fold their wings at the foot of the throne and cry, "No shore! no shore to God's mercy!"

Mercy! Mercy! Mercy! I sing it. I preach it. I pray it. Here I find a man bound hand and foot to the devil, but with one stroke of the hammer of God's truth the chains fall off and he is free forever. Mercy! Mercy! Mercy! There is no depth it cannot fathom; there is no height it cannot scale; there is no infinity it cannot compass. I take my stand under this goodly cedar and see the flocks flying thither. They are torn with the shot of temptation and wounded and sick and scarred. Some fought with iron beak; some once feasted on carcasses; some were fierce of eye and cruel of talon, but they came, flock after flock—"All fowl of every wing."

Again, all the dying will find their nest in this goodly cedar. It is cruel to destroy a bird's nest, but death does not hesitate to destroy one. There was a beautiful nest in the next street. Lovingly the parents brooded over it. There were two or three little robins in the nest. The scarlet fever thrust its hands into the nest, and the birds are gone. Only those are safe who have their nests in the goodly cedar. They have over them "the features of the Almighty." Oh, to have those soft, warm, eternal wings stretched over us! Let the storms beat and the branches of the cedar toss on the wind—no danger. When a storm comes, you can see the birds flying to the woods. Ere the storm of death comes down, let us fly to the goodly cedar.

Of what great varieties heaven will be made up. There come men who once were hard and cruel and desperate in wickedness, yet now, soft and changed by grace, they come into glory, "All fowl of every wing." And here they come, the children who were reared in loving home circles flocking through the gates of life, "All fowl of every wing." These were white and came from northern homes; these were black and ascended from southern plantations; these were copper colored and went up from Indian reservations—"All fowl of every wing." So God gathers them up. It is astonishing how easy it is for a good soul to enter heaven.

A prominent business man in Philadelphia went home one afternoon, lay down on the lounge and said, "It is time for me to go." He was very aged. His daughter said to him, "Are you sick?" He said, "No; but it is time for me to go. Have John put it in two of the morning papers, that my friends may know that I am gone. Goodby;" and as quick as that God had taken him.

It is easy to go when the time comes. There are no ropes thrown out to pull us ashore; there are no ladders let down to pull us up. Christ comes and takes us by the hand and says, "You have had enough of this; come up higher." Do you hurt a lily when you pluck it? Is there any rudeness when Jesus touches the cheek, and the red rose of health whitens into the lily of immoral purity and gladness?

When autumn comes and the giant of the woods smites his anvil and the leafy sparks fly on the autumnal gale, then there will be thousands of birds gathering in the tree at the corner of the field, just before departing to warmer climes, and they will call and sing until the branches drop with the melody. There is a better clime for us, and by and by we shall migrate. We gather in the branches of the goodly cedar, in preparation for departure. You heard our voices in the opening song; you will hear them in the closing song—voices good, voices bad, voices happy, voices distressful—"All fowl of every wing." By and by we shall be gone.

If all this audience is saved, as I hope they will be, I see them entering into life. Some have had it hard; some have had it easy. Some were brilliant; some were dull. Some were rocked by pious parentage; others have had their infantile cheeks scalded with the tears of woe. Some crawled, as it were, into the kingdom on their hands and knees, and some seemed to enter in chariots of flaming fire. These fell from a ship's mast; these were crushed in a mining disaster. They are God's singing birds now. No gun of huntsman shall shoot them down. They gather on the trees of life and fold their wings on the branches, and far away from frosts and winds and night they sing until the hills are flooded with joy, and the skies drop music, and the arches of pearl send back the echoes—"All fowl of every wing."

Behold the saints, beloved of God,
Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood.
Brighter than angels, lo! they shine,
Their glories splendid and sublime.

Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross and scorned the shame;
Now, in the heavenly temple blast,
With God they dwell; on him they rest.

While everlasting ages roll
Eternal love shall feast their soul.
And scenes of bliss, forever new
Rise in succession to their view

A Little Black Demon

COLUMBIA, S. C., March 3.—Probably the annals of child-crime will be searched in vain to find a parallel of the fiendish act of a five-year old colored boy of this city, by which an infant died a lingering death here today. The sickening details might well strengthen the belief that people may still be possessed of the devil, and thus only, possibly, can be explained this diabolical deed of a child so young as to escape responsibility of his act, while exhibiting all the coolness and more than the unconcern of a murderer of old years.

Last evening Addie Beacham, a colored woman living on Science alley, near the penitentiary, left her house, leaving her infant of 7 months age in the cradle. Scarcely had the mother gone out than Bud Harris, a boy of 5 years of age, who lived next door, stole in and approached the defenceless little one. He carried in his hand a sharp pointed iron instrument made from a spike, bent and sharpened, and apparently through a fiendish desire to afflict suffering, to maim and to destroy, plunged the iron into the infant's skull again and again.

Indeed this demon in boy's form fairly perforated the head and face of the unfortunate baby, picked at its eyes and jabbed the instrument into its ears. The child's cries attracted the attention of its mother, who came rushing in, only to find, her little one bathed in blood and in a dying condition.

Later she found Bud Harris at the gate digging holes in the ground with the iron with which he had attacked the child. Neighbors flocked to the spot, and one of them, Bessie Johnson, wrung a confession from the juvenile murderer, who seemed entirely unconcerned at the whole matter.

The child after lingering until today died about noon. An inquest was held this afternoon. The boy butcher repeated his confession to the coroner and the jury rendered the following verdict: "That the infant of Addie Beacham came to its death from wounds in the head inflicted by Bud Harris, a child 5 years old, and we, the jury, cannot hold him responsible on account of his age."

The Fertilizer Trade.

The News and Courier, of Saturday, says: The fertilizer trade this season has, as is generally known, not been so good as last year. During January the business done by all roads was decidedly less than in the same month of 1891. With the opening of February the trade improved very decidedly, and since that time compares favorably with the same period of last year.

Full reports of the number of carloads shipped over the South Carolina Railway during these months for the present and last season are compared below. They show, as will be seen, that for the whole season up to February 29, 1892, there has been a decrease from last year's figures, but that a comparison of the shipments in February, 1892, with those of the same month of 1891 is favorable to the former year:

The total number of cars hauled up to and including January 30 by the South Carolina Railway in 1891 was 3,027; for the same period of 1892 the road shipped 1,434 carloads, a decrease of 1,593 carloads. During the month of February, 1891, the road shipped 2,165 carloads, and during the same month of the present season 2,522 carloads, an increase for 1892 of 357.

These figures show a total deficit for the present season up to February 29, inclusive, of 1,236 carloads.

THE DEMOCRATIC State Convention of Rhode Island has elected delegates to the National Democratic Convention instructed to vote for Cleveland.

LET US HAVE PEACE.

SENATOR BUTLER SUGGESTS A WAY OUT OF THE WOODS.

He Believes that the May Convention Has the Power to Take any Action for the Good of the Party and can Order a General Primary.

WASHINGTON, March 5.—To the Editor of The News and Courier: Referring to your editorial criticism of my letter in your paper of the 3d instant, wherein you call attention to the provisions of the constitution of the Democratic party in South Carolina in regard to the manner of electing Governor and State officers, I beg to remark: That the constitution, as now framed, will not permit of a primary election.

I was not unmindful of this provision of the constitution, and I had in view that a convention has been called in May, and, although for the purpose of sending delegates to the National Convention, I do not understand it to be solely and exclusively confined to that duty. A convention coming fresh from the sovereign people is a sovereign body, and may do a great many things not contemplated when it assembles. It may correct errors and mistakes, supply omissions, and restrain commissions in any branch of the organization necessary for the good of the party. This at least is and has always been my view of the power of the people in convention assembled, and I see nothing in the way of the May Convention providing for a primary election of Governor and State officers, certainly none if a majority so decides.

I have always believed, and believe now, that it is always safest to give the people the fullest, fairest, freest and most unframmelled opportunity of expressing their sovereign will at the ballot-box. When the representative stage is reached, where the representatives of the people are clothed with and exercise delegated powers prescribed by law, I should insist on a strict adherence to those delegated powers, for they are the charters under which they act. But in primary assemblies of the people no such strict rule should obtain, and such regulations or rules only should be insisted on as will secure an orderly expression of the popular will Constitutions and rules and regulations of political parties are by laws for the government of the party within party lines. They contain no franchises or special privileges. They are the voluntary stipulations and agreements of the members of the party, by and through which they propose to act and preserve party organization. They should be so framed and observed and executed as to give them the greatest elasticity in securing to its members the free expression of their will.

Party organization is sometimes called a "machine." As against an opposing party a machine may sometimes be necessary, but it is never safe to work the machine against members of its own party. As surely as this is done another "machine" will be put in motion in the same party. Two "machines" cannot be operated simultaneously in the same party without jeopardizing the safety of both.

In 1890 the Democratic party in South Carolina had an executive committee, call it a "machine," if you please, with Col. Hoyt as chairman. The regularity and authority of this committee was never questioned, as far as I know. It was conducting the business and affairs of the party in the usual way, when outside of it, and independent of its authority, a convention was called to meet in Columbia in March. The convention did meet; it nominated, or, as I believe it was said at the time, "suggested," candidates for state officers, certainly for Governor; appointed an executive committee, which took charge of its canvass. Thus another "machine" was put in motion, and we had two in the same party. We know the consequences.

The indications are we shall have another March Convention, another "suggestion" of candidates, another executive committee within the Democratic party. I do not see how the March Convention of this year can be objected to, with the precedent and example of two years ago. How long does any same man suppose this can continue without a permanent rupture of the Democratic party in the State? To my mind the approaching elections will complete the rupture if some remedy is not adopted.

I shall always believe that if the last State Convention had left it to the discretion of the Executive Committee to provide for a primary election, and the present committee had arranged for one, the contemplated March Convention of this year would not have been thought of, and we should have been relieved of the present and approaching complications and difficulties. I believe, now, if the May Convention should by resolution recommend or provide for a primary election, all differences will be settled at the polls within the party, and we shall close up our divided ranks.

Who will take the responsibility of opposing this fair and reasonable proposition? Who wishes to defeat the free expression of the popular will by a primary? Who can afford to continue the bickerings and suspicions and distrust among Democrats? It shall not hereafter be charged upon me. And I wish to say in this connection that if any more efficient remedy can be suggested I will most cordially co-operate in enforcing it. It will not do to tell me I must abide by the will of the majority. I always do that. I did it in the last election, but that was nearly two years ago, and with other good Democrats I want to know where the majority is. If with the present Administration I shall abide by it; if with the opposition I shall abide by it. Let a primary election in an open, fair field tell us where it is. M. C. BUTLER.

A Duel With Knives.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., March 3.—Just over the Alabama line this morning, Ed. Russell and Al. Robinson fought with knives and killed each other. The row was the result of a family feud of years' standing. Their custom has been to ride into Athens occasionally, load up on whiskey and make the town wild with their speech. This morning they met, and Russell's mule having thrown him, he went up to Robinson and ordered that worthy to dismount and give him his horse. Upon refusal, Russell rushed at Robinson, who leaped to the ground, and a hand-to-hand duel was fought, resulting in the death of both the participants.

Horrible Execution.

BERLIN, March 4.—At Ashade, a village in Hanover, a murderer was to be guillotined to-day. The blade failed to decapitate after two strokes and the executioner finished the job with a knife held in one hand while he held the head of the victim in the other. The affair was public and was one of indescribable horror.

THE FREE COINAGE OUTLOOK.

The Attitude of the Republicans an Unknown Quantity.

WASHINGTON, March 5.—"We do not know what our programme will be," said George Fred Williams, Mr. Harter's able lieutenant on the Democratic side of the House in the fight against free coinage, while talking today to a United Press reporter about the silver situation. "We will have a meeting tomorrow, when we shall probably determine what we shall do."

"What are the prospects of securing a majority against consideration of the silver bill?"

"It all remains with the Republicans. If they will vote against it, consineration can be postponed; but they won't do it."

"Do you agree with the Democratic representative who said he knew ninety Democratts who would vote against free coinage, and presumably against consideration of a free coinage bill?"

"I am not giving any figures. Before I do that I want to know what these Hill Democrats are going to do."

"The Senator himself says he does not know what he will do."

"He'll vote for free silver, that's what he will do. And you will find all these Tammany men doing the same. It's the same way in Ohio. Senator Brice promised us thirteen votes, but they are slipping away."

A rumor was in circulation today that the silver men would ask the committee on rules not to call up its order fixing the 22d instatnt for the consideration of the Bland bill, on next Monday, desiring a delay of a few days; but this was news to the members of the committee, and Mr. Bland said he knew of no such purpose.

Mr. Pierce of Tennessee, who has active charge of the silver forces on the floor of the House, said this afternoon that from what he could learn the anti-silver Democrats are losing ground. "Some of the men," said he, "do not feel like facing their constituents with a cold record against them, in view of the declaration by Mr. Harter, the anti-silver leader, that the defeat of the order for consideration means the death of free silver. That's too much for some, and they are gradually slipping away. I do not believe there will be over sixty-five Democrats who will vote against the consideration, and this, with the whole Republican vote, won't be sufficient to defeat the resolution."

"Do you expect any Republican votes?" was asked.

"Oh, yes," was the answer, "Nearly twenty, I should say. On the bill itself, in favor of passage, I do not look for more than ten or a dozen."

"Any Democrats who will vote for consideration, but against the bill?"

"Not one that I know of."

"Do you look for the adoption of the order on Monday?"

"Most certainly. It comes up the first thing after the reading of the journal, and after it has been debated a reasonable time it will be voted on. The Speaker will not permit any filibustering, and the committee on rules, if necessary to reach a vote that day, will exercise the power it possesses under the rules and bring in a supplemental order requiring a vote to be taken at once. It would be ridiculous for the committee to bring in an order such as is on the calendar and permit a debate on it that pertains to the bill itself. The order will be disposed of on Monday."

The Republicans have come to no conclusion, as intimated by Mr. Williams. They will not act as a body on this question, unless there is a decided change in the sentiment from that which existed today. A number will vote for consideration of the silver bill, believing that it is not right to deny the hearing of a measure of such importance, but the number of Republicans who will vote for the bill on its passage is variously estimated from seven to eleven.

"God Punished Us."

ST LOUIS, March 4.—The notion store of Marcus Cohen, in Chouteau avenue, took fire at an early hour this morning and five minutes later an explosion occurred which wrecked the building and the entire establishment was consumed. The second story was occupied by Cohen and his family, all of whom escaped unhurt except Marcus, who was so badly burned that he died soon afterwards. Abraham Cohen, brother of Marcus, who slept in the store, was unable to get out and he was burned to death. Cause of the explosion is unknown.

On examination of the premises it was found that the gas fixtures had all been unscrewed allowing an uninterrupted flow of gas into the store room. A gasoline can, empty, was also found; inquiry also developed the fact that a team had been employed nearly all night carting goods from the store by way of the back entrance. These facts, with other minor circumstances, make a complete chain of evidence to the effect that the men had prepared for an apparently mysterious conflagration, but inadvertently, probably, one of them lighted a match, and the gas laden atmosphere of the store immediately exploded, causing the results already noted. From the only surviving members of the family, the wife and children, nothing can be learned beyond the half confession conveyed in the woman's moaning, "God punished us."

The Railroad War.

CHARLESTON, S. C., March 7.—In the United States Court to-day all the railroads united in suit against the Comptroller General and the County Treasurers of every County in the State. The suit prays an injunction, which was granted, restraining any State official from levying upon the property of any of the railroads for non-payment of taxes on the basis of increased assessment ordered by the board in December last. The roads had tendered payment of taxes on the assessment of the year before but this had been refused. The time for payment of taxes expired February 20 and the time for the beginning of suits by the State is fixed for March 9th. This injunction stops these proceedings and opens up a long litigation. The following roads are parties to the suit: Richmond and Danville, Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta, South Carolina, Charleston, Sumter and Northern, Three C's, Northeastern and several others.—Columbia Register.

Weight of Cotton Bales.

NEW ORLEANS, March 3.—The actual weight of 7,095,056 bales of the cotton crop, embracing port receipts and overland for the six months ended February 29 is 501 9-100 pounds against 501 55-100 pounds per bale last year. Detailed averages are as follows: Texas 521 22-100, decrease from last year 9 76-100 pounds; Louisiana 500 21-100, decrease 2 23-100; Alabama 498, decrease 10; Georgia 484 5-100, decrease 10 66-100; South Carolina 489, decrease 4 81-100; North Carolina 495 1-100, decrease 2 81-100; Virginia 493 55-100, increase 3 11-100; Tennessee, including Memphis, St. Louis and overland, 508 20-100, decrease 2 93-100. Net decrease for the whole compared with the close of January this year one pound per bale and compared with the close of February last year, 3 46-100.

Electropoise.

Why suffer with sickness or disease when you can be so easily and quickly cured without medicine by the use of the Electropoise.

MRS. J. W. B. EDWARDS says she was severely afflicted with rheumatic difficulties and was threatened with paralysis; took the treatment with the Electropoise three months. Now her long standing complaints are greatly relieved and her general health improved; her appetite, which had been failing, is restored, eating feely and enjoying her meals. In spite of advancing age, the Electropoise has triumphed till she now declares that $500 would be no temptation for what she has already received.

MRS. J. W. B. EDWARDS,
No. 40 Wheat St. Atlanta, Ga.

MRS. W. A. Moore enthusiastically stated to an inquirer her repeated trials of the Electropoise to her entire satisfaction and its good effects on her children and grand children in cases of bruises, headache and general "indisposition." The past few days she has been treating herself for deafness. Her numerous friends will, no doubt, soon be delighted to hear of her complete recovery.

MRS. M. A. MOORE.
Corner of Walton and Cone Streets, Atlanta, Ga.

Captain Evans says: I believe the Electropoise has benefited me more than all the medicine I have taken. My disease is said to be dry catarrh; have used the Electropoise several months; my general health is greatly improved, and the catarrh is decidedly better. I still use the Electropoise and consider it invaluable.

W. T. EVANS, Real Estate Man,
No. 28 Peachtree St., Atlanta, Ga.

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