

WHAT IS IN A DREAM?

DR. TALMAGE DEDUCES AN IMPORTANT LESSON FROM VISIONS.

Dreams Recorded in the Bible—Why the Dreams of Today Are, As a Rule, of No Significance—But God Can and Occasionally Does Speak in Dreams.

BROOKLYN, March 26.—A remarkable sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Talmage in the Tabernacle to-day, the subject being a philosophical and religious study of the phenomena of the mind during sleep and the significance of dreams as evidence of immortality. The text chosen was Genesis xxviii, 11, "He took of the stones of that place and put them for his pillows and lay down in that place to sleep, and he dreamed."

A sleep on a pillowcase filled with hens' feathers it is not strange one should have pleasant dreams. But here is a pillow of rock and Jacob with his head on it, and lo! a dream of angels, two processions, those coming down the stairs met by those going up the stairs. It is the first dream of Bible record. You may say of a dream that it is nocturnal fantasia, or that it is the absurd combination of waking thoughts, and with a stir of emotion you may say it is only a dream. But God has honored the dream by making it the avenue through which again and again he has marched upon the human soul, decided the fate of nations and changed the course of the world's history.

God appeared in a dream to Abimelech, warning him against an unlawful marriage; in a dream to Joseph, foretelling his coming power, and the figure of all the sheaves of harvest bowing down to his sheaf; to the chief butler, foretelling his imprisonment; to the chief baker, announcing his decapitation; to Pharaoh, showing him first the seven plenty years and then the seven famine struck years, under the figure of the seven fat cows devouring the seven lean cows; to Solomon giving him the choice between wisdom and riches and honor; to the warrior, under the figure of a battle scene; to a king, encouraging Gideon in his battle with the Amalekites; to Nebuchadnezzar, under the figure of a broken image and a heven down tree, foretelling his overthrow; to Joseph of the New Testament, announcing the birth of Christ in his own household; to Mary, bidding her to fly from Herod's persecutions; to Pilate's wife, warning him not to become implicated with the judicial overthrow of Christ.

We all admit that God in ancient times and under Bible dispensation addressed the people through dreams. The question now is, Does God appear in our day and reveal himself through dreams? That is the question every body asks, and that question this morning I shall try to answer. You ask me if I believe in dreams. My answer is, I believe in dreams, but all I have to say will be under the name of science.

Remark the first—The Scriptures are so full of revelations from God that if we get no communication from him in dreams we ought nevertheless to be satisfied. With 20 guidebooks to tell you how to get to Boston or Pittsburg or London or Glasgow or Manchester, do you want a night vision to tell you how to make the journey? We have in our possession a full direction in regard to the journey of this life and how to get to the celestial city, and with this grand guidebook, this magnificent directory, we ought to be satisfied. I have more faith in a decision to which I come when I am wide awake than when I am sound asleep. I have noticed that those who give a great deal of their time to studying dreams get their brains addled. They are very anxious to remember what they dreamed about the first night they slept in a new house.

If in their dream they take the hand of a corpse, they are going to die; if they dream of a garden, it means a spouse; if something turns out according to a night vision, they say: "Well, I am not surprised, I dreamed it." If it turns out different from the night vision, they say, "Well, dreams go by contraries." In their efforts to remember their dream, they put their waking thoughts into disorder. Now, the Bible is so full of revelation that we ought to be satisfied if we get no further revelation.

Sound sleep received great honor when Adam slept, so extraordinarily that the surgical incision which gave him Eve did not wake him. But there is no such need for extraordinary slumber, now, and he who catches an eye must be wide awake! No need of such a dream as Jacob had with a ladder as high as the sky when ten thousand angels were seen descending that earth and heaven are in communication. No such dream needed as that which was given to Abimelech, warning him against an unlawful marriage, when we have the records of the county clerk's office.

No need of such a dream as was given to Pharaoh about the seven years of famine, for now the seasons march in regular procession, and the steam and rail train carry the products of every farm to the cities. No need of a dream like that which encouraged Gideon for all through Christendom it is announced and acknowledged and demonstrated that righteousness sooner or later will get the victory.

If there should come about a crisis in your life upon which the Bible does not seem to be sufficiently specific, so to God in prayer, and you will get special direction. I have more faith 99 times out of 100 in directions given you by the Bible in your lap and your bow than in the information you will get unconscious on your pillow.

I can very easily understand why the Babylonians and the Egyptians, with no Bible, should put so much stress on dreams, and the Chinese, in their holy books, Chow King, should think their emperor gets his directions through dreams from God, and that Homer should think that all dreams came from Jove, and that in ancient times dreams were classified into a science. But why do you and I put so much stress on dreams when we have a supernatural book of infinite wisdom on all subjects? Why should we hurry ourselves with dreams? Why should Eddy stone and Barnegat lighthouses question a summer firefly? Remark the second—All dreams have an important meaning.

ocean and mingles in scenes 3,000 miles away. It travels great reaches of time, flashes back 80 years, and the octogenarian is a boy again in his father's house. If the soul, before it has entirely broken its chain of flesh, can do all this, how can it leap that circle can it cut, when it is fully liberated?

Every dream, whether agreeable or harassing, whether sunny or tearful, pestilential, means something that rises from your couch you ought to kneel down and say: "O God! am I immortal? Whence? Whither? Two natures, my soul cried now—what when the door of the cage is opened? If my soul can fly so far in the few hours in which my body is asleep in the night, how far can it fly when my body sleeps the long sleep of the grave? Oh, this power to dream, how startling, how overwhelming! prepared for the utter death flight, what an enchantment! If not prepared for the utter death flight, what a crushing agony! Immortal! Immortal!

Remark the third—The vast majority of dreams are merely the result of disturbed physical condition and are not a supernatural message. Job had carbuncles, and he was scared in the night. He says, "Thou scarest me with dreams and terriest me with visions." Solomon had an overworked brain and suffered from erratic slumber, and he writes in Ecclesiastes, "A dream cometh through the multitude of business." Dr. Gregory in experimenting with dreams found that a bottle of hot water put to his feet while in slumber made him think that he was going up the hot sides of Mount Etna.

Another morbid physician, experimenting with dreams, his feet uncovered through sleep, thought he was riding in an Alpine diligence. But a great many dreams are merely narcotic disturbances. Anything that you see while under the influence of alcohol or brandy or "hashiesh" or laudanum is not a revelation from God. The learned De Quincy did not ascribe to divine communication what he saw in sleep, opium saturated; dreams which he afterward described in the following words: "I was worshipped; I was sacrificed; I laded from the wrath of Brahma through all the forests of Asia. Vishnu laded me. Siva laid in wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris. I had done a deed, they said, that made the crocodiles tremble. I was buried for a thousand years in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed with a cancerous kiss of crocodiles and lay confounded with unutterable slimy and among wretched and Nilotic mud." Do not ascribe to narcotic disturbance for divine revelation.

But I have to tell you that the majority of the dreams are merely the penalty of outraged digestive organs, and you have no right to mistake the nightmare for heavenly revelation. Late suppers are a warranty deed for bad dreams. Highly spiced salads at 11 o'clock at night, instead of opening the door inwardly and outwardly, and allowing nature to do her work, you eat these laws. It takes from three to five hours to digest food, and you have no right to keep your digestive organs in struggle when the rest of your body is in somnolence. The general rule is, eat nothing after 6 o'clock at night, retire at 10, sleep on your right side, keep the window open five inches for ventilation, and your world will not disturb you much.

By physical maltreatment you take the ladder that is high in his dream, and you lower it to the gutter who made Dreams are midnight dyspepsia. An unregulated desire for something to eat ruined the race in paradise, and an unregulated desire for something to eat keeps it ruined. The world during 6,000 years has tried in vain to digest that first apple. The world will not be content until we get rid of a dyspeptic Christianity. Healthy people do not want this cadaverous and sleepy thing that some people call religion. They want a religion that lives regularly by day and sleeps soundly by night.

If through trouble or coming on of old age or exhaustion of Christian service you cannot sleep well, then you may expect from God "songs in the night," but there are no blessed communications to those who willingly surrender to indigestible. Napoleon's army at Leipzig, and Dresden and Borodino near being destroyed through the disturbed gastric juices of his command. That is the way you have lost some of your battles.

Another remark I make is that our dreams are apt to be merely the echo of our day thoughts. I will give you a recipe for pleasant dreams: Fill your days with elevated thought and unselfish action, and your dreams will be set to music. If all day you are gouging and grasping and avaricious, in your dreams you will see gold that you cannot clutch and margins in which you were outshooked. If during the day you are irascible and pugnacious and gunpowdery of disposition, you will at night have battle with enemies in which they will get the best of you. If you are all day long in a hurry, at night you will dream of rail trains that you want to catch while you cannot move one inch toward the depot.

If you are always oversuspicious and expectant of assault, you will have at night hallucinations of assassins with daggers drawn. No one wonders that Richard III, the iniquitous, the night before the battle of Bosworth field dreamed that all those whom he had murdered stared at him, and that he was torn to pieces by demons from the pit. The scholar's dream is a philosophic echo. The poet's dream is a rhythmic echo. Coleridge composed his "Kubla Khan" asleep in a narcotic dream, and waking up wrote down 300 lines of it. Tartan, the violin player, composed his most wonderful sonata while asleep in a dream, so vivid that waking he easily transferred it to paper.

Waking thoughts have their echo in sleeping thoughts. If a man spends his life in trying to make others happy and is heavenly minded around his pillow he will see cripples who have got over their crutch, and processions of celestial spirits, and hear the grand march of jasper parades. You are very apt to hear in dreams what you hear when you are wide awake.

Now, having shown you that having a Bible ought to be satisfied not getting any further communication from God, and having shown you that all dreams have an important mission, since they show the comparative independence of the soul from the body, and having shown you that the majority of dreams are the result of disturbed physical conditions, and having shown you that our sleeping thoughts are apt to be an echo of our waking thoughts, I come

to my fifth and most important remark, and that is to say that it is capable of proof that God does sometimes in our day and has often since the close of the Bible dispensation appeared to people in dreams.

All dreams that make you better are from God. How do I know it? Is not God the source of all good? Do not take a very logical mind to argue that out. Tertullian and Martin Luther believed in dreams. The dreams of John Huss are immortal. St. Augustine, the Christian father, was so sure of the fact that a Carthaginian physician had persuaded of the immortality of the soul by an argument which he heard in a dream. The night before his assassination the wife of Julius Caesar dreamed that her husband fell dead across her lap. It is possible to prove that God does appear in dreams to warn, to convert and to save men.

My friend, a retired sea captain and a Christian, tells me that one night while on the sea he dreamed that the ship's crew were in great suffering. Waking up from his dream, he put aboard the ship, tacked in different directions, surprised everybody on the vessel—they thought he was going crazy—sailed on in another direction until after hours and for many hours until he came to the perishing crew and rescued them and brought them to New York. Who conducted that dream? The God of the sea.

In 1905 a vessel went out from Spithead for the West Indies and ran against the ledge of rocks called the Caskets. The vessel went down, but the crew clambered up and casted to die of thirst or starvation, as they supposed. But there was a ship bound for Southampton that had the captain's son on board. This lad twice in one night dreamed that there was a crew of sailors dying on the Caskets. He told his father of his dream, and the vessel came down by the Caskets in time to find and rescue those poor dying men. Who conducted that dream? The God of the rocks, the God of the sea.

The Rev. Dr. Bushnell, in his marvelous book entitled "Nature and the Supernatural," gives the following account of that he got from Captain Young in California, a fact confirmed by many families: Captain Young dreamed twice one night that 150 miles away there was a company of travelers fast in the snow. He also saw in the dream rocks of peculiar formation, and he called them to an old hunter the hunter said: "Why, I remember those rocks. Those rocks are in the Carson Valley pass, 150 miles away."

Captain Young, impelled by this dream, although laughed at by his neighbors, gathered up his gun, his musket and blankets, and started on the expedition, traveled 150 miles, saw those very rocks which he had described in his dream, and finding the suffering ones at the foot of those rocks brought them back to confirm the story of Captain Young. Who conducted that dream? The God of the snow, the God of the Sierra Nevada.

God has often appeared in dreams to rescue and comfort. You have known people—perhaps it is something I state in your own experience—you have seen people who sleep in bereavements and are inconsolable, and they are in perfect resignation because of what they had seen in slumber. Dr. Cranage, one of the most remarkable men I ever met—remarkable for benevolence, great philanthropies—at Wellington, England, showed me a house where the Lord had appeared a wonderful dream to a poor woman. The woman was rheumatic, sick, poor to the last point of destitution. She was visited on and cared for by another poor woman, her only attendant.

Word came to her one day that this poor woman had died, and the invalid who had been speaking lay helpless upon the couch wondering what would become of her. In that mood she fell asleep. In her dream she saw the angel of the Lord appeared and took her into the open air and pointed in one direction, and there were mountains of bread, and pointed in another direction, and there were mountains of butter, and in another direction, and there were mountains of all kinds of worldly supply. The angel of the Lord said to her, "Woman, all these mountains belong to your Father, and do you think that he will let you, his child, hunger and die?"

Dr. Cranage told me that by some divine impulse he went into that destitute home, saw the suffering there and administered unto it, caring for her all the way through. Do you tell me that that dream was woven out of earthly anodynes? I was that day contemplating a diseased brain? No, it was an all sympathetic God addressing a poor woman through a dream.

Furthermore, I have to say that there are people in this house who were converted to God through a dream. The Rev. John Newton, the fame of whose piety fills all Christendom, while a profane sailor on shipboard, in his dream thought that a being approached him and gave him a very beautiful ring, and put it upon his finger and said to him, "As long as you wear that ring you will be prospered; if you lose that ring, you will be ruined."

In the same dream another personage appeared, and by a strange infatuation persuaded John Newton to throw that ring overboard, and it sank into the sea. Then the mountains in sight were full of fire, and the air was lurid with consuming wrath. While John Newton was repenting of his folly in having thrown overboard the treasure which he had been given, a man in a dream and told John Newton to plunge into the sea and bring the ring up if he desired it.

He plunged into the sea and brought it up and said to John Newton, "Here is that gem, but I think I will keep it for you, lest you lose it again," and John Newton consented, and all the fire went out from the mountains, and all the signs of lurid wrath disappeared from the air, and John Newton said that he saw in his dream that that valuable gem was his soul, and that the being who persuaded him to throw it overboard was Satan, and that the one who plunged in and restored that gem, keeping it for him, was God, and that dream makes one of the most wonderful chapters in the life of that most wonderful man.

to his own countrymen. God in a dream. John Hardeck while on shipboard dreamed one night that the day of judgment had come, and that the roll of the ship's crew was called except his own name. He thought that these people, this crew, were all banished. When his dream he asked the reader why his own name was omitted, and he was told it was to give him more opportunity for repentance. He woke up a different man. He became illustrious for Christian attainment. There are other things then you must discard all testimony and refuse to accept any kind of authoritative witness. God in a dream.

Rev. Herbert Mendes was converted to God through a dream of the last judgment, and I doubt if there is a man or woman in this house today that has not had some dream of that great day of judgment which shall be the winding up of the world's history. If you have not dreamed of it, perhaps you may dream of that day.

There are enough of you to make a dream. Enough voices, for there shall be the roaring of the elements and the great earthquake. Enough light for the dream, for the world shall be lit up. Enough excitement, for the mountains shall fall, enough water, for the ocean shall boil. Enough astronomical phenomena, for the stars shall go out. Enough populations, for all the races of all the ages will fall in line of one of two processions—the one ascending, the other descending; the one riding on the white horse of eternal victory, the other led on by Apollyon on the black charger of eternal defeat.

The dream comes on me now, and I see the lightnings from above answering the lightning from below, reverberating thunders that shall wake up the dead, and on one side I see the opening of a gate into scenes golden and amethystine, and on the other side I see the clanging back of a gate into battles of eternal bondage, and all the seas, lifting up their voices, cry, "Come to judgment!" and all the voices of the heaven cry, "Come to judgment!" and crumbling mausoleum and Westminister abbey and pyramids of the dead with marble voices cry, "Come to judgment!"

And the archangel seizes an instrument of music which has never yet been sounded, an instrument of music that was made only for one sound, and thrusting that mighty trumpet through the gates of heaven, he shall put it to the lips, and a long, loud blast that shall make the solid earth quiver, crying, "Come to judgment!"

Then from this earthly grossness quit, Attired in stars we shall forever sit.

Atken County Stripped Up. The Augusta Chronicle, of last Wednesday, says news was brought to that city of a terrible crime that was supposed to have been committed in Atken County by two black fellows, one of whom is now in the Aiken jail. According to the Chronicle about two weeks ago Diana Miller, a fifteen year old colored girl, who lives out in the country about five miles from Aiken, with her parents, had been taken away for several days nobody knew where she had gone.

Her people became alarmed at her prolonged absence and collecting a few friends together they commenced to scour the woods as foot play was suspected. After searching for quite a while several of the party came across a creek, which upon investigation proved to be the missing woman. The clothes looked as if they had been torn from the body of the person who wore them, as they were almost torn into shreds, and were scattered all around this spot.

There had been a violent struggle, and there were several rags, a part of the dress, hanging from some bushes near by. It was learned that the body of the dead girl was found several hours later, and there were mountains of bread, and pointed in another direction, and there were mountains of butter, and in another direction, and there were mountains of all kinds of worldly supply. The angel of the Lord said to her, "Woman, all these mountains belong to your Father, and do you think that he will let you, his child, hunger and die?"

Upon discovering that foul play had been committed, Jeff Craig and Lon Beyer, two negro men, were suspected of having outraged the girl. They were taken to the house of her parents and were buried.

When the clerk nearly fell down. "Run out and tell father," he said, faintly, to the man who recognized Latimer. The young man slipped out of the store to inform the proprietor. By this time Latimer realized that he was recognized. He left the store, having purchased a cheap pair of boots, a pair of socks and a pair of buck mittens. He passed between two stores, struck the railroad track, followed it a short distance and took the traveled road back the way he had come. Coming to the road leading to Hudson he started up that. He did not run, but walked at a good pace.

After a few moments' confusion at the store, the two young men followed down the road and soon overtook Latimer. They were walking along by the side of him, fearing to lay hand on him, when a constable who had joined in the pursuit drove up and jumped from the back and tapped Latimer, on the breast, saying, "You are Latimer; I want you." "Who is Latimer?" smilingly inquired the fugitive.

"You are, and I want you." "I never heard of Latimer, that I know of," insisted the convict. He made no resistance whatever, but walked back a mile and a half to the village with his captor. He was tired out, and could not have made any resistance if he had wish to. In paying for the boots and other articles Latimer handed the pockets of George Haight, who he had murdered twenty-four hours before. Latimer was recognized by the striped shirt, which he tried to keep covered up and by his prison trousers.

SAFE IN PRISON. JACKSON, Mich., March 29.—Latimer was returned to prison by his captors at 3:40 this morning. He was perfectly cool and unconcerned and had no hesitation about acknowledging that he poisoned Guard Haight and Keeper Gill. He says he used a mixture of opium and prussic acid, but he intended only to stupefy and not to kill his keepers. He sprained his ankle the night following his escape, and to that accident he attributes his recapture. He says his guards were ignorant of his plans and are absolutely blameless for all that has happened. He narrowly escaped lynching at Jerome and was in some danger here before he was returned to jail.

EGGS BY MACHINERY. PITTSBURG, Pa., March 29.—Eggs by the carload at 5 a dozen! That is the project held forth by Louis Gross of Philadelphia, now in this city. He says he can manufacture an egg that cannot be distinguished from the genuine and is as nutritious and as good looking exactly like eggs. The egg is composed of paper mache. Mr. Gross says he has applied for a patent and he has plenty of capital to back his enterprise.

POISONED THE KEEPERS.

How Martineo Latimer Escaped from Prison at Jackson.

JACKSON, Mich., March 28.—Latimer, the escaped murderer, is still at large, although extraordinary efforts are being made to capture him. He poisoned Keeper Haight with prussic acid placed in a cup of cocoa. The poison was purchased through help of the prison clerk, upon the pretense that Latimer wanted to use in photography. Latimer seems to have "got around" everybody entrusted with his keeping. Druggists refused to sell prussic acid for years and he got the poison through the prison clerk. Latimer used until the prison clerk notified that it was all right. Haight made cocoa and coffee for Haight, Gill and the other night keepers, and was practically allowed the liberty of the corridors and offices of the jail, so that it was an easy matter for him to secure the keys and walk out in the confusion that followed the discovery that Haight was sick.

Maurice T. Gill, night keeper of the prison, was the indirect means of the escape of Latimer. About 11:30 o'clock he and Latimer took lunch together in the hallmaster's office. It was against rules for Gill to take a convict out of his cell. Capt. Gill was clearly bamboozled by Latimer, who told Gill that there was \$2,800 buried on an island in the State of Rhode Island, where Latimer's father lived when Irving was thirteen years old. Gill was taken with this story and he gave the keys to Latimer every night to give him details. Gill expected to leave prison in a couple of weeks. Last night Latimer told Gill a lot of stories about the buried fortune.

It is reported that Latimer had been in the habit of taking up a cup of chocolate nearly every night to Gate Keeper Haight, passing it through a slide in the grating, which Haight took with his midnight lunch. There is no doubt that Latimer had planned to poison both Haight and Gill, and the chocolate at night was only to gain confidence until he could get some poison.

At lunch Sunday night Latimer carried up a glass of lemonade to Haight instead of chocolate and Haight died in twenty minutes after drinking it. Gill also drank of the lemonade and was attacked with spasms almost instantly. In a few minutes a cry came from the guard room above, which Haight uttered. It was evident that Haight was sick and needed help. Gill was so sick he could not go.

Latimer said: "I will go and whistle for Dr. Mason."

"All right; go ahead," replied Gill. Latimer then took the keys, but instead of going for help he unlocked the door of the guard room, passed through the gates and was free. He took the prison keys with him. The exact time he left the prison was 11:55 p. m. When Latimer escaped he had neither coat nor hat, and it is believed impossible that he can escape. The prison authorities have offered a reward for Latimer, dead or alive, and officers are scouring the country.

Latimer is one of the shrewdest convicts known to the prison officials. He had engaged in several plots for an uprising of the prisoners, and once succeeded in introducing a quantity of dynamite into the prison. It was intended to blow down the walls and free all the convicts. The plot was discovered. Latimer, although the leading spirit in it, was only temporarily deprived of his privileges as a favorite prisoner.

Latimer brutally murdered his own mother at Jackson on the night of January 24, 1890. His trial lasted twenty days and was very sensational. He was sentenced to life imprisonment. Latimer's father died under suspicious circumstances a year previous to the murder. He was heavily insured in favor of his wife and son, and it is believed that the son poisoned him.

LATIMER RECAPTURED. JEROME, Mich., March 29.—At 9 o'clock last night a man entered a country store here and asked for a pair of boots. The young man standing by whispered to the clerk's ear: "That is Latimer."

Mr. Moody's Generous Act.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., March 29.—At the conclusion of the services recently held here by Mr. Moody the finance committee called at Mr. Moody's room after the last service at the Auditorium, and presented him with a purse of \$70, \$200 of which was for Miss Tyson. The amount for Mr. Moody was in two checks, one for \$400, the other for \$100. When Mr. Hanna handed them to Mr. Moody he glanced at them and taking his pen wrote his name across the back of one of the checks, and handed it back to Mr. Hanna, saying, "There's my subscription to your Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Hanna and all began expressing their thanks, when suddenly Mr. Hanna gave a start of surprise and said, "Mr. Moody, you made a mistake; you endorsed the wrong check; this is the \$400 check." "No, no, I didn't make a mistake," said he, in his quick, off-hand, but kindly way; "this one is enough to pay my expenses," pointing to the \$100 check.

The committee was too dumbfounded to speak. This is the most remarkable occurrence that ever happened here. It brings up a little incident that occurred in Mr. Moody's room just after he came here. At several of the evangelistic meetings held here a public opportunity was given to the people to make up a purse for the evangelists. Some members of the committee at these meetings went up to Mr. Moody's room to sound him and see if he would permit them to take up a public collection. They told him that they did not wish to offend his sense of propriety and wanted to know if he objected to an opportunity being given to the people to make up a contribution. "What?" said Mr. Moody, "for me?" "Yes," was the reply. "No," said Mr. Moody, "I could not think of such a thing. I would rather drink water out of the brooks."

The Bees Won the Fight.

RALEIGH, N. C., March 26.—News reached here today of a remarkable fight in Cleveland County, near South Carolina line. Two men, named Trout and Hutchins, were removing some hive, about which they had wrapped a cloth. Two men named McDaniel met them, and a quarrel and fight followed. Hutchins stripped the cloth from the hive and placed it over his head, held the hive in front of him as he advanced toward the McDaniels. The bees poured out and savagely attacked the latter, who had to retreat. One of them shot Hutchins in the shoulder, but he advanced with his novel Gatling gun, and, aided by the bees, drove the McDaniels over the line into South Carolina.

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