What have I done for thee, Thou dear anemone, That thou shouldst yield to me

Thy whole year's dower? What cloudy days and-blue, What nights of star and dew, We both have traveled through To greet this hour!

After thy winter's sleep I know how thou didst creep Up stairways dark at steep To meet the spring. I know how thou didst go Through sodden leaves and snow

A way thou didst not know Unquestioning. I too have cimbed and crept. Up rugged paths have stept,

And on stone pillows slapt-Many a night; Like thee, from cled to clod Blindfolded, I have trod,

Often alone, save God-Seeking the light. Brief too, like thine, my hour,

Poor amethystine flower! For see! thy petals shower The sunset air.

I too shall fade, and then My soul shall bloom again; But, flower, I know not when-

A PATCHWORK QUILT.

Higginsville was very sure that Ro Redwood and Charity Meadows would himself. And if he finds out she didn't make a match of it if they could keep get it, I'll go home with Jenny Hicks from falling out with each other long and stay till they've fixed it all right, enough at a time. But Charity was pretty and liked to

flirt-at least Bob thought she didand Bob was jealous, especially, of Jake Hargood. "I don't care for him, Bob," Charity said once, glancing up at him, with

soft depreciation, from under her curled brown lashes. "Then tell him so," said blunt Rob. "What a big silly you are, Rob!" she answered. "He might say I better

wait till he asked me to care. The time to refuse anything is when it is But Rob shook his head, and failed

to see the logic of this. "Better let him know before he does ask," he said, sagely.

Notwithstanding this good advice, Miss Charity very reprehensively went

buggy-riding that same evening with Hargood. But as she tied on her hat and smiled at the pretty vision of blue eyes, corn-silk curls and baby pinkness in the looking glass, the thought of Rob did come up and trouble her peace and her conscience. "He's a dear boy," said she, "and it's too bad to be treacherous to him: but it shall be the last time. After

this evening I'll reform right straight.' But the "last time" often proves the fatal one time too many. Rob saw them as he was driving up the cows from pasture, went home in a rage, and did not go near Charity

that week. "Reckon you're about to lose beau, Charity," said Aunt Hulda Pitcher, who dropped in one day to borrow a yeast cake. "I hear tell how Rob Redwood is going off to the Injies or some sich furrin place, to stay with a uncle."

"Lawsy!" said good Mrs. Meadows, concernedly. "I hope not. That's awful hot land. He'll get plum scorched up yaller!" "Oh, I reckon he won't stand no

cheerfully. "Betwixt the wild animiles and the savages, he'll git eat before he gits scorched. Anything at all "furrin" necessarily embraced cannibals and wild beasts in

chance of that," replied Aunt Hulda,

Aunt Hulda's mind. "I don't believe it!" said Charity. to herself. "I don't think Rob would ing through Charity's head. make up his mind to go off there without letting me know about it."

But the next day Rob's mother was Charity saw her from a window

where she was sitting, busily engaged in putting squares of patchwork to-gether with blocks of pink and white muslin for a quilt. She was going to have a quilting

the next day, and had not quite finished her own work on it; so she did not go down stairs now, but she could hear the conversation on the porch below. "This here they're a-tellin about

Rob a-goin' off to the Injies ain't true, is it?" Mrs. Meadows asked, as she set out the big cushioned rocker for her "Yes, shouldn't wonder if it was,"

returned Mrs. Redwood, shaking her black sunbonnet dolefully. "His Un-cle Lijah, he got rich out there, and wants him to come mighty bad, and he ain't plum made up his mind, but he's a studyin' about it considera-"Shucks! I hate to see him a-goin

off there. He'll get baked to a crisp. I 'low to tell him so. I s'pose him and Tillie'll be over to Charity's party to-morrow?" 'Tillie will," replied Mrs. Redwood.

"I do'no whether Rob will or not. He says maybe he might and maybe he mightn't. It'd depend on circumstances. "Now, that's too bad of Rob," said

Charity, dropping her head on the window sill and brushing away a sudden tear with a square of patchwork, my party he needn't, and I'll dance with Jake Hargood till I drop on the same time; and maybe Rob'll come to floor.

According to the Higginsville etiquette regulating quiltings, the ladies usually assemble in the morning, and on the principle of duty before pleasure, devote themselves wholly to the task of getting the quilt done.

By the time that is accomplished. the young men begin to drop in, and so continue to do until dark, when render Charity what assistance "the flddler" arrives, and the grand fun of the occasion commences. The morning of the quilting while

Miss Tillie Redwood was embellishing her charms as belitted the occasion. her brother Rob sought the privacy of the smoke-house, there to address note to Charity.

After an hour's hard work he wiped his perspiring brow and surveyed the following:

"DEAR CHARITY: I want everya-here, Tillie, how do you reckon a letter got inside of it? Why, it's thing to be settled tonight for good and all. If you care for me more than for Jake Hargood, and will drop him and set our wedding day, send word by Jimmy Tibbs before night, and I'll come to your dance too happy to live, for you don't know how good I love you. If you're ondecided-like and want to stick to Jake, don't send no word nor look for me. I'll go to the Indies, and I don't keer if I scorch and all s'rivel up and die. "Your loving

"P. S.-Please send Jimmy quick if it's yes. I'm awful narvous-like."
"Look-a-here, Tillie." said Rob, waylaying his sister at the gate as she was setting out for the festal gathering, "you give this here note to Charity, but not till you find her alone. You hear?

"I hear," said Tillie, securing the note in her blue-bordered handkerchief, which she tucked through her belt, "and all right!"

Charity, in morning costume of pink gingham, and several other young ladies were on their knees on the sitting-room carpet, spreading layers of white cotton upon the lining of the got to know all about it now."

quilt when Tillie arrived 'It't a scandal I didn't have it all ready," apologized Charity. "There been such piles to do. We're all ready now for the top. Tillie, we'll get you to help us spread it on. "It's awful hot," said Tillie, pulling

out her handkerchief, forgetful for

the moment of its contents, and wip-

ing her round face, which her walk

"Oh, dear!" sobbed Tillie, "Rob'll

be so mad. I daren't tell him I lost

Tillie Redwood was one of that nu-

merous class of feminine cowards who

will stoop to deceit, subterfuge, or

creation for any sin or blunder com-

"Anyhow," she quieted her con-science with, "if it was so awful im-

portant he can come over and tell her

And so Rob waited in vain for

Jimmy Tibbs-Farmer Meadows's

chore boy-whose tow head and freck

les he would have hailed as a welcome

vision that day. He cherished a feeble

hope until after dark.
"It's just possible," he said, loth to

resign himself to his doom, "that Til-

lie forgot to give her the note. or something. I'll step in there for a

minute, and I'll know mighty quick

So Rob stepped in, and ran against

"Tillie," said he, "did you give it

And Tillie laid up future worry for

herself by telling a flat fib. as the only

way of dodging an immediate scold

"No! Let go, Rob!" said Tillie,

The door of the dancing room swung

open, and Rob could see in. A quad-

rille was in progress, in which Charity

-having concluded that he was not

coming-was dancing spiritedly with

A couple of young fellows arriving

at that moment swept Rob into the

room, and the swinging door concealed

Jake and Charity were not far away,

"They say Rob Redwood's goin' of

to furrin parts," said some one in the

pause of the dance. "Is that so,

"I suppose it is," replied Charity,

"Rob Redwood's gone to the In

lies." was the news Charity heard two

she added. "His uncle made him

she added, half ruefully, "I always

In proof of which she flatly refused

Jake Hargood when he did ask her.

to herself as she finished each one:

"One day less to wait. Not."

There were several squares vet to be

ished, when word came to the Red-

She got out her invitations in a tre

mendous hurry, pressed Aunt Hulda

into immediate service to get the re-

the occasion, and devoted herself to

"Rob'll be home to-morrow morn-

ing, sure," said Tillie, who had run

ping up that lovely basket quilt for?"

store was plum out, and wouldn't get

any before next week; and besides, I

sealed, and it's for me, an-Oh, Tillie,

Charity tore it open with breathless

"Charity," said she, "it must 'a fell

out of my handkerchief that day

when we was putting on the top of

it would make a sight of difference."

"Oh," said Tillie, remorsfully, "I

never 'sposed 'twas that! I-I thought

it's from Rob, as sure as you live!"

let and apprehensive.

breaking into a sob.

might. "We had a telegram.

the finishing of her quilt.

at all, an' I reckon he will.

ing quilt-pieceing, etc.

"For a whole year,

but had their backs toward him.

door and walked out unobserved.

Tillie in the passage way, on her way

by the looks how things air.

He cluthed her by the arm.

to the kitchen.

Rob, anxiously.

Charity?

who brought it.

sixty-five days?

was a fool?

again.

three days.

this one.

and by that time he won't care.'

mitted against him.

that did not belong there.

im, flourishing a note. had heated. "Good land!" quoth Mrs. Rodwood Charity brought forth the gorgeous as she looked out of the window, shortly afterward. "Whatever's the hued patch-work of her quilt. "How pretty that basket pattern is: matter with Rob? He's a-dancin' said Tillie. "I'm a-making the mouse round there on the porch like as if he chase pattern.

was a plum idi't. And then the top was spreapon, and Charity's quilting was a brilliant no one saw anything in the cotton success this time, as fer as she and Rob were concerned; and they never But an hour after, when Tillie fell out again-at least not before they found Charity alone, and prepared to were married. And of all her housefulfill her brother's behest, she found keeping outfit, Charity most prizes her no note in her handkerchief, and no Calendar quilt.—Saturday Night. ideas in her head as to what could have become of it. Hunting for it was in

"I reckon he has!" said Charity, in

And so, the next afternoon, Rob

tone that left no room for doubt.

ago-of Jimmy Tibbs, freckled

over the fence and making toward

porch of his ancestral

WITH GREAT GUNS.

Correspondence Between Secretary Her

COLUMBIA, S. C., July 2.—The State naval militia, that long neglected arm of local defense, seems to be in even lies, rather than encounter the great demand and favor just now. It looking down, I saw that there were just wrath of any dark-browed lord of was recently inspected by the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and now it posing no doubt I was a German and Tell me that a young man drinks, and will have a chance to practice target shooting with big naval guns. The following correspondence will stand looking at the outside of the will become a captive of all other explain itself and give all the necesgates of hell. In this sermon I shall vices. Only give him time. No one The following correspondence will sary information in the matter:

Navy Department, Washington, D. C., June 28th. His Excellency, Governor John Gary

Evans, Columbia, S. C. Sir: The department intends if pos tible to send a war vessel to Charleston, S. C., for the purpose of affording the naval militia of your State an opportunity for target practice with be stated accurately. When this in-"Did she say anything?" queried twisting her arm away and darting and landed at nightfall.

lu this connection the department gear. Rashions will be issued if desired at the usual cost, not to exceed thirty cents per day per man. An im- | Fathers and mothers, be not deceived mediate reply is requested. Very respectfully,

H. A. HERBERT. Secretary. Hon. H. A. Herbert, Secretary of

Navy, Washington, D. C. Columbia, S. C., July 1st. Sir: Your communication of the 28th to Governor Evans has just been referred to this office. In reply, I will state that from 22nd to 27th of July, inclusive, will be time most suitable Rob slipped from the shadow of the us these dates, I am very respectfully, your obedient servant.

J. GARY WATTS,

days later. It was Aunt Hulda Pitcher Favorable Trade Conditions. NEW YORK, July 5.—Bradstreet's topromise to stay that long, if he come United States this week, as compared bad book or newspaper. Everything way is the street that leads to the "A year-a whole year?" went echowith 215 last week, 164 in the first is the interjoined type of a corrupt river at midnight, the end of the city week of July, 1894; 319 in 1893, and printing press. Every bolt or lock of dock, the moon shining down on the How would the world seem without any Rob Redwood for a whole year-152 in the like week of 1892. The total twelve months-three hundred and business failures in the Dominion of Canada number twenty-five this week there are a million men and women against twenty-eight last week, thirty-She went into a brown study over nine in the week one year ago, and themsalves into hell! the matter, while her mother and twenty-six two years ago.

Aunt Hulda talked on indifferently about the fall soap making, preserv "I'v got a awful nice new pattern of a quilt," Aunt Hulda was saying. exercise a pronounced influence, prominently general advances in prices of "Hit's called the Calendar-takes three hundred and sixty-five squares to make it. Better sen' an' git the ployees. The extent of the voluntary pattern, Charity."
"Maybe I will," answered Charity advances in wages reported within a month or two has outgrown the re-"Rob don't care for me—not a bit, said Charity, that night. "He woldn't sources of voluntary statistical bu-reaus which have endeavored to keep have gone off this way if he did. And track of them, latest advices being that more than 1,000,000 industrial I'll be a fool if I don't marry Jake workers have received an advance Hargood if he asks me. But then,"

averaging about 10 per cent. The upward tendency in while not as marked as a month ago, is still striking because of additional And she borrowed Aunt Hulda's quilt and print cloths being new. Cotton pattern, and straightway set to work oieceing her "Calendar" quilt, making goods are firm generally on the late advance in raw cotton, although some only one square a day, and remarking varieties are quiet at this, the midsummer season. Fancy prints are active for fall delivery. Wool, which added, shaking her head, dismally, tive for fall delivery. was late in starting in the race for that it'll do me any good when the time is up. If he didn't care for me higher quotations, is quoted at another then, he won't now. But it'll be a advance for South American and Aucomfort to know it when he's home stralian varieties. Prices at London sales are up 10 or 15 points, which having been more than discounted pieced before the quilt would be fin- here, induces the trade to anticipate reaction unless London quotations adwoods that Rob would be home in vance further. Cotton also is higher, as is leather, following which we have "when he's went and stayed away so "Just the day of that quilting last a repetition of the announcement made long already. He's just right cruel to year," said Charity, all in a nervous each week for more than a month, me! But if he don't want to come to flutter. "I'll hurry and finish this that quotations for pig iron and steel billets have advanced. To this must gates of the lost. right off and have a quilting the very be added a similar statement in respect

to bar iron. Among the list of staples for which prices are lower, are flour, wheat, corn and oats, in all instances the outcome quisite amount of cooking done for of reports of improved corp conditions. Pork and lard are also lower, as are

potatoes and batter. No material improvement is reported from the South, rains continuing to be g to damaging to agriculturel interests and she the check of business in Texas, while over the day before the quilting to Un- at South Atlantic and Gulf State cities cle's coming, too, to start an estab- the quiet movement of staple goods lishment here and take Rob into part- and fair or unsatisfactory collections nership. He'll be awful rich—Why, of the past month or two continue. Charity Meadows, what are you rip But advices from nearly all cities reported appear to agree that wholesale "Have to," answered Charity, "to dealers in nearly all lines are greatly get the cotton for my new quilt. The encouraged as to the outlook for business during the autumn, believing that the demand will be greatly stimu never could bear the sight of this lated by the very general, and, as it is quilt. I wanted to get rid of it—Look now believed, permanent improvement in prices.

Lend Your Aid.

The Augusta Chronicle of yesterday contained the following. "Among the excursionists to the city yesterday eagerness, while Tillie looked on, scarwas Mr. J. B. Ward of Phoenix, Abbeville county, S. C., who came to Augusta in the hope of finding his son and to get the Chronicle's assistthe quilt. Rob did give it to me for ance in finding the young man. The you, but I lost it, and didn't want to missing young man is James Luther Ward. He left home Friday night tell you nor him: and I didn't s'pose June 28. He is 16 years old, nearly "It's kept Rob and me apart for a six feet high and weighs about 140 whole year." said Charity, almost pounds, but he looks more like a youth of 18 or 20. He has light complexion, auburn hair and keen brown eyes. He has received a good education, but has been raised on the farm adjustment of apparel, to become adtwas your flirting with Jake Hargood did the harm, an dancin' so hard with all his life, and has been particularly him that night. Rob was there, and anxious to embark in the railroad busseen it: but he sayed afterward I ness. He carried with him a gray and a shouldn't tell he was there. An' I blue suit of clothes. Mr. Ward is very ust 'lowed all along 'twas Jake made anxious for news from his missing

GATES TO PERDITION.

Redwood, smoking his pipe on the TRACED TO THE DOOMED. halls, was startled by the vision he had looked so eagerly and so vainly that day a year Rev. Dr. Talmage on Impuce Liverature the Dissolute Dance, Indiscreet Attirtow-headed as of yore, scrambling and Alcoholic Reverage--Great Evils

HOW THEY SWING IN TO GIVE EN

NEW YORK, June 30. - In his sermon for today Dr. Talmage chose a momentous and awful topic, "The Gates of Hell," the text selected being the familiar passage in Matthew xvi, 18, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

Entraced, until we could endure no more of the splendor, we often gazed at the shining gates, the gates of pearl, the the gates of heaven. But we are for awhile to look in the opposite direction and see, swinging open and shut, the gates of hell.

I remember, when the Franco-Prus-

one day in parris looking at the gates of the Tuileries, and I was so absorbed in the sculpturing at the top of the gates—the masonry and the bronze that I forgot myself, and after awhile, officers of the law scrutinzing me, suplooking at those gates for adverse pur- I know the whole story. If he beposes. shall pound on the bazen panels, and with the lantern of God's truth I shall In other words, the wine cup unbal tlash a light upon the shining hinges. Gate the Frst.-Impure literature. Anthony Comstock seized 20 tons of great guns. In order that the depart- Polytechnic institute poured the desnent may be able to carry out this in- tructive acids on those plates they ention if the ships should be available | smoked in the righteous annihilation, t is necessary to know definitely the and get a great deal of the bad liteeatnost convenient time for the State ure of the day is not gripped of the forces to drill on board the ship for law. It is strewn in your parlors. It two or three days. The dates should is in your librarsies. Some of your children read it at night after they formation is received instructions will have retired, the gas burner swung as be sent to the rear admiral command- near as possible their pillow. Much ing the naval forces on the North At- of this literature is under the title of lantic station to confer with the State scientific information. A book agent tions, all disasters, all murders, all authorities, and, if possible, carry out | with one of these infernal books, glossthe plans for the instructions of the ed over with scientific nomenclature, naval mititia. It being impossible to went into a hotel and sold in one day temporarily transfer to a receiving 100 copies and sold them all to women ship any of the regular crew of the ves- It is oppalling that men and women sel the paval militia will be taken on | who can get through their family phy board for drill during the day only scian all the useful information they may need, and without any contamin ation, should wade chin deep through wishes to repeat that the forces will be such accursed literature under the plea expected to furnish their own mess of getting useful knowledge, and that swing out to allow the escape of the printing presses, hoping to be called decent, lend themselves to this imfamy

by the title, "medical works." Ninetenths of those books come hot from the lost world, thought they may have on them the names of the publishing houses of New York, Chicaga and Pailadelphia. Then there is all the novelette literature of the day flung over the land by the million. As there are good novels that are long, so, I suppose, there may be good novels that are short, and so there may be a good novelette, but it is the for the naval militia to go on board ship. Hoping you will be able to give systematically reades the average novelette of this day and keeps either integrity or virtue. The most of these novelettes are written by broken down literary men for small compensation, on the principle that, having failed in literature elevated and pure, NEW YORK, July 5.—Bradstreet's to-morrow will say: There are 197 busi-and hasty. Oh, this is a wide gate of you say, "Is there no other way for ness failures reported throughout the hell! Every panel is made out of a bad her to escape?" Oh, yes! Another

undlean pictorial. In other words,

in the United States today reading

When in one of our cities a prosper Notwithstanding the week is broken ous family fell into ruins through the the curve of the railroad at the point by a holiday, favorable trade condi- misdeeds of one of its members, the tions heretofore reported continue to amazed mother said to the officer of the law: "Why, I never supposed was anything wrong. I never thought staples and of wages of industrial em- there could be anything wrong." Then she sat weeping in silent for some time to disappoint the one who seeks her gues containing the names and residof death are sent to every one, without any exception. Can you imagine anyadvances, those of lumber, tin plate thing more dreadful? There is not a in this matter, rally the whole Christo him or her a bad book or a bad coilee on your parlor center table, or coiled amid the toilet set on the dressgoes dywn to explore your family lib-

raries with an inexorable scrutiny. Remember that one bad picture may may do the work for eternity. I want to arose all your suspicions about noveletts. I want to put you on the watch against everything that may seem like surreptitious correspondence through the postoffice. I want you to understands that impure literature is the cathedral tower. one of the broadest, highest, mightiest

Gate the Second .- The dissolute dance. You shall not divert to the general subject of dancing. Whatever you may think of the parlor dance or the methodic motion of the body to tone apologetic. I put my foot on all sounds of music in the family or the social circle, I am not now discussing that question. I want you unite with the low haunts of death, but in elegboth sexes. You know, my friends, what postures and attitudes and figures are suggested of the devil. They who guide into the dissolute dance guide over an inclined plane and the dance is swifter and swifter. wilder and wilder, juntil, with speed of lightning, they whirl off the edges of a decent life into a fiery future. This gate of hell swings axminister of many a fine parlor and across the ballroom of the summer watering place You have na right my brother. my sister, you have no right to take an attitude to the sound of music which would be unbecoming in the absence of music. No chickering grand of

nic can consecrate that which God hath cursed. Gate the Third .- Indiscreet apparel The attire of woman for the last few years has been beautiful and graceful beyond anything I have known, but there are those who will always carry that which is right into the extraordi nary and indiscreet. I charge Christian women, neither by style of dress nor ministrative of evil. Perhaps none else

city parlor or fiddle of mountain pic-

als of that age of that year. No excep tion to it. Modest apparel means a always means a contaminated and de praved society. You wonder that the city of Tyre was destroyed with such a

Tyre? I will show it to you: "Moreover, the Lord saith, because the daughters of Zion are haughty and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet, in that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like crisping pins.' That is the fashion plate of ancient

Tyre. And do you wonder that the out the city, so that fishermen today village church. The service over, the spread their nets where that city once minister went down the aisle. sian war was going on, that I stood stood? said to him: "Were those words for

Gate the Fourth.-Alcoholic bever age. Oh, the wine cup is the patron of impurity! The officers of the law tell us that nearly all the men who go into the shambles of death go in intoxicated, the mental and the spiritual abolished, that the brute may triumph But, my friends, we shall not comes a captive of the wine cup, he tell you of both sides, and I shall tell ever runs drunkenness alone. That is you what those gates are made of. a carrion crow that goes in a flock, and With the hammer of God's truth I when you see that beak ahead you may know the other beaks are coming. ances and dethrones one's better judg ment, and leaves one the prey of al the evil appetites that may choose to bad books, plates and letterpress, and alight upon his soul. There is not a when our Professor Cochran of the place of any kind of sin in the United States today that does not find its chief abettor in the chalice of inebriety. There is either a drinking bar before, or one behind, or one above, or one underneath. These people escap

legal penalty because they are all li censed to sell liquor. The courts that license the sale of strong drink license gambling houses, license libertinism. license disease, license death, license all sufferings, all crimes, all despoliawoe. It is the courts and the legisla ture that are swinging wide open this grinding, creaky, stupendous gate of the lost. But you say: "You have described

these gates of hell and shown us how they swing in to allow the entrance to the doomed. Will you not, please, before you get through the sermon tell us how these gates of hell may penitent?" I reply, but very few escape. Of the thousand that go in 999 perish. Suppose one of these wanderers should knock at your door. Would you admit her? Suppose you knew where she came from. you ask her to sit down at your dining table? Would you ask her to become the governess of your children? Would you introduce her among your acquaintanceships? Would you take the responsility of pulling on the outside of the gate of hell while the pusher on the inside of the gate is trying to get out? You would not. Not one of a thousand of you would dare to do so. You would write beautiful poetry over her sorrows and weep over her misfortunes, but give her practical help you never will. But you say, "Are there no ways by which the wanderer may escape?" Oh ves! Three or four. The one way is the sewing girl's gar that gate is made out the plate of an water making it look so smooth she wonders if it is deep enough. It is. No boatman near enough to hear the plunge. No watchman near enough to pick her out before she sinks the third time. No other way? Yes, by where the engineer of the lightning express train cannot see a hundred vards ahead to the form that lies

and said: "Oh, I have got it now! I death. But. you say, "Isn't God good, know, I know! I found in her bureau and won't he forgive?" Yes, but man after she went away a bad book. will not, woman will not, scciety will That's what slew her. These leprous not. The church of God says it will not. The church of God says it will, booksellers have gathered up the cat-alogues of all the male and female seminaries in the United State, catalo-Those gates of hell are to be pros-Those gates of hell are to be pros trated just as certainly as God and the ences of all the students, and circulars | Bible are true, but it will not be done until Christian men and women, quitting their prudery and squeamishness young person, male or female, or an tian sentiment of the church and asold person, who has not had offered sail these great evils of society. The with the gas main, and there were no Bible utters its denunciation in this fixtures in the house. Several weeks picture. Scour your house to find out direction again and again and yet the ago he had his pipes connected and whether there are any of these adders piety of the day is such a namby pam- fixtures put in the family bed room by sort of thing that you cannot even only, the entire family sleeping in one ing case. I adjure you before the sun body restless. As long as this holy Hellman had the gas put in for the imbecility reigns in the church of express purpose of using it in the mur-God, sin will laugh you to scorn. I der of his family. The gas was turn-do not know but that before the church ed on after the family, excepting the

across the track. He may whistle "down brakes," but not soon enough

Prophets and patriarchs and apostles against no other, and yet there are those who think we ought to take,

the conventional rhetoric on this subject, and I tell you plainly that unless you give up that sin your doom is me this hour in recognizing the fact sealed, and world without end you there is a dissolute dance. You know will be chased by the anathemas of an will be chased by the anathemas of an it nothing of the premeditated death of what I speak. It is seen not only in | incensed God. I rally you to a besiegement of the gates of hell. We want aut mansions. It is the first step to in this besieging host no soft sentieternal rain for a great multitude of mentalists, but men who are willing to take and give hard knocks. The gates of Gaza were carried off, the gates of Thebes were battered down, the gates of Babylon were destroyed. and the gates of hell are going to be prostrated. The Christianized printing press will

be rolled up as the chief battering ram. Then there will be a long list of aroused pulpits, which shall be assailing fortresses, and God's redhot truth shall be the flying ammunition of the contest, and the sappers and the miners will lay the train under these foundations of sin, and at just the right time God, who leads on the fray will cry, "Down with the gates!" and the explosion beneath will be answered by all the trumpets of God on high, celebrating universal victory.

But there may be one wanderer that

would like to have a kind word calling homeward. I have told you that on the Pacific sea and several eastern society has no mercy. Did I hint, at states, only to find the real owner of an earlier point in this subject, that the tiny fortune in a feeble old wo-God will have mercy upon any wan- man of shattered intellect confined in derer who would like to come back to a state intitution. the heart of infinite love? A cold Christmas night in a farm

house. Father comes in from the barn. will dare to tell you, so I will tell you knocks the snow from his shoes and that there are multitudes of men who sits down by the fire. The mother sits speech before the Atlanta Chautauqua owe their eternal damnation to what at the stand knitting. She says to Assembly tonight. He had a great owe their eternal damnation to what at the stand knitting. She says to has been at different times the bold- him, "Do you remember it is the an- audience, seven-eights of which were ness of womanly attire. Show me the niversary tonight?" The father is an- with him. Mr. Bryan had an ovation.

made him quite rough, although the tears ran down his cheeks. The old righteous people. Immodest apparel house dog that had played with the wanderer when she was a child comes up and puts his head on the old man's knee, but he roughly repulses the dog. seen the fashion plate of the city of the anniversary day. A cold winter night in a city church.

It is Christmas night. They have been decorating the sanctuary. A lost McIlwaine, of New York, the other walk with stretched forth necks and wanderer of the street, with thin wanton eyes, walking and mincing as shawl about her, attracted by the near the door. The minister of religion is preaching of him who was drudgery, while she sat up and ran a wounded for our transgessions and bruised for our iniquities, and the poor the moon, the rings and nose jewels. soul by the door said: "Why, that ing to contribute to her support and the changeable suits of apparel, and must mean me! Mercy for the chief for getting tight. The New York Adthe mantles, and the wimples, and the of sinners; brussed for our iniquities; wounded for our transgressions The music that night in the sanctuary brought back the old hymn which Lord God in his indignation blotted she used to sing when with father and mother, she worshipped God in the

'Wounded for our transgres-

sions.' Was that for me?" The man

of God understood her not. He knew

not how to comfort a shipwrecked

me?

She

soul, and he passed on, and he passed out. The poor wanderer followed into the street. "What are you doing here, Mega said the police. "What are you doing here tonight?" "Oh," she replied, "I was in to warm myself." And then the rattling cough came, and she held ain't much acquainted with my wife," to the railing until the paroxysm was retorted McIlwaine, with a lugubrious over. She passed on down the street, face. "You really ought to know dant moved to quash the panel of falling from exhaustion, recovering Mrs. McIlwaine. She doesn't ask, she jurors on the ground that the sheriff over. She passed on down the street, herself again, until after awhile she reached the outskirts of the city, and with a horsewhip and passed on into the country road. It try road she passed until she came to the garden gate. She opened it and passed up the path where she played in childhood. She came to the steps and looked in at the fire on the hearth. Then she put her fingers to the latch. Oh, if that door had been locked she the ironing, and this was only one of would have perished on the threshold. for she was near to death! But that door had not been locked since the time she went away. She pushed open the door. She went in and lay

about her until he almost pushed her down in his joy. In the morning the mother came down, and she saw a bundle of rags vant in the house, and I don't blame on the hearth, but when the face was uplifted, she knew it, and it was no more old Meg of the street. Throwing her arms around the returned prodi-gal, she cried, "Oh, Maggie!" The The child threw her arms around her mother's neck and said, "Oh, mother!" And while they were embraced a rugged form towered above them. It was the father. The severity all gone out of his face, he stooped and took her up tenderly and carried her to mother's room and laid her down on mother's bed, for she was dying. Then the lost one, looking up into her mother's face said: "'Wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for iniquities! Mother, do you think that means me? 'Oh, yes, my darling," said the moth-"If mother is so glad to get you back, don't you think God is glad to

down on the hearth by the fire. The

voice he recognized, and he frisked

get you back? And there she lay dying, and all their dreams and all their prayers were illed with the words, "Wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities," urtil, just before the moment of her departure, her face God had dropped upon her soul. And a girl named Lytton, with whom she report that there was a large crowd of there she slept away on the bosom of a mate. The Lytton girl is the daughpardoning Jesus. So the Lord took mate. The Lytton girl is the daughpardoning Jesus. back one whom the world rejected.

A Crazy Man's Crime.

CHICAGO, July 5 .- Frederick Hellnan, a mason contractor, 36 years old, last night murdered his wife and four children by asphyxiation, and died with them. The victims were: Ida Hellman, 34 years old.

Fritz Hellman, 12 years old. Ida Hellman, 11 years old. Willie Hellman, 8 years old. Hedwig Hellman, 4 years old.

The place of the tragedy was at the Hellman cottage, 601 Cornelia street. The house is small, but it was their own and the family was supposed to be living happily together.

That the murder was deliberately

planned by the father of the family during the past few weeks seems be yond doubt. Ever since Hellman built his house, it has been supplied with gas pipes, but there has been no connection uote Scripture without making some- small room. It seems now certain that wakes up matters will get worse and husband, had gone to sleep and none worse, and that there will have to be regained consciousness. The body of one lamb sacrificed from each of the Hellman showed evidence of a strugmost carefully guarded folds, and the gle. He first shut the door and wave of uncleanness dash to the spire | windows, then turned on the gas of the village church and the top of and laid down to die with his family. There is only one explanation and that is that Hellman was crazy. He is and evangelists and Christ himself said to have been fairly well provided have thundered against these sins as with worldy goods and to have had no family dissensions. He was naturally of a marose diposition, but no one thought he would commit suicide or

murder. He left a note for his brother, in which he gives instructions regarding the disposition of his property. He says that he will not be living when the note is received, but says in of the rest of the family. A General Slaughter.

HOPKINSVILLE, Ky., July 1.—It was learned today that in Trigg county Saturday night, Frank Closton, a des- band of the woman, is locked up in jail perate character, shot and severely wounded a neighbor farmer named John Rhodes, after a quarrel. Another farmer named Hammond, attempted three persons mentioned, and a young to assist his friend, Rhodes, and was man named Barber, were crossing the killed by Closton. Several hours afterwards Colston went to the house of another farmer in company with a woman and was ordered to leave the premises. They refused and attacked the farmer, who killed them.

A Lunatic's Fortune. SAN FRANCISCO, July 5.-Kate Welsh, an inmate of the asylum at Beno. Nev., has \$10,291 deposited in the Hibernia bank in this city which has remained uncalled for for 21 years. In the meantime the bank officials have traced every woman of that name

Bryan Welcomed. ATLANTA, July 3.-Ex-Congressman William J. Bryan made a free silver

boy, and requests the assistance of any age between this daded Tillie, faintly, as Charity read her note again, with dewy eyes and her note again, with dewy eyes and flushed, dimpled cheeks, "that Rob's got to know all about it now."

In specific faintly, as Charity read that anyone knowing his whereabouts got to know all about it now."

In specific faintly, as Charity read that anyone knowing his whereabouts and the time of Louis XVI of France and Henry VIII of England, and I will the anniversary of that sad event of the anniversary of that sad event of the fact that one had gone away, and he growing steadily every day, and he he hanged next Friday, "To be near finally her husband knocked her down and poured paratine over the anniversary of that sad event of the anniversary of that sad event of the fact that one had gone away, and he and the mere suggestion that it was that anyone knowing his whereabouts and Henry VIII of England, and I will the anniversary of that sad event of the anniversary of that sad event of the fact that one had gone away, and he and the mere suggestion that it was that anyone knowing his whereabouts that anyone knowing his whereabouts and Henry VIII of England, and I will the anniversary of that sad event of the anniversary of that sad event of the fact that one had gone away, and he growing steadily every day, and he her striday, "To be near the finally her husband knocked her his wife." The grand jury has return and the mere suggestion that it was the next national election.

MAN AT HER MERCY.

The Up-to-Date Woman Making it Hot

The new woman is getting in some fine work nowadays all along the line terrible destruction. Have you ever He wants nothing to remind him of from Maine to Texas. She does not hesitate to resort to drastic methods whenever necessary to make her husband obey, as did Mrs. Catherine day when she forced her husband with a horsewhip to wash and iron the warmth and light, comes in and sits clothes. Not content, however, with making the poor fellow do all the stationary store, she yanked him up before the Court last Friday for fail ing to contribute to her support and vertiser's report of the trial is well worth reading. After its introductory remarks, the Advertiser proceeds as follows:

"Oh, why did I get married!" exclaimed McIlwaine in a sad tone, as he stood at the bar listening to his wife's charges. "It's too late to answer that ques-

tion," remarked the Judge. Continu-"What have you to say to your wife's charges?" "Just this, Your Honor," he piped she had me arrested because I was reath in Greenville on June 14, 1892.

man enough to refuse to do the washing and ironing any longer."
"What!" exclaimed the Justice, becoming interested: 'you were asked first called for trial at the July, 1892, to do the washing?"

"Asked, did you say?"

Mrs. McIlwaine happened to make a seemed so familiar. She kept on the motion with her hands about her skirt had just been re-elected for four years, road, and she saw in the distance a just then, and he bounded out of ordered a change of venue to Anderlight in the window. Ah, that light reach. Reassured by the Justice that son. At the Anderson spring term of had been gleaming there every night he was perfectly safe from being 1893 the defendant demurred to the since she went away. On that coun- horsewhipped in his presence, McII- jurisdiction of the Anderson court.

> eyes on his wife. tice of appeal was given. Circuit 'Only last Thursday," he said, "I Judge Izlar decided to try the case, did a whole week's washing, and she but was enjoined from doing so by stood over me on Friday and Saturday Justice Pope of the Supreme Court. It with a horsewhip and made me do all a good many times."

"Yes, Judge," becoming a little court and remanded the case for trial bolder, "she does not ask. She just In October, 1893, the case was tried besails in with that big snake whip of fore Judge Wallace and a verdict of hers and makes you do it. It gives guilty was rendered. The defendant me a pain when I think of it old house dog growled as he saw her enter, but there was something in the

"How about that, Mrs. McIl waine?" asked the Judge as he turned to her. "Oh, that's so, what he says," shaking her head as though to emphasize her words. "That's all he's good for. On account of him I can't keep a serhim. As I would not have the washing and ironing done outside and him loafing about, I made him do it. He loafing about, I made him do it. He the appeal on the grounds, chiefly, first said he wouldn't, but I soon made that the judge erred in excluding evihim change his mind when I got the dence showing that the State's witness, whip."
"Then he did it?"

"You'bet he did, but it costs more than he's worth to keep him at it. want him sent to the Island. "Well, we'll try him with nonth McIlwaine was then led into the as that given at the former trial when

prison, while she whisked out of a verdict of guilty was rendered and a court. Murder in Greenville

GREENVILLE, June 29.—Tonight at nalfpast 8 o'clock, J. D. Lewis, a conductor on the Carolina, Knoxville and Western Railway, shot his brother-inlaw, Henry Rutledge, who will probably die before morning. The shooting took place at Rutledge's house, bout a hundred yards from the rear of the News office. The trouble be-tween the two men was caused by Lewis leaving his wife, a sister of Rut-taken to Columbia. ledge. Mrs. Lewis made an attack on Passengers on the Spartanburg train accused her husband of being too infiter of respectable parents and went of the dead moonshiners, and some wrong a year or two ago. For some thought they might want to resort to Brown's house in Charleston. Rut- was the case or not is questionable. edge deals in ice and keeps his stock in the cellar of his house. Bad blood | Toland and Pettigrew in about the and Lewis drew his pistol and fired

has existed for some time between the same condition. Pettigrew's case is two men and Lewis went to Rutledge's still considered most critical, and house tonight and found the latter in though be himself is hopeful his his ice cellar. They had some words friends are not so much so. three shots, each taking effect. One removed to their homes from the passed through the right lung, another scene. in the shoulder and one in the side. Three physicians are with Rutledge, but do not express an opinion as to the met up with them. About the 22d of possibility of his recovery. Lewis May they seized four barrels of liquor made his escape as soon as he shot and has not been captured yet. Panic on a Grand Stand.

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 4.-While 10,000 people sat in the new grand stand at the Buffalo Driving Park at 5:30 o'clock this afternoon, a section of the stand fell. The cause was a weak stairway which held forty or fifty at a time. Underneath the stairway crowded with people only a moment before. They were climbing back to their seats in the stand to witness the start of a race, when the accident occurred. In caving in so suddenly, the stairway took with it a section of people, men, women and children in a mass. Then the immense crowd stood up in their seats and rushed toward the stairway and then back from it again. In the stampede women fainted and were trampled upon. jumped from the stand to the ground and other ways contributed to the excitement. After the stand had been cleared the people were held back with difficulty while those who had fallen were extricated. Carriages were soon at hand and took to their rived he was dead. An autopsy rehomes about forty men and women who were but slightly injured, or who be analyzed to clear the mystery of suffered from the shock. Ambulances his death. took the most severely injured to the

He Upset the Boat.

hospitals.

PITTSBURG, June 30.-Molly Mason and Isaac Adrian were drowned in the Alleghaney river near Brilliant station last night. Harry Mason, the huscharged with murder for upsetting the boat causing his wife and Adrian to fall out of and lose their lives. The river on their return from a picnic. Mason and his wife, who had been drinking and quarreling during the day, kept it up on the skiff. The boat was stopped and Barber threatened to hit Mason with an oar if he didn't sit down. In taking his seat, Mason threw his leg over the boat and upset it. Mrs. Mason and Adrian were drowned. The other two swam ashore.

Killed at the Bat.

PHILADELPHIA, June 30.-William C. Dewes, a young paper hanger, was one of a party of men who were playng a scrub game of ball yesterday Dewes was at the bat facing the pitching of a policeman named McDonald, when a speedy inshoot struck him on the head felling him unconscious to the ground. He was taken to the hospital, where he died today of hemorrhage of the brain caused by the blow from the ball.

ASHVILLE, N. C., July 1.-A special to the Citizen from Charlotte says: John Sims, who murdered his wife



Highest of all in leavening strength.-Latest United States Government Food Report. Royal Baking Powder Company. 106 Wall St., N. Y.

Sullivan Acquitted. ANDERSON, June 29 .- The jury in the case of J. Mims Sullivan, charged with the murder of Herman G. Gilafter being out from 2 p. m. yesterday till 12:10 p. m. today, returned a ver-This case was dict of "not guilty."

term for Greenville and continued on affidavits of the absence of material witnesses for the defense. At the October term of the same year, the defencommands, and backs up her order of the county was a half brother of the slain man. Judge James Aldrich granted the motion and as the sheriff waine stepped forward but kept his The demurrer was overruled and notice of appeal was given. Circuit was at this term that the stir about alleged attempts to bribe jurors occurred. The Supreme Court sustained the lower court and remanded the case for trial. was sentenced to be hangged December 22nd, 1893. Execution was stayed pending an appeal to the Supreme Court for a new trial. In 1894 the defendant moved for and secured suspension of his appeal to allow a motion on circuit for a new trial on the ground of after discovered evidence. Judge Ernest Gary heard the motion and refused it. The Supreme Court sustained

For Safekeeping.

death sentence passed.

Finlay, had made statements regard-

ing the shooting different from those

he made on the witness stand, and had

erred in his charge regarding the tak-

ing of life; and ordered a new trial,

which was begun two days ago, and

the evidence was practically the same

COLUMBIA, June 29.—Saturday afternoon Deputy Foster of Spartanburg brought to Columbia for safekeeping Constables Stevenson and Brice, and they were placed temporarily in jail. So far as could be learned by Private Secretary Gunter, the citizens of Spartanburg did not fear any trouble, but

mountaineers gathered at many of them being relatives or friends was an inmate of Emma extreme measures, but whether that

Constable Stevenson said he left

The dead moonshiners have been

The revenue authorities had been after the gang before the constables in Spartanburg, which was being un-loaded by one R. D. Blowers in a store. He was a member of the same gang, it is said, and a case is now against him

in the United States Court. A Strange Case.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., June 30 .- The leath of Brice Carter, a wealthy and prominent contractor of this city early this morning, was the culmination of was a wine room, which had been a strange case which has attracted attention for the last seven years. That long ago Mrs. Carter complained to the police that a servant girl whom she had just discharged was slowly poisoning her husband but detectives who investigated reported that Mrs. the grand stand and piled about sixty | Carter had no grounds for her accusations. Several months later Mrs. Carter repeated her accusations and appealed to the police, but no attention was paid. She told her story to the grand jury. Mr. Carter was called and said he believed his wife was insane. Atintervals of a few months Mrs. Carter, who appeared to be sane on all other matters, has repeated her act. Early this morning she was aroused by Mr. Carter, who was suffering from stomach pains, and before a doctor ar-

> Followed her Husband. JEFFERSONVILLE, Ind., July 1.-A

vealed no poison, but the stomach will

norrifying sight met the eyes of Mrs. John Ganole at 10 o'clock this mornng when she visited the Bennett family at 278 Maple street. In a room on the ground floor she found the lifeless form of Ella Bennett, aged 10; Omer, aged 5 and their mother, side by side, the latter gasping for breath and un-conscious. Mrs. Bennett had made full preparations to kill her children and herself. She carefully dressed herself and chrildren in spotless linen for their burial. The mother lay in a comatose state, while the bodies of the chrildren with distorted features were by her side. No motive is asigned for the deed, and what poison she administered is not known. Mrs. Bennett was the wife of Benson Bennett, a locomotive engineer, who committed suicide at Indianapolis a few month ago.

A Terrible Story. DUBLIN, July 5 .- Michel Cleary, of Ballinda, near Clonomel, was convict-

ed of manslaughter today for causing the death of his wife by burning and otherwise maltreating her on the ground that she was bewitched. The case is the most remarkable on record. The evidence showed that Mrs. Cleary was suffering from nervousness, her husband and brother having murdered the woman's father. Several cousins were arrested for complicity in the crime. They fearfully tortured the woman and forced a noxious decoction of herbs down her throat for the pur-