

THE SON OF DAVID.

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES A SERMON TO YOUNG MEN.

Love of Home—Industrious Habits—A High Ideal of Life—Respect For the Sabbath—The Christian Religion—A Turning Point.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—In his sermon today Rev. Dr. Talmage, preaching to the usual crowded audience, took up a subject of universal interest to young men. His text was selected from II Samuel xviii, 29. "Is the young man Absalom, the father, was heard of in his boy Absalom. He was a splendid boy, judged by the rules of worldly criticism. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot there was not a single blemish. The Bible said that he had such a luxuriant shock of hair that when once a year it was shorn was cut off year it was shorn was cut off, weighed over three hundred shekels, notwithstanding that he was a bad boy and appeared to have a heart of stone. He was plotting to get the throne of Israel. He had marshaled an army to overthrow his father's government. On the day of battle had conquered his father, but was slain by him. The father, sitting between the gates of the palace, waiting for the king's return, with his bow in his hand, his heart beat with emotion. Two great questions were to be decided—the safety of his boy and the continuance of the throne of Israel. After awhile a servant, standing on the top of the house, looks off and sees some one running. He is coming with great speed and the man on the top of the house announces the coming of the messenger, and the father rushes and waits, and as soon as the messenger from the field of battle comes within halting distance the father cries out.

Is it a question I regard to the establishment of his throne? Does he say: "Have the armies of Israel been victorious? Am I to continue in my imperial glory? I have I overthrown my enemies?" Oh, no! There is a question that springs from the lip to the ear of the beset and bedusted messenger lying from the battlefield—the question, "When did you young man Absalom see the king, that was told to David, that he was victorious, though his army had been slain, the father turned his back upon the congratulations of the nation and went up the stairs of his palace, his heart breaking as he went, wringing his hands and crying, "O Absalom, my son, my son, where art thou?" "I have died," said the messenger, "thee, O Absalom, my son, my son."

Another safeguard that I want to present to young men is a high ideal of life. Sometimes soldiers going into battle shoot into the ground instead of into the hearts of their enemies. They are apt to take aim too low, and the very object of the campaign is to get into conflict with his men, will cry out, "Now, men, aim high!" The fact is that in life a great many men take no aim at all. The artist plans out his entire thought before he puts it upon canvas, before he takes up the crayon or the chisel. An architect thinks out the entire building before the workmen begin. Although everything may seem to be a matter of chance, the architect has in his mind every Corinthian column, every Gothic arch, every Byzantine capital. A poet thinks out the entire plot of his poem before he begins to chime the cantos of tinkling rhythms. And yet there are a great many men who start the important structure of their lives without a plan. Whether it is going to be a rude Tartar's hut or a St. Mark's cathedral, and begin to write out the intricate poem of their life without knowing whether it is to be a Homer's "Odyssey" or a Rhymer's botch. Out of 1,000, 999 have no life plot. Beaten and spurred along, and I ran out and say: "How do you get on?" O young man, have a high ideal and press to it, and it will be a mighty safeguard. There never were grander opportunities opening before young men than are opening now. Young men of the strong arm, and of the stout heart, and of the bounding step, I marshal you today for a great and noble task. The Sabbath. Tell me how a young man spends his Sabbath and I will tell you what are his prospects in business, and I will tell you what are his prospects for the eternal world. God has thrust into our busy life a sacred day when we are to look after our souls. It is his exhortation. "Ye shall have clean and clothing that shall demand one day for the feeding and clothing of the immortal souls." Our bodies are seven day clocks, and they need to be wound up, and if they are not wound up they run down into the grave. No man can continuously break the Sabbath and keep his physical and mental health. The Sabbath day and they will tell you they never knew men who continuously broke the Sabbath who did not fail in mind, body or moral principle. A manufacturer gave this as his experience. He said: "I owned a factory on the Lehigh. Everything prospered until I kept the Sabbath. One Sabbath morning I brought myself a new shirt, and I thought I would invent that shirt before sunset, and I refused all food and drink until I had completed that shirt. By sundown I had completed it. The next day, Monday I showed it to my workmen and friends. It was a beautiful shirt, and they put it on. It was a great success. I put that shirt into play. I enlarged my business, but, sir, that Sunday's work cost me \$30,000. From that day everything went wrong. I failed in business, and I lost my mill. Oh, my friends, keep the Lord's day. You may think it old fogy advice, but I can tell you that the man who keeps the Sabbath day and keep it holy, six days shall toil and labor and do all his work, but the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt not do any work." A man said that he would prove that all this was a fallacy, and so he said, "I shall raise a Sunday crop. And he plowed the field on the Sabbath, and then he put in the seed. The Sabbath day and he cultured the ground on the Sabbath. When the harvest was ripe, he reaped it on the Sabbath, and he carried it to the mill on the Sabbath, and then he stood out defiant to his Christian neighbors and said, 'There, that is my Sunday crop, and it is all gathered in here on the Sabbath day, and a great darkness, and the lightning of heaven struck the barn and away went his Sunday crop.' There is another safeguard that I

want to present. I have saved it until the last because I want it to be the more emphatic. The great safeguard for every young man is the Christian religion. Nothing can take the place of it. You may have gracefulness enough to put to the blush Lord Chesterfield, you may have foreign languages dropping from your tongue, you may have a pen of unexcelled polish and power, you may have so much business tact that you can get the large salary in a banking house, you may be as sharp as Herod and as strong as Samson and with as long locks as those which hung about him, and yet have no safety, gain, or temper. Some of you look forward to life with great despondency. I know it. I see it in your faces from morning to night. You say, "All the occupations and professions are full, and there's no chance for me." O young man, cheer up. I will tell you how you can make your fortune. Seek first the kingdom of God, and all things shall be added to you. You will not mean in this matter. You will not drink the brimming cup of life and then pour out the dregs of God's altar. To a generous Saviour you will not act like that; you have not the heart to act like that. That is not manly. That is not honorable. That is not brave. You want a hero, and here and in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I tell you so today, and the blessed Spirit presses through the solemnities of this hour to put the cup of life to your thirsty lips. Oh! thrust it not back. Mercy presents it. Despair and other friendships, you are repellant to all other bargains, but despite God's love for your dying soul do not do that. There comes a crisis in a man's life, and the trouble is he does not know it is the crisis. I got a letter in which a man says to me:

"I start out now to preach the gospel of righteousness and temperance to the world. Do you remember me? I am the man who appeared at the close of the service when you were worshipping in the chapel after you came from Philadelphia. Do you remember at the close of the service a man coming up to you all a tremble with conviction, and crying out for mercy, and telling you he had a new business, and that he would change it? That was the turning point in my history. I gave up my bad business. I gave my heart to God, and the desire to serve him has grown upon me all these years, until now I am into me I preach not the gospel."

That Sunday night was the turning point in my man's history. This very Sabbath hour will be the turning point in the history of a hundred young men in his house. God helps. I once stood on an anniversary platform with a clergyman, who told this marvelous story. He said: "Thirty years ago two young men started out to attend Park theater, New York, to see a play which made them ridiculous and hypocritical. They had been brought up in Christian families. They started for the theater to see that vile play, and their early convictions came back upon them. They felt it was not right to go, but still they went. They came to the door of the theater. One of the young men stopped and started for home, but he had not the courage to go in. He began to start for home and went home. The other young man went in. He went from one degree of temptation to another. Caught in the whirl of frivolity and sin, he sank lower and lower. He lost his business position; he lost his morals; he lost his health; he lost his friends; and he became a star of meretricious light. I stand before you today," said that minister, "to thank God that for 20 years I have been permitted to preach the gospel. I am the other young man."

Oh, you see that was the turning point—the one that went back to the beginning. The great roaring world of business life will break in upon you, young men. [Will the wild wave dash out the impressions of this day as an ocean billow dashes letters out on the beach? You need something better than this world can give you. I beat on your heart, and it sounds hollow. You want something great and grand and glorious to fill it, and it is the religion that can do it. God save you!"]

A Story of the Sea.—Fourteen passengers who arrived on the Ward Line steamer Vigilance from Havana early to-day were found to be provided with no acclimated certificates from the medical inspector at Havana, and were transferred to Hoffman's Island, to await the expiration of five days from the time of leaving Havana. They will be permitted to land to-morrow afternoon. Among them were Capt. James Gurney, Jr., and seven of the crew of the bark Bruce Hawkins, which they had abandoned in a dismantled and waterlogged condition, November 14, 95 miles south of Cape Hatteras. The Bruce Hawkins was bound from Savannah for Boston, and ran the former route for several years. She experienced strong winds and tumultuous seas almost from the time of getting under way, but all these winds were as zephyrs compared to the hurricane which struck the bark on the 13th. It came out of the northeast and in three hours had well nigh dismantled the bark and filled her with water. All hands took refuge on the deck, and as the vessel continually broke over the vessel. One larger than the rest swept Mate Fraser off his feet and overboard. Lines were thrown to ward him, but he quickly drifted beyond the reach of them, and hampered by his heavy clothing, soon sank. All the stores were ruined and the cabin was knee deep with water. On the next day the Munson Line steamer Arduanaher, from Philadelphia, hove in sight, and being signalled, stopped and took off the crew, landed them in Havana. The Bruce Hawkins was left to her fate, and two days later, 250 miles east south of Hatteras, she was sighted and taken aboard by the British steamer Henrietta L., bound from Port Royal, S. C., for Plymouth, Eng., and towed into Norfolk.

A Banker Assassinated.—WINSTON, N. C., Nov. 26.—John B. Bonner, banker, was shot and killed by a man who was in the bank on Sunday night in his yard by an unknown person. His body was not found until yesterday. He was shot twice, one ball taking effect in the left side and the other in the forehead. His body was thrown over the fence into the weeds. Bloodhounds were used to catch the guilty person. Everything valuable was taken from the body except a watch.

Pushed Him Before the Engine.—SOUTH BEND, Ind., Nov. 26.—A fatal light among "hoboes" occurred last night in the western suburbs of the city. One of the participants, an unknown tramp, was pitched in front of a passing Lake Shore passenger train and killed. The body was found near the engine, and it was ascertained that he had been pushed into the engine by the train crew. The man was identified as Fred Wiant, the assistant electrician, was killed instantly. Another man, Andrew Huggins, of New York, in the employ of the people who have charge of the electric plant in the theatre, is in a dying condition. It is believed that the man who pushed him into the engine was the same man who was killed in the theatre. The police have made two arrests in the matter of the explosion. The prisoners are Frederick Sauvan, the steamfitter who designed and placed the plant and John Thompson, steamfitter and electrician.

Wanted to Present.—MADRID, Nov. 26.—Sixty-two bodies, of which thirty-two were the remains of women, have already been recovered from the ruins of the cartridge factory at Palma, Island of Majorca, which was blown up yesterday. It is said that the explosion was caused by a workman who had been dismissed.

CHARLES R. ROUSS.

Something About the Northern Friend of the South.

NEW YORK, Nov. 28.—There is no one hardly in the South who would not like to know something more about this wealthy New Yorker, who has offered \$100,000 to establish a Confederate museum or depository for relics, and who, following so closely on this magnificent offer, only a few days since donated \$25,000 toward rebuilding the recently burned University of the South. Of all the interesting characters in this city who have been prominent before the public for the past 30 or 40 years but few now remain. Millionaires are numerous, but they are of the numskull type, and there is little in their lives to occupy the public attention. There is one, however, whose history reads much like a fairy story, and who, though advanced in years and immersed in business cares sufficient to stagger a man of ordinary strength and vitality, is constantly doing something to astonish these base New Yorkers, and it is always something worth relating.

Nearly everyone in this vast city who is not so familiar with the history of Charles R. Rouss, the "merchant prince of Broadway," as he is sometimes styled. He is, Mr. Rouss, as 30 per cent. of American youth, who have afterwards achieved greatness or wealth have done, began his climb very low down the ladder, and slipped once or twice before he reached the top. His history is one of poverty and hardship, first as a poor but respected farmer's boy, leading a drab, monotonous life on his father's farm near Winchester, Va., restlessly longing for nobler things, yet patiently plodding and performing his duties as he saw them.

The war broke out and he was a small country merchant at Winchester with command of perhaps less than a thousand dollars. This faded away before the advancing armies and he hastened to cast in his lot with his beloved State. When the smoke of that conflict cleared away he was one of the many thousands not only out of the military service, but minus food and clothing. In this plight he set out for the home of his conqueror and landed in this Christian city with \$1.80 in cool cash. There were no bunko men then and few sideohms on the Bowery, consequently he was not disturbed on account of his large possession. He was not so modest with his possessions and with pluck and luck and plenty of all horse sense he scuffled and battled along in one way and another until he became known as a man who had bought out other men's stocks at auction and sold them again for spot cash at reduced prices.

After his ascent to eminence in New York he had a tumble, with debts to the amount of \$51,000 "on his hands," as the saying is, but really I should say on other people's hands. But a little thing like this could not faze him. He had only had a taste of wealth and there his real success began when he entered the ring again.

At this time on his career has been one of success upon success. From small cramped quarters he has moved and removed until he finally decided about five years ago to erect the grand building he now occupies, the fine iron building at 509, 551, 553 Broadway, and for which he has been offered \$1,500,000. The handsome city of New York has been a witness to a triumph of the architect's skill and art.

In one of these large front windows is a magnificent life-size painting of General Robert E. Lee by Bruce. Right here I will mention one of Mr. Rouss's peculiarities. He is a big, broad-shouldered, big-headed man, who has lived 30 years and gained most of his success in the North, yet he is an ardent Southerner and loves the cause and the people for whom he fought. He is never so happy as when he is donating something to some commendable cause in the South, but for that matter there is no more liberal and commendable cause in the South than the real distress brought to his attention from whatever section it may come. The remarkable thing about his charities and his donations of other characters is that they seem never to make him poorer. The more he gives the wealthier he grows.

He has, as he deserves, a charming family, though he is only recently married. He has one of these being a young son on whom he lavishes much affection and whom he expects to succeed him in perpetuating his sound and profitable business methods.

His already great business is constantly growing and prospering under his guidance, though for the past year his eyesight has totally failed him. One of his great interests of life is to continue to labor and direct and may be found at his office 13 hours out of every 24. His friends in the South send him many letters of regard and sympathy for his affliction, and they are all gratefully received.

In this short sketch it has been hard to do justice to the many rich and interesting anecdotes, but I have not attempted to do more than give a mere outline sketch so that the people of the South may come a little nearer a correct idea of the man who evidently has their interests so much at heart and who cherishes so tenderly the recollection of the memories of his youth so full of adversity though they were.

MILLIONS FOR MILLS.

BOUND TO COME TO DIXIE FROM NEW ENGLAND.

All National Advantages For Cotton Manufacture in Favor of the South. Northern Men Who Profit by Foreign-Sight.

The Augusta Chronicle has published the following interesting interview with F. B. Debarard, of the New York City Economist. "In cotton goods of America," said Mr. Debarard, "reached the consumer by the most direct routes, the average cost of transportation would be about one-half cent a pound. The consumer now pays about 11 cents a pound freight charges on every pound of cotton goods he uses. Three-fifths of the total cost of transportation is abnormal, because it is paid for moving the raw material away from the centers of consumption instead of toward them.

"The New England States produce neither cotton nor fuel. They transport their cotton 2,600 miles and their fuel 500 miles, and they transport both away from their final destination instead of toward it. "And the consumer pays the freight. He pays for carrying the raw material and the fuel far away, and he pays for bringing it back. "Nevertheless, this abnormal transportation tax may not be an economic waste. There are many elements of cost in manufacturing products, and transportation is abnormal, because it is so low as to compensate for those that are excessive.

"New England pays dear for its raw material and fuel. To compensate for excessive cost of these factors it must have some exceptional advantages. If it pays more for transportation it must have some other labor which is superior in skill, in management, in equipment, in methods. If it pays more than the south for some things, it may pay less than the south for other things. Machine for machine, it may turn out more product than the south. Operative for operative, it may produce more than the south. Yard for yard, and pound for pound, New England's cotton goods must cost less than the south's, if it continues to maintain its ground.

"If New England cotton goods cost less than southern cotton goods, it must be because New England gets more out of its machinery and work people than the south gets. If it does not do this, its products cost more, its cost is numbered and the end is not distant. "What are the facts? "They are stated impartially in the 'Looms of the South,' upon which I am now engaged, and every reader can weigh them for himself. The present conditions of cotton manufacturing in the south will be fully and honestly set forth. None of the facts are exaggerated or colored. The results of careful and prolonged personal investigation and inspection. For this purpose nearly every leading cotton mill in the south and a large number of the minor mills have been visited. The data secured are absolutely reliable. In nearly every instance they obtained from the cotton goods manufacturer and all figures relating to outputs and costs were carefully verified from independent sources.

"That the south is entering upon a new era of wonderful prosperity can hardly be doubted by the unbiased observer. "In the 'Looms of the South,' is offered a true picture of the beginning of that prosperity. "The fact is that New England had no rival in the manufacture of cotton goods. Practically, the whole American industry was there. With startling rapidity, the south has developed into a formidable competitor. The long accepted dictum, 'cotton goods are made in the south,' has been proved untrue. Cotton goods are made in the south, and for the first time New England finds in full operation against her economic laws that have hitherto been latent.

"With no competitors, New England was under no disadvantages. With the south as a competitor, her natural disadvantages, her cotton goods, her iron, and it is close to the consumer. New England produces neither, and it is distant from the consumer. As population becomes denser, this fundamental advantage of the south, which can never be lessened, will exist continually increasing force. Cheap raw material, labor, and other markets are economic magnets far more powerful than any opposing forces, and they are certain sooner or later to attract to their support the forces arrayed against them at the outset.

"These opposing forces, spoken of above as artificial advantages, are plentiful capital, highly developed skill, and the most capable management. All of these New England has in abundance, but she cannot prevent their free migration. They are all the creatures of opportunity, and if the south offers the opportunity, capital and skill will go south and quickly create the varied developments. "This is not mere theory; it is a plain statement of fact, and actually has been proved every day, and with daily growing momentum. It is the bare truth that the south today has better mills than the north—they are the product of the best engineering skill obtainable, and in every detail of construction and arrangement are the highest and most scientific type. They are equipped with the most modern machinery, embodying the latest desirable labor-saving improvements, and are of higher average efficiency, attested by quality and quantity of output, than any but a few northern mills. Moreover, they have been constructed at far less cost than other mills, and present much less cost per spindle or per loom than the less efficient northern mills. With less capital invested, they have greater earning power than their northern competitor.

"The test of the relative skill employed in the quality and quantity of the output. In the comparison of similar goods, the south is found to be greater, than that of the best northern mills. It is produced with the same number of machines and the same number of operatives, and it is produced at less cost than the product of the northern mills. Finally, it is of higher average quality than the product of the northern mills. They are equipped with the most modern machinery, embodying the latest desirable labor-saving improvements, and are of higher average efficiency, attested by quality and quantity of output, than any but a few northern mills. Moreover, they have been constructed at far less cost than other mills, and present much less cost per spindle or per loom than the less efficient northern mills. With less capital invested, they have greater earning power than their northern competitor.

MURDERED BY MUSLEMS.

REVIEW OF THE RECENT BLOODY WORK IN TURKEY.

Over 15,000 Christians Known to Have Been Killed—Only One Instance of Successful Resistance—200,000 Now Destitute.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Nov. 27.—The following matter has been handed to the European manager of the United Press, who is now in Constantinople. The statement has the full endorsement of Minister Terrell. During the month of October, a considerable part of the Armenian districts in the provinces of Trabzon, Erzerum, Bitlis, and Harput, Diarbekir, have been laid waste and a number, not yet fully known, of the Armenian inhabitants have been killed by men intent on crushing into impotence the Armenian race in Turkey. As the awful tidings have come in by dribbles, the Turkish government has diligently telegraphed abroad in regard to each case, and Armenians had attacked by Muslims, which could not easily be controlled, but order had been restored after some loss of life. The effect of these telegrams has been to cultivate belief that there has been some general rising of Armenians and that they are in the presence of a general rising, it is merely the result of lawless proceedings on the part of the Armenians themselves. Natural indignation with the Armenians for rising at the very moment when the reform scheme was about to be put into operation may be mentioned, when it is known that up to this date, the only authentic rising of Armenians has taken place at Zeitoun in the province of Aleppo, and far from the scene of the massacre. Moreover, in such cases as offer opportunity for examination, several circumstances cited in the Turkish dispatches as cases of bloodshed have been proved to be mischiefs on the immediate river and happened to have arms in their houses, in a number of cases, defended their lives and their families to the last. At Diarbekir, where the Christians are generally armed, they made a hard fight and some 1,500 Moslems are said to have been killed, but aside from this, in cases where the number of Christians was not so great as the Moslems, they were not so numerous as to have a blind outburst of fanatical fury, escaped because it was an artificial movement, where cupidly was the chief motive used to induce men to engage in it. And the honor of the Turkish people, as well as the honor of the United States, are far from being in detail, cases occurred where Moslems sheltered Armenians saved them from death. Near Trabzon, they saved an entire village. But the very fact that plunder was the chief interest with the Moslems engaged in this crime, the position of the survivors, most precarious because of the universal destitution that has resulted to the victims.

"A very low estimate of the number thus reduced to absolute want by the loss of all their movable property is 200,000 souls, of whom three-fourths are the wives and children of the ruined towns. "A survey of the situation of these people gives the following elements of their desperate condition: "All trade is broken up. All agriculture in the devastated districts is blighted out for the stock has been carried off, and the implements generally burned. All the poor semblance of manufacturing industries in these districts have been wiped out. As a result of the massacre, the refugees took delight in destroying machinery which they could not use or carry away to sell. Thousands of houses and shops have been burned. Every house or shop plundered was utterly emptied. The first care of the robbers after seizing the money and goods in a shop was to destroy all the books and papers which might be able later on to claim payment of debts previously incurred. The people who escaped when their houses were attacked fled in such clothes as they chanced to have on, and in some cases even that was taken from them. All their stores of food, painfully acquired, were carried off by the custom in the rural districts in Turkey, have been carried away. These thousands of wretched creatures, bereaved, despoiled and despairing, now face the pitiless winter, for on those lofty highlands of Armenia the winter is pitiless, and faint at the contemplation of what is before them. The number of the men are dependent on their charity for their food. But where a whole population is thus smitten, how long can local charity support them? Where can they go? What can they do? In the midst of such desolation, how can even the strongest of the men earn their daily bread? Some share is devoted to the present aspect of the situation. The concluding paragraph is as follows: "This terrible sequel to the publication of long-delayed reforms was foreseen by the American minister, Mr. Terrell, who on the very day when they were published, renewed his demand for telegraphic reports of the progress of the reforms, and the protection of American missionaries. He refused to leave his post for months, and his absence was granted and made no secret of his belief that the real danger would follow the announcement of reforms from Armenia. Did the great powers of Europe force the danger? It so, why was no attempt to provide against it. In every town, guards were provided for American missionaries; none have suffered, and the universal expression among Americans here is that their safety is due to Mr. Terrell's prompt and firm action to American indignation at the place of the ports. As to whether the central government was an earnest effort to restrain fanaticism, it is too early to determine.

"The movement to offer paper for the colored people in the South, in the Thanksgiving Day met an enthusiastic response at Cleveland, O. At the May Day Mission the Christian Endeavor Society held a special meeting. The room was filled with worshippers and for an hour the most fervent appeals were offered for the conversion of the colored people.

Along the Ohio River. CINCINNATI, Nov. 26.—The rain which began here Friday stopped at midnight after a heavy precipitation of two and a half inches of water. A high wind cleared the sky and descending, proceeded to clear the earth. It came in a series of hurricane puffs from various directions. These blows followed in quick succession, and they were as capricious about where they struck as they were in their direction which they took. The first of them protected the business section of the city, yet the storm swooped down and played havoc with fences, roofs, signs, windows, telegraph and telephone wires and many late pedestrians had to dodge flying shutters and signs.

But it was the river that the heavy rain was most destructive to. The river had free course. About 12:30 the first hard blow came. It did its best for two or three minutes, straining the cables of the vessels moored along 12 miles of river front. At 1 o'clock it came still stronger and stayed longer than before. This time it got its widest work in among the boats. Only a few were able to get away from the front. The telephone and telegraph wires were down. Down the river near Rivalds were moored the John K. Speed, a big New Orleans boat, the Buckeye State, and the large towboat, W. W. O'Neill.

The first report from there was that the W. W. O'Neill and the John K. Speed had been blown together and wrecked. Investigation shows that the O'Neill was unscathed and that the Speed and Buckeye State had been blown across the river and moored without damage. A little later, at the public landing near the Newport bridge, the steamer E. J. Connell and Robt. W. Bedford were blown together and wrecked. Investigation shows that the O'Neill was unscathed and that the Speed and Buckeye State had been blown across the river and moored without damage.

The same hurricane was encountered at the same landing by the Pittsburg packet, H. K. Keenan, which was steaming up the river. The Keenan was blown overboard and the Bonanza parted their cables and were sent spinning up the river in a very irregular course. The big Carroll was finally stranded high and dry on the landing at the foot of the Newport bridge. The Keenan drove the Bonanza with a crash against the Memphis warboat. A cable was made fast to the iron capstan on the wharf and she was saved. How coal barges and steamboats farther up and down the river fared is not known at this writing and the anxiety of river men will not be relieved until definite news is received.

While there was widespread damage in the city, it was all in a small way. No loss of life or bodily injury is reported. The eastern fence of the league baseball park was blown down. A portion of the roofs of Old Fellows' temple and of St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal church were blown off. The roof of the Central Hotel at Newport was shaken into unconsciousness by a live electric light wire falling on him. His horse fared worse, it was killed.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength—Largest United States Government Food Report.

Royal Baking Powder Company, 106 Wall St., N. Y. SWEEP BY STORM. Much Damage Done by Wind and Rain Along the Ohio River. CINCINNATI, Nov. 26.—The rain which began here Friday stopped at midnight after a heavy precipitation of two and a half inches of water. A high wind cleared the sky and descending, proceeded to clear the earth. It came in a series of hurricane puffs from various directions. These blows followed in quick succession, and they were as capricious about where they struck as they were in their direction which they took. The first of them protected the business section of the city, yet the storm swooped down and played havoc with fences, roofs, signs, windows, telegraph and telephone wires and many late pedestrians had to dodge flying shutters and signs. But it was the river that the heavy rain was most destructive to. The river had free course. About 12:30 the first hard blow came. It did its best for two or three minutes, straining the cables of the vessels moored along 12 miles of river front. At 1 o'clock it came still stronger and stayed longer than before. This time it got its widest work in among the boats. Only a few were able to get away from the front. The telephone and telegraph wires were down. Down the river near Rivalds were moored the John K. Speed, a big New Orleans boat, the Buckeye State, and the large towboat, W. W. O'Neill. The first report from there was that the W. W. O'Neill and the John K. Speed had been blown together and wrecked. Investigation shows that the O'Neill was unscathed and that the Speed and Buckeye State had been blown across the river and moored without damage. A little later, at the public landing near the Newport bridge, the steamer E. J. Connell and Robt. W. Bedford were blown together and wrecked. Investigation shows that the O'Neill was unscathed and that the Speed and Buckeye State had been blown across the river and moored without damage. The same hurricane was encountered at the same landing by the Pittsburg packet, H. K. Keenan, which was steaming up the river. The Keenan was blown overboard and the Bonanza parted their cables and were sent spinning up the river in a very irregular course. The big Carroll was finally stranded high and dry on the landing at the foot of the Newport bridge. The Keenan drove the Bonanza with a crash against the Memphis warboat. A cable was made fast to the iron capstan on the wharf and she was saved. How coal barges and steamboats farther up and down the river fared is not known at this writing and the anxiety of river men will not be relieved until definite news is received. While there was widespread damage in the city, it was all in a small way. No loss of life or bodily injury is reported. The eastern fence of the league baseball park was blown down. A portion of the roofs of Old Fellows' temple and of St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal church were blown off. The roof of the Central Hotel at Newport was shaken into unconsciousness by a live electric light wire falling on him. His horse fared worse, it was killed.

A Marring Man. The Wallingford Press and Standard of last week says: About two months ago Mr. J. H. Tucker was conducting a mercantile business at Wallerboro. Wearing of it, however, he purchased a photographer's outfit and, leaving his wife and children here, went over into Barwell county and became a photographer. Less than a year ago he returned to town with a woman. He claimed he married in Georgia, having, he said, first secured a divorce from his Wallerboro wife. He came here and succeeded in spiriting away two of his children and then demanded Mrs. Tucker, at the point of a pistol, the clothing. She swore out a warrant charging him with assault, but he refused to be arrested, and another charging him with bigamy. Tucker, it is said, defied anyone to arrest him. The officers, however, have not had a chance to arrest him, as he and his second wife have left the community carrying with them the two children. As a matter of fact Tucker could not have secured a divorce from his wife, as he had never been divorced. But it is said that the woman he claims to have married in Georgia is from Barwell county.

GERMANY has a blacksmith who, as a wholesale murderer, is probably a little ahead of Holmes of Philadelphia. Holmes is alleged to have planted about half a dozen victims for business purposes. The German blacksmith killed his father, mother, wife, brother-in-law and the latter's son, and an assortment of other kin folks, not for insurance money, but for the love of killing. His case will be tried this week, and will add another chapter to the history of curious criminality.

Rev. J. M. Johnson, D. D., of Jefferson City, Mo., who has just returned from Palestine, said in a sermon Sunday that Minister Terrell at Constantinople had joined the Mohammedan Church, was in league with the Turks and ought to be hanged. The statement created a tremendous sensation.

A WRITER in the Philadelphia Record has learned that Mr. Edison, the inventor, uses a large quantity of old Confederate bills. He buys them by the pound, and it is said pays a good price for them. Mr. Edison uses the bills to make cathodes for his incandescent electric lamps.

ACCORDING to the annual report of the Superintendent of Education the enrollment of the colored pupils in this year is 10,000, and of the whites over fifteen thousand.