

THE FOES WE FACE.

The Sins that Beset the End of the Century.

GOD COMES BEFORE MAN.

Says Dr. Talmage. The Prevalence of Blasphemy. The Sins of City Life. And the Final Judgment.

This arousing discourse by Dr. Talmage will excite interest by the manner in which it assails some of the great evils now abroad. The subject is "Enemies Overthrown," and the text, Psalms lxxviii, 1. "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered."

A procession was formed to carry the ark, or sacred box, which, though only 3 feet 9 inches in length and 4 feet 3 inches in height and depth, was the symbol of God's presence. As the leaders of the procession lifted this ornamented and brilliant box by two golden poles run through four golden rings and started for Mount Zion all the people chanted the battle hymn of my God. "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered."

The Cameronians of Scotland, outraged by James I., who forced upon their religious forms that were offensive, and by the terrible persecution of Drummond, Dalziel and Turner, and by the oppressive laws of Charles I. and Charles II. were driven to proclaim war against tyrants and went forth to fight for their religious liberty, and the mountain heather became red with carnage and at Bothwell bridge and Aird's Moss and Drumlogie the battle hymn was sung. "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered."

What a whirlwind of power was Oliver Cromwell, and how with his soldiers named the "Ironsides," he went from victory to victory. Opposing enemies melted as he looked at them. He dismissed parliament as easily as a schoolmaster a school. He pointed his finger at Berkeley castle, and it was taken. He ordered Sir Ralph Hopton, the general, to dismount, and he dismounted. See Cromwell marching on with his army and hear the battletory of the "Ironsides," loud as a storm and solemn as a death-knell, standards reeling before it, and cavalry horses going back on their haunches, and armies flying at Marston, at Winceby Field, at Naseby, at Bridgewater and Dartmouth. "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered."

So you see my text is not like a complimentary and tasseled sword you sometimes see hung up in a parlor, a sword that was never in battle and only to be used on general training duty, but more like some weapon of actual battle, for my text hangs in the Scriptures as a battle-axe, telling of the holy war of 3,000 years in which it has been carried, but still as keen and mighty as when David first unsheathed it. It seems to me that in the church of God, and in all styles of reformatory work, what we most need now is a battle-axe, and put on it the name of some man who only a few years ago began to live and in a few years will cease to live. We go into content against the armies of iniquity, depending too much on human agencies. We use for a battle-axe the name of some brave Christian reformer, but after awhile this reformer, or dies or gets old or loses his courage, and then we take another battle-axe, and this time perhaps we betrays the cause and sells out to the enemy. What we want for a battle-axe is the name of some leader who will never betray us and will never surrender, and will never die.

The Methodists have gone in triumph across nation after nation with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Wesley." The Presbyterians have gone from victory to victory with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of John Knox." The Baptists have conquered millions after millions for Christ with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Judson." The American Episcopalians have won their mighty way with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Bishop McIlvaine." The Episcopalians of the South have gone in with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of God." But in all these wars we have a battle-axe suited to all sects of religionists and to all lands, I nominate as the battle-axe of Christendom in the approaching Armageddon the words of my text, sounded before the ark as it was carried to Mount Zion. "Let God arise; let his enemies be scattered."

As far as our finite mind can judge, it seems about time for God to rise. Does it not seem to you that the abominations of this earth have gone far enough? Was there ever a time when sin was so defiant? Were there ever before so many fists lifted toward God, telling him to come on if he dare? Look at the blasphemy abroad! What towering profanity! Would it be possible for any one to call the name of the Almighty God and of Jesus Christ are every day taken irreverently on the lips? Profane swearing is as much forbidden by the law as theft or arson or murder, yet who executes it? Profanity is worse than theft or arson or murder, for these crimes are attacks on humanity; that is an attack on God.

Years ago in a Pittsburgh prison two men were talking about the Bible and Christianity, and one of them, Thompson by name, and of Jesus Christ a very low and villainous epithet, and as he was uttering it he fell. A physician was called, but no help could be given. After a day lying with distended pupils raised tongue he passed out of this world. Human arms, human paws, human voices, human talents, are not sufficient. I begin to look up. I listen for artillery rumbling down the sapphire boulevards of heaven. I watch to see if in the morning light there be not the flash of descending scimiters. Oh, for God! Does it not seem to me that no case of diphtheria could stand before him and finally defied Almighty God to produce a case of diphtheria that he could not cure. His youngest child soon after took the disease and died and one child after another until all the eight had died of diphtheria. The blasphemous challenge of Almighty God and God accepted the challenge. Do not think that because God has been silent in your case, O profane swearer, that he is dead. Is there nothing now in the peculiar feeling of your tongue or nothing in the numbness of your brain that indicates that God may come to avenge your blasphemies or is already avenging them? But these are a few cases which I believe, are only a few cases where there are hundreds. Families keep them quiet to avoid the horrible conspiracy. Physicians suppress them through professional confidence. It is a very, very, very long roll that contains the names of those who died with blasphemies on their lips.

Then look for a moment at the evil of drunkenness. Whether you live in Washington or New York or Chicago or Cincinnati or Savannah or Boston or in any of the cities of this land, count up the saloons that street as compared with the saloons five years ago, and see they are growing far out of proportion to the increase of the population. You people who are so precise and particular lest there should be some imprudence and rashness in attacking the rum traffic will have your son some night pitched into your front door dead drunk, or your daughter will come home with her children because her husband has by strong drink been turned into a demoniac. The drink fiend has despoiled whole streets of good homes in all our cities. Fathers, brothers, sons on the funeral pyre of strong drink! Fasten tighter the victims. Stir up the flames. Pile on the corpses. More men, women and children for the sacrifice. Let us have whole generations on fire of evil habit, and at the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery and dulcimer let all the people fall down and worship King Alcohol, or you shall be cast into the fiery furnace under some political platform.

I indict this evil as the regicide, the fratricide, the parricide, the matricide, the uxoricide, the child-killer. Yet under what innocent and delusive and mischievous names alcoholism deceives the people! It is a "cordial." It is a "bitters." It is an "eye opener." It is an "appetizer." It is a "digester." It is an "invigorator." It is a "settler." It is a "nightcap." Why don't they put on the right labels—"Essence of Perdition," "Conscience Stupefier," "Five Drams of Heartache," "Tears of Orphanage," "Blood of Souls," "Scabs of an Eternal Leprosy," "Venom of the Worm That Never Dies." Only once in awhile is there anything in the title of honors to even hint their atrocity, as in the case of the Scotch whisky. That I do not see advertised all over. It is an honest name and any one can understand it. "Sour mash!" That is, it makes a man's disposition sour, and his associations sour, and his prospects sour, and then it is good to mash his body, and mash his soul, and mash his business, and mash his family. "Sour mash!" One honest name at last for an intoxicant! But through lying labels of many of the apothecaries shops, good people, who are only a little under tone in health and wanting some invigoration, have unwittingly got on their tongue the fangs of this cobra that stings to death so large a ratio of the human race.

Other are ruined by the common and all destructive habit of eating customers. And it is a treat to their coming to town, and a treat while they are in the city. The purchase of the wine when they leave town. Others drown their troubles, submerge themselves with this wine trouble. Oh, the world is battered and bruised and blasted with this growing evil! It is more and more entrenched and fortified. They have millions of dollars subscribed to marshal and advance the alcoholic forces. They nominate and elect and govern the vast majority of the office holders of this country. On their side they have enlisted the mightiest political power of the centuries, and behind them stand all the myriads of the nether world, satanic, Apollonic and diabolic. It is beyond all human effort to overthrow this Gibraltar of rum jugs. And while I approve of all human agencies of reform I would utterly despair if we had nothing else. But what cheers me is that our best troops are yet to come. Our chief artillery is in reserve. Our greatest commander has not yet fully taken the field. If all hell is on our side, all heaven is on our side. Now "Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered."

Then look at the impurities of these great cities. Ever and anon there are in the newspapers explosions of social life that make the story of Sodom quite respectable, "for such things," Christ says, "were more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah," than for the Chorazans and Bethsadales of greater light. It is no unusual thing in our cities to see men in high positions with two or three families, or refined ladies willing solemnly to marry the very swine of society if they be wealthy. The Bible all aflame with denunciation against an impure life, but many of the American ministry uttering not one point blank word against this iniquity, but some of them even go so far as to commend it. Machinery organized in all the cities of the United States and Canada by which to put yearly in the grinding mill of this iniquity thousands of the unsuspecting of the country farmhouses, some progress confessing in the courts that he had supplied the infernal market with 150 victims in six months. Oh, for 500 newspapers in America to swing open the door of this lazar house of social corruption! Exposure must come before extirpation.

While the city van carries the scum of this sin from the prison to the police court morning by morning it is full time, if we do not want high American life to become like that of the court of Louis XV, to put millionaire barons and the nobles into a van of popular indignation and drive them out of respectable associations. What prospect of social purification can there be as long as we see young women of excellent rearing stand and sip and giggle and roll up her eyes side ways before one of those first class staves of fashionable life in the dance, the maternal chaperon meanwhile beaming from the window on the scene? Matches are made in heaven, they say. Not such matches, for the brimstone indicates the opposite region. But is this all? Then it is only a question of time when the last vestige of our civilization will be a leaf of light. Human arms, human paws, human voices, human talents, are not sufficient. I begin to look up. I listen for artillery rumbling down the sapphire boulevards of heaven. I watch to see if in the morning light there be not the flash of descending scimiters. Oh, for God! Does it not seem to me that no case of diphtheria could stand before him and finally defied Almighty God to produce a case of diphtheria that he could not cure. His youngest child soon after took the disease and died and one child after another until all the eight had died of diphtheria. The blasphemous challenge of Almighty God and God accepted the challenge. Do not think that because God has been silent in your case, O profane swearer, that he is dead. Is there nothing now in the peculiar feeling of your tongue or nothing in the numbness of your brain that indicates that God may come to avenge your blasphemies or is already avenging them? But these are a few cases which I believe, are only a few cases where there are hundreds. Families keep them quiet to avoid the horrible conspiracy. Physicians suppress them through professional confidence. It is a very, very, very long roll that contains the names of those who died with blasphemies on their lips.

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THE SILVER BATTLE.

Under Consumption Rather Than Overproduction.

THE CAUSE OF HARD TIMES

Along the Cotton Mills of the United States. Such is the Opinion of Two Gold Papers.

They are getting down to the facts by degrees. Here we find the Financial Chronicle and the Springfield Republican agreeing just like the State or any other "Branite" newspaper in accounting for the disastrous condition of the cotton manufacturing industry. Reviewing the Financial Chronicle's annual statement of the cotton growing and manufacturing industries The Chronicle says:

It is from under-consumption rather than over-production that the industry has been so deeply depressed. The Chronicle undertakes to prove this by showing that the consumption of cotton by the American mills during the past five years has been considerably below the per capita rate of the previous half decade, which was a period of greater prosperity and more normal consumption. And this lower per capita rate of cotton has proceeded simultaneously with declining imports of cotton goods and increasing exports of fabrics of our own manufacture. If consumption were at the normal rate there would be work for practically all the existing cotton machinery, and the approach of better times is regarded by The Chronicle as assuring the speedy restoration of prosperity to this great industry. Meanwhile we may pertinently ask how the reduction of wages in the cotton mills is calculated to help on the restoration or increase the consumption whose present low state is the cause of depression.

What The Republican now so readily admits when the argument is made by the Financial Chronicle is precisely what it would not admit when the same argument was presented a few months ago. It is under-consumption that depresses the cotton manufacturing business and most other great industries in this country. They are not producing more than the people would buy at fair prices if the people were prosperous, but they are producing more than the people can afford to buy at this time. And that is conclusive proof that the people are not, as the gold organs claim, in a prosperous condition.

All suggestions of "under-consumption" as a reason for the paralysis of industries have been for this reason either ignored or scouted by the gold press. And wisely; because under-consumption implies inability to buy, and inability to buy—in the face of the abounding yields from fields, mines and forests—implies the lack of money and the emptiness of our financial system. Admit general under-consumption and you admit general hard time; admit hard times and you admit the failure of the gold standard to do what was promised for it.

Of course the gold men will now declare, as the Financial Chronicle does, that we are on the border of better times and that the gold standard is to be vindicated at last. But they have been busily engaged in making that same declaration ever since the repeal of the Sherman law in 1893, excepting such occasions only as they were protesting that the good times had already come. "Wait another week on the gold standard!" "Give the gold standard a chance!" "Gold standard party is due to arrive generally at 12 o'clock on the day after election!" "Don't monkey with the gold standard when it's just about to hatch out riches for everybody!" And so on.

But this sort of thing can't go on indefinitely. The people can't be fooled much longer with promises. Five years is a long time. The gold standard has had five years to prove its character and its effects and it has proved that they are evil. That the evil will ever turn into good the people who were deluded in 1896 do not now believe. At the close of a successful war and with every advantage of position, the party which upholds the gold standard finds itself confronted with popular dissatisfaction, distrust and the demand for "somebody else's." Even so optimistic a Republican organ as the New York Tribune sounds the alarm. It asks the question, "Is there any danger?" and answers itself thus: "We say frankly, yes. Unless the supporters of the administration throughout the country bestir themselves and work from this time until the night of election day as they have not worked before in the last 10 years, there is grave danger that their representatives will not be in the majority in the next congress, and that the senate will be controlled by a coalition opposed to the administration and sound money. This is the plain truth, and it may better be told now than when it is too late.

The foreign war has sufficed to divert the people from their domestic grievance. Not even in the hour of victory do they forget that they have a battle yet to fight a thousandfold more momentous to them than El Caney or San Juan. They are arming for it. The gold standard must surrender and evacuate its entrenchment.—Columbia State.

Fatality in Pittsburg. Capt. Geo. Adams, aged 23, and Capt. Chas. Miller, aged 22, were instantly killed while conducting a fireworks display and reproduction of the Manila battle at Allegheny river in front of the exposition building at Pittsburg, Pa., Thursday night. Capt. Adams was a native of New Orleans and had been engaged all summer at Atlantic city giving fireworks displays and exhibitions of deep sea diving, from Young's pier. Capt. Miller was a native of Asheville, N. C., where his father and mother still reside.

Hilton s. Iodofo Linnert is the "nee plus ultra" of all such preparations in removing soreness, and quickly healing fresh cuts and wounds, no matter how bad. It will promptly heal old sores of long standing. Will kill the poison from "Poison Ivy" or "Poison Oak" and cure "Dew Poison." Will counteract the poison from bites of snakes and stings of insects. It is a sure cure for sore throat. Will cure any case of sore mouth, and is a superior remedy for all pains and aches. Sold by druggists and dealers 25 cents a bottle.

Gen. Toral Insulted. A dispatch from Madrid says when the train conveying Gen. Toral arrived at the station at Bojar a crowd which had gathered insisted that the general should show himself. Upon his doing so the gathering loaded him with insults. Gen. Toral, who is ill with fever, uttered a few excuses and beat a retreat in order to avoid being struck.

BAKED ALIAS BATES.

Member of a Wealthy New York Family Who Drifted to Brunswick.

The Atlanta Constitution says news reached Brunswick Thursday from Huntsville, Ala., that the body of William Baker, alias Bates, a private of the First regiment, who died seven days ago, had been exhumed at the request of the father and that the disinterred old man had discovered in the buried man the remains of his only son.

The story went on to tell how Baker, who had some home days ago and come to the South. His father was a Wall street capitalist and the home that Baker, alias Bates, left was one of sumptuous luxury, situated on fashionable Fifth avenue. For a long time the father searched for his unfortunate son and finally gave him up in despair. When the war broke out he watched the enlistment rolls, and one day in some manner had an intimation that his son had joined the First Regiment. He started South on receipt of this information, but on arriving at camp discovered that the only man to fit his description had died seven days before. The body was exhumed and found to be that of his long lost son. What was left of him was carefully removed from its resting place and the remains carried to New York, where they will be given a burial suited to the wealth and tastes of the family to which he belonged. All this read like a romance to the people of Brunswick, and especially to the newspaper fraternity, of which Baker, alias Bates, was one for months previous to his enlistment. He was a man of magnificent physique and splendid address.

When he came to Brunswick his charming manner won him a place in the hearts of the boys at once and he given a place on the Morning Call. There he was recognized by the Constitution correspondent, and to the correspondent became known as far as the Brunswick end was concerned, as the romance of his life. It seems that Baker alias Bates, was more attractive to women even than he was to men. One of the fair sex became captivated with him. Unfortunately for her, she was married. Bates knew what the result would be if he remained in the city, so when Capt. Hopkins was getting up recruits he decided to leave. He threw away all his chances that might follow from his talents given the right direction and enlisted as a private in the ranks of Uncle Sam's great army. There was genuine regret around The Call office when Bates left, and of him the Messrs. Leavys, his former employers, said: "He was one of the best men The Call ever had and one of the most perfect gentlemen in the world."

The sad ending of Bates' life in the camp at Huntsville brings sorrow to those who knew him, but they are glad that his loved ones have his body and will give it a burial befitting the man.

SOUTH CAROLINA'S DEAD.

Inquiry Concerning Volunteers Who Have Died Since Enlistment.

It seems that pension attorneys intend to lose no time in getting data in readiness to "pull Uncle Sam's legs." Already they are making inquiries of the authorities concerning those who have died since they enlisted into the volunteer service for the war with Spain.

Adjutant and Inspector Gen. Watts has received the following letter from an attorney in regard to the matter: "We understand that the following named soldiers in the Spanish-American war who enlisted from the State of South Carolina are dead. Will you kindly tell us the name of the town or city from which they enlisted. J. L. Best, company I, First regiment. H. A. Gilbert, company —, First regiment. J. M. Kinard, company B, First regiment. — McLeod, company —, First regiment. W. L. Mathews, company H, First regiment. W. D. Owens, company I, First regiment. T. Shime, company —, First regiment. T. J. Stines, company H, First regiment. J. S. Stukes, company —, First regiment. G. B. Vaughn, company F, First regiment. S. W. Mathews, company H, First regiment. G. R. Vaughn, company —, First regiment."

If you know of any others who have died we will esteem it a favor if you will give us the names and service and tell us from what town or city they enlisted. We desire this information for the possible use and benefit of the heirs of said soldiers. Gen. Watts would be glad to receive any information from the relatives and friends of the names mentioned with the facts as to their death.

DISEASE IS RIPE.

The Spanish Soldiers in the Philippines Suffering.

As a result of the meetings of the national assembly of Filipinos, thus far held in Malolos, there is now entire confidence in the American government on the part of the insurgent leaders. All the members of the assembly exhibit an earnest desire that the future relations of the Filipinos with the Americans may be of the most friendly character. The condition of the Spanish prisoners is beginning to excite anxiety among the military officers here. Eleven thousand of these prisoners are quartered in churches and other public buildings within the narrow confines of the walled city, where most of the Spanish garrison necessarily is quartered, and where Gen. Otis has located his army headquarters. The members of the sanitary corps are kept constantly at work clearing out the filth that constantly accumulates. The Spaniards have not the least knowledge of the laws of sanitation. The result is a condition threatening a general outbreak of some septic diseases at any moment. Typhoid fever is also increasing at an alarming rate. The authorities feel it absolutely essential to the health of the city to get the Spanish prisoners out of Manila at the earliest possible date. Similar conditions are reported from Cavite, where the Spanish in the hands of the necessities of life. To make matters worse the sailing of the hospital ship Rio has been repeatedly delayed. It is now stated positively that she will sail Thursday. Probably by that time she will have a considerable accession to her invalid passenger list.

STARVED TO DEATH.

That Was the Fate of Some of Our Sick Soldiers.

LEFT TO DIE LIKE RATS.

What Surgeon Ward, of the United States Army, says of the Horrors at Camp Thomas.

A Kansas City special to the Boston Globe says: "Wearing his uniform, Surgeon Major Milo B. Ward, who was in charge of the field hospital at Chickamauga, denounced the war department last night in an address at Deacon Hill Congregational church, for the horrors at Camp Thomas. "Some one is to blame," he said. "For keeping an army of 45,000 men at a camp where all the water was unfit for a dog to drink; where there was no drainage, no proper food or medicine, and where the conditions were so unhealthy that every man of the 45,000 had intestinal trouble. "Three-fourths of the army slept in 'litter' dog tents, as we called them. They were five feet long and four feet high. There were no cots. The men slept on the ground, and it rained nearly all the time for six weeks. "Our division hospital was arranged to hold 200 men, but we had over 500 sick men in it. Each tent was arranged to hold six men, but we had 10 and 12 crowded in. "There were not cots enough, and sick men had to lie on litters on the wet ground sometimes for a week. The sick came in 50 and 75 at a time, and there were no cots, no medicines, no food for them, except the regular army rations issued to well men. "We had no little medicines and so poor a variety that we actually could not prescribe for the sick men crowded in there so close that you could not walk between the cots. "The nurses were detailed for nurses because they were the poorest soldiers in the camp. They nursed the sick eight hours in the day and then worked three hours digging sinks and trenches and cleaning up the camp. "Under these conditions, what could the doctors do? The government made no provision at all to feed the sick at Camp Thomas. I make this statement boldly. I know it will be denied, but I can prove what I say. The sick would actually have starved to death if they had depended upon the government for food. "Some died starved to death. Others were fed by the Red Cross society. The moment a man became sick he was removed to the hospital, his rations stopped, and he was allowed 25 cents a day for commutation of rations. But he could not draw that money for a month. The consequence was that the government gave no food to hundreds of sick and dying soldiers. "We appealed to the Red Cross society and it fed the men. "Dr. Ward praised the Red Cross society, the woman nurses, and the chaplains. He said that when he is mustered out he will tell of abuses at the camp which he must not tell now.

THE SPANIARDS MUST GO.

They Must Get Out of Cuba by December 31.

Officials at Washington are watching with interest the progress being made by the military commission at Havana in securing the evacuation of the island of Cuba. The commission has been very slow in making reports to the war department, but from the latest received it appears that the body would like to have more definite instructions as to procedure in so far as the Spanish side is concerned. It seems that the Spanish side has said that it could not begin the evacuation of the island until the first of November, and that it could not be completed before the 28th of February next. In view of the alarming state of the Cubans who are suffering from hunger and the inability, under the present uncertain conditions, of obtaining wheat, the President decided that he could not assent to the consumption of so much time. Therefore he caused the commission to be instructed to demand that the evacuation by the Spaniards begin not later than October 15, and that it be completed by December 31st next. What the result of this demand will be is not yet known, but it is said that the administration is determined to tolerate no delay tactics on the part of the Spanish forces. The evacuation of the island, although disposed to permit reasonable indulgence. Notice has also been taken of the expressed purpose of the Spanish captain general to remove from the island the remains of Christopher Columbus, with part of the surrounding monument. If a monument is not a permanent fixture then it is hard to decide what is, and it is possible that attention will be called to the infraction of the terms of the protocol, although this must be done with haste in order to succeed in its object, as the removal is said to be fixed for next Tuesday.

Killed His Brother.

News Reached Greenville Saturday of a horrible homicide on Wednesday night beyond Caesar's Head, when Charlie Robinson shot and killed his elder brother, Berry Robinson, at the latter's home in Transylvania county, North Carolina. The fratricide was brought to a quiet grave at a funeral here. Charlie Robinson was in jail for the murder of his brother. He was driving for the Caesar's Head hotel, went to his brother's house under the influence of whiskey and emptied one barrel of his shotgun into his brother's heart. The shooting was in North Carolina, in sight of the State line, over three miles from Caesar's Head. Charlie Robinson lives in Greenville, South Carolina. He is now in the Transylvania county jail at Brevard, and is prostrate over his rash deed. He is a married man, with nine children. He is a quiet, unassuming man, but on good terms the day of the shooting, and the affair has caused great regret among the mountain people, among whom the Robinsons were a prominent family. Charlie being an industrious young man.

Murder Mystery Solved.

Superintendent of Police Birmingham of Bridgeport, Conn., has issued a statement in which he announces the complete unraveling of the Yellow Mill pond murder mystery. The superintendent says Dr. Nancy Gifford, supervising the death of Emily Gill by a criminal operation, asserts that the body was dismembered in a bath tub at the Guilford house, and names Harry Oxley as an accomplice to the extent of being responsible for the condition of the girl and consenting to a criminal operation.

The English Sparrow.

An Alabama paper gives the pestiferous English sparrow a certificate of usefulness. It says: "A winter near town told us last week that the boll worm was simply raving his cotton patch, when the sparrow found them out, and in three days there was not a miller nor worm to be seen, while the sparrows were by the thousands."

THE DECLINE IN COTTON.

In an interesting article on the cotton situation the New Orleans Times and Democrat says the decline in the price of the staple proceeds in a way that indicates the utter disbelief of the trade in the monthly reports of the government. Most traders seem to think that prices must go lower still, in consequence of the pressure of spot cotton and the utter absence of speculation. Of course, this unanimity of opinion may create an unwieldy short interest, and turn the market the other way. Unfortunately, the spinner is far more interested in present supplies than he was a year ago, and Mr. Xell's large estimate of the crop will, undoubtedly, encourage consumers to buy from hand to mouth. The situation is serious, especially for the growers of cotton in this section of the country, for the cost of raising cotton has, this year, been enhanced by the increased cost of provisions and the greater expense of cultivation, in consequence of a wetter season. The consensus of opinion is that no such yield as that of 1897-98 is to be expected in 1899, and that the Mississippi valley, but it is believed that the large big crop views that Texas will make up the deficiency. In that case, the producer in this section may have to face a deficient yield combined with a low price, which is a very hard combine to eat. The persistent decline in cotton tends to check the improvement of trade, because nobody wants to stock up with goods on a steadily falling market. Of course, if the decline should proceed much farther, the evil will cure itself, since production will be automatically curtailed, from the very fact that no intelligent basis of credit will exist. It is impossible that peculiarly favored individuals may make both ends meet, with present prices; but the average producer is feeling his time away. We are well aware that some of the professional claim that low prices make for the prosperity of the farmer; indeed, a book in defense of that thesis was issued from the government printing office, when the high and mighty J. Sterling Morton was secretary of agriculture. But the most exhaustive comment on such delirivances may be found in old Dr. Johnson's reply to a lady who asked an explanation of some extraordinary utterance of the doctor: "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance." The farmer's prosperity really increases with a falling price, then it would be the part of philanthropy to wipe out values entirely, so as to make his prosperity perfect. One of the most striking facts in the history of cotton is the extremely small difference in value between the large and the small crops. The statistics of the last six crops are as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Year, Value. 1897-98: 11,199,994; 1896-97: 8,757,964; 1895-96: 7,157,346; 1894-95: 9,901,251; 1893-94: 7,549,817; 1892-93: 6,700,365.

The crop of the greatest value, in recent years, was that of 1890-91, 8,652,597 bales, which, 5,761,252 bales, brought \$318,482,010, which is the value, within about 20,000,000 of the monster crop of 11,199,994 bales, produced in 1897-98. So it would seem that the farmer is straining himself for a little purpose. Undoubtedly, monster crops benefit many interests, such as transportation companies and individuals whose compensation is by the bale; but we hardly think that the cotton producer is eaten up with a desire to labor exclusively for the interest of his fellow man. As we have repeatedly said, the producer and the consumer are more nearly face to face than they have ever before. If the present crop is rushed to market, and sold at auction, the result may surprise everybody concerned. The speculator seems to have made up his mind to sit in the present box, while the slugging match is in progress, a method of procedure which is entirely unwise in view of recent experience. Indeed, the speculator is just now in the mood of the man who was kicked by a mule; he is not as pretty as he was, but he knows more.

Wheat as a Regular Crop.

Wheat farming is not a business to be taken upon one year and abandoned the next. The crop has a legitimate place in the rotation of the farmer, and it should be grown every year with or without regard to the probable yield of the crop. This is true in almost every portion of the country, and the Southern States are not an exception, for there are suitable lands to grow wheat in every State, to a greater or less extent. Forty or fifty years ago in a large part of South Carolina wheat was raised to meet the home consumption entirely, and we do not read of the importation of flour until after the railroads were built. This year has been exceptional for the wheat crop, both as to yield and acreage, and we are glad to learn that the farmers are considering the policy of making wheat a regular crop. It seems that this is a most encouraging sign of the times, and it tokens the achievements of diversified farming as the rule and not the exception in this section of the State. It is hardly necessary to argue with farmers whose tables in the last few months have been supplied with biscuits made from home grown wheat as to the desirability of the bread or the economy in household expenses. Imported flour may be whiter and doubtless there are brands that are just as pure, but it is an open secret that flour is often adulterated with different substances, and some of them, such as white clay, are positively deleterious to health. The practice has become so common, according to the Birmingham Age Herald that a great deal of absolute pure flour is said to be the exception, notwithstanding the legislation of Congress on this subject. The remedy is home-grown wheat and home-ground flour.

Storm in the Northwest.

A special dispatch to the State Journal from Lima, O., says: A tornado visited this city Saturday. The path of the storm was short and narrow, but its force was terrific. It came from the northeast, first leveling the barn of Jacob Boze and burying a number of persons in the debris. Mr. Boze had his shoulder broken and George Hadwell, seventy years of age was badly injured. A number of horses were killed. A new house was lifted from its foundation and deposited in the street. The Quilna brewery, Linnage factory, and a number of adjacent buildings were unroofed. The high school building was demolished, letting the roof and first and second floors into the cellar. Fortunately school was not in session, it being Saturday. A portion of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton railroad shop was unroofed and Henry Caswell was buried in the ruins, being seriously injured. The Detroit, Lima and Northern repair shops were wrecked and the men only escaped by taking refuge under an engine. In the western part of the town a house occupied by William McKibbin was carried 20 feet off the foundation and a number of adjacent buildings were unroofed. The high school building was demolished, letting the roof and first and second floors into the cellar. Fortunately school was not in session, it being Saturday. A portion of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton railroad shop was unroofed and Henry Caswell was buried in the ruins, being seriously injured. The Detroit, Lima and Northern repair shops were wrecked and the men only escaped by taking refuge under an engine. In the western part of the town a house occupied by William McKibbin was carried 20 feet off the foundation and a number of adjacent buildings were unroofed. The high school building was demolished, letting the roof and first and second floors into the cellar. Fortunately school was not in session, it being Saturday. A portion of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton railroad shop was unroofed and Henry Caswell was buried in the ruins, being seriously injured.

Twelve Hundred Sick.

Nearly 1,200 of the American troops at Santiago are on the sick list and Gen. Lawton reports 88 new cases of fever today. His report sent to the war department is as follows: Sick, 1,187; fever, 679; new cases, 88; returned to duty, 290; deaths, 7.

The Royal is the highest grade baking powder. It is the best because it goes over the head further than any other brand.



Items of Interest.

The quarrels between Republicans in nearly every state are revealing some very interesting facts about the way in which that pious political organization has been conducted.

The Atlanta Journal is authority for the statement that more men were killed at the recent presidential election in Guatemala than were killed in our army and navy in all our fights with Spain. These Central American republics are bad lands.

The transport Minnewaska, recently sailed from the wharves of Charleston, deep laden with men and munition on a trip to Porto Rico. The Minnewaska is a very large vessel. We extend congratulations to Charleston upon this evidence of good work done on her bar by the jetties.

The people of South Carolina have very properly endorsed Governor Ellerbe for another term. He deserves it. He has been the Governor of the whole people, irrespective of faction, and a majority of the people of South Carolina believe in him and trust him, as is shown by the vote in the primary.

The Army and Navy Journal is authority for the report that the First South Carolina regiment will be kept in service, and that the officials are disgruntled with the petition business, and do not think it soldierly. What there is in it is not known, except that a First is at Jacksonville, and seems likely to remain there.

It is useless to look backward and long for the former state of things that will never come again; but the course of true wisdom is to look forward, and if possible try to grasp the aim of God in these wonderful changes, and seek to be what he would have us to be in their midst and in the peril of their administration.

Two Boston jokers the other night "held up" J. B. Schoeffel of the Tremont Theater as he was driving along a suburban road. They did it merely for fun of course. Mr. Schoeffel entered into the spirit of the joke splendidly. He knocked one of the make-believe highwaymen down and horse-whipped the other until the blood came. Practical jokes are so enjoyable!

The President is having difficulty in getting a commission to investigate the war department. There are various reasons why men who have figured in public life prominently do not care to act as investigators. They think that it is very doubtful if it will be possible to make such an investigation will satisfy the country. If the bottom facts are so roachy, the commission will be severely criticized.

The yellow fever in Santiago doesn't show any invidious distinction, but treats the so-called immunes just like it does the other folks and lays them out with as little ceremony. The immune business, as it was carried out in regard to the "immune" regiments, was a farce. Most of them were about as immune against fever as they would be against a Winniepig blizzard.

BLANCO says in a proclamation: "We have been vanquished because we are Spaniards, and there is no human power which can force us to resign our glorious nationality." Well, nobody wants to. They can stick to their glorious nationality till their teeth fall out, but they were not "vanquished" because they didn't have gumption enough to know when they were tackling the wrong fellow.

A sweethair's hugs and kisses may be something new in the materia medica, but they worked wonders in the case of David Blum, a young butcher, who attempted suicide by means of illuminating gas. The doctors in the New York hospital had given up hope of reviving him when pretty Nathalie Tooker, to whom he was about to be wed, came along and brought him to consciousness in short order: She caught David in her arms, and hugging and kissing him besought him not to die. David opened his eyes. When he saw his sweethearth he embraced her. The doctors smiled and departed. It is expected that the wedding will be on schedule time.