Daughter His Subject.

AN OLD STORY RETOLD.

Draws Inspiration from Table of Springs of Water. Wealth Without Religion Worthless. God's Gift.

Taking for his text an oratorical scene seldom noticed, Dr. Talmage discusses the supernal advantages of religion for this world and the next: text. Joshua, xv. 19: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper and the nether springs."

The city of Debir was the Boston of antiquity-a great place for brain and Caleb wanted it, and he offered his daughter Achsah as a prize to any one who would capture that city. It was a strange thing for Caleb to do, and yet the man that could take the eity would have, at any rate, two elements of manhood-bravery and patriotism. Besides, I do not think that Caleb was as foolish in offering his evils I would rather measure happiness by the length of the sword than by the length of the pocketbook. In one case there is sure to be one good element of the city of books lay at the feet of the conquered the city, it is no great job for him to conqueror the girl's heart, for, however, faint hearted a woman herself may be, she always loves courage in a man. I never saw an excep-

The wedding festivity having gone by, Othniel and Achsah are about to go to their new home. However loudly the cymbals may clash and the laughter ring, parents are always sad when a fondly cherisked daughter goes off to stay, and Achsah, the daughter of Caleb, knows that now is the time to ask almost anything she wants of her father. It seems that Caleb, the good old man, had given as a wedding present to his daughter a piece of land that was mountainous and sloping southward toward the deserts of Arabia, swept with some very hot winds. It was called a south land," but Achsah wants an addition of property. She wants a piece of land that is well watered and fertile. Now, it is no wonder that Caleb, standing amid the bridal party, his eyes so away that he could hardly see her at all, gives her more than she asks. She said to him: "Thou hast given me a south land. Give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper

springs and the nether springs."
The fact is, that as Caleb, the father, gave Achsah, the daughter land, so God gives us his world. I am very thankful he has given it to us, but I am like Achsah in the fact that I am not satisfied with the portion. Trees and flowers and grass and blue skies are very well in their places, but he who has nothing but this world for a portion has no portion at all. It is a mountainous land, sloping off toward the desert of sorrow, swept by fiery sirocess. It is "a south land," a portion for any man that tries to put his What has been your expetrust in it. rience? What has been the experience of every man, of every woman that has tried this world for a portion? Queen Elizabeth, amid the surroundings of pomp, is unhappy because the painter sketches too minutely the wrinkles on her face, and she indignantly cries out, "You must strike of my likeness with out any shadows!" Hogarth, at the very height of his artistic triumph, is stung almost to death with chagrin besause the painting he had dedicated to the king does not seem to be acceptable, for George II cries out: "Who is this Hogarth? Take his trumpery out down the graves of your dead? of my presence!"

Brinsley Sheridan thrilled the earth with his eloquence, but had for his last words, "I am absolutely undone." Walter Scott, fumbling around the inkstand, trying to write, says to his daughter: "Oh, take me back to my room! There is no rest for Sir Walter but in the grave!" Stephen Girard, the wealthiest man in his day or, at any her just as happy as possible. Though rate, only second in wealth, says: "I live the life of a galley slave. When I arise in the morning, my one effort is to work so hard that I can sleep when it gets to be night." Charles Lamb, applauded of all the world, in the very midst of his literary triumph says: "Do you remember, Bridget, when we used to laugh from the shilling gallery at of spiritual comfort in this world, but the play? There are now no good plays to laugh at from the boxes." But why go so far as that? I need to go no farther than your street to find an illus-

tration of what I am saying. Pick me out ten successful worldlings-and you know what I mean by thoroughly successful worldlings-pick and the duties you ought to perform me out ten successful worldlings, and would go neglected I am glad I shall you cannot find more than one that looks happy. Care drags him to business; care drags him back. Take your stand at 2 o'clock at the corner of the streets and see the agonized physiognomies. Your high officials, your bankers, your insurance men, your importers, your wholesalers and your retailers, as a class—as a class, are they happy? No. Care dogs their steps, again to that old world? and, making no appeal to God for help or comfort, many of them are tossed take angelic violence to put us out of everywhither. How it been with you, that world if once we got there. But my hearer? Are you more contented as people who cannot afford to pay for that may be made can be disposed of in the house of 14 rooms than you were an entertainment sometimes come in the two rooms you had in a house around it and look through the door when you started? Have you not had more care and worriment since you won that \$50,000 than you did before? Some ef the poorest men I had ever has provided for us. We can just catch known have been those of great fortune. a glimpse of it. We come near enough A man of small means may be put in great business straits, but the ghastli- chestra, though not near enough to est of all embarrassments is that of the know who blows the cornet or who finman who has large estates. The men gers the harp. My soul spreads out prepared to give the farmers present who commit suicide because of monetary losses are those who cannot bear at the thought of those upper springs. the burden any more, because they have only \$50,000 left.

On Bowling Green, New York, there is a house where Tallerand used to go. He was a favored man. All the world knew him, and he had wealth almost unlimited; yet at the close of his life he says, "Behold, 83 years have passed without any practical result, save fa- throne shall lead them to living fountigue of body and fatigue of mind, tains of water." great discouragement for the future slopes off toward deserts of sorrow, lof your deliverance is coming, is com-

her father Caleb we make this day to of the day, and the jet wheels of the our Father God: "Thou has given me night. Every thump of the heart is a south land; give me also springs of only a hammer stroke striking off Caleb's Wedding Present to His water. And he gave her the upper another chain of clay. Better scour springs and the nether springs."

vantages given us than we can really come down in the Narrows to meet you. appreciate. We have spiritual blessings offered us in this world which I shall call the nether springs, and glories in the world to come which I shall call the upper springs.

Where shall I find words enough

pleasure of religion? David, unable to describe it in words, played it on a harp. Mrs. Hemans, not finding enough power Christopher Wren, unable to describe it in language, sprung it into the arches of St. Paul's. John Bunyan, unable to present it in ordinary phraseology. takes all the fascination of allegory. Handel, with ordinary music unable to reach the height of the theme, rouses it up in an eratorio. Oh, there is no life on earth so happy as a really Christian life! I do not mean a sham Christian life, but a real Christian life. Where there is a thorn, there is a whole garland of roses. Where there is one groan, there are three doxologies. Where there is one day of cloud, there is a shole season of sunshine. Take the humblest Christian man that you know-angels of God canopy him with their white wings; the lightnings of heaven are his armed allies; the Lords is his Shepherd, picking out for him daughter to the conqueror of Debir as green pastures by still waters. If he thousands in this day seek alliances for walk forth, heaven is his bodyguard; if their children with those who have he lie down to sleep, ladders of light, large means without any reference to angel blossoming, are let into his ago was solid ground. Near the mouth moral or mental acquirements. Of two dreams; if he be thirsty, the potentates of heaven are his cup bearers; if he sit | in the movements of the earth is slowly down to food, his plain table blooms into the King's banquet. Men say, Look at that old fellow with the worncharacter; in the other there may be out coat;" the angels of God cry, "Lift none at all. With Caleb's daughter as up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and a prize to fight for General Othniel let him come in!" Fastidious people rode into the battle. The gates of De- cry, "Get off my front steps!" the door-"Come, ye bir were thundered into the dust, and keepers of heaven cry, "Come. ye breather of books lay at the feet of the blessed of my Father, inherit the kingcon nerors. The work done, Othniel dom!" When he comes to die, though he comes back to claim his bride. Having may be carried out in a pine box to the columns were put down. Changing! potter's field, to that potter's field the chariots of Christ will come down, and the cavalcade will crowd all the boulevards of heaven.

I bless Christ for the present satisfaction of religion. It makes a man all right with reference to the past. It makes a man all right with reference to the future. Oh, these nether springs They are perennial. The of comfort! foundation of God stardeth sure having this seal, "The Lord knoweth them that are his," "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, said the Lord, who hath mercy upon thee." Oh, cluster of diamonds set in burnished gold! Oh. neather springs of comfort bursting through all the valleys of trial and tribulation! When you see, you of the world, what satisfaction there is on earth in religion, do you not thirst after it as the daughter of Caleb thirsted after the water springs? It is no stagfull of tears because she was going nant pond, scummed over with malaria, but springs of water leaping from the Rock of Ages! Take up one cup of that spring water and across the top of the chalice will float the delicate shadows of the heavenly wall, the yellow of jasper, the green of emerald, the blue of sardonyx, the fire of jacinth.

I wish I could make you understar the joy religion is to some of us. It makes a man happy while he lives and With two feet upon glad when he dies. a chair and bursting with dropsies, I heard an old man in the poorhouse cry out, "Bless the Lord, oh, my soul!" I looked around and said, "What has this man got to thank God for?" It makes the lame man leap as a hart and the dumb sing. They say that the old Puritan religion is a juiceless and joyless religion, tbut I remember reading of Dr. Goodwin, the celebrated Puritan, who in his last moment said: "Is this dying? Why, my bow abides in strength! I am swallowed up in God!" 'Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Oh, you who have been trying to satisfy yourselves with the "south land" of this world, do you not feel that you would this morning like to have access to the nether springs of spiritual comfort? Would you not like to have Jesus Christ bend over your cradle and bless your table and heal your wounds and strew flowers of consolation all up and

> 'Tis religion that can give Sweetest pleasures while we live. 'Tis religion can supply

Sweetest comfort when we die. But I have something better to tell you, suggested by this text. It seems that old Father Calebon the wedding day of his daughter wanted to make Othniel was taking her away, and his heart was almost borken because she was going, yet he gives her a "south land." Not only that, but the nether springs. Not only that, but the upper springs. O God, my Father, I thank thee that thou hast given me a "south land" in this world, and the nether springs more than all I thank thee for the upper

springs in heaven! see heaven until we get into it. O Christian man, if you could see what a place it is, we would never get you back again to the office or store or shop not see that world until I enter it. Suppose we were allowed to go on an excursion into that good land with the idea of returning. When we got there and heard the song and looked at their raptured faces and mingled in the supernal society, we would cry out: "Let us We are coming here anyhow. Why take the trouble of going back again to that old world? We are here now. Let us stay." And it would

ajar or through the openings in the fence, so we come and look through the crevices into that good land which God to hear the rumbling of the eternal orboth wings and clasps them in trumph any information desired by them con- pulled any more, but cuts down his corn One of them breaks from beneath the throne, another breaks forth from beneath the altar of the temple, another at the door of "the house of many mansions." Upper springs of gladness! Upper springs of light! Upper springs

I wish I could stimulate you with and great disgust for the past." Oh, these thoughts, O Christian man, to the my friends, this is a "south land," and highest possible exhilaration. The day

Lamb which is in the midst of the

of love! It is no fancy of mine.

"The

and the prayer which Achsah made to | ing rolling on with the shining wheels | CORN IN THE SOUTH the deck and coil the rope, for harbor Blessed be God, we have more ad- is only six miles away. Jesus will 'Now is your salvation nearer than when you believed.

Man of the world, will you not today make a choice between these two portions, between "south land" of this world with slopes to the desert, and this glorious land which thy Father threaded with light to set forth the offers thee, running with eternal water courses? Why let your tongue be consumed of thirst when there are the in prose, sings that praise in a canto. nether springs and the upper springs. comfort here and glory hereafter?

You and I need something better than this world can give us. The fact is that it cannot give us anything after awhile. It is a changing world. Do you know that even the mountains on the back of a thousand streams are leaping into the valley? The Alleghanies are dying. The dews with crystalline mallet are hammering away the rocks. Frosts and showers and lightnings are sculpturing Mount Washington and the Catskills. Niagara every year is digging for itself a quicker plungs. The sea all around the earth on its shifting shores is making mighty changes in bar and bay and frith and promontory. Some of the old seacoasts are midland now. Off Nantucket eight feet below low water mark, are found now the stumps of trees. showing that the waves are conquering the land. Parts of Nova Scotia are sinking. Ships today sail over what only a little while but certainly rotating. All the face of the earth changing-changing. In 1831 an island springs up in the Mediterranean sea. In 1866 another island comes up under the observation of the American consul as he looks off from the beach. The earth all the time changing, the columns of a temple near Bizoi show that the water has risen nine feet above the place it was when these Our Colorado river, once vaster than the Mississiypi, flowing through the great American desert, which was then an Eden of luxuriance, has now dwindled to a small stream creeping down through a gorge. The earth itself, that was once vapor, afterward waternothing but water-afterward molten rock, cooling off through the ages until plants might live, and animals might live, and men might live, changing all the while, now crumbling, now breaking off. The sun, burning down gradually in its socket. Changing, changing a intimation of the last great change to come over the world even infused into the mind of the heathen who has never seen the Bible.

The Hindoos believe that Brahma, the creator. once made all things. He created the water, then moved over the water, ovt of it lifted the land, grew the plants and animals and men on it. Out of his eye went the sun. Out of his lips went the fire. Out of his ear went the air. Then Brahma laid down to sleep 4,320,000,000 years. After that, they say, he will wake up, and then the world will be destroyed, and he will make it over again, bringing up land, bringing up creatures upon it, then lying down again to sleep 4,320,000,000 years, then waking up and destroying the world again-creation and demolition following each other, until after 320 sleeps, each one of these slumbers 4,320,000,000 years long, Brahma will wake up and die, and the universe will die with him, an intimation, though very faint, of the great change to come upon this physical earth spoken of in the Bible. But while Brahma may sleep, our God never slumbers nor sleeps, and the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth and all things that are therein shall be burned up. "Well," says some one, "if that is so,

if the world is going from one change to

another, then what is the use of my toiling for its betterment? That is the point on which I want to guard you. I do not want to become misanthropic. It is a great and glorious world. If Christ could afford to spend 33 years on it for its redemption, then you can afford to toil and pray for the betterment of the nations, and for the bringing on of that glorious time when all people shall see the salvation of God. While therefore I want to guard you against misanthropic notions in respect to this subject I have presented, I want you to take this thought home with you: This world is a poor foundation to build on. It is a changing world, and it is a dying world. The shifting scenes and the changing sands are only emblems of all earthly expectation. Life is very much like this day through which we have passed. To many of us it is storm and darkness, then sunshine, storm and darkness, then afterward a little sunshine, now again darkness and storm. Oh, build not your hopes upon this uncertain world! Build on God. Confide in Jesus. Plan for an eternal residence at Christ's right hand. Then, come sickness or health, come joy or sorrow, come life or death, all is well, all is well.

In the name of the God of Caleb and his daughter Achsah, I this day offer It is very fortunate that we cannot you the "upper springs" of unfading

and everlasting rapture.

Tobacco In Orangeburg. The Orangeburg correspondent of the News and Courier says an effort is Orangeburg interested in the cultivation of tobacco. The plan is to get enough well to-do farmers to obligate themselves to plant a certain acreage in tobacco during the coming year as an experiment to justify the employment of a practical tobacco expert to come to Orangeburg to render assistance both in the cultivation, the curing and the marketing of the crop. Some of the farmers who are leading the movement are willing to put up a tobacco ware house, so that the crop right at home if the farmers generally the need of an unceasing effort on the are willing to take hold of the matter, and enough of them will agree to plant tobacoo to give a fair prospect for success for the experiment. A meeting of the farmers of the county has been called for today to discuss this matter. It is understood that there will be present at the meeting by invitation certain experienced tobacconists, who will be cerning this crop. Several of the farmers of Orangeburg county have planted small quantities of tobacco for several years past, but, owing to the inconvenience of marketing the leaf, they have never realized any special profit from their experimenting. The lands of Orangeburg ought to produce as fine tobacco as those of other sections of Carolina every year, swaps his cotton the State. There is almost every va- seed for meal and hulls on which he riety of soil in this county.

It makes no difference how bad your dondition may be, it might be a great ceal worse.

This Years's Crop Shows Gain of 14,000,000 Bushels,

AS COMPARED WITH LAST.

Also An Increase in Acreage Noted Ranging From I Per Cent in Georgia to 8 in Texas.

The Southern Farm Magazine of Baltimore has compiled from advance official reports the total production of corn by States in the south in 1898, showing again, as compared with 1897, of over 114.000,000 bushels. In the south the average price for corn runs from 40 to 50 cents or more, as estimated by the United States agricultural department. On the basis of 40 cents, this means an increase of nearly \$50,000,000 in the corn crop of the south as compared with last year. As gratifying as this remarkable gain in total production and value of the crop is, however, it is due mainly to an increase in the acreage itself.

Compared with 1897, most of the southern states show a small gain in acreage running from 1 per cent in Georgia to S per cent in Texas, though Maryland, Tennessee and Kentucky show a decreased acreage of from 2 per cent to 5 per cent. The gain in the average yield per acre was very marked in nearly all Southern states; except in Georgia, in which there was a decline in the average of 2 bushels per acre, thus cutting the total yield in that state down very materially. Adjacent states had a considerable increase in the average yield. The total crop by states, as compiled by the Southern Farm Magazine from advance government reports and as compared with 1897 was as sollows:

Bushels, Bushels. .64,486,000 85,177,000 Kentucky. West Virginia. 17,004,000 20,328,000 63,673,000 73,526,000 Tennessee35,581,000 53,709,000 Arkansas.... 72,175,000 105,461,000 Louisiana......21,576,000 27,718,000 .30,346,000 39,931,000 Mississippi.... Alabama......30,524,000 39,681,000 Florida.... 3,811,000 4,377,000 Georgia 32,173,000 26,580,000 South Carolina . . 15,308,000 17,500,000 North Carolina .. 31,324,000 34,170,000 Virginia......31,552,000 38,563,000 Maryland 20,354,000 16,406,000 ... 406,687,000 583,127,000 Total ...

The total corn crop of the United States for 1898 1.926,000,000 bushels, against 1,902,000,000 bushels in 1897. a gain of only 23,000,000 bushels; wheer as the gain in the routh alone was 114-000,000 bushels. Omiting the south the figures would show a large decrease for the rest of the country. This is a very gratifying exhibit as a partial offset to the low price of cotton this year, but before the south congratulates it self too heartily upon these figures as evidence of the growth of the idea of the diversification of crops, it should remember that the central southern states have in this big corn crop just a little more than caught up with the corn crop of 1890, allowing nothing for the fact that in the meantime population has doubled. In fact, the corn crop of Georgia for 1898 is 4,000,000 bushels short of the crop of that in 1860, and if the average yield per acre had not deceased as compared with 1897 the output in that state would have heen about equal to the crop of 1860, In the adjacent states the figures for

1860 and 1898 compare as follows: States .1860 North Carolina . . 30,074,56S 34,170,900 South Carolina. .15,065,606 27,500,000 Georgia......30,776,293 26,580,000 Florida 2,824,538 4,377,000 Alabama32,761,194 39,681,000 Mississippi 29,563,735 39,931,000 Louisiana 16,205.856 27,718,000

Total......157,275,786 189,957.000 Compared with 1897 the yield for 1898 shows a gain in Kentucky of 26,-000,000 bushels; West Virginia 3,000,-000 bushels; Tennessee 10,000,000 bushels; Arkansas 18.000,000 bushels; Texas 32.000.000 bushels; Louisiana 6.000,000 bushels; Mississippi 9.600.-000 bushels; Alabama 9,000,000 bushels; Florida 500,000 bushels; South olina 3,000,000 bushels and Virginia a decrease of 5.500,000 bushles, and Maryland 4,000,000 bushels.

Prior to 1860 under the system then prevailing planters realized the importance of raising their own foodstuffs, and thus cotton was largely a surplus money crop. This is still pursued by the better class of farmers in the south, but under the tenantry system Negroes and many of the poorer whites. not being directed or controlled by someone else, give nearly all of their attention to cotton-raising, buying their foodstuffs for man and beast. This is not only destructive to individual prosperity, out at the same time necessarily retards the progress of the whole south. What the south did before the war in raising its own foodstuffs can be done again. It is gratifying to know that slowly but surely the tendency is in the direction of diversinot attain the prosperity enjoyed under the old food producing system that prevailed prior to 1860. Although population has largely more than doubled between 1860 and 1898, the south has, as shown by these figures, but little more than caught up in its production of corn, while it still has less hogs than it had 1860, the figures for 1860 being 16,900,000 hogs against 15,600,000 for 1898. Nothing could show the need of diversified farm crops more completely than these statistics. They emphasize part of the whole south to develop a wider range of agricultural productions.

The Way to Farm. B. D. Srpings, of Charlotte, N. C. owns and operates several farms in York county, this State. This year his crop acreage consisted of of 160 acres of corn, 900 acrea of cotton and 100 to 150 acres in pea vines. He doesn't have fodder early in the fall, and after it is cured in shocks pulls off the ears and has the stalks, fodder and shucks cut up in a "shredder" and the mixture-"stover" it is called-is worth much more than fodder as stock food. Instead of selling or putting his cotton seed back on the land he buys 100 steers in North fattens the cattle. Last year after figuring all expenses he had clared seven hundred dollars in cash on the steers, besides having oceans of manure all SHREDED CORN STALKS.

They Make Most Excellent Food for R. T. Nesbitt, Commissioner of Ag-

riculture of Georgia, says in a recent

report: As a matter of much importance to farmers, I have again called their attention to the immense value of the corn stalks usually left standing and wasting in the fields when they are shredded and used for forage. I have recently had a conversation with a gentleman who is now selling all he can make of this forage at \$10 a ton in carload lots, and \$12 a ton in smaller quantities. His experience is that from 11 to 21 tons of shredded fodder can be made to the acre, according to the size and number

of plants, and that a large machine will cut each day a product from six to twelve acres. Of course in both cases the amount is determined by the quality and yield of the corn crop. It has been ascertained that the largest machines accomplish more profitable and more satisfactory work than the smaller ones, the stalk being more thoroughly cut and shredded. These machines being portable, if one farmer cannot afford the higher price for the larger machine, a combination of farmers can invest in one, and thus by moving from one farm to another, the stalks for a neighborhood may be converted into a wholesome and nutritive food. Or, as suggested before, one man may own such a machine, and by working all farms in reach during the fall and winter, the entire crop of corn stalks may be shredded without expense to the owners. A strange proposition, but nevertheless true, because the toll may

otherwise worthless product. At the experiment station farm the stripped stalks, which had been left standing in the field until January. were hauled up and shredded. The product was not only readily eaten by the farm animals, but upon analysis was found to contain more nutriment than an equal amount of cotton seed hulls; now so popular popular as stock The shredded fodder has this additional advantage over the hulls, that it is much more relished by horses and mules, as well as cattle, and there is not the same precaution necessary in feeding it. It is well known by those who feed cotton seed hulls that there is danger of its becoming compacted, if fed in too large quantities, and that it is always safer to mix it with other more concentrated food stuffs.

The utilization of such a tremendous quantity of forage will enable us not only to raise more and better cattle and farm stock for home use, but will give an impetus to stock raising for export There is a growing demand from the West for Southern cattle, and with this enormous addition to our food stuffs, a comparatively large number of beeves may be successfully raised to meet this market without drawing too heavily upon the other resources of the farm. Thus will be opened a new source of income for the South, and also the foundation be laid for a direct exportation to Europe of thousands of Southern raised beeves. We have every advantage of climate and transporta-

benefits to the South. Our superior situation and environments will give us an immense leverage plan of shredding and utilizing the in favor each day, and the time is compopular cotton seed hulls, once considered equally worthless.

tion, and once the business gets a firm

foothold we can scarcely compute its

About Posting Lands.

At a recent session, the general assembly made material changes in the statutes relating to the posting of lands. The law as it now stands is as follows: Section 175. Every entry upon the lands of another, after notice from the owner or tenant prohibiting the same, shall be a misdemeanor, and be punished by a fine not to exceed one hundred dollars or imprisonment with hard labor on the public works of the county not exceeding thirty days.

Provided, That whenever any owner or tenant of any lands shall post a notice in four conspicuous places on the borders of any land prohibiting entry thereon, and shall publish once a week for four successive weeks such notice in Carolina 2,000,000 bushels; North Car- any newspaper circulating in the county where such lands are situate, a proof of 7,000,000 bushels; while Georgia shows the posting and of publishing of such notice within twelve months prior to the entry, shall be deemed and taken as notice conclusive against the person making entry as aforesaid for hunting and fishing.

Approved the 2nd day of February.

A. D., 1898. More Time Needed. The Columbia Record says "it is the policy of the state officials as well as the legislature never to encourage the idea that the time for the payment of taxes without a penalty will be extended. Warnings have been sent out annually that such an extension would most positively not be granted. But legislators always look ahead and want to please their constituents. As a consequence the penalty has been remitted or the time extended from sessions immemorial. The prospects are that the fied agriculture. Until the south gives | time will have to be extended this year to diversified farming the attention unless the authorities want to ruin hunwhich it demands, ceasing to give so dreds of good, honest men. They are being made to get the people of large a proportion of its attention to not confined to any particular classcotton, its agricultural interests can- the farmer, the merchant, the lawyer and everybody else are the victims of four cent cotton. They just haven't got the money to pay right now and that's all there is about it. This report comes from all over the state. The newspapers are full of it. Even in such a rich city as Charleston taxpayers are remarkably slow in settling. The time for the payment of taxes this year will have to be extended, or there will be a lot of land to be sold at delinquent land sale.

Very Poor Logic. The truth of the whole matter is the in whatever is raised on the rented land reduce the cotton crop and not before. The lien law is the poor man's dependence and should never be taken from

Shot By a Negro.

Lewis Cauthen, Jr., a young white arrested and is in jail.

ROYAL

Baking Powder

Made from pure cream of tartar.

Safeguards the food against alum.

Alum baking powders are the greatest menacers to health of the present day. ROYAL BAKING POWE CO., NEW YORK

NEW GRAVES

Filled With Soldiers From First South Carolina Regiment.

OFFICIAL LIST OF DEAD.

Only One Commissiod Officer

Among the Number. Roll of the Unfortunate Towns where They Came From. As a result of the Hispano-American war there are 18 nawly-made graves in

South Carolina. When the First regibe paid in kind, and is taken from an ment was mustered into service and went to defend the country's honor little did the soldiers anticipate decimation in their ranks. The one prevalent idea, the one uppermost in their minds, was duty and perhaps the thought of death of even one soldier never occur red to them. Several of the companies lost no men

from illness and the heaviest misfortune to betall one company was the loss of five men. The first death to occur in the regiment was about six weeks after the regiment was mustered into service. In most of the instances death resulted from fever. Only one commissioned officer in the

regiment is numbered with the dead. That is Col. Joseph K. Alston, whose recent death, is well remembered and is still lamented here. The majority of those who died in the line of duty were privates. There was only one death in company

B. The victim was John M. Kinard, private, from Newberry, who died of consumption on the 19th of July.

Company C lost two men. The first death was that of Sergt. John S. Murray, of Anderson. He was taken sick with typhoid fever and died at his home on the 10th of September. Private John D. Gambrell, of Honea Path, was the next to succumb to fever and his death occurred on the 29th of Octo-

In company F there was only one death and this was heart failure. Private Gary R. Vaughan, of Greenville, the victim, died on the 6th of Septem-

There were three deaths in company H. The first was Private William Matover our Western competitors. This hews, of Greenville, who died with fever on August 6th. On the 17th of otherwise useless cornstalks is growing August Private Thos. J. Stines, of Greenville, died of meningetis. The ing when shredded fodder will be as third death was that of Private Lawmuch an article of commerce as the rence L. Turner, of Greenville, from heart failure on September 25th. The largest list of the dead is that of

company I. There were five who have answered to the last roll call. They are: Private William D. Owings, of Marion, who died with fever on the 17th of July; Private ! rthur A. McElrath, of Spartanburg, death caused from fever on the 16th of September; Private David H. Holstein, of Batesburg, with fever, September 24th; Private James O. Eskew, of Greenville, congestion of the brain, September 29th; Private Joseph A. Quick, of Columbia, fever,

October 3rd. In company L there were three deaths as follows: Private John A. Best, of Ulmers, fever, June 9th; Private Samuel F. Colyar, of Edgefield. fever, July 19th; Private William E. Turner, of Cope, fever, October 28th; Private Charles Nimman, Grover, fever, October 28th.

There was only one death in company M, and that was of Private Dwight M. Dick, of Sumter, who died with fever at Chicka mauga, on the 9th of July .-Columbia Register.

Farmers Changing Plans.

The Carolina Spartan says the price of cotton and the outlook for the future have set farmers to thinking and planning. Even in the famous cotton belt of this State where they nake a bale to the acre, with the aid of \$5 to \$6 of commercial fertilizer they feel that they are losing by the operation. When the fertilizer and picking jerk \$10 to \$12 out of a 500-pound bale of cotton; the farmer will hardly have his setd clear. Many of the farmers of the cotton belt are turning their attention to oats, tobaeco and sugar cane. The Piedmont farmers should double their grain crop and raise more hogs and cattle. Just now fine beef cattle are quoted at \$5.50 gross in the Northwest. Recently a Kentuckian bought and shipped several carloads of cattle from the upper part of this county to his State. They will be turned into fine Kentucky beef after being fed awhile. This should be a hint to our people to raise cattle. Bermuda grass pastures will feed them about half the year. The flooded lands on small streams could be set in this grass. It would give good pasturage and prevent washing. The reason that western beeves bring 4 to 51 cents gross is because they are pound and large. One of our ordinary cows, which has been milked several years will lose 50 to 60 per cent. in dressing. That is, a cow weighing 900 An exchange says abolish the lien | pounds gross will give about 400 pounds law and there will be less cotton raised. of beef when dressed. The Western The fact is the lien law has but little to | two-years olds weighing 1.200 to 1,500 do with raising cotton. All the mer- will lose little more than the cattle chant wants is his pay for the supplies | which are slaughtered here. When a furnished and he does not care whether | butcher buys a young steer or heifer it comes out of corn peas or cotton. | weighing 1,200 pounds he expects 700 to 800 pounds of beef. The farmers of cotton crop is in the land owners. When | the Piedmont should raise more beef. they say nothing else will do but cotton | By getting the large breeds and crossthen the renter has no choice. When | ing on native cattle they could bring up the land owners are willing to take rent | the size and the price. If the home market should be fully supplied there the farmers and renters combined can would be no trouble selling them in other States. A Sad Death.

One of Abbeville's most estimable young geatlemen passed away recently. Dr. Lambert J. White Tuesday afternoon took a deadly poison thinking it man of the Pleasant Hill section of was a headache powder. Everythinn Lancaster county, was shot in the ab- | was done for him that could be. In domen perhaps fatally Wednesday by a he earlier part of the evening, he was Negro named Foster. Poster has been | hought better, but at about half-ptls 0 hew as the more.

THE BLUE DRYAD.

By G. H. Pomell.

CTOFFLES was her name, a familiar abbreviation, and Mephistophelean as her nature. She had all the usual vices of the feline tribe, including a double portion of those which men are so fond of describing as feminine. Vain, ndolent, selfish, with a highly-cultirated taste for luxury and neatness in her personal appearance, she was distinguished by all those little irritating habits and traits for which nothing but an effeminate heart-a thing in her case conspicuous by its absence

-can atone. We tive in a comfortable, old-fashoned house facing the highroad. I say we, but in fact for some months I had ocen alone, and my husband had just returned from one of his sporting and cientific expeditions in South America. He had already won fame as a raturalist, and had succeeded in bring ing home alive quite a variety of beasts, usually of the reptile order, whose extreme rarity seemed to me a merciful provision of nature. But all his previous triumphs were completely eclipsed, I soon learned, by the capture alive, on this last expedition, of an abominably poisonous snake, known to those who knew it as the blue dryad, or more familiarly, in backwoods slang, as the "half-hour striker," in vague reference to its malignant and fatal qual-

Being in extremely delicate health at the time. I need hardly say that I knew nothing of these grewsome details until afterward. Henry (that is my husband) after entering my room with a robust and sunburned appearance that did my heart good, merely observedas soon as we had exchanged greeting -that he had brought home a pretty snake which "wouldn't do the slightest harm"-an evasive assurance which I accepted as became a nervous wife of an enthusiastic naturalist. I believe I insisted on its not coming into the house. Fortunately the weather was very hot, so it was decided that the blue dryad, wrapped in fiannel and securely confined in a basket, should be left in the sun and the furthest corner of the veranda, during the hour or so in the afternoon when my husband had to visit the town on business.

He had gone off with a cousin of mine, an officer of engineers in India, stationed, I think, at Lahore, and home on leave. I remember that they were a long time, or what seemed to me a long time, over their luncheon; and the last remark of our guest as he came out of the dining-room remained in my head as even meaningless words will run in the head of an idle invalid shut up for the most part of the day in a silent room. What he said was, in the positive tone of one emphasizing a curious and surprising statement: "D'you know, by the way, it's the one animal that doesn't care a rap for the cobra?" And then, my husband seeming to express disbelief and a desire to change the subject as they entered my boudoir; "It's a holy fact! Goes for it, so smart! Has the beggar on toast before you can say 'Jack Robinson!' "

The observation did not interest me. but simply ran in my head. Then they came into my room, and only for a few moments, as I was not to be tired. The engineer tried to amuse Stoffles, who was seized with such a fit of mortal boredom that he transferred his attentions to Ruby, the Gordon setter, a devoted whose charge I was shortly left as

they went out. I suppose I may have been asleep for ten minutes or so when I was awakened by the noise of Ruby's heavy body From such an exertion the snake rejumping out through the open window. Feeling restless and seeing me asleep, he had imagined himself entitled to a short spell off guard. Had and such tricks-a capacity which, in unlatched, I saw in a few moments, for the dog on his return forced it open with a push and trotted up in a disturbed manner to my bedside. I noticed a tiny spot of blood on the black side of his nose, and naturally supposed he had scratched himself against a bush or a piece of wire. "Ruby," I said, "what have you been doing?" Then he

whined as if in pain, crouching close to my side, and shaking in every limb. I should say that I was myself lying with a shawl over my feet on a deep sofa with a high back. I turned to look at Stoffles, who was slowly perambulating the room, looking for flies and other insects-her favorite amusement -on the wainscot. When I glanced again at the dog, his appearance filled me with horror; he was standing, obviously from pain, swaying from side to side and breathing hard. As I watched, his body grew more and more rigid. Thomas Talbird, of Beaufort, in refer-With his eyes fixed on the half-open ence to the effects of the storms on door, he drew back as if from the ap- the coast during August and October. proach of some dreaded object, raised He says most of the farmers in the his head with a pitiful attempt at a bark, damaged portion of the county on the which broke off into a stifled howl, tide water are in need of assistance. rolled over sideways suddenly, and lay Bluffton township, which suffered most, dead. The horrid stiffness of the body, is inhabited by white farmers. Prior almost resembling a stuffed creature overset, made me believe that he had died as he stood, close to my side, perhaps meaning to defend me. Unable to resist the unintelligible idea that the dog had been frightened to death, I followed the direction of his last gaze, and at first saw nothing. The next moment I observed round the corner of the veranda door a small, dark, and slender object, swaying gently up and Governor Ellerbe says he has no funds down like a dry bough in the wind. of the state available for their aid, but It had passed right into the room with the same slow regular motion before realized what it was and what had the people of the state and country. happened. My poor, stupid Ruby must This is a terrible state of affairs, and have nosed at the basket on the ver-

head and hissing fiercely at the dead dog within three yards of my face. I am not one of those women who jump on chairs or tables when they see a-mouse, but I have a constitutional horror of the most harmless reptiles. Watching the blue dryad as it glided across the patch of sunlight streaming in from the open window, and knowing what it

his pains by the abominable beast,

Stoffles, as I have said, was inordinately vain and self-conscious. Stalking would not be prudent for him to return along the top of the sofa-back and bearing erect the bushy banner of her magnificent tail, she looked the most ridiculous creature imaginable. She had proceeded half-way on this pilgrimage toward me, when suddenly, with the rapidity of lightning, as her ear caught the sound of the hiss and her eyes fell upon the blue dryad, her

purring on the back of the sofa.

wild beast with the ferocious and intinctive antipathy to a natural enemy plazing from its eyes. In one light bound she was on the floor in a compressed, defensive attitude, with all four feet close together, near, but not too near, the unknown but clearly hostile intrader; and to my surprise the snake turned and made off toward the window. Stoffles trotted lightly after, obviously interested in its method of locomotion. Then she made a long arm and playfully dropped a paw upon its tail. The snake wriggled free in a moment, and coiling its whole length, some three and a half feet, fronted this new antagonist.

The audacity of the cat astonished

me from the first. I have no reason to

believe she had ever seen a snake he-

fore, yet by a sort of instinct she seemed

to know exactly what she was doing. As the dryad raised its head, with glittering eyes and forked tongue, Stoffles erouched with both front paws in the air, sparring as I had seen her do sometimes with a large moth. The first round passed so swiftly that mortal eve ould hardly see with distinctness what happened. The snake made a dart, and the cat, all claws, two rapid blows at its advancing head. The first missed, but the second I could see came home, as the brute, shaking its neck and head, withdrew further into the rug. But Stoffles crept after it, with an air of attractive carelessness which was instantly rewarded. A full two feet of the dryad's body straightened like a black arrow, and seemed to strike right into the furry side of its antagonistseemed, I say, to slow-going human eves; but the latter shrank, literally fell back, collapsing with such suddenness that she seemed to have turned herself inside out, and become the mere skin of a cat. As the serpent recovered itself, she pounced on it like lightning. driving at least half a dozen claws well home, and then, apparently realizing that she had not a good enough hold, sprang lightly into the air from off the body, alighting about a yard off. There followed a minute of sparring in the air; the snake seemingly half afraid to strike, the cat waiting on its every movement.

voked is an irritable animal, and the next attack of the dryad, maddened by the scratchings of puss and its own unsuccessful exertions, was so furious, and so close to myself, that I shuddered for the result. I could not have left my position on the sofa without almost treading upon Stoffles, whose bristling back was not a yard from my feet. At last, I thought-as the blue dryad, for one second coiled close as a black silk cable, sprang out the next as straight and sharp as the piston-rod of an engine-this lump of feline vanity and conceit is done for, and-I could not help-thinking-it will probably be my turn next! Little did I appreciate the resources of Stoffles, who, without a change in her vigilant pose, without a wink of her fierce green eyes, sprang backward and upward on to the top of me, and there confronted the enemy calmly as ever, aitting, if you please,

Now the poisonous snake when pro-

upon my feet! Trembling all over with fright, I could not but observe that she was trembling too with rage. The last act rapidly approached, and no more strategic catastrophe was ever seen. For a snake, as everybody knows, naturally rears its head when fighting. In that position, though one may hit it with a stick, it is extremely difficult, as this battle had shown, to get hold of. Now, as the dryad, curled to a capital S, quivering and hissing advanced for the ast time to the ch and inseparable friend of mine, under to strike across the edge of the sofa on which I lay, at the erect head of Stoffles, which vanished with a juggling celerity that would have dislocated the collarbone of any other animal in creation.

covered itself with an obvious effort, quick beyond question, but not nearly quick enough. Before I could well sec that it had missed its aim, Stoffles had the door not been ostensibly latched he launched out like a spring released, and, would have made his way out by it, burying eight or ten claws in the back being thoroughly used to open doors of its enemy's head, pinned it down against the stiff cushion of the sofa. fact, proved fatal to him. That it was The tail of the agonized reptile flung wildly in the air and flapped on the arched back of the imperturbable tigress. The whiskered muzzle of Stoffles dropped quietly, and her teeth met once, twice, thrice, like the needle and hook of a sewing-machine, in the neck of the blue dryad; and when, after much deliberation, she let it go. the

beast fell into a limp tangle on the floor. From the gland of the beast, as I afterward learned, they extracted enough poison to be the death of 20 full-grown human beings. Tightly clasped between its minute teeth was found a few long hairs, late the property of Stoffles.-From "Animal Episodes and Studies in Sensation."

Starvation Impending.

The Columbia Record says Governor Ellerbe has received a letter from Mr. to the storms their crops were fine. But all of this was changed by the hurricane. After giving details of the destruction in other parts of the county, Mr. Talbird concluded: "The people need food, clothing and medicine, and if something is not done to relieve their immediate necessities great suffering, if not actual starvation, will result." the fact that such conditions exist will doubtless appeal to the generosity of should appeal to the sympathies of the anda till he succeeded somehow in open- charitable in all parts of the State. An ing it, and been bitten in return for organized movement should be started

to relieve these people. Wants to Come Home.

which I now saw angrily rearing its James W. Tolbert, who is now in Washington, wants to come home. He telegraphed Governor Ellerbe a few days ago asking that official if he would be protected by the State if he should return to Greenwood, saying that his wife and four year old daughter were there in poor health and without protection, that he had large property inwas, I confess to being as nearly fright-ened out of my wits as I ever hope to be. I simply dared not speak or move that he had committeed no crime a finger for fear of attracting the against the laws of his country and beast's attention to myself. Suddenly done nothing to give offense to any one, Stoffles, weary of patting flies and save that he is a member of the Respiders on the back, appeared gently publican party. Governor Ellerbe replied that he would give Tolbert all the protection in his power, but thought it

t'll the excitement subsides.

Little Miss Armour, granddaughter of Phil Armour, Sr., was kept two months in an incubator making a fight for life, and the old gentleman was so impressed with her "grit," as he exwhole civilized "play-acting" demeanor pressed it, he gave her a half million vanished, and her body stiffened and dollars. We know of several grown contracted to the form of a watchful for a longer time for less money.