NATIONAL DANGERS

Dr. Talmage Discusses the Republic's Destiny.

MONOPOLY THE CURSE

Of the United States. Nihilism Also an Evil Power. Infidelity a Source of Weakness.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage speaks of some of the perils that threaten our American instituions, and points out the path of safety; text, Isaiah lxii, 4, "Thy land shall be married."

As the greater includes the less, so does the circle of future joy around our entire world include the epicycle of our own republic. Bold, exhilarant, unique, divine imagery of our text. At the close of a week in which for three days our national capital was a pageant and all that grand review and bannered procession and national anthems could do, celebrated peace, it may not be inapt to anticipate the time when the Prince of Peace and the heir of universal dominion shall take possession of this nation, and "tny land shall be married."

In discussing the final destiny of this nation it makes all the difference in the world whether we are on the way to a funeral or a wedding. The Bible leaves no doubt on this subject. In pulpits and on platforms and in places of public concourse, I hear so many of the muffled drums of evil prophecy sounded, as though we were on the way to national interment, and besides Thebes and Babylon and Tyre in the cemetery of dead nations our republic was to be entombed, that I wish you to understand it is not to be obsequies, but nuptials; not mausoleum, but carpeted altar; not requiem, but wedding march; for "thy land shall be married."

I propose to name some of the suitors who are claiming the hand of this republic. This land is so fair, so beautiful, so affluent that it has many suitors, and it will depend much upon your advice whether this or that shall be accepted or rejected. In the first place, I remark: There is a greedy, all grasping monster who comes in as suitor seeking the hand of this republic, and that monster is known by the name of monopoly. His scepter is made out of the iron of the rail track and the wire of telegraphy. He does everything for his own advantage and for the robbery of the people. Things went on from bad to worse until in the three legislatures, of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania for a long time monopoly decided everything. If monopoly favor a law, it passes; if monopoly oppose a law it is rejected. Monopoly stands in the railroad depot putting into his pockets in one year $200,000,000 in excess for all reasonable charges for services. Monopoly hold in his one hand the steam power of locomotion and in the other the electricity of swift communication. Monopoly has the Republican party in one pocket and the Democratic party in the other pocket. Monopoly decides nominations and elections—city elections, state elections, national elections. With bribes he secures the votes of legislators, giving them free passes, giving appointments to needy relatives to lucrative positions, employing them as attorneys if they are lawyers, carrying their goods for 15 per cent. less if they are merchants, and if he find a case very stubborn as well as very important puts down before him the hard cash of bribery.

But monopoly is not so easily caught now as when during the term of Mr. Buchanan the legislative committee in one of our states explored and exposed the manner in which a certain railway cmmpany had obtained a donation of public land. It was found out that 13 of the senators of that state received $175,000 among them, 60 members of the lower house of that state received between $5,000 and $10,000 each, the governor of that state received $50,000, his clerk received $5,000, the lieutenant governor received $10,000, all the clerks of the legislature received $5,000 each, while $50,000 was divided among the lobby agents. That thing on a larger or smaller scale is all the time going on in some of the states of the Union, but it is not so blundering as it used to be, and therefore not so easily exposed or arrested. I tell you that the overshadowing curse of the United States today is monopoly. He puts his hand upon every bushel of wheat, upon every sack of salt, upon every ton of coal, and every man, woman and child in the United States feels the touch of that moneyed despotism. I rejoice that in 24 states of the Union already anti-monopoly leagues have been established. God speed them in the work of liberation.

I have nothing to say against capitalists; a man has a right to all the money he can make honestly. I have nothing to say against corporations as such; without them no great enterprise would be possible, but what I do say is that the same principles are to be applied to capitalists and to corporations that are applied to the poorest man and the plainest laborer. What is wrong for me is wrong for great corporations. If I take from you your property without any adequate compensation, I am a thief, and, if a railway damages the property of the people without making any adequate compensation, that is a gigantic theft. What is wrong on a small scale is wrong on a large scale. Monopoly in England has ground hundreds of thousands of her best people into semistarvation, and in Ireland has driven multitudinous tenants almost to madness, and in the United States proposes to take the wealth of sixty or seventy millions of people and put it in a few silken wallets.

Monopoly, brazen faced, iron fingered, vulture hearted monopoly, offers his hand to this republic. He stretches it out over the lakes and up the great railroads and over the telegraph poles of the continent and says: "Here are my heart and hand. Be mine forever." Let the millions of the people north, south, east and west forbid the banns of that marriage, forbid them at the ballet box, forbid them on the platform, forbid them by great organizations, forbid them by the overwhelming sentiment of an outraged nation, forbid them by the protest of the church of God, forbid them by prayer to high heaven! That Herod shall not have this Abigail. It shall not be to all devouring monopoly that this land is to be married.

Another suitor claiming the hand of this republic is nihilism.

He owns nothing but a knife for universal cutthroatery and a nitroglycerin bomb for universal explosion. He believes in no God, no government, no heaven and no hell except what he can make on earth. He slew the czar of Russia, keeps many a king practically imprisoned, killed Abraham Lincoln, would put to death every king and president on earth, and, if he had the power, would climb up until he could drive the God of heaven from his throne and take it himself, the universal butcher. In France it is called communism; in the United States it is called anarchism; in Russia it is called nihilism, but that is the most graphic and descriptive term. It means complete and eternal smash up. It would make the holding of property a crime, and it would drive a dagger through your heart and put a torch to your dwelling and turn over this whole land into the possession of theft and lust and rapine and murder.

Where does this monster live? In all the towns and cities of this land. It offers its hand to this fair republic. It proposes to tear to pieces the ballot box, the legislative hall, the congressional assembly. It would take this land and divide it up, or rather, divide it down. It would give as much to the idler as to the worker, to the bad as to the good. Nihilism! This panther having prowled across other lands has set its paw on our soil, and it is only waiting for the time in which to spring upon its prey. It was nihilism that burned the railroad property at Pittsburg during the great riots; it was nihilism that slew black people in our northern cities during the war; it was nihilism that mauled to death the Chinese immigrants years ago; it is nihilism that glares out of the windows of the drunkeries upon sober people as they go by. Ah, its power has never yet been tested. I pray God its power may never be fully tested. It would, if it had the power, leave every church, chapel, cathedral, schoolhouse and college in ashes.

Let me say it is the worst enemy of the laboring classes in any country. The honest cry for reform lifted by oppressed laboring men is drowned out by the vociferation for anarchy. The criminals and the vagabonds who range through our cities talking about their rights, when their first right is the penitentiary—if they could be hushed up, and the downtrodden laboring men of this country could be heard, there would be more bread for hungry children. In this land, riot and bloodshed never gained any wages for the people or gathered up any prosperity. In this land the best weapon is not the club, not the shillalah, not firearms, but the ballot. Let not our oppressed laboring men be beguiled to coming under the bloody banner of nihilism. It will make your taxes heavier, your wages smaller, your table scantier, your children hungrier, your suffering greater. Yet this nihilism, with feet red of slaughter, comes forth and offers its hand for this republic. Shall the banns be proclaimed? If so, where shall the marriage altar be? and who will be the officiating priest? and what will be the music? That altar will have to be white with bleached skulls, the officiating priest must be a dripping assassin the music must be the smothered groan of multitudinous victims, the garlands must be twisted of night shade, the fruits must be apples of Sodom, the wine must be the blood of St. Bartholomew's massacre. No! It is not to nihilism, the sanguinary monster, that this land is to be married.

Another suitor for the hand of this nation is infidelity. When the midnight ruffians despoiled the grave of A. T. Stewart in St. Mark's churchyard everybody was shocked; but infidelity proposes something worse than that—the robbing of all the graves of christendom of the hope of a resurrection. It proposes to chisel out from the tombstones of your Christian dead the words "Asleep in Jesus," and substitute the words, "Obliteration—annihilation." Infidelity proposes to take the letter from the world's Father, inviting the nations to virtue and happiness, and tear it up into fragments so small that you cannot read a word of it. It proposes to take the consolation from the brokenhearted, and the soothing pillow from the dying. Infidelity proposes to swear in the president of the United States, and the supreme court, and the governors of states, and the witnesses in the courtroom with their right hand on Paine's Age of Reason," or Voltaire's "Philosophy of History." It proposes to take away from this country the book that makes the difference between the United States and the kingdom of Dahomey, between American civilization and Bornesian cannibalism. If infidelity could destroy the Scriptures, it would in 200 years turn the civilized nations back to semibarbarism, and then from semibarbarism into midnight savagery, until the morals of a menagerie of tigers, rattlesnakes and chimpanzes would be better than the morals of the shipwrecked human race.

The only impulse in the right direction that this world has ever had has come from the Bible. It was the mother of Roman law and of healthful jurisprudence. That book has been the mother of all reforms and all charities—mother of English magna charta and American declaration of independence. Benjamin Franklin, holding that holy book in his hand, stood before an infidel club in Paris and read to them out of the prophecies of Habakkuk, and the infidels, not knowing what book it was, declared it was the best poetry they had ever heard. That book brought George Washington down on his knees in the snow at Valley Forge, and led the dying Prince Albert to ask some one to sing "Rock of Ages."

I tell you that the worst attempted crime of the century is the attempt to destroy this book. Yet infidelity, loathsome, stenchful, leprous, pestiferous, rotten monster, stretches out its hand, ichorous with the second death, to take the hand of this republic. It stretches it out through seductive magazines, and through lyceum lectures, and through caricatures of religion. It asks for all that part of the continent already fully settled and the two-thirds not yet occupied. It says: "Give me all east of the Mississippi, with the keys of the church and with the Christian printing presses. Then give me Wyoming, give me Alaska, give me Montana, give me Colorado, give me all the states west of the Mississippi and I will take those places and keep them by right of possession long before the gospel can be fully intrenched.

And this suitor presses his case appallingly. Shall the banns of that marriage be proclaimed? "No!" say the home missionaries of the west, a martyr band of whom the world is not worthy, toiling amid fatigues and malaria and starvation. "No, not if we can help it. By what we and our children have suffered we forbid the banns of that marriage!" "No!" say all patriotic voices. "Our institutions were bought at too dear a price and were defended at too great a sacrifice to be so cheaply surrendered." "No!" says the God of Bunker Hill and Independence hall and Gettysburg. "I did not start this nation for such a farce." "No!" cry 10,000 voices. "To infidelity this land shall not be married!"

But there is another suitor that presents his claim for the hand of this republic. He is mentioned in the verse following my text where it says, "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee." It is not my figure. It is the figure of the Bible. Christ is so desirous to have this world love him that he stops at no humiliation of simile. He compares his grace to spittle on the eyes of the blind man. He compares himself to a hen gathering the chickens, and in my text he compares himself to a suitor begging a hand in marriage. Does this Christ, the King, deserve this land? Behold Pilate's hall and the insulting expectoration on the face of Christ. Behold the Calvarean massacre and the awful hemorreage of five wounds. Jacob served 14 years for Rachel, but Christ, my Lord, the King, suffered in torture 33 years to win the love of this world. As often princesses at their very birth are pledged in treaty of marriage to princes or kings of earth, so this nation at its birth was pledged to Christ for divine marriage.

Before Columbus and his 120 men embarked on the Santa Maria, the Pinta and the Nina for their wonderful voyage what was the last thing they did? They sat down and took the holy sacrament of the Lord Jesus Christ. After they caught the first glimpse of this country and the gun of one ship had announced it to the other vessels that land had been discovered, what was the song that went up from all the three decks? "Gloria in excelsis." After Columbus and his 120 men had stepped from the ship's deck to the solid ground, what did they do? They all knelt and consecrated the new world to God. What did the Huguenots do after they landed in the Carolinas? What did the Holland refugees do after they had landed in New York? What did the pilgrim fathers do after they landed in New England? With bended knee and uplifted face and heaven besieging prayer, they took possession of this continent for God. How was the first American congress opened? By prayer, in the name of Jesus Christ. From its birth this nation was pledged for holy marriage with Christ.

And then see how good God has been to us! Just open the map of the continent and see how it is shaped for immeasurable prosperities. Navigable rivers, more in number and greater than of any other land, rolling down on all sides into the sea, prophesying large manufactures and easy commerce. Look at the great ranges of mountains timbered with wealth on the top and sides, metaled with wealth underneath. One hundred and eighty thousand square miles of coal. One hundred and eighty thousand square miles of iron. The land so contoured that extreme weather hardly ever lasts more than three days—extreme heat or extreme cold. Climate for the most part bracing and favorable for brawn and brain. All fruits, all minerals, all harvests. Scenery displaying an autumnal pageantry that no land on earth pretends to rival. No South American earthquakes. No Scotch mists. No London fogs. No Egyptian plagues. No Germanic divisions. The people of the United States are happier than any people on earth. It is the testimony of every man that has traveled abroad. For the poor, more sympathy; for the industries, more opportunity. Oh, how good God was to our fathers, and how good he has been to us and our children. To him—blessed be his mighty name—to him of cross and triumph to him who still remembers the prayer of the Huguenots and Holland refugees and the pilgrim fathers—to him shall this land be married. Oh, you Christian patriots, by your contributions and your prayers hasten on the fulfillment of the text.

We have been turning an important leaf in the mighty tome of our national history. One year at the gates of this continent over 500,000 emigrants arrived. I was told by the commissioner of emigration that the probability was that in that year 600,000 emigrants would arrive at the different gates of commerce. Who were they? The paupers of Europe? No. At Kansas City I was told by a gentleman, who had opportunity for large investigation, that a great multitude had gone through there, averaging in wordly estate $800. I was told by an officer of the government, who had opportunity for authentic investigation, that thousands and thousands had gone, averaging $1,000 in possession each. I was told by the commission of emigration that 20 families that had recently arrived brought $85,000 with them. Mark you, families, not tramps. Additions to the national wealth, not subtractions therefrom. I saw some of them reading their Bibles and their hymnbooks, thanking God for his kindness in helping them cross the sea. Some of them had Christ in the steerage all across the waves and they will have Christ in the rail trains which at 5 o'clock every afternoon start for the great west. They are being taken by the commission of emigration in New York, taken from the vessels, protected from the Shylocks and the sharpers, and, in the name of God and humanity, passed on to their destination, and there they will turn your wilderness into gardens, if you will build for them churches and establish for them schools and send to them Christian missionaries.

Are you afraid this continent is going to be overcrowded with this population? Ah, that shows you have not been to California, that shows you have not been to Oregon, that shows that you have not been to Texas. A fishing smack today on Lake Ontario might as well be afraid of being crowded by other shipping before night as for any one of the next ten generations of Americans to be afraid of being overcrowded by foreign populations in this country. The one State of Texas is far larger than all the Austrian empire, yet the Austrian empire supports 35,000,000 people. The one State of Texas is larger than all France, and France supports 36,000,000 people. The one State of Texas far surpasses in size the German empire, yet the Germanic empire supports 41,000,000 people. I tell you the great want of the western states is more population.

While some people may stand at the gates of the city saying, "Stay back!" to foreign populations, I press out as far beyond those gates as I can press out beyond them and beckon to foreign nations, saying, "Come, come, all ye people who are honest and industrious and God loving!" But say you, "I am so afraid that they will bring their prejudices for foreign governments and plant them here," Absurd. They are sick of the governments that have oppressed them, and they want free America! Give them the great gospel of welcome. Throw around them all Christian hospitalities. They will add their industry and hard earned wages to this country, and then we will dedicate all to Christ and "thy land shall be married." But where shall the marriage altar be? Let it be the Rocky mountains, when, through artificial and mighty irrigation, all their tops shall be covered, as they will be, with vineyards and orchards and grain fields. Then let the Bostons and the New Yorks and the Charlestons of the Pacific coast come to the marriage altar on one side, and then let Bostons and the New York and the Charlestons of the Atlantic come to the marriage altar on the other side, and there between them let this bride of nations kneel and then if the organ of the loudest thunders that ever shook the Sierra Nevadas on the one side or moved the fundations of the Alleghanies on the other side should open full diapason of wedding march, that organ of thunders could not drown the voice of him who would take the hand of this bride of nations, saying, "as a bridegroom rejoiceth over a bride, so thy God rejoiceth over thee." At that marriage banquet the platters shall be of Nevada silver, and the chalices of California gold and the fruits of northern orchards and the spices of southern groves and the tapestry of American manufacture and the congratulations from all the free nations of earth and from all the triumphant armies of heaven. And so thy land shall be married."

THE CROPS AND WEATHER.

What the Department of Agriculture Says About Them.

The following is the weekly bulletin of the condition of the weather and crops of the state issued Wednesday by the South Carolina section of the climate and crop service of the United States weather bureau:

The week ending May 29th averaged over four degrees cooler than usual, with an extreme minimum of 45 degrees at Walhalla on the 25th.

The rainfall for the week was heavy at a few widely separated points, but was generally light and insufficient to relieve the prevailing drought. In some localities no rain fell. The need of rain is general and is indicated for all crops. Hail fell over the central and eastern counties on the 22d, but in Spartanburg, Union, Orangeburg and Colleton only was any considerable damage done, and over small areas in those counties.

The dry weather was favorable for cultivation: farm work make rapid pregress and field crops are free from grass and weeds. Late planted seeds are not all up, and large areas remain to be planted to corn and cotton should the ground become softened sufficiently to permit preparation within the next fortnight.

Where moisture is lacking corn is turning yellow, and late plantings are not up. Over about half the State the crop is in good condition, and over the more easterly counties is being laid by. Worms and grasshoppers have damaged corn in places.

The cool weather was unfavorable for cotton, which is making slow growth, and in a few localities is infested by lice. Late plantings not up. Sea island cotton has good stands.

Late tobacco settings have poor stands, and in a few localities the plants are dying for want of moisture. Early plantings are doing well. Worms have appeared in one county.

Wheat is ripening and harvesting has begun. Wheat and oats are below former expectations, the latter being a short crop generally for fall sown and a failure for spring sown. The weather has been favorable for harvesting.

Rice is doing well in most districts and has good stands. In Colleton some fields are infested by caterpillars Hoeing has begun in the Georgetown district and is well advanced elsewhere.

Melons, sugar cane and minor crops generally continue promising. Truck farms in the Charleston district were visited by heavy rains and are greatly improved.

Some few peas have been planted on stubble lands but the ground is generally too dry. No improvement in the fruit prospects.

WILL BE PAID.

Volunteer Soldiers Certain of Getting Some Extra Money.

Mr. W. Boyd Evans has received a leter from Judge C. P. Townsend which is of especial interest to those having claims against the government yet unadjusted as well as to volunteer soldiers of this State. Following is an extract from a letter dated at Bennettsville and directed to Mr. Evans:

"I returned from Washington last night. When I called on the auditor of the war department I found him examining the claims of South Carolina. He informs me that all are audited except four claims, one of them being for the Coast Line and the other for only small amounts. I have written the parties and informed them that unless they sign the papers and send them and thus perfect the vouchers their claims will be disallowed.

"I asked the auditor to wait three or four days before he sent the check to Governor Ellerbe. I think you will receive the checks in the course of ten days.

"I exhibited to him the submitted copy of the act you sent me and he said this was all right, and $1.50 per day would be allowed by the government. He further informed me that when there was no special forms and none would be required for making out claims of officers and men. The rolls must show the names, number of days served between the entry into the service and the muster in, the amount due each with receipt from each man.

"He further said there must be the certificate of some military officer as to correctness of the rolls and also attached to each a copy of the act such as you sent me. I think the form of roll adopted by Captain Carson, judging from the duplicate of it you sent to me, will do. The auditor said it must appear that the men actually volunteered—that is, that they went to Colnmbia for this purpose.

"This, I think, embraces all the information I received. If there is anything more you would like me to look into, I will promptly do so.

"Sincerely,

"C. P. Townsend."

Captains of companies should go to work at once on the basis of this letter and get up the rolls. The men will get $1.50 per day, except officers, who will get the regular army pay. It is certain that both the accepted and rejected men will be paid for the time between enrollment for the service and the muster in or rejection from the United States army. But a receipt for each individual man must be had and the sooner the captains forward the rolls the sooner will the men be paid. An army officer, probably Captain Fuller, will be detailed to assist in getting up correct rolls.

An effort will be made to secure a month's extra pay for the First Regiment. But there is some doubt about it being obtained, as the regiment was mustered out before the law allowing extra pay was passed.

Five People Drowned.

Five people, three women and two men, were drowned Wednesday at the foot of Madison street, Toledo, O., in full view of a number of persons on the dock, and so far it has been impossible to locate the bodies or ascertain the names. The party was in a row boat and got in the way of a steamer. The boat upturned and all went under. The boat also sank.

PRESS ASSOCIATION.

Editors Will Spend Week at Harris Lithia Springs in July.

The South Carolina State Press Association will meet this year at Harris Lithia Springs, July 25-28 inclusive, and promises to be a most interesting occasion. The program for the week is as follows:

TUESDAY, JULY 25—3 P. M.

Organization.

Miscellaneous business, appointment of committees, reports of officers, etc.

A symposium, "The Newspaper."

1. How to Buy the Stock—J. L. Sims, Times and Democrat, Orangeburg.

2. How to Print It—Geo. E. Grist, Enquirer Yorkville.

3. How to Get the News—A. Kohn, News and Courier, Columbia.

4. How to Make it Readable—E. H. Aull, Herald and News, Newberry.

5. How to Circulate It—J. C. Garlington, Herald, Spartanburg.

General discussion of the above subjects.

(Evening Session.)

"Scraps of History of Journalism in South Carolina"—continued from the session of two years ago—Yates Snowden, News and Courier, Charleston.

WEDNESDAY—9 A. M.

"Advantages and Disadvantages of a Semi-Weekly"—J. T. Bigham, Lantern, Chester.

"The Relation of the Newspaper to Public Men"—J. C. Hemphill, News and Courier, Charleston.

General discussion of the above subjects.

Miscellaneous subjects.

(Afternoon Session.)

"For What Am I Running a Newspaper?"—E. W. Nolley, Herald, Conway.

"The Future of the Southern Woman in Journalism"—Mrs. Virginia D. Young, Enterprise, Fairfax.

General discussion of the above subjects.

Miscellaneous subjects.

(Evening Session.)

"The Editor as a Judge of the Good Things of Life"—James T. Bacon, Chronicle, Edgefield.

General discussion of the above subject.

THURSDAY—9 A. M.

"The Relation of the Daily to the Country Weekly"—N. G. Gonzales, The State, Columbia.

"Newspaper Fakes and Fates"—C. W. Wolfe, Record, Kingstree.

General discussion of the above subject.

Miscellaneous subjects.

(Afternoon Session)

"The Importance of an Ideal in Journalism"—Rev W M Grier, D D, A R, Presbyterian, Due West.

General discussion of the above subject.

(Evening Session)

At 8:30 o'clock the annual address before the association will be delivered by Col Pleasant A Stovall, editor of the Press, Savannah, Ga.

At the conclusion of Colonel Stovall's address, a banquet will be tendered the association by Mr Harris.

FRIDAY—9 A. M.

"Personal Reminiscences of South Carolina Journalism," to be opened by Col J A Hoyt, Mountaineer, Greenville, and followed by Col T B Crews, Herald, Laurens; L M Grist, Enquirer, Yorkville; Chas Petty, Spartan, Spartanburg; F Melchers, Zeitung, Charleston; Rev Sidi H Browne, Christian Neighbor, Columbia; Gen R R Hemphill, Medium, Abbeville; M B McSweeney, Guardian, Hampton; W P Houseal, Observer, Newberry.

Build Cotton Mills.

Mr. D. A. Tompkins, of Charlotte, N. C., is one of the most successful cotton manufacturers in the south, and is doing much to encourage and improve this industry. In a recent interview Mr. Tompkins advocates the building of cotton mills in small towns. He believes that this is the surest way to restore prosperity to the cotton districts, and that such mills properly built and managed, will prove excellent investments for their owners or stockholders. Mr. Tompkins believes that the erection of a cotton mill in a country community will promptly enhance the value of the cotton product of the immediate district by affording a home market for a large portion, if not all of the output of the farms. A home market means the saving of transportation charges, the cost of labor and the profits of the middlemen. Moreover, the cotton turned into cloth is worth three times as much in the case of coarse cloth than the raw material; hence the working into cloth of the raw cotton at home adds the profit and the wages of the mill in the price realized for the raw material. Another advantage of a local mill is the employment it affords to many who would otherwise be idle. This employment adds to the farmers' income and the industrial community which always springs up about a successful mill will furnish a ready market for the minor products of the farms, such as meat, poultry, butter, fruits and vegetables, thus still further adding to the profits of the farmers. There is much idleness in the country towns of the south, due largely to the lack of paying development. Cotton mills in the small towns would absorb much of this idle labor. Mr. Tompkins contends with good reason that the benefit of a cotton mill to a town is both direct and far-reaching. It gives an air of business and thrift to the locality and the district. Money becomes more plentiful, the roads are improved and a contagious business briskness extends throughout the community. Many towns in both the Carolinas have taken on new life since cotton mills were built within their limits. Charlotte, the city of Mr. Tompkins' residence, is said to have doubled in population in about ten years and its remarkable growth is due to the fact that it has become such a large manufacturing center. Some of the best paying cotton mills in the south are located in South Carolina towns, and there is room for many more.

A Child's Horrible Death.

An 18-months-old child of Mr. John H. Clegg, of Greenwood, met with a horrible death Wednesday afternoon. The little one was playing around the kitchen and got hold of the kerosene can and drank a quantity of the fluid. Congestion followed and the little one died in a few hours. The child's mother died very suddenly about ten days ago.

A GIRL's taste differs according to her age, says a cynic. At 16 she wants a dude with toothpick shoes and miscroscope mustache; at 20 a chief justice with a pile of tin; at 25 she'll be satisfied with a member of congress; at 30 a country doctor or a preacher will do; and at 35 anything in the male line from an editor down.

SHOULD BE LOOKED AFTER.

Violations of the Fish Law on the Edisto River.

The Legislature at its recent session, as was recently recalled by Mr. August Kohn, the wide-awake Columbia correspondent of the News and Courier, refused to provide for a "fish patrol," and there is now, therefore, no one whose special business it is to stop the wholesale and senseless destruction of fish in the waters of the State, even in those to which they resort for spawning purposes, and the result is exhibited in the letter of Mr. Frank M. Stubbs to Governor Ellerbe. Writing in the interest of the people living along the Edisto River, Mr. Stubbs reports, in substance, that he spent an few days, recently, on the river, covering a distance of about twenty miles above and below Branchville, and adds:

"All the outlets to lakes, slews, guts, in fact every opening where fish go out to spawn, bed and raise their young, is entirely closed with fine gauze net, with trap in the centre, that catches every fish that tries to pass and prevents any from passing. These traps are put in and fished by a few men, two living at Edisto Station, four miles from Branchville, towards Augusta. They are fishing for market, of course, and against the wishes of the citizens and their interests; that is, of those living along the river, who like to have some sport some time with a hook and line. They will destroy the fish soon, if it is not stopped."

In commenting on the matter The News and Courier says "there is ample law on the statute books to prevent the use of such destructive devices, and to punish the men who employ them, but there is no one to enforce it. The Legislature refused to make a specific appropriation for the purpose of a patrol, the Governor's contingent fund is not available for that purpose, and he has "no way of reaching the offenders.' It is suggested, therefore, that the only thing that can be done in the circumstances is for the people themselves to punish the offenders, and the matter must rest on that suggestion.

The Governor is not at fault, certainly, and is powerless to remedy the fault of the Legislature, which is wholly to blame for the condition described. That body will not meet again until next year, and there is no reason whatever to expect or hope that it will take any action for the effective protection of the fisheries when it meets. It has paid little or no attention to the appeals and arguments for such action that have been addressed to it heretofore, and has allowed some of the most important fishing interests in the State to be practically ruined with the same indifference which it has so persistently manifested with regard to the destruction of the equally important sheep and wool interest. It has seen the streams of the State, from the sea to the mountains, nearly denuded of all the varied and valuable food fishes which once swarmed in them, without making one adequate effort to arrest the evil, and finally, at its last session, turned over every stream in the State to the greed of ignorant and unscrupulous marauders, by calling off the lonely and ill-paid patrol before provided, and leaving them free to prosecute their bad business at their pleasure and without fear of interruption. The people living along the streams can protect their own interests in them if they will by reporting and prosecuting the offenders of every class, and the grand juries of one or two of the upper counties have recently been induced to move in the matter, in view of the wholesale and nearly complete destruction of the fish in the streams in their counties. The condition which has thus been forced on their attention threatens all the streams in the State above the tide water line, and will speedily obtain in them, if effective measures are not taken to avert it. No such measures will be taken, it is very plain, unless the people move actively and in earnest on their own behalf. Whether the end is worth the effort is a question which they must decide for themselves."

HE WANTS A DIVORCE.

A Very Sad Story of Marital Infelicity and Incompatibility.

The governor's office has received a letter from a man in Camden asking that he be granted a divorce. It is curious how many letters of that kind are received by the state officials. This applicant evidently has been badly treated, as his tale of woe shows:

Camden, S. C., May 27th, 1899.

Gov. of S. C.

Dear Sir I Seat my Self to drop you a few lines to ask you if you can give me a Devorce from my wife as I can't live with her, She has left me the 5th time and had no cause to Do So as I treated her as good as a poor man could do and She was not Satisfied and now if you can pleas give it to me and let me know how much it will cost me. She is in Orangeburg S. C. or she was there the last time that I heard from her. She treated me like a Dog while She was with me and I wanted to live with her but I can't. So Do the best you can for me and I will be more than oblige to you. her maiden name was annie flake and her mother name was Mrs. J. A. Flake. if you want to know how she treated me just write to Iren S. C. and ask any of those people how She Done me. Mrs. welch is one and any one most that knowed me in Columbia will tell you the Same. go to congree yard and ask Mosses Seibirt and Mary goldman and they will tell you. ans. Back By retuin mail.

Robt. Seabrooks,
Camden S. C.

Americans Captured.

Details regarding the capture by Filipinos of two officers of the United States hospital ship Relief have just been obtained. The Relief lies in the harbor in front of Manila. Third Officer Fred Heppy and Assistant Engineer Charles Blandford rigged a sail on one of the ship's boats and went sailing along the shore, on the south, opposite the insurgent lines. The boat became disabled near shore and some native canoes with Filipinos on board put out and captured the two men, who were unarmed, and also took possion of the boat. The United States turret ship Monadnock quickly sent a boat with a landing party ashore, under cover of her guns, and shelled the shore briskly. The natives, however, rushed the prisoners into the woods before the Monadnock's boat reached land. Persons on board several other ships saw the affair through glasses, but were unable to prevent the capture of Messrs. Heppy and Blandford.

A French naturalist asserts that if the world should become birdless, man could not inhabit it after nine years' time, in spite of all the sprays and poisons that could be manufactured for the destruction of insects. The bugs and slugs would simply eat up our orchards and crops.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

KILLED BY HIS CHILDREN.

A Cruel Father Shot and Killed by His Young Children.

A remarkable murder case has developed at Rapid City, S. D., in which a 14-year-old girl, Lena Bouts and her 10-year-old brother are charged with the murder of their father, Frank Bouts. The murdered man was a prominent railroad contractor.

The little girl admits the crime and the boy adds that he did what he could to kill his father. The father is said to have been very cruel to his family and this appears to have been the motive for the crime. It was committed while the mother was at a neighbor's, and after the killing the girl prepared lunch in the usual way, and when the mother returned the three sat down and ate, while the body of the father lay a few rods away in the rear of the house.

The rifle of the father was used for the purpose. While the little boy steadied the weapon the girl fired it from a rear window. Her aim was true, and a great hole was torn in her father's back. Death must have been instantaneous. The gun was put away and nothing said of the crime until the mother became alarmed at the long absence of the father, and the shooting was then admitted.

The children are quite bright, and seem to think the cruelty of their parent warranted the murder. The girl spoke freely to the wife of the jailor in Rapid City the day of the crime.

"You see," she said, "papa was very mean to mama and us, and Nicholas and I were talking about having him hanged, and he came in the house and kicked me. Nicholas ran to him, and he got kicked too. Then papa went out behind the house to fix a buggy whip, and we thought he was going to whip us, so Nicholas got the rifle and cocked it, as he had seen papa do, and I put it through the window close to where papa stood. I pulled the trigger and it kicked me down, but when I looked out papa was rolling on the ground, but did not speak."

A STOLEN CHILD FOUND.

She Was at a Farm House Up in New York State.

Marion Clark, the 21-months-old infant kidnapped from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Clark of New York city on May 21, was discovered two miles south of Sloatsburg, a village in the upper part of the state of New York Thursday morning. She was found at a farm house of Charles Youmans and was in the custody of Mrs. Jennie Wilson, who took the baby to that place during the early part of last week. Mrs. Wilson was accompanied by her husband and stated to Mrs. Youmans that she wanted board for the little girl for the summer.

Wednesday morning Mrs. Wilson went to the postoffice, taking Marion with her as she had done on several occasions before. The Clark baby attracted the country people by her appearance, her large blue eyes and pink complexion being particularly noticeable. The curiosity which the child aroused made her captors grow uneasy, and they kept her closely confined to the Youmans home.

As soon as Deputy Sheriff William H. Charlston learned of the abduction, he, taking his clues from pictures of the child and the description given him by people who saw her, went to the farm house of Charles Youmans and found Mrs. Wilson, whom he demanded the child from. Mrs. Wilson was indignant and claimed she knew nothing whatever of the child.

The deputy sheriff produced a warrant, arrested the woman and demanded information as to the whereabouts of the child. At this Mrs. Wilson weakened and made a confession. Marion Clark, the child is in good health. She has no hat, and her shoes shew much rough handling.

Arthur Clark, the father of the abducted baby, arrived here at 6.30 o'clock Wednesday evening. He immediately identified the child found in the custody of Mrs. Jennie Wilson by Deputy Sheriff Charlston as his lost Marion.

Wales's Decorations.

The Prince of Wales has the right to decorate himself with no fewer than fifty foreign "orders," while besides the Garter, the Thistle, and the St. Patrick, the Prince possesses five other British orders of lesser note. The Queen is not half so well off in this respect as her son, for, besides the British orders which were in existence when she began to reign, and those—such as the Crown of India and Royal Red Cross—which she herself has established, she has but ten others, these including St. Catherine of Russia, St. Isabella of Portugal, Maria Louisa of Spain, Louisa of Prussia, the Lion and Sun (Persia), Pedro I. of Brazil, and the White Elephant of Siam.

The Steps He Wanted to Take.

Not long ago a number of constables were assembled at Scotland Yard, London, for the purpose of being examined in matters relating to police duty previous to being appointed as sergeants. The following question was asked a candidate by a member of the examining board: "You are on duty in the vicinity of a menagerie, and you are informed that a lion has broken loose and is roaming about the streets. What steps would you take?"

"Jolly long steps, sir," replied the constable, to the amusement of the other members of the board.

Most Medieval Race.

The Spaniards are not the most medieval of races. The Svanthians, who live in the inaccessible mountain range between the Black and Caspian seas, are probably the laziest people in the world. They have made no advance toward civilization in 2,500 years. It is their invariable rule to observe holidays four times a week, with saints' days as extras.

Stone Telegraph Poles.

The messages between Milan and Switzerland, by way of the Simplon pass, pass over a telegraph line with stone poles. This line runs along the fine military road which skirts the west side of lake Maggiore. The poles are of gray granite, and average about 10 inches square and 25 feet high. They are in use for a distance of 30 or 40 miles.

THE AWFUL PANIC AT CANEY

The Frenzied Inhabitants Thought They Were to be Butchered.

The scenes and actions in Caney after the battle are in a measure explained by the impression that, following the taking of the town, the invading force would loot, commit murder and rapine. Immediately after occupation of the hill upon which the fort is situated by our forces, the frenzied inhabitants began rushing up the hill to make peace with the victors. I went down into the town with a sergeant and eight men, with instructions from Capt. Allen of the calvary to turn out all the Spanish Soldiers I could find and break up their arms and send the soldiers up to the fort.

General orders had been issued forbidding anyone except this small guard to enter the town, as there was thought to be a great amount of fever, and also because it was still occupied by the defeated Spanish under arms. As we went down the trail across the river we met a procession such as I never expect to see again. Hysterical women, paralyzed with the fright of the whole long day; children of all sizes screaming with terror and clutching their mothers' skirts for protection from men who had killed their fathers or brothers, as far as they knew without cause. Some little ones, with eyes wide open in mute wonderment of it all; men of all classes; soldiers who walked indefinately with no excuse, while others declared they were forced into the Spanish ranks.

One poor frightened woman of about fifty years was carrying another, evidently her mother—a woman who must have been eighty or more. She was in her nightclothes, having just been taken helpless from her bed. The younger woman was carrying, or really dragging her, by holding her on her back, having the arms over her shoulders. The older woman was much taller and her bare feet dragged upon the jagged rocks in the path while she moaned and cried incoherently. These people were not of the poorest class, but evidently well to do. I stopped a couple of Spanish soldiers and had the women carried to their houses, and assurred them that no harm would come to them.

One young woman rushed frantically up to me, as I came into the town, and thrust a jewel box into my hands, and as she did so she lifted the lid and showed me that the contents was really valuable, begging all the while that I spare her life. When I closed the box and handed it back to her, saying that I did not want it, she looked at me in an inquiring way to see if she could make it out. She did not understand that sort of soldiering, and she fully expected to purchase her safety. It all would have been immensely funny had it not been so extremely pitiful. One woman came up very mysteriously, and after looking about her most carefully, produced a murderous looking sheath knife from under the folds of her skirts, telling me that it belonged to a Spanish soldier who had concealed himself in her house, to which she led us.

I started up a side street, over some trenches filled with Spanish dead, when a beautiful woman came rushing down moaning, and now and then muttering a frenzied prayer as she clasped a little crucifix. Her long black hair was falling loosely about her shoulders and she presented a pitiful picture of despair. I tried to comfort her thinking that like the rest, she was merely hysterical, but little by little I made out her story, and it was sad indeed. Her husband, a Spanish soldier, had been killed while defending her honor from a drunken officer, and she begged me to go with her, and so I followed. I found a pretty room, but in great disorder, showing a terrible struggle, the table overturned and the clothes pulled off the bed; on the floor, clutching a corner of a blanket, was the dead body of a Spanish soldier, who, from the dirt and grime, had been in the trenches during the day. At his head was a single candle burning, placed there by his devoted wife, and on his breast lay a crucifix. The moment we entered the room the woman dropped at the side of the body, moaning and praying. It was pitiful.—James F. J. Archibald in Leslie's Weekly.

MAN A FIGHTING ANIMAL.

Prince Albert's Dream of Peace Has Been a Bloody One.

Man is a fighting animal. After 4,000 years, according to Biblical chronology, two highly civilized nations have just been flying at one another's throats. The most enlightened nations in the world, the United States of America, has been engaged in war, variously stated to be for "the pacification of Cuba," "the freedom of Cuba," "the annexation of Cuba," "a war for humanity," "a war to drive Spain out of the Western Hemisphere," and "a war to revenge the Maine."

Universal peace is a dream of the student and the scholar. The amiable person, Albert, the Prince consort—who was imported from Germany into England to continue the royal Hanoverian line—believed in peace. At the opening of the Crystal Palace exhibition, nearly half a century ago, he told the world that this exhibition heralded the dawn of peace: that thereafter the dogs of war would never be let loose. This was in 1851. Yet in 1854 England waged war against Russia; in 1856 she waged war against China; in 1856 she waged war against Persia; in 1857 she made blood run like water in India, crushing the mutiny there; in 1856 France, Italy and Austria became engaged in war; in 1861 the United States entered upon the bloodiest civil war ever known to the world; in 1866 Prussia vanquished Austria; in 1867 England began her war against Abysinnia; in 1870 France and Germany engaged in their bloody struggle, in 1874 England waged war against the Ashantees; in 1877 Russia and Turkey went to war; in 1879 England began her Zulu war; in 1882 England bombarded Alexandria, and invaded Egypt; in 1883 the French were at war in Tonking; in 1894 China and Japan went to war; in 1896 Greece and Turkey were at war; in 1898 the United States went to war with Spain.

These are a few of the wars that have taken place in the last half a century, not to mention the scores of minor wars in half-civilized countries, like South America

THE State has been a great factor in the building up of Columbia. When it was first started The State was at least twenty five years ahead of the town, but such has been Columbia's progress in the last few years that she has nearly caught up with her enterprising, self-sacrificing newspaper. May they both continue to prosper.

THE eightieth birthday of Queen Victoria was celebrated throughout the British empire last Wednesday. The queen is in good health and good spirits and bids fair to celebrate more birthdays yet. Long may this noble woman live.