

GLORIOUS DELUSION

Dr. Talmage Satirizes the Antagonists of Christianity.

THE GREAT PREACHER

Depicts in a Very Unusual Way the Triumphs of the Gospel.

A Delusion Which Overpowers the Strongest Intellects.

Another edition of this great Christian delusion. There goes Saul of Tarsus on horseback at full gallop. He wants no better play spell than to stand and watch the hats and coats of the murderers who are murdering God's children. There goes the same man some time he is about. Where is the going now? Going on the road to Ostracism to die for Christ. They tried to whip it out of him, they tried to scare it out of him, they thought they would give him enough of it by putting him into a windowless dungeon, and keeping him on small diet, and denying him a cloak and condemning him through the street but they could not sweat it out of him, and they tried the surgery of the sword, and one summer day in 66 he was decapitated. Perhaps the mightiest intellect of the 1,000 years of the world's existence hoodwinked, cheated, deceived, snared by the Christian religion.

THE PENITENTIARY.

(Continued from First Page.) being generous with the State's assets and especially to himself. We hold that both W. A. Neal and J. B. Watson are liable for the convict hire for convicts to be worked on Neal's plantation for the years 1896, 1897 and 1898. For the reason that Watson contracted to pay for them and Neal got the benefit of the labor and violated his duty by procuring them to be worked for his benefit and deceiving the board of directors. Their labor was an asset of the penitentiary as much as the products of the labor on the State farm, and he cannot take either and refuse to pay for it. A conversation of one is the same as a conversation of the other. We also condemn the practice of the superintendent's endorsing paper as superfluous and thereby pledging the credit of the penitentiary without express authority from the board of directors to each instance. We especially condemn Mr. Neal's action in endorsing the \$500 note for J. B. Watson and thus making of money merely for Watson's accommodation. We also condemn its use in the Kingsdale notes and W. W. Russell note.

TILLMAN AND EVANS.

Write Letters to the Penitentiary Investigating Committee. Senator Tillman and Ex-Governor Evans never did appear before the penitentiary investigating committee. But each of them wrote a letter to the committee. Senator Tillman's letter was as follows: Trenton, S. C., Aug. 1. Dear Sir: Your letter of June 24 enclosing copy of the account on the commissary book at the penitentiary received. I have no recollection of any of these matters, and a morally certain that I paid everything I owed the penitentiary when I left Columbia at the expiration of my term as governor. Besides, I left all the corn and hay I had on hand at the executive mansion with the understanding that Governor Evans would take it and pay for it, but he told me that Col. Neal used it. The mansion was unoccupied for several weeks after I left, undergoing some re-fitting and overhauling, and Neal probably did not feel that I owed the State anything at that score.

GOOD IF NEGROES GO.

At the meeting of the Georgia State Agricultural Society at Quitman, Ga., Wednesday, the race problem came prominently to the front as a topic of discussion. Hon. Pope Brown, president of the society, an extensive and prosperous planter of the State, asserted that the white man and the negro are at the parting of the ways and said the former should leave this latter in the hands of God. He does not tear off with a tender hand, but he is pleasant in disposition, exceedingly obliging and public spirited, and always ready to do a favor. These qualities go a long way towards warming the coals of the heart of the person from whom Mr. Kohn desires to extract information. Men have been on friendly terms with him while at daggers points with his paper. Not that he is not a staunch supporter of his paper, but his personal qualities smooth espersities.

THE CONVICT'S STORY.

Strange Connection of a White Cat With a Burglar's Life. "It's no secret that I've been in the penitentiary," said the old man. "It was a white cat that took me there, and a white cat that saved me and made me a better man. "One winter, a good many years ago, I was in Houston, sick and dead broke. An old pal of mine meeting me on the street took pity on me and soon helped me out of my troubles. But not for nothing. As soon as I recovered he wanted me to join him in some burglaries that he had planned. At first I refused indignantly, for I had some rough notions of honesty; but a little talking—he was a fine talker—and a few drinks did the work and I agreed to go in with him.

UPPER REGIONS OF THE AIR.

Unexplored Space More Interesting Than the North Pole. Above there extends a vast unexplored space far more interesting from a scientific point of view than the icy regions around the north pole. No one can reach the limit of the upper regions of the air and live, unless he carries with him air to breathe and fuel to warm him, for at the paltry distance of ten miles above the earth the air is too thin to support respiration, and the thermometer would register far below zero. It would be a region of perpetual snow on a peak of the earth if it should rise to such a height. A person in a balloon could not hear a friend in a neighboring balloon, even if they were near enough to shake hands. There would be no medium for the propagation of sound waves. There would, however, still be a medium for the conduction of electricity—a medium in fact of great conductivity—almost as good as a metal, and it is this medium that even a less height which Tesla proposes to use in his methods of transmitting power hundreds of miles through the air without wires.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE Makes the food more delicious and wholesome. THE CONVICT'S STORY. Unexplored Space More Interesting Than the North Pole. Upper Regions of the Air. How much we depend on a seeming trifle is shown in the case of the lumber schooner, 'Johanna' Swan, which was abandoned in a gale off Cape Cod. The cabins were flooded and the water supply had given out. In four days the sailors had not tasted water. To drink the brine of the sea was to induce tortures and endure a more deadly thirst than ever. There was a tank holding three gallons that could be fashioned into a condenser and the mate and a sailor so converted it. A piece of the schooner's rail, dry and full of resin, was chopped off for fuel, and now all that was necessary was a match. A search revealed just one match, that the captain had stowed in a dry pocket. If that went out, we be to them. But after sputtering for a moment, it blazed up, and the fire was set, the water boiled and the drip from the steam was enough to provide a drink for every man—pretty smoky water, but as welcome as coconuts, under the circumstances. A German bark heard their bell and took off the crew before their perils and sufferings became more serious. A condensing apparatus of a simple sort would not be a bad thing to take on all craft, considering the possibilities of ill fortune that follow the toilers of the sea.