## In Which He Shows the Tendency to Excuse Brilliant Faults.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows that there is a tendency to excuse brilliant faults because they are brilliant, when the same law of right and wrong ought to be applied to high places and low; text, Daniel iv, 33, "The same hour was the thing fulfilled upon Nebuchadnezzir, and he was driven from

men and did est grass as exen." Here is the mighties: of the Babylonish kings. Look at him. He did more for the grandeur of the capital than did all his predecessors or succe sors. Hang ing gardens, reservoirs, aqueducts, palaces, all of his own planning. The bricks that are brought up today from the ruins of Babylon have his name on them, "Nebuchadnezzer, sen of Nabo polassor, king of Bab; ion." He was a great conqueror. He stretched forth his spear toward a nation, and it surrender ed. But he plundered the temple of the true God. He lifted an idol, Bel Mercdach, and compelled the people to bow down before it, and if they re fused they must go through the redhot furnace or be crunched by lion or lion ess. So God pulled him down.

He was smitten with what physicians call lycanthropy and fancied that he was a wild beast, and he went out and pastured amid the cattle. God did not excuse him because he had committed the sin in high places or becaute the transgression was wide resounding. He meas ured Nebuchadnezzar in high places just as he would measure the humblest cap-

But in our time, you know as well as I, that there is a disposition to put a halo around iniguity if it is committed in conspicuous place and if it is wide re sounding and of large proportions. Ever and snon there has been an epidemic of crime in high places, and there is not a state or city and hardly a village which has not been called to look upon astounding forgery or an absconding bank cashier or president or the wasting of trust fund or swindling mortgages. I propose in carrying out the suggestion of my text, as far as I can, to scatter the fascinations around iniquity and show you that sin is sin and wrong is wrong whether in high place or low place and that it will be deait with by that God who dealt with impalaced Nebuchadnezzar.

All who preach feel that two kinds of sermons are neccessary, the one on the faith of the gospel, the other en the morality of the gospel, and the one is just as important as the other, for you know that in this land today there are hundreds of men hiding behind the communion tables and in churches of Jesus Christ who have no business to be there as professors of religion. They expect to be all right with God, although they are all wrong with man. And, while I want you to understand that by the deeds of the law no flesh living can be justified and a mere honest life cannot enter us into heaven. I want you as plainly to understand that unless the life is right the heart is not right. Grace in the heart and grace in the life; so we must preach sometimes the faith of the gospel and sometimes the morality of

It seems to me there has not been a time in the last 50 years when this lat ter truth needed more thoroughly to be presented in the American churches. It needs to be presented today.

A missionary in the islands of the Pacific preached one Sabbath on honesty and dishonesty, and on Monday he found his yard full of all styles of goods which the natives had brought. He could not understand it until a native told him. 'Our gods permit us to purloin goods but the God you toldus about yesterday, the God of heaven and earth. it seems, is against these practices, and so we brought all the goods that do not belong to us, and they are lying in the yard and we want you to help us to distribute them among their rightful owner And if in all the pulpits of the United States today rousing sermons could be preached on honesty and the evils of dishonesty and the sermons were blessed of God and arrangements could be made by which all the goods which have been improperly taken from one man and appropriated by another should be put in the city halls of the country there is not a city hall in the United States that would not be crowded from cellar to cupola. Faith of the gospel; that we must preach and we do preach. Morality of the gospel we must just as certainly pro-

Now, look abroad and see the fascinations that are thrown around different styles of crime. The question that every man and woman has been asked has been. Should crime be excused because it is on a large scale? Is iniquity guilty and to be pursued of the law in propertion as it is on a small scale? Shall we have the penitentiary for the man who steals an overcoat from a hatrack and all Canada for a man to range in if he have robbed the public of mil-

Look upon all the fascinations thrown around fraud in this country. You know for years men have been made heroes of and pictorialized and in various ways presented to the public as though sometimes they were worthy of admiration if they have scattered the funds of banks or swallowed great estates that did not belong to them. Our young men have been dazed with this quick accumulation. They have said: "That's the way to do it. What's the use of our plodding on with small wages or insignificant salary when we may go into business life and with some stratagem achieve such a fortune as that man has achieved?" A different measure has been applied to the crime of Wall street from that which has been applied to the spoils which the man carries up Rat alley.

So a peddler came down from New England many years ago, took hold of the money market of New York, flaunted his abominations in the sight of all the people, defied public morals every day of his life. Young men looked up and said: "He was a peddler in one decade, and in the next decade he is habits as good as when you left your one of the monarchs of the stock market. That's the way to do it." To this in your pocket? Have you a fraududay the evil influence of that profligate has been felt, and within the past few primenting to see how accurate an imiweeks he has had conspicuous imita-

There has been an irresistible imthat the poorest way to get money is to earn it. The young man of flaunting going astray? Come back. Have you cravat says to the young man of humble | ventured out too far? apparel: "What, you only get \$1,800 a year? Why, that wouldn't keep me in pin money. I spend \$5,000 a year." "Where do you get it?" asks the plain many who have sacrificed their integ-young man. "Oh, stocks, enterprises rit;, so many far away from God. Why, -all that sort of thing, you know." The plain young man has hardly enough money to pay his board and has to wear overboard. And there are those venclothes after they are out of fashion turing down into sin, and my heart and deny himself all luxuries. After sches to call them back. awhile he gets tired of his plodding, ed suddenly large estate, and he says.

although he is almost all the time idle | they can swim?" now and has resigned his position in are shouted: the bank or the factory or the store, he has more money than he ever had, waved their hand back, saying, "No trades off his old silver watch for a gold danger." They kept on wading deeper one with a flashing chain, sets his hat down and farther out from shore. until a little farth rover on the side of his after awhile a great wave with a strong head than he ever did, smokes better undrtow took them out, their corpses cigars and more of them. He has his the next day washed on the beach. So hand in! Now, if he can escape the I see men wading down into sin farther penitentiary for three or four years he and farther, ad I call to them: "Come will get into political circles, and he back! Come back! You will be lost will get political jobs and will have You will be lost!" something to do with harbors and pave- hand back, saying, "No danger: no ments and docks Now he has got so danger." Deeper down and deeper far along he is safe for perdition.

It is quite a long road sometimes for | them out and sweeps them off forever. a man to travel before he gets into the | O 1, come back! The one farthest away romance of crime Those are caught may come. who are only in the prosaic stage of it. If the sheriff and con-tables would only | where I come from; you don't know leave them alone a little while, they would steal as well as anybody. They might not be able to steal a whole rail road, but they could master a load of of sin." My brother, I do not know

Now, I always thank God when I find an estate like that go to smash. It sins be as searlet, they shall be as anow. is plague struck, and it blasts the nation. I thank God when it goes into such a wreck it can never be gathered up again. I want it to become so losthsome and such an insufferable have been fired with all evil passions, sterch that honest young men will take warning. If God should put into iniquiscui indulgence, may be set the money or its representative the capacity to go to its lawful owner, there would not be a bank or a safety deposit in the United States whose walls would not be blown out and mortgages would rip and parchments would rend and gold would shoot and beggars would get on horseback and stock gamblers would

go to the almshouse. So there has been a great deal of fas cipation thrown around libertinism. Society is very severe upon the impurity that lurks around the alleys and low haunts of the town. The law pursues it, smites it, incarcerates it, tries to destroy it. You know as well as I that society becomes lenient in proportion as impurity becomes afficient or is in elevat d circles, and finally society is silent or disposed to palliate. Where is the judge, the jury, the police officer that dare arraign the wealthy libertine? He walks the streets, he rides the parks, he fisunts his iniquity in the eyes of the pure. The hag of unleanness looks out of the tapestried window. Where is the law that dares take the brazen wretches and put their faces in an iron frame of a state prison window?

Sometimes it seems to me as if society were going back to the state of morals of Heroulaneam, when it sculptured its vileness on pillars and temple wall and nothing but the lava of a burning mountain could hide the immensity of crime. At what time Gol will rise up and extirpate these evils upon society I know not, nor whether he will do it by fire or hurricane or esrthquake; but a holy God I do not think will stand it much longer. I believe the thunderbolts are hissing hot and that when God comes to chastise the community for these sins, against which he has uttered himself more bitterly than against any other, the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah will be tolerable as compared with the fate of our modern society, which knew better, but did worse.

We want about 10,000 pulpits in America to thunder, "All adulterers and whoremongers shall have their place in the hell that burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." It is hell on earth and hell truiting We have got to understand forever. Fifth avenue or Recountill is as damnable in the sight of God as it is in the slums. Whether it has canopied couch

of eider down or dwells amid the putridity of a low tenement house. God is pulpit of the Christian church has been so cowed down on this subject that it hardly dares speak, and men are almost spologetic when they read the Ten Commandments. Then look at the fascinations thrown

around assassinations. There are in all communities men who have taken the lives of others unlawfully, not as executioners of the law, and they go scot free. You say they had their provoca-God gave life, and he alone has a right to take it, and he may take it by visitation of providence or by an executioner of the law, who is his messenger. But when a man assumes that

divine prerogative he touches the lowest depth of crime. Society is alert for certain kinds of murder. If a citizen going along the road at night is waylaid and slain by a robber, we all want the villain arrested and executed. For all garroting, for all beating out of life by a club or an ax or a slung-shot, the law has quick spring

and heavy stroke, but you know that when men get affinent and high position and they avenge their wrongs by taking the lives of others, great sympathy is excited, lawers plead, ladios weep, judge halts, jury is bribed and the man goes free. If the verdict happen to be against him, a new trial is called on through some technicality, and they adjourn for witnesses that never come. and adjourn and adjourn until the community has forgotten all about it, and then the prison door opens and the mur-

derer goes free. Now, if capital punishment be right. I say let the life of the polished murderer go with the life of the vulgar assassin. Let us have no partiality of gallows, no aristocracy of electrocution chair. Do not let us float back to parbarism, when every man was his own judge, jury and executioner, and that man had the supremacy who had the strongest arm and the quickest step and the stealthiest revenge. He who willfully and in hatred takes the life of another is a murderer, I care not what the provocation or the circumstances. He may be cleared by an enthusiastic courtroom, he may be sent by the government of the United States as minister to some foreign court, or modern literature may polish the crime until it looks like heroism; but in the sight of God murder is murder, and the judgment day will so reveal it.

There are hundreds of young men who have good blood. Shall I ask three or four plain questions? Are your father's house? Have you a pool ticket leat document? Have you been extation you could make of your employer's signature? Oh, you have good blocd. Remember your father's prayers. pression going abroad among young men Remember your mother's example. Turn not in an evil way. Have you been

> As I stand in pulpits looking over audiences sometimes my heart fails me. There are so many tragedies present, so my brother, there have been two many prayers offered for you to have you go

At Brighton Beach or Long Branch surf to bathe, and they waded out

And you then stood "Come back! Come back! You will be drowned!" They wave their down, until after awhile a wave sweeps

"Ob," you say, "You don't know what my history has been; you don't know what iniquity I have plotted. I have gone through the whole catalogue the story, but I tell you this-ihe door of mercy is wide open. "Though your they shall be as wool." Though you had been pollated with the worst of crimes, though you have been smitten with the worst of leprosies, though you this moment on your brow, hot with flishing coronet of a Saviour's forgive-

Pleased with the news, the saints below In songs their tongues employ; Beyond the sky the tidings go, And heaven is fi led with joy.

Nor angels can their joy contain Bat kindle with new fire; The sinner lost is found they sing, And strike the sounding lyre. THE WEATHER AND CROPS.

The Weekly Bulletin of General Crop Condition.

The following is the weekly bulletin of the condition of the weather and crops issued last week by Director Bauer of the South Carolina section of United States weather bureau:

The average temperature for the week ending 8 a. m., Monday, July 221, was 80 degrees, or practically normal, with a maximum of 97 at Batesburg, and a minimum of 66 at Greenville. The average sunshine was below nor mal, and more sunshine would have been beneficial in the north border counties. High winds broke down much corn in a few counties, on the 14th.

The rainfall ranged from less than half an inch to over five inches, the former in the central portions of the State, and central Savannah valley. The larger amount fell in Marlboro and Newberry counties, while over the eastern, northeastern, northern, and extreme western counties the rainfall was generally excessive, the damaging to craps by flooding bottoms and lowlands, and by preventing much cultiva tion. A few points had insufficient rainfall, and there crops are suffering and did not improve, but over the larger portion of the State the weather was lavorable on growing crops, causing a general and in places a marked improvement in their condition.

Cotton improved throughout State, and, while still very small io growing fast and in

young cotton has not begun to bloom The cutlook for this crop is decidely better than heretofore, aithough some fields remain grassy, and all of it needs more cuitivation, but over the eastern, tinues to blight in spots.

Early corn is a failure in many places, and, although somewhat im proved, is very poor generally. It is tions of the State. Young corn, especially that planted on stubble lands, looks quite promising. On river bot raised, the crop will amount to prac-

tically nothing. Tobacco shared in the general improvement, and in places has started is even now too full. new growth that will delay cutting. but cutting and curing made fair progress, and some has been marketed.

Sweet potatoes look promising, some slips still being set out, while in Char leston county some fields are ready to ounce of prevention is worth a pound of dig and to market. Rice is excellent, but caterpiliars are destroying upland rice in Hampton county. Peas came up to good stands: some sections report more than the usual acreage sown to pess, others less. Sugar cane and pastures are good. Melons are generally poor. There is widespread complant of peaches and grapes rotting.

The Month of August.

The following data, covering a period of 14 years, have been compiled from the weather bureau records at Columbis for the month of August: Mean or normal temperature 80

The warmest month was that of 1900. with an average of 85 degrees. The coldest month was that of 1899 with an average of 76 ddgrees.

The highest temperature was 106 degress on August 20th, 1900. The lowest temperature was 56 degrees on August 30th, 1896.

Average date on which first "killing frost orcured in autumn, November 5 Average date on which first "killing" frost occured in spring, Merch 23. Average for the month, 6 85 inches.

Average number of days with .01 of an inch or more, 12. The greatest monthly precipitation was 9.85 inches in 1898

The least monthly precipitation was 0.61 inches in 1900. The greatest amount of precipitation

was 4 30 inches on August 27th and affection. 28th. 1893. Average number of clear days, 11; The prevailing winds have been from

the southwest. A Foxy Skipper. A tug boat, while cruising off Sandy Hook Monday, fell in with the Barkentine Mannie Swann from San Juan, Puerto Rico, with about 1,200 tons of sugar on board. The tag hailed the Swann, which declined to be towed into port. Capt. Higgins explained that he would stand "on and off" this port until Friday, when he will enter with his vessel. He said that in remaining cutside he would save the consignees of his cargo many thousands of dollars because tomorrow President McKinley's proclamation declaring the establishment civil government in the territory of Pureto Rico goes into effect and this manifesto will institute tree trade between the Island and the United States.

A little five year o'd boy was killed and he g. es to the man who has achiev- you have seen men go down into the by lightning in Chester last Saturday. The bolt came in the open window. "Just show me how it is done." And | farther and farther, and you got anxious | Had the window been closed down there WORTH KNOWING.

How the Bites of Rattlesnakas and Mad Dogs May

BE RENDERED HARMLESS

The Rev. Hugh F. Oliver Tells of a Parfect Antidote, Consist ing of Salt, Onions

and Tobicco.

To the Elitor of . The Sanday News: About five years ago the Atlanta Constitution published a letter from an educated Indian residing in Indian Territory, which was inspired by the philanthropic desire to make generally familiar the Indians' immemorial remedy for the bite of a spake or mad

The claim was made that a perfect antidote exists in the combination of salt, opious and tobacco beaten together mediately and renewed every half hour no swelling would ensue and recovery would be rapid and complete. He stated that this history of treatment had been uniformly true, the observation and recollection of no Indian being to the According to this Indian tradition,

going back to remote generations, in these homely simples a perfect remedy most awful forms that can distress and destroy us. Not all the places of hu man habitation are marked by the trail of serpents, but the bark of the dog is coterminous with the voice of man and his ever possible is an ever-present threat of an unspeakable calamity to every human being.

It is peculiarly fortunate that the ingredients of this infallible cure are almost always close to the hand of even the poorest among us. Every humble the climate and crop service of the kitchen may thus become a Pasteur institute and the most unsultured can readily be a staff of skilful and successful practitioners.

Since we are scientifically sure that the poisonous, death-dealing secretions which infect the animal bitten are strongly soid in their nature we have suggested immediately the free use locally and internally of strong alkalis Soda, salt, borax, ammonis, sweet and olive oils have been used with marked success in bases of snake bite. Nor should we forget the common people's absolute faith in alcoholis liquors and tobacco as remedies for snake bite.

Dr. James Evans informs the writer, who records it as a curious fact which will doubtlessly interest many, that the poison of our rattlesnakes has been found to be the efficient and most reliable antidote to the poison of the cobra. For the bits of the rattlesnake in localities naturally infested, there grows a plant vulgarly named rattlesnake master. which indicates the purpose of its existence by a flower bearing the shape of a rattlesnake's opened mouth, with fangs ready to strike. A tea is made of the entire plant and given freely to the unfortunate sufferer.

. ... E UE MILHOPHOBIA. But this prolonged prologue must . In a few sec- come to at end that we may give earn-fruited, while some est heed to a proposed plan, a suggested possibility, of a world wide preventive of hydrophobia. Douttlessly some reader is ready to surmise the repetition of the recommendation to cut off every dog's tail immediately behind the dog's northeastern, and portions of the ears. Non so, for the writer recogn zes after it in his vengeance. Yet the northern counties the ground was too that that recommendation is as imwet for cultivation. Sea islands con- practible as it is supremely wise. If people will not have laws to limit the extansion of dogdom and so enlarge the domains of the harmless and helpful sheep, which touch directly the pocket maturing rapidly in the eastern por- nerve, it is vain to hope that decrees of extermination against the dogs will ever issue from any law-making body of men for the protection of the bipeds of toms, where usually the finest corn is | whom, in these strange, faithless days, every new born biped's father and mother with true cynical Malthusiau enthusiasm, is ready to say that the world

The subject matter of the proposed preventive will prove to be an exemplification, but of the most extraordinary kind, of the often quoted, but oftener forgot and seldom practiced maxim: An cure. Not to delay longer, in plain words it is credibly declared that a dog can be sterilized by an easy and almost painless surgical operation, so that never a germ of hpdrophobia will be bred in his body. Should this allegation be proven then the imagination of the greatest poet or painter could not properly portray, with brush or pen, the relief from anxiety of the most distressing kind that would be given to the race of man. Were it made only by degraded savages, even then the most eminently learned should vie with one another in ascertaining even a possible medicum of trath therein contained. But it is made on the basis of mes sectable people in South Carolina.

indubitable proofs by some of the most These are the Langstons, whose fami ly has lived for a century and a half four miles from Elim Church, which is three miles west of Effingham on the Northeastern Railway, and is the hallowed spot where Luther Rice, the companion of Adoniram Judson and founder of Columbian University, preached his last sermon. Erwin Langston, a member of this church, when he died in December, 1898, had reached the great age of 86 years and 3 months. His mind was unclouded to the last and his remarkable memory had never been known to lose its grip on a fact. The respect of all who knew him grew with acquaintance to veneration, which became eventually blended with the tenderness of devoted

recorded in any 24 consecutive hours A few months before his death he told his pastor, the writer of this and partly cloudy days, 12; cloudy days, 8. still the paster of his children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren, that he regarded it a crime too great to be described or denominated that human beings should be exposed to the danger of hydrophobia when every dog could be easily rendered perfectly harmless in that regard. Having worn, as did Prioce Albert, through his long tract of years, "the white flower of a blameless life," and being known to possess rare powers of observation and recoilection, he could make no statement as to facis coming within his personal knowledge that would not command the attention and court the faith of any who knew him. This testimony ireprocated within itself that of his great grandfather, his grandfather, his father, and through the family traditions even that of remoter aucestors, as well as that of every one of his sons, sons in law and many of his neighbors, to the effect that an operation upon dog's tengue, when properly performed, would protect the dog himself against all other dogs, and all other animals against him, in the matter of hydropho-

"Is has always been the custom of our family and their connections," said the venerable man with great emphasis upon the note of time, "to operate on every dog we had, and when a young fellow got permission to marry one of our girls he was told at the same time that he must learn how not to have any mud dogs around before the housekeep- order in regard to the traffic caring started. And when a made dog ried on by carries in the rural came along our way we just set our dogs free delivery service more drasafter him and they didn't take long to tic than was at first supposed. "But some of them must have got

bit while they were killing him." "Didn't amount to a row of pins. We just put tar and grease on the bit spors when they came back home and gave them an extra fine dinner that day be

"Bit were you not afraid of them afterward: ?" "Why, no! for we knew that every blessed, sweet mouthed son of a bitch had had the worm taken out from under his topque."

Then he described the operation with the greatest minuteness and it is greatly to be regretted that his words were not written down immediately after. A stake is made firm in the ground. The dog is grapped by the back of the neck and applied to the wound. If used im | and by the hind legs, and thrown on his side. His mouth is then pressed open and kept open by means of the stake. The tongue is lifted by the operator and "at the bottom," near the root, and in the centre he finds a "a ridge," which he "slits" lengthwise with a sharp knife. This slitting discloses what is called "the worm." which closely resembles a yellow bammer's tongue. Under one end of this he is provided against death in two of the runs a shoemaker's awl, seizes the loosened end and deftly jerks cut "the worm," the head and front of all the dog's possible offences in the matter of hydrophobia Unlike the serpent's also another flagrant violation

poison sack this "worm" never returns. of the policy of the department. Erwin Langston's testimony, traditional and experimental, sovers at least two hun red years. His sons, Spencer, Ben and Joe, live stand around the old homestead, and the experience, which is by no means limited and embraces an average of forty years, corroborates and confirms in every particular the testimony of their honored father. They are not much accustomed to the use of the pen, preferring to "hitch up and pay a visit" rather than write a letter, but they would cheerfully answer, for the sake of humanity, any questions in reason that may be asked

them. Their postoffice is Etim. S. C. Hugh F. Oliver, Florence, S. C.

A MURDEROUS MADMAN.

He Kills One Man and Wounds Five Others

Michael Kelley, an insane man, rednesday at the office of the Robert Garrett Lumber company, in the business district, of Leavenworth, Kansas, shot six people, killing one, probably fatally wounding another, and more or less seriously wounding four others. He was himself finally killed by officers who tried to over power him. The vic-

John R. Garrett, aged 40, junior member of the firm of Robert Junyany, died at hospital. Dr. McGnee, aged 30, shot in back

and probably fatally wounded. Police Sergeant Wm. Dodge, shot in neck, wound serious.

Michael McDonald. in leg; slight. Jos. Falthager, policeman, shot in

hand; wound slight. Ike Healey, a laborer, shot in the

Kelley had lived in Leavenworth for years and at different times had engaged in minor business enterprises. He was arrested and adjudged insane, Garrett and four others testifying against him. After a year in the Topeka asylum Kelly was released. He had been acting queerly sgain and had declared that he would kill the five men who sent him to the asylum. For two weeks past he has been practicing shooting with a revolver daily at the Fort Leavenworth range. Wednesday

night he drank heavily. Soon after 12 o'clock Wednesday he appeared at Garreti's office and without warning shot Garrett as he sat at his desk. Garrett fell to the floor and Kelly deliberately fired four more shots into the prostrate form. Leaving his victim for dead, Kelly ran to the rear of the company's lumber yard and began reloading his revolver. Presently he returned to the office to find Dr. McGee, who had been attracted by the shooting, bending over Garrett. Leveling his revolver, Kelly took aim at the physician and fired. The bullet struck M.Gee in the spine and he toppled

over near where Garrett lay. Thea followed an exciting street fight between the mad man and officers who came upon the scene. Kelley, flourish. ing his ravolver, dashed through the lumber yard. He mot Ike Healey, a laborer, and shot him in the hand. few yards further on he encountered Sergeant Dodge. The two exchanges tots as they ran. One bullet from Kelley's revolver struck Dodge in the week, but not before that officer had shot him in the shoulder. Kelley kept running and was soon confronted by Detective McDonald and Officer Falthager. McDonald dropped Kelley with a bullet in the neck. Dodge raised his revolver but it failed to work and catching up with the murderer, he crushed his skull with the weapon. Kelly was carried to the station in

an unconscious condition. He died soon after his arrival there. Garrett did not regain consciousness and died an hour after being taken to the hospital. Dr. McGee is still suffering seriously and it is believed he cannot recover Dodge's wound is not considered fatal, while the wounds of the others are slight.

"Eliphalet," said she, reproachfully,

I do not approve of such extravagance. Now, when Alfonso calls, he is sensible, and does not come loaded down with expensive flowers." "Henrietta," said he, calmly, "it is generally understood that a knave can't win a queen unless he is one of the bowers."

"You are both knaves," she murmured, coyly, "but you are the right bower and he-is left," and with these words she melted into his arms .-Town Topics.

In the Children's Playground. Muriel Mulligan-Rupert Rafferty wanted me ter elope wit' him yestiddy afternoon. Fifi Flannigan-Why didn't yer? Muriel Mulligan-I wuz afraid I

wouldn't git back in time fer supper .-

Fown Topics. The Colonel-It's amazin' how the children grow! It seems like yesterday when that boy of yours was a baby.

The Major-That's so! I can hardly screw!-Puak

An Important Ruling

will not be allowed to have any

side line as has sometimes been the case. They must carry mail and nothing else. The postmaster general has made the Every form of outside work, with one single exception, is prohibited. Carriers will be permitted to take subscriptions for newspapers and periodicals, and if any commission is allowed for this they may enjoy it. A strenuous effort has been made by publishing houses that enjoy the pound rates of postage to have their circulars and advertising mather also classed as an exception, but the department has ruled against this on the ground that to permit the carries to distribute such circulars in the hope of getting some compensation for themselves is working directly against the revenues of the postoffice department. The department officials think that if the publishing houses want to distribute advertising matter they better do so through the mails in the regular and legitmate way. The reports coming to the department from inspectors detailed to look up special cases of excessive activity in outside work by carriers in the rural free delivery show It was found that many carriers had made an arrangement with express companies and had small signs nailed on their mail wagons, such as "Adams Express Company," "United States Express Company," etc. The arrangement in such cases was to make the carriers feeders the express companies and they were allowed usually a commission of 15 per cent. for all business originating along their routes through their agency. This, again, works directly against the interests of the department, patrons often sending articles by express which might otherwise go by mail. So every crass of business has been ruled out, with the single exception of subscription for periodicals. This is justified on the ground that the postal service is intended to disseminate knowledge.

We Feed the World. The failure, or even the serious cutting off of any staple crop of this country is a calamity not to our own people alone but to the world. Other nations are dependent upon the United States for a large part of their food supply and are becoming more so every year. Agricultural production in this country is so far in excess of our domestic needs that many million of foreigners look to it for their supplies. No other nation ever had such a great surplus of food products every year. Twelve countries each bought over \$10,000,-000 worth of our farm products

last year. The United Kingdom alone took of them to the value of \$408,000,000 and Germany \$134,-000.000 worth. The amount of our sales of agricultural products to other nations was as follows: France, \$4,000,000; Belgium, \$31,000,000; Italy,\$24,000,-000; Canada, \$21,000,000; Japan, \$15,000,000; Denmark, \$15,-000,000; Spain, \$10,600,000; Cuba, \$14,000,000; British Africa, \$10, 300,000. Europe is by far the largest purchaser of our agricultural products having purchased last year \$739,000,000

worth. The importance of American agriculture to the outside world is impressively illustrated this year. We have the greatest yield of wheat ever known in any country. Our combined crops of spring and winter wheat will exceed 700,000000 bushels vastly more than we can consume and Europe will have to import more wheat than ever before. The wheat crop of France is nearly 100,000,000 bushels short. Germany has an even greater relative shortage. The crops in Russia and the Balkan countries have also suffered severely. Europe will pay us an immense amount of money for wheat and other agricultural products this year probably more than we ever received from her before on that account.

Bryan's Position

In view of the persistent de-

claration that Mr Bryan is backing the Ohio Democrats who propose holding another convention and putting up a bolting State ticket we quote his own words as printed in the current number of The Commoner: "Mr. Kilbourne, the nominee for governor, is an excellent man, a life-long Democrat and an active supporter of the national ticket in both 1896 and 1900. He is better than his platform. He deserves an should receive the vote of every Democrat in Ohio. If any of the Ohio Democrats feel aggrieved because the reorganizing element of the party triumphed at the convention let them not visit their disappointment upon the State ticket but rather see to the nomnation of senators and representatives who will select a turstworthy senator. Let them see to it also that the State platform is made the primaries next time rather than at the convention. If the voters at the primaries had instructed their delegates to insist upon the reaffirmation of the Kansas City platform the result would have been different." This shows where Mr. Bryan stands, and should silence those who have so presistently mis- than \$50,000,000 worth of products, realize that he's carryin' his own cork- represented his position in re- and of the 40 five turn out over \$500,- ly she'll stay long. Town Topics. ference to the Ohio election. If | 900,000 each.—Industrial Journal.

THE FOUNT OF YOUTH. The fount of youth has oft been sought Rural mail carries must at-Since days of long ago, tend strictly to business. They

And oft in fancy men have seen Its living waters flow. Through desert, swamp and wilderness The search has been pursued, In hope that by the magic fount Youth's charms might be renewed.

But men have turned from that vain quest,

Their hopes forever crushed; For though they searched through all the

world No magic fountain gushed. And men resigned themselves to age That robbed them of their grace, That sapped their strength and thickly spread Time's wrinkles on the face. In later years men's thoughts have turned

To plans for longer life, And in elixirs they have sought New strength for daily strife. And oft 'tis heralded abroad That scientist or sage Has finally evolved a plan To stay the blight of age. But men grow old, and women, too,

As in the days of yore, For no elixirs they have tried Their youthful charms restore. And as they can't deceive themselves Some seek to hide the truth, And dye and bleach their hair and paint On cheeks the hues of youth.

The fount of youth is in each heart, And those who keep it pure Will longer hold the charms of youth And length of life secure.

And when at last that fountain fails, And old age on them steals, They'll bear it well because no man Is older than he feels. -Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph

Brooks No. 3013

90000000000000000000000000000000000

By Jessie Llewellyn.

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POR eight years I had occupied the position of resident physician at the state penitentiary at S-, and for the first time my position meant much to me. This was owing to a romance which had begun to blossom for me was the warden's niece, beautiful and her abode among us, acting as secretary to her uncle. The interest was mutual, for Pauline did not frown upon my suit, and I was on my way to the warden to ask his sanction of our union when I met him in the corridor crumpling a telegram in his hand. Peremptorily detaining me, he explained that he was leaving the city immediately on urgent business, and that as the deputy was ill I would be compelled to act in his place.

Accordingly I started on my rounds of inspection at once with no word of the subject nearest my heart. I went first to the brush shop, where a raw man was overseeing the work, and was detained there some time by the apparent unrest and disorder.

Thoughts of this place had, at the warden's first instructions, caused me misgivings which grew to positive apprehensions when Brown, the new man, called me aside and reported a convict by the name of Brooks for rank insubordination. This Brooks was a life

formed me of Brooks' escape. He had negro. removed one of the great flags in the escape for himself when the heat floor of the solitary and had slipped grew unbearable. underneath. .

black monster. Fearing he would fire lessly. the building before we could discover him, I hastily summoned to my aid two faithful trusties whom we had dubbed "Hanks" and "Blondie." I decided to go under the floor by a west wing and to search every foot of

the ground as far as the new cellhouse; from there we would have to proceed more carefully, as that part of the The fiend had squatted cross-legged foundation was cut up by many stone cross walls. There was so little room and was gloating over my gasping between ground and rafters that we could not crawl on hands and knees, but for the most part had to wriggle along on our chests and elbows. Hanks carried a lantern on my right and Blondie carried one on my left, while I covered the rough middle

ground between. It was not an easy and my head fell forward through place to search, for the great steam sheer exhaustion. Yes, I was dyingmains, which ran from engine-room to This numbness was the beginning of kitchens and radiators, were everywhere overhead. Then there were two cross walls through which holes had did the delay mean? Voices sang in pass a man.

which separates the new from the old building. This wall was nearly two feet thick, but had the usual opening into the new cellhouse.

Pushing Hanks' lantern before me, I attempted to set it upon solid ground on the other side of the wall, but found to my surprise that the excavation was at least 18 inches lower than the ground where we lay. As I reached far out I knew I had missed my calculation and felt the lantern slip from my fingers. I could not regraspit. Of course it did not stay right side up. I hastily started to squeeze myself through the opening was too small to pass my shoulders, and soon the little blue and yellow flames were shooting back into the kerosene.

Just above this flame was the oilsoaked floor of the new cellhouse. It bit"-he kept up a stream of talk was about noon, and 250 men were as he approached-"Me and Blondie probably eating in their cells on the second and third floors; there were 200 more in the old building. Would the guards discover the fire in time to get out the men? Who would let the fire and was waiting strangely, them out? Would there not be a panic docile. and men running like sheep over the Pauline, hearing of my danger from fields? Worst of all, what would be Blondie, had risked her life for mine.

the fate of Pauline among these de peradoes? I closed my eyes, tryin to shut out the mental picture. Then I calculated the cost of rewards to be paid for escaped convicts, and lastly the probable cost of property destroyedand all this through my carelessness. But I would not live to witness the awul consequences. I resolved to stay there until the fire was out, or to perish in my struggle against it.

In the flickering light of our single lantern, the two anxious faces of the silenced men stood out strangely against the background of murky

"Blondie," my voice sounded strange and muffied, "get out of here as fast as you can. Go around through the new cellhouse; have Shafter let you through the east trap door; then you two crawl through on the other side as fast as you can; you may be in time to put out the lantern!"

"Now, Hanks, you go to the turnkey; tell him to get all the men out of their cells. I'll stay here to watch the fire; besides, I must wait to direct Blondie." The men quickly disappeared in the

darkness, and I was alone. I think I prayed a little, for this fire light was the last light I ever expected to see. Then, as in answer to my prayer, an idea shot into consciousness-throw

my heavy sweater over the lantern and smother the flame. Holding the sweater before me. I thrust my arms into the hole-one. two, it swung and landed squarely;

the fire till help came, or possibly extinguish it. The ease with which I got into the hole this time made me believe that without coat and sweater I could

my aim was true; this would hold

crawl through. Holding my arms close to my sides, started to work my shoulders into the hole. It was much easier than position of resident physician at before, and in a minute or two my head projected beyond. Now I stopped for a moment's rest, and to ook around me. I could see but a short distance into the gloom, and within the austere prison walls. She then everything blended into black. The lantern was completely covered frail, who had but recently taken up by the sweater and emitted only a very faint light.

Suddenly my heart gave a great throb, for over to my right I thought I saw a shadow move. It could not be a friend, or he would have spoken; surely then it must be that black devil. For a moment I could not stir. but riveted my eyes upon the silent, retreating figure. Then scarcely knowing what I did, or why, I was possessed with the spirit of panic; I struggled frantically to escape from my perilous position; but while more sane and orderly efforts might have been successful, the many twists and turns caught my shoulders under a pipe fixture, and

I was wedged fast. Even that faint, fading light must have shown my face as a picture of struggling terror, for I saw that form again emerge from the other shadows and plunge toward me on hands and knees.

It was he! I heard his inhuman man and a particularly bad one. He chuckle; the whites of his eyes rolled had given us no end of trouble during and gleamed hideously. Then, slowthe ten months he had been in. He ly, with a malevolent glance toward was a mulatto and seemed to have all | me and a ghastly laugh, he drew the the bad blood of both races in his veins. sweater along from off the lantern. All my qualms were confirmed that Freed from its smothering cover, the evening when, just as Pauline and I flames leaped out, lighting every corwere leaving the building for a quiet ner of the little compartment, and stroll about the campus, a "trusty" in- outlining the savage figure of the Undoubtedly he knew of an

I longed for a shot at this animal, Pauline was pale and trembling when but my arms were pinned close; I I left her to begin the search for this could only move my fingers aim-

With a look of savage triumph, he cautiously lifted the blazing mass by means of the sweater and allowed the flames to play around the rafters. I saw the cobwebs sputter, the little trap door in the farthest end of the splinters on the rafters caught and

burned like tiny matches. In imagination I could smell my singed hair and my burning flesh. on the ground safely beyond the fire misery. I saw him draw a shining razor from his belt. He began rubbing it back and forth across his striped legs, and with each flash of the steel he laughed aloud.

thank God!" I murmured, drowsily, the end. Why did he not come on with his murderous blade? What my ears. Pauline was speaking. Oh, the music of that voice!

"The fire will do its work first,

"Pauline," I whispered. With desperate energy of the death struggle, raised my head and stared before

"Work or you die!" The words, the voice, the dramatic scene are photographed on my brain. Brooks was working like mad before the fastsuccumbing flames. Every muscle of his giant frame was strained to the task. "Work, I say, faster, or-" There

was a sharp click. The sound emanated from a crouching white figure in whose hand gleamed the barrel hole, in order to set it upright, but the of a pistol. Just then another light glimmered through the gloom, and Hank's cheery voice rang out: "Keep him covered, Miss Pauline:

we're comin' with the bracelets; we've got the men calmed down a -no thanks to Brown-" The sentence was finished by snapping the handcuffs on the negro's

wrists, for Brooks had extinguished

he was a resident of Ohio he would vote the Dmocratic ticket straight.

Meeks-My wife prefers coffee for breakfast and I prefer tea. Weeks-Then I suppose you have

"Oh, no; we compromise." "In what way?" "We compromise on coffee."-Chicago Daily News.

"Say, Pebbles, dis is fortune, sure. leaned up agin a house an' got a

Very Streaky.

streak of paint on me old coat. Den de lady come out an' gimme one of her husband's good coats." "Dat must have been a streak of luck, Cinders."-Chicago Daily News.

Heavy Branches of Manufacture. We have more than 40 branches of manufacture in the United States which each turn out annually more isn't she?

Practical Father-Has that young man who wants to marry you any money? Romantic Miss-Money! He gave

Taking No Chances.

me a cluster diamond ring studded with pearls. "Yes, I know. Has he any money left?"-St. Louis Republic.

Canada's Wild Buffalo. Canada still has a herd of wild buffalo. Traces of the existence of the animals were found in the woods at the west of Slave river. It was ascertained that the buffalo was being

the Indians.-Indianapolis News. Péculiar Tendencies. "Do you feel nervous after you have

had your dinner?"

mercilessly hunted and destroyed by

"No; but I'm sometimes nervous until I know where my dinner is to come from."-Chicago Record-Herald. Judging by the Others.

The Wife-The new cook is very tall,

The Husband-Yes; but it isn't like-