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ALL MEN MAY BE GREAT.

THE WORLD WILL NOT KNOW IT, BUT ALMIGHTY GOD WILL.

Dr. T. De Witt Talmage Tells of Things Which Men and Women May Do—Save a Human Soul for Heaven and the Lord

OCEAN GROVE, N. J., Aug. 23.—This is camp meeting Sunday at Ocean Grove. Its celebration is always regarded as the great event of the year at this famous religious watering place. This year the attractions of its observance have been enhanced by the presence of Dr. Talmage, who preached this afternoon in the Auditorium. Every seat was filled and every inch of standing room in the aisles was occupied, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. It is estimated that fully fifteen thousand persons were able to hear the doctor, and many others were deprived of that privilege. His text was Daniel xi, 32, "The people that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits."

Antiochus Epiphanes, the old sinner, came down three times with his army to desolate the Israelites, advancing one time with a hundred and two trained elephants, swinging their trunks this way and that, and sixty-two thousand infantry and six thousand cavalry troops, and they were driven back. Then, the second time, he advanced with seventy thousand armed men, and had been again defeated. But the third time he laid successful siege until the navy of Rome came in with the flash of their long banks of oars and demanded that the siege be lifted. And Antiochus Epiphanes said he wanted time to consult with his friends about it, and Popilius, one of the Roman embassadors, took a staff and made a circle on the ground around Antiochus Epiphanes, and compelled him to decide before he came out of that circle; whereupon he lifted the siege. Some of the Hebrews had submitted to the invader, but some of them resisted valorously, as did Eleazer when he had swine's flesh forced into his mouth, spit it out, although he knew he must die for it, and did die for it; and others, as my text says, did exploits.

ALL HAVE THREE OPPORTUNITIES.

An exploit I would define to be an heroic act, a brave feat, a great achievement. "Well," you say, "I admire such things, but there is no chance for me; mine is a sort of humdrum life. If I had an Antiochus Epiphanes to fight, I also could do exploits." You are right, so far as great wars are concerned. There will probably be no opportunity to distinguish yourself in battle. The most of the brigadier generals of this country would never have been heard of had it not been for the war.

Neither will you probably become a great inventor. Nineteen hundred and ninety-nine out of every two thousand inventions found in the patent office at Washington never yielded their authors enough money to pay for the expenses of securing the patent. So you will probably never be a Morse or an Edison or a Humphrey Davy or an Eli Whitney. There is not much probability that you will be the one out of the hundred who achieves extraordinary success in commercial or legal or medical or literary spheres. What then? Can you have no opportunity to do exploits? I am going to show that there are three opportunities open that are grand, thrilling, far reaching, stupendous and overwhelming. They are before you now. In one, if not all three of them, you may do exploits. The three greatest things on earth to do are to save a man, or save a woman, or save a child.

During the course of his life almost every man gets into an exigency, is caught between two fires, is ground between two millstones, sits on the edge of some precipice, or in some other way comes near demolition. It may be a financial or a moral or a domestic or a social or a political exigency. You sometimes see it in court-rooms. A young man has got into bad company and he has offended the law, and he is arraigned. All blushing and confused he is in the presence of judge and jury and lawyers. He can be sent right on in the wrong direction. He is feeling disgraced and he is almost desperate.

Let the district attorney overhaul him as though he were an old offender; let the ablest attorneys at the bar refuse to say a word for him, because he cannot afford a considerable fee; let the judge give no opportunity for presenting the mitigating circumstances, hurry up the case and hustle him up to Auburn or Sing Sing. If he live seventy years, for seventy years he will be a criminal, and each decade of his life will be blacker than its predecessor. In the interregnums of prison life he can get no work, and he is glad to break a window glass or blow up a safe or play the highwayman so as to get back within the walls where he can get something to eat and hide himself from the gaze of the world.

HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN SAVED.

Why don't his father come and help him? His father is dead. Why don't his mother come and help him? She is dead. Where are all the ameliorating and salutary influences of society? They do not touch him. Why did not some one long ago in the case understand that there was an opportunity for the exploit which would be famous in heaven a quadrillion of years after the earth has become scattered ashes in the last whirlwind? Why did not the district attorney take that young man into his private office and say: "My son, I see that you are the victim of circumstances. This is your first crime. You are sorry. I will bring the person you wronged into your presence, and you will apologize and make all the reparation you can, and I will give you another chance." Or that young man is presented in the courtroom, and he has no friends present, and the judge says, "Who is your counsel?" And he answers, "I have none." And the judge says, "Who will take this young man's case?"

And there is a dead halt, and no one offers, and after awhile the judge turns to some attorney, who never had a good case in all his life and never will, and whose advocacy would be enough to secure the condemnation of innocence itself. And the professional incompetent crawls up beside the prisoner, helplessness to rescue despair, where there ought to be a struggle among all the best men of the profession as to who should have the honor of trying to help that unfortunate. How much would such an attorney have received as his fee for such an advocacy? Nothing in dollars, but much every way in a happy consciousness that wou[illegible]ng the work of th[illegible]

brighter, and Leesville summer school, er, and his o[illegible]ted in conducting County sciousness t[illegible]tutes at Edgefield and A[illegible] DESTRU[illegible]w in Berkeley. She will [illegible] So there a[illegible]e Institutes of Orangeb[illegible] A very late [illegible]gton. Miss Yeargin's [illegible] mand for spr[illegible]acher has made her [illegible] demand all over South C[illegible]

hats and spring apparel of all sorts. Hundreds of thousands of people say, "It seems we are going to have no spring, and we shall go straight out of winter into warm weather and we can get along without the usual spring attire." Or there is no autumn weather, the heat plunging into the cold, and the usual clothing which is a compromise between summer and winter is not required. It makes a difference in the sale of millions and millions of dollars of goods, and some oversanguine young merchant is caught with a vast amount of unsalable goods that will never be salable again, except at prices ruinously reduced.

The young merchant with a somewhat limited capital is in a predicament. What shall the old merchants do as they see the young man in this awful crisis? Rub their hands and laugh and say: "Good for him. He might have known better. When he has been in business as long as we have he will not load his shelves in that way. Ha! Ha! He will burst up before long. He had no business to open his store so near to ours anyhow." Sheriff's sale! Red flag in the window: "How much is bid for these out-of-fashion spring overcoats and spring hats or fall clothing out of date? What do I hear in the way of a bid?" "Four dollars." "Absurd; I cannot take that bid of four dollars apiece. Why, these coats when first put upon the market were offered at fifteen dollars each, and now I am offered only four dollars. Is that all? Five dollars do I hear? Going at that! Gone at five dollars," and he takes the whole lot.

The young merchant goes home that night and says to his wife: "Well, Mary, we will have to move out of this house and sell our piano. That old merchant that has had an evil eye on me ever since I started has bought out all that clothing, and he will have it rejuvenated, and next year put it on the market as new, while we will do well if we keep out of the poorhouse." The young man, broken spirited, goes to hard drinking. The young wife with her baby goes to her farther's house, and not only is his store wiped out, but his home, his morals and his prospects for two worlds—this and the next. And devils make a bankquet of fire and fill their cups of gall, and drink deep to the health of the old merchant who swallowed up the young merchant who got stuck on spring goods and went down. That is one way, and some of you have tried it.

SAVE HIM IN THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT.

But there is another way. That young merchant who found that he had miscalculated in laying in too many goods of one kind, and been flung of the unusual season, is standing behind the counter, feeling very blue and biting his finger nails, or looking over his account books, which read darker and worse every time he looks at them, and thinking how his young wife will have to be put in a plainer house than she ever expected to live in, or go to a third rate boarding house, where they have tough liver and sour bread five mornings out of the seven.

An old merchant comes in and says: "Well, Joe, this has been a hard season for young merchants, and this prolonged cool weather has put many in the doldrums, and I have been thinking of you a good deal of late, for just after I started in business I once got into the same scrape. Now, if there is anything I can do to help you out I will gladly do it. Better just put those goods out of sight for the present, and next season we will plan something about them. I will help you to some goods that you can sell for me on commission, and I will go down to one of the wholesale houses and tell them that I know you and will back you up, and if you want a few dollars to bridge over the present I can let you have them. Be as economical as you can, keep a stiff upper lip, and remember that you have two friends, God and myself. Good morning!"

The old merchant goes away and the young man goes behind his desk, and the tears roll down his cheeks. It is the first time he has cried. Disaster made him mad at everything, and mad at man and mad at God. But this kindness melts him, and the tears seem to relieve his brain, and his spirits rise from ten below zero to eighty in the shade, and he comes out of the crisis.

About three years after, this young merchant goes into the old merchant's store and says: "Well, my old friend, I was this morning thinking over what you did for me three years ago. You helped me out of an awful crisis in my commercial history. I learned wisdom, prosperity has come, and the pallor has gone out of my wife's cheeks, and the roses that were there when I courted her in her father's house have bloomed again, and my business is splendid, and I thought I ought to let you know that you saved a man!"

In a short time after, the old merchant, who had been a good while shaky in his limbs and who had poor spells, is called to leave the world, and one morning after he had read the twenty-third Psalm about "The Lord is my shepherd," he closes his eyes in this world, and an angel who had been for many years appointed to watch the old man's dwelling, cries upward the news that the patriarch's spirit is about ascending, and the twelve angels who keep the twelve gates of heaven, unite in crying down to this approaching spirit of the old man, "Come in and welcome, for it has been told all over these celestial lands that you saved a man."

THE WORLD AGAINST A WOMAN.

There sometimes come exigences in the life of a woman. One morning a few years ago I saw in the newspaper that there was a young woman in New York whose pocketbook, containing thirty-seven dollars and thirty-three cents had been stolen, and she had been left without a penny at the beginning of winter in a strange city, and no work. And although she was a stranger, I did not allow the 9 o'clock mail to leave the lamppost on our corner without carrying the thirty-seven dollars and thirty-three cents, and the case was proved genuine.

Now, I have read all Shakespeare's tragedies, and all Victor Hugo's tragedies, and all Alexander Smith's tragedies, but I never read a tragedy more thrilling than that case, and similiar cases by the hundreds and thousands in all our large cities. Young women without money and without home and without work in the great maelstroms of metropolitan life. When such a case comes under your observation, how do you treat it? "Get out of my way. We have no room in our establishment for any more hands. I don't believe in women anyway. They are a lazy, idle, worthless set. John, please show this person out of the door."

Or do you compliment her personal appearance and say things to her which if any man said to your sister or daughter you would kill him on the spot? That is one way, and it is tried every day in the large cities, and many of those who advertise for female hands in factories and for governesses in families have proved themselves unfit to be in any place outside of hell. But there is another way, and I saw it one day in the Methodist Book Concern in New York, where a young woman applied for work, and the gentleman in tone and manner said in substance: "My daughter, we employ women here, but I do not know of any vacant place in our department. You had better inquire at such and such a place, and I hope you will be successful in getting something to do. Here is my name, and tell them I sent you."

The embarrassed and humiliated woman seemed to give way to Christian confidence. She started out with a hopeful look that I think must have won for her a place in which to earn her bread. I rather think that considerate and Christian gentleman saved a woman. New York and Brooklyn ground up last year about thirty thousand young women and would like to grind up about as many this year. Out of all that long procession of women who march on with no hope for this world or the next, battered and bruised and scoffed at, and flung off the precipice, not one but might have been saved for home and God and heaven. But good men and good women are not in that kind of business. Alas for that poor thing! Nothing but the thread of that sewing girl's needle held her, and the thread broke.

A CONTRAST.

I have heard men tell in public discourse what a man is; but what is a woman? Until some one shall give a better definition, I will tell you what woman is. Direct from God, a sacred and delicate gift, with affections so great that no measuring line short of that of the infinite God can tell their bound. Fashioned to refine and soothe and lift and irradiate home and society and the world. Of such value that no one can appreciate it, unless his mother lived long enough to let him understand it, or who in some great crisis of life, when all else failed him, had a wife to re-enforce him with a faith in God that nothing could disturb.

Speak out, ye cradles, and tell of the feet that rocked you and the anxious faces that hovered over you! Speak out, ye nurseries of all Christendom, and ye homes, whether desolate or still in full bloom with the faces of wife, mother and daughter, and help me to define what woman is. But as geographers tell us that the depths of the sea correspond with the heights of the mountains I have to tell you that a good womanhood is not higher up than bad womanhood is deep down. The grander the palace the more awful the conflagration that destroys it. The grander the steamer Oregon the more terrible her going down just off the coast.

Now I should not wonder if you trembled a little with a sense of responsibility when I say that there is hardly a person in this house but may have an opportunity to save a woman. It may in your case be done by good advice, or by financial help, or by trying to bring to bear some one of a thousand Christian influences. If, for instance, you find a woman in financial distress and breaking down in health and spirits trying to support her children, now that her husband is dead or an invalid, doing that very important and honorable work—but which is little appreciated—keeping a boarding house, where all the guests, according as they pay small board, or propose, without paying any board at all, to decamp, are critical of everything and hard to please, busy yourselves in trying to get her more patrons, and tell her of divine sympathy.

Yea, if you see a woman favored of fortune and with all kindly surroundings finding in the hollow flatteries of the world her chief regalement, living for herself and for time as if there were no eternity, strive to bring her into the kingdom of God, as did the other day a Sabbath school teacher, who was the means of the conversion of the daughter of a man of immense wealth, and the daughter resolved to join the church, and she went home and said, "Father, I am going to join the church, and I want you to come." "Oh, no," he said, "I never go to church." "Well," said the daughter, "if I were going to be married would you not go to see me married?" And he said, "Oh, yes." "Well," said she, "this is of more importance than that."

So he went and has gone ever since, and loves to go. I do not know but that faithful Sabbath school teacher not only saved a woman, but saved a man. There may be in this audience, gathered from all parts of the world, there may be a man whose behavior toward womanhood has been perfidious. Repent! Stand up, thou master-piece of sin and death, that I may charge you! As far as possible make reparation. Do not boast that you have her in your power and that she cannot help herself. When that fine collar and cravat, and that elegant suit of clothes comes off and your uncovered soul stands before God, you will be better off if you save that woman.

YOU MAY SAVE A CHILD.

There is another exploit you can do, and that is to save a child. A child does not seem to amount to much. It is nearly a year old before it can walk at all. For the first year and a half it cannot speak a word. For the first ten years it would starve if it had to earn its own food. For the first fifteen years its opinion on any subject is absolutely valueless. And then there are so many of them. My, what lots of children! And some people have contempt for children. They are good for nothing but to wear out the carpets and break things and keep you awake nights crying.

Well, your estimate of a child is quite different from that mother's estimate who lost her child this summer. They took it to the salt air of the seashore and to the tonic air of the mountains, but no help came, and the brief paragraph of its life is ended. Suppose that life could be restored by purchase, how much would that bereaved mother give? She would take all the jewels from her fingers and neck and bureau and put them down. And if told that that was not enough she would take her house and make over the deed for it, and if that were not enough she would call in all her investments and put down all her mortgages and bonds, and if told that were not enough she would say: "I have made over all my property, and if I can have that child back I will now pledge that I will toil with my own hands and carry with my own shoulders in any kind of hard work and live in a cellar and die in a garret. Only give me back that lost darling!"

I am glad that there are those who know something of a value of a child. Its possibilities are tremendous. What will those hands yet do? Where will those feet yet walk? Toward what destiny will that never dying soul betake itself? Shall those lips be the throne of blasphemy or benediction? Come, chronologists, and calculate the decades on decades, the centuries on centuries, of its lifetime. Oh, to save a child! Am I not right in putting that among the great exploits?

But what are you going to do with those children who are worse of than if their father and mother had died the day they were born? There are tens of thousands of such. Their parentage was against them. Their name is against them. The structure of their skulls is against them. Their nerves and muscles contaminated by the inebriety or dissoluteness of their parents; they are practically at their birth laid out on a plank in the middle of the Atlantic ocean, in an equinoctial gale, and told to make for shore. What to do with them is the question often asked.

There is another question quite as pertinent, and that is. What are they going to do with us? They will, ten or eleven years from now, have as many votes as the same number of well born children, and they will hand this land over to anarchy and political damnation just as sure as we neglect them. Suppose we each one of us save a boy or save a girl. You can do it. Will you? I will.

KNOW GOD AND BE STRONG.

How shall we get ready for one or all of these three exploits? We shall make a dead failure if in our own strength we try to save a man or woman or child. But my text suggests where we are to get equipment. "The people that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits." We must know him through Jesus Christ in our own salvation, and then we shall have his help in the salvation of others. And while you are saving strangers you may save some of your own kin. You think your brothers and sisters and children and grandchildren all safe, but they are not dead, and no one is safe till he is dead. On the English coast there was a wild storm and a wreck in the offing, and the cry was: "Man the lifeboat!" But Harry, the usual leader of the sailor's crew, was not to be found, and they went without him, and brought back all the shipwrecked people but one.

By this time Harry, the leader of the crew, appeared and said, "Why did you leave that one?" The answer was, "He could not help himself at all, and we could not get him into the boat." "Man the lifeboat!" shouted Harry, "and we will go for that one." "No," said his aged mother, standing by, "you must not go. I lost your father in a storm like this, and your brother Will went off six years ago, and I have not heard a word from Will since he left, and I don't know where he is, poor Will, and I cannot let you also go, for I am old and dependent on you." His reply was, "Mother, I must go and save that one man, and if I am lost God will take care of you in your old days."

The lifeboat put out, and after an awful struggle with the sea they picked the poor fellow out of the rigging just in time to save his life, and started for the shore. And as they came within speaking distance, Harry cried out, "We saved him, and tell mother it was brother Will." Oh, yes, my friends, let us start out to save some one for time and for eternity, some man, some woman, some child. And who knows but it may, directly or indirectly, be the salvation of one of our own kindred, and that will be an exploit worthy of celebration when the world itself is shipwrecked, and the sun has gone out like a spark from a smitten anvil, and all the stars are dead!

A Walking Barroom.

HAMBURG, Conn., Aug. 27.—The Prohibitionists of this region are wild over a discovery that they have for years been hoodwinked by an eccentric individual whom they supposed was simon pure in his devotion to their principles. The death of this individual, whose name was Kildeer Huff, opened the eyes of the Prohibitionists. Huff came to this place several years ago. He was a strange person, who lived alone in a rude hut on Potato Hill. He pretended to be deaf and dumb, but boys who have tantalized him say that Huff could swear very fluently. In addition, he was humpbacked, and on account of his deformity he was an object of pity to the townspeople, none of whom knew where he came from.

Last Friday Huff was found dead by the roadside near his hut on Potato Hill. The villagers were surprised to find that he was not a humpback. The deformity proved to be a padded sack, inside of which was found a dozen pint bottles, containing rum, whiskey and cordial, and in his pocket was found $197, mostly in dimes and nickles, the regulation barroom change. The humpback has been a walking barroom, and the mystery of how he supported himself is solved. The town is a no-license place, and the Prohibitionists have flattered themselves that here, at least, no drinking was done. It is remembered that Huff used to prowl around late at night, during which time he visited the houses of those who love an occasional nip, and either sold them a pint bottle or else a drink, for which he charged only 5 cents.

Favor a Still Hunt.

DANVILLE, Va., August 20.—A political circular recently issued by General Mahone fell into the hands of a newspaper man here to-day. The circular begins by saying that under the present election law in Virginia a fair election is impossible and concludes as follows: "Our judgment is that we should not make nominations for the Legislature this fall or for any office where and so long as the same are exclusively governed by the existing election law but leave the field to be ruled by Alliance candidates and independents, reserving our fire to be quietly, but resolutely and unanimously, delivered against the Democratic nominee wherever there is a chance so to direct our political influence with effect."

Mother and Children Killed.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., August 25.—Near Nicholasville yesterday a special engine on the R. N. C. & B. ran down and killed Mrs. Mary Richardson and two children. She was walking across a bridge over the Kentucky River with her three little girls, aged 8, 6 and 4 years. They felt secure as all the regular trains had passed. Shortly an engine came upon them. She drew as far to one side as possible, gathered the children by her side and all crouched down as low as possible. The tender projecting further than the engine struck them and knocked mother and children off the bridge to the rocks sixty feet below. The baby was lying flat upon the ties and escaped.

THE Georgia Legislature has passed a bill intended to equalize taxation in that State. The bill provides that the county boards of appraisers shall consist of five members, all to be freeholders. Their compensation is fixed at $3 per day and thirty days is allowed for the completion of their work.

THE PARK PLACE HORROR.

DREADFUL SIGHTS AT THE SCENE OF THE CATASTROPHE.

Crowds of Distracted Mourners—A Number of Men's Bodies Found Under One Press—A Group of Girls and a Boy Discovered in Another Place.

NEW YORK, Aug. 22.—It now seems possible that one of the worst fatal accidents which has ever happened in this city occurred just after noon today. From all that can be learned, fully as many if not more than fifty people have lost their lives. The accident came so sudden that it was impossible for the occupants of the two big buildings at 70 and 72 Park Place to escape from the buildings before the collapse was complete. There was but one eyewitness to the accident, A. A. Johnson, janitor in the building at 81 Park Place, across the street from where the accident occurred. He said that he was standing on the steps to 81 when he heard the sound of an explosion. It came from across the street. It was not loud. Almost immediately the front wall of the two buildings collapsed and the entire building caved in with a deafening crash. It came so suddenly that it was impossible for a living soul to escape from the buildings. On the ground floor of one of the numbers was a restaurant that was crowded with people. The other floors were occupied by a metal plate factory; the Southern Publishing company; S. Loutel & Co., art designers Ellis & McDonald, bookbinders, and other establishments.

Michael Carroll, who was employed in the metal leaf factory, had been out to lunch and had just reached the door of 72 when he heard the explosion, which dazed him for a moment. He jumped up and ran for life. As he got away the front walls of 70 and 72 toppled over with a loud crash. As the walls fell Carroll saw many people passing the place were covered under the brick and stones. It is not known how many girls were at work in the metal plate factory, but there were a large number. In the restaurant on the ground floor of No 72, which was kept by J. Peterson, a crowd of people were at lunch the number being estimated at between twenty-five and thirty. Then there was ten or twelve girls in the wash room in the basement. Tripp & Co., druggists, in the building also had a large number of employees. Three children of Frank Haggerty, janitor of 61 Park Place, were playing in front of 72 Park Place. They were killed. Their father stood across the street at the time Roundsman Taylor was on his way to dinner, passing along Park Place, when he heard the explosion. He ran to the scene and realizing that something must be done, ran to a hardware store on Vesey street, secured a dozen axes and distributed them to the firemen who had already arrived. The firemen and bystanders soon cut a hole in the side wall of 74, out of which seventeen persons crawled, all of whom bore bruises. The testimony of all the people who were in the neighborhood at the time is that they were first startled by a deep rumbling sound of an explosion, which was directly followed by the collapse of the building, the wall of which fell outward with a frightful crash. Three alarms of fire were followed by the arrival of the ambulances from all the hospitals. The reserves were called out from nearly all station houses, but the greatest difficulty was experienced in keeping the thousands of people back beyond the fire lines when it became known that there had been a fearful loss of life.

NEW YORK, Aug. 24.—The work of looking for the dead in the ruins of Park Place continued uninterrupted through the night except at times when rain poured down in such torrents as to render labor beneath it impossible. Except at these times also the fire lines at either end of the block were lined with waiting friends or relatives of the missing. When they were driven from the streets by the rain they sought shelter in doorways or wherever protection might be found, but as soon as it ceased their weary and mournful vigil was resumed.

At 3.55 o'clock there was a bustle of citement among the workmen that instantly communicated itself to the eager watchers at the fire lines. Another body had been found. It was that of a man that lay beside a tangle of presses at No 70. It was taken out and placed in one of the pine coffins on the sidewalk. It was terribly burned and unrecognizable unless identity may be disclosed by the tattered fragment of clothing that but partially covered it.

The work again went on unmarked by any accident until 4 o'clock this morning, when a second body was found, also that of a man, near the spot where the first was discovered. Five minutes later the third body, also of a man, was found in nearly the same place. Both were taken out and placed in coffins on the sidewalk besides that containing the body found at 3.55 o'clock. Hardly had this been done when the body of another man was found, but it lay beneath a heavy press and it will be impossible to move it until a derrick is obtained to hoist the press from the ruins. There was almost simultaneous discovery of a fifth body, making twenty-one in all, made among brick and paper at 74 It was that of a large man, but although the face was visible, like the others exhumed, it was unrecognizable. At 9 o'clock Italian laborers were still at work removing the bricks that buried the body and hindered its removal.

From daylight on the crowd of spectators at the fire lines gradually increased, and at 9 o'clock a densely packed throng filled every spot that commanded the slightest view of the blackened ruins. At the office of the boiler inspector at police headquarters to-day it was stated that according to the records there the Taylor building had no steam boilers of any kind, nor had there been any there for several years past. The steam power used in it was supplied from outside sources.

During the morning one of the Italians working in the ruins stooped over the body of one of the victims and took a silver watch from his pocket. He was arrested and taken to the station, followed by a mob, many of whom shouted, "Lynch him!" "Lynch him!"

Up to noon the official account of the number of bodies taken from the ruins as kept by the police is twenty-three. At that hour there were two bodies visible, but they had not yet been dug out. These would bring the number of bodies actually found up to twenty-five.

Between 3 and 4 o'clock six bodies were found close together. Five were girls, aged from 18 to 25, and three of them were recognized as press feeders for Liebler & Moss. Another worked for Rosenfeld, bronze leaf manufacturer. The fifth body was that of a boy. They all bore the appearence of having died by suffocation.

The odor of decomposing and burned flesh that arises from the ruins is becoming horrible and the disintectants hitherto used seem to produce little effect.

General alarm has been sent out for Louis Rosenfeld, proprietor of a paint store, No 70 Park Place, his brother stating that since the disaster he has been missing. It is supposed that his mind was affected by the terrible scenes he witnessed when the crash came, if he is not actually in the ruins.

District Attorney Nichol is already considering the question of indicting the persons responsible for the Park Place disaster. After long consultation with his chief assistant, Ex-Judge Gunnings Belford, he will place the case in the hands of Assistant District Attorney Townsend.

Up to 7 o'clock to-night thirtyfive bodies had been recovered from the ruins. Twenty of the bodies recovered have been identified. Eighty-eight people are reported by friends to be missing.

MADE RAIN BY DETONATION.

Six Hours' Precipitation Follow the Experiments in Texas.

MIDLAND, Tex., Aug. 22.—Gen Dyrenforth's party of rain makers are jubilant today. The first important experiments have met with great success. A rain fell for more than six hours yesterday, and they declare that it was undoubtedly caused by the explosion of oxhydrogen balloons, rackarock powder and dynamite. At 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon a large balloon was sent up at the C ranch, where the men of science have their headquarters. The ranch is about twenty five miles from this town. The balloon was sent up about one and a quarter miles and was then exploded. It made a report like a severe clap of thunder. There were only a few white clouds floating in the blue sky at the time, the sun was shining, and any old farmer or mariner would have said that it would not rain in a week. The weather instruments showed that the air was remarkably dry and the barometer pointed at "fair."

Ten minutes after the balloon had disappeared in a peal of thunder, kites were set flying, and attached to their tails was dynamite. This was exploded when the kites were high in the air, and then a great quantity of powder, which was scattered over the ground for about two miles, was set off by electricity this made a noise like a succession of batteries of artillery. The smoke rose in the air for about 200 feet and drifted toward the expert's headquarters. Before it reached there, however, it was driven to the earth by a torrent of rain.

The few fleecy clouds had gathered together, others had formed, the sky quickly had become overcast, and a storm had been created by man's efforts. The barometer began falling ten minutes after the balloon was exploded. The rain was very heavy, and the centre of the storm was over the C ranch. According to reports from the ranchmen and employees along the line of the Texas and Pacific Railroad the storm extended over an area of not less than 1,000 square miles. It is hard to get definite reports, and it may have reached further.

The noise of the explosion was heard plainly at Midland, and even at ranches forty miles from the scene of the experiments. The people thought it was thunder. At about 7 o'clock this evening several more explosions were heard here. The experimenters were undoubtedly at work again. The sky became overcast inside of half an hour and it began to rain at 7:40 o'clock. It looks now as if it would rain all night.

This region, as a rule, is very dry, and it is exceedingly unusual to have much rain at this season of the year. The rainmakers are sure that they have stolen the secret of Jupiter Pluvius, and say they can flood this country at an hour's notice. Their greatest experiment, when they will explode a tremendous lot of balloons, kites and dynamite, will probably not take place until Friday. The ranchmen and town weather prophets don't believe the storm was made by the rain producers, but Gen. Dryenforth says he will convince the most skeptical in a day or two.

Republican Funds for Ohio.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 26.—The amount of money which it was alleged New York importers were raising to be spent against McKinley is a mere bagatelle to the sum which the friends of Senator Sherman openly boast here will be subscribed by Eastern capitalists to assist in securing his re-election. It is asserted that whatever sum, no matter how large, may in the opinion of experienced campaigners be necessary will be forthcoming to elect a Legislature favorable to Mr. Sherman.

This subject is daily discussed here by men whose opportunities to know Republican plans and expectations are exceptionally good. It seems to have put them in a most comfortable frame of mind. They are loud in praise of the Senator's generalship in disconnecting himself from the tariff part of the campaign discussion and announcing in advance that he will confine his remarks almost exclusively to the financial plank of the platform.

They think that by this act he will not only receive ten times the outside assistance he would otherwise receive, but that his individual campaign will be so much the more a national one.

He has, virtually, they declare, made two campaigns of it—one with McKinley and his tariff bill involved, and the other Sherman and sound money.

A leading Democrat said here to-day that he heard the Republican managers in Ohio expect the largest outside contributions to their campaign fund ever made in this country. McKinley's appeal is to the manufacturers, Sherman's to the bankers. Between them they expected to reach every rich corporation or firm in the land.

Great Britain Storm-Swept.

LONDON, Aug. 26.—All night long a tremendous hurricane prevailed throughout Great Britain. Everywhere the telegraph wires are prostrated, and it is impossible to obtain anything more than the most meagre information as to the amount of destruction caused by the fearful wind and sweeping rain. In and about London, and the few outside places that have been heard from, trees have been dragged out of the ground by their roots and the roofs of houses have been ripped up and hurled into the streets, lanes and by-ways. At Newcastle the tents of the flower show were blown away like straws and the beautiful exhibit which they had enclosed was almost entirely destroyed. A dispatch from Southport, in Lancaster County, on the Irish Sea, reports that the Norwegian barque Geifon has been wrecked off that place. The crew were, however, saved. Numerous other minor casualties are reported. It is feared that with the restoration of the telegraph service will come the news of serious disasters all along the coast.

A Well Digger Killed.

BLACKSTOCK, Aug. 20.—Sim Rice, a colored well digger, was instantly killed yesterday evening while digging a well for James Jones. He had worked in the well all day, and was about to quit and let another take his place, who was to work all night. As they were drawing up a tub of mud and water, the tub fell back a distance of some thirty-five feet, striking him in the head, and killing him instantly.—State.

COWHIDED HIM IN COURT.

An Angered Woman's Revenge Upon a Prominent Lawyer.

CHICAGO, Aug. 22.—A pretty brunette and a swishing rawhide played havoc in Judge Kohlsaat's court today, and practically decided a long drawn-out and sensational litigation over the custody of a child and a $30,000 estate, which has occupied the attention of the Probate Court for many months.

The pretty woman who did the rawhiding was Mrs. Ed McMahon, whose husband had been charged with attempting to poison his own child and whose mother-in-law has been endeavoring to get possession of the child on this charge. The lawyer who was rawhided is Patrick McHugh, a well-known lawyer, who was not long ago a candidate for the bench and who was associated with Attorney Hynes in behalf of the mother-in-law in the case.

Judge Kohlsaat was unmoved. He simply had the belligerents removed and refused the application of indignant Attorney Hynes to impose a penalty for contempt of court.

But not only did Mrs. McMahon horsewhip and her husband pound the lawyer, she also severely slashed an officer of the State, Peter Smith, the guardian of the child on behalf of the State.

The whipping occurred about 11 o'clock today, and was not wholly unexpected. Yesterday, when Attorney McHugh had read an affidavit taken in Canada, in which Mrs. McMahon was charged with being a woman of bad reputation, and with doing immortal acts that lady arose in court and shouted with flashing eyes and trembling lips that the allegation was outrageous and a libelous falsehood.

So, this morning, when the handsome woman in black stood up in her seat in the body of the court and moved quietly in the direction of Attorney McHugh, Clerk Ballerman guessed what was coming. He had time only to shout, "Look out!" however, before Mrs. McMahon was at the lawyer's side.

A moment later a black rawhide was hissing through the air and raising livid welts on the face and neck of Attorney McHugh. The lawyer dropped his brief and rushed to the corner of the court room on the left of the judge. The woman followed and gave him the length and breadth of the leather once, twice, thrice.

Then State Custodian Peter Smith jumped and stepped toward the corner in which the sensational thrashing was going on. Mrs. McMahon wheeled around suddenly and caught him with a stinging slash across the face. Round the head and shoulders of Smith fell the rawhide. Meanwhile the husband had taken a hand in the affair. When his wife directed her attention to the State custodian he tackled the lawyer and pounded the unfortunate Mchugh all over the court room.

At this point Judge Kohlsaat called in the services of the sheriff, and a couple of deputies hustled all the parties out of court.

HOW ALMY WAS CAPTURED.

A Spokesman Perched on a Ladder Made Terms With the Crowd.

HANOVER, N. H., Aug. 20.—Frank C. Almy, who murdered the young woman, Christie Warden, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity a week or two ago, was this morning discovered in Mr. Warden's barn. Almy fired fifteen shots at his pursuers and slightly wounded Azro Turner, of Norwich, Vt.

A conference was then held whether the barn should be burned or an attempt made to capture Almy alive. The latter course was determined upon. A committee headed by ex-sheriff Bridgman entered the barn and opened negotiations with Almy. The latter said, "If you will guarantee me protection, I will give up my arms and surrender; otherwise, will sell my life dearly."

Bridgman, after conversing with Almy returned and mounting the ladder leaning against the house said to the crowd: "Fellow citizens: Almy has been found. Now I call upon you in the name of law and good order to restrain your anger and let the law take its course with this foul murder. I say, at the request of the county officials, we have as good courts as there are on the face of the earth."

These remarks were greeted with cries of "Yes, yes, let the law takes its course," and it was agreed that Almy should be left in the hands of the law.

Bridgman, who was still perched on the ladder, said: "Your assurances that Almy shall be dealt with according to law is satisfactory. I promise you shall have all the opportunity to see him. Form in line on each side of the road, and he shall pass along between the lines."

The lines were formed, and Almy finally walked out of the barn and gave himself up to the sheriff, followed in good order by the crowd. He was taken to jail and locked up.

Polygamy in Ohio.

LIMA, O., Aug. 26.—Residing near Napoleon, Ohio, is Michael Cramer and three wives. They all live on a $50,000 farm, and three houses are used by the three families with one head. Cramer brought his second wife to the farm in 1879, and placed her in a cosy house he had erected for her. Wife No. 1 offered no objection. He was arrested at the time, however, and tried for bigamy, but escaped on a technicality. In 1881 Cramer brought his third wife to the farm. For some cause, no action was taken until Monday, when the county prosecuting attorney completed an investigation and prepared evidence to lay before the grand jury.

One of Porter's Blunders.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Aug. 26.—In the special census bulletin issued yesterday the statement is made that the assessed valuation of all property in South Carolina was $1,377,097 less in 1890 than in 1880. This statement is utterly without foundation. The Comptroller General's report of this State gave the total assessed value of all property in 1880 as $133,062,834, and for 1890 as $150,602,457, an increase of more than $17,500,000. The new assessment this year will add thirty millions more to the assessed values of the State.

The Youngest on Record.

RALEIGH, N. C., Aug. 19.—To-day there was brought to the penitentiary the youngest convict ever convicted of highway robbery in this State. His name is Will Edwards, and he is only thirteen years old. He committed the crime in Orange County in June, and was successful in obtaining money from his victim. He gets a sentence of seven years.

A Stage Coach Held Up.

THE DALLES, OREGON, Aug. 21.—The Princeville and Canyon stage was held up about thirty miles from here last evening by a masked man with a Winchester rifle. The robber ordered the driver to throw out five small sacks and then drive on. The driver promptly obeyed. The mail bags contained several money orders and registered packages.

RAILROAD ASSESSMENTS.

THE RAISE EXTENDS WAY INTO THE MILLIONS.

Final Figures Announced by the Board of Equalization—Comparison With Those of Last Year—Some Small Roads Doubled.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Aug. 22.—The long awaited assessments of the railroads of the State, about which so much has been said, and against which the railroads made such a fight, have at last been passed upon finally by the State board of equalization of railroads, and yesterday they were at last made public. Only the bare assessments per mile are given, and no compilations or comparisons announced. Therefore it is impossible to give the exact amount of the raise, but by a careful computation from the data given, it is found that the raise will amount to scarcely less than $21,000,000, and may be a couple of millions higher. This year there is a much larger number of miles of road being operated in the State, and the total raise is in some measure due to that, but the actual raise per mile is very large. The total valuation of property for each road was not given out by the comptroller, and consequently cannot be compared with the figures of last year. Then again several roads, namely: The Augusta and Knoxville, Greenville and Laurens, Greenville, Laurens and Spartanburg, Savannah Valley, Carolina, Knoxville and Western, and Spartanburg, Union and Columbia do not appear on this year's reports at all as such roads, for they have been absorbed by others under one name.

The raise, however, is so great as to cause a general belief that the railroads, especially the big ones will make a fight before paying such taxes and carry the matter into the courts.

The figures, as announced by the comptroller general, and the comparisons with the figures of last year, are given below:

Ashley River Railroad—Last year $11,000 per mile; this year $13,000.

Atlanta and Charlotte Air Line—Last year $13,500 per mile; this year $18,000.

Blackville, Allston and Newberry—Last year $5,000 per mile; this year $6,500.

Blue Ridge Railroad—Last year $4,000 per mile; this year $5,000.

Barnwell Railroad—Last year $5,000 per mile; this year $6,500.

Bishopville Railroad—Last year $500 per mile; this year $600.

Carolina, Cumberland Gap and Chicago—Last year $5,000 per mile; this year $8,000.

Central Railroad—Last year $8,000 per mile; this year $12,000.

Charleston and Savannah Railroad—Last year $12,000 per mile; this year $13,000.

Ashville and Spartanburg Railroad—Last year $4,000 per mile; this year $8,000.

Charleston, Cincinnati and Chicago Railroad—Last year $7,500 per mile; this year $10,000.

Cheraw and Chester Railroad—Last year $2,500 per mile; this year $4,000.

Cheraw and Salisbury Railroad—Last year $4,000 per mile; this year $8,000.

Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta Railroad—Last year $10,500 per mile; this year $14,000.

Sea Island Branch—$3,000 per mile.

Port Royal and Western Carolina—$10,000 per mile.

Chester and Lenoir Railroad—Last year $2,500 per mile; this year $4,000.

Columbia and Greenville Railroad—Last year $8,000 per mile; this year $10,500.

Florence Railroad—Last year $6,000 per mile; this year $10,000.

Georgetown and Western Railroad—Last year $2,000 per mile; this year $4,000.

Laurens Railroad—last year $2,000 per mile; this year $5,000.

Manchester and Augusta Railroad—last year $4,000 per mile; this year $5,000.

Greenpond, Walterboro and Branchville Railroad—last year $5,000 per mile; this year $7,000.

Northeastern Railroad—last year $14,000 per mile; this year $17,000.

Port Royal and Augusta Railroad—last year $7,500 per mile; this year $10,000.

Palmetto Railroad—last year $2,000 per mile; this year $4,000.

South Carolina Railway—last year $13,000 per mile; this year $16,000.

South Carolina Pacific Railway—last year $5,000 per mile; this year $6,500.

Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta Railroad—last year $10,500 per mile; this year $14,000.

Wilmington, Chadbourne and Conway Railroad—last year $3,000 per mile; this year $5,000.

Wilson and Summerton Railroad—last year $1,750 per mile; this year $1,798.

Charleston, Sumter and Northern Railroad—Last year $4,000 per mile; this year $8,000.

Columbia, Newberry and Laurens Railroad—Last year $2,000 per mile; this year $5,000.

Georgia, Carolina and Northern Railroad—Last year $5,000 per mile; this year thirty miles at $10,000 per mile; remainder at $5,000.

Hartsville Railroad—Last year $1,000 per mile; this year $2,000.

It was remarked last night that the assessments had not been made on any fixed basis, but that the board had just placed the raises where they saw fit. The board, however, has done its work and the figures are here for any and all to see.—The State.

A Fiendish Crime.

BRECKENRIDGE, Colo., Aug. 21.—One of the most fiendish crimes ever committed here was perpetrated last night about 11 o'clock. Some persons put dynamite in the Methodist church bell, and the bell and belfry were blown to atoms, endangering the lives of more than 100 people. The deed is supposed to have been caused by the ill-feeling engendered against the Rev. Mr. Passmore because he wanted the saloons closed on Sunday. If the villian is caught he will be severely dealt with. A cartoon is now in possession of friends that was posted on the Rev. Mr. Passmore's door.

"Pension the Ex-Slaves!"

RALEIGH, N. C., Aug. 16.—W. R. Vaughn, a negro orator, last night addressed a large audience of negroes at a Methodist church. He demands that ex-slaves be pensioned, and said in the course of his address: "The former slaves are today paying the pension money that goes to the soldiers and it is high time these ex-slaves were drawing the pensions themselves. This country belongs to the negro and the soldiers but the negro comes first, because it was his labor that built up and made it." Vaughn is making a tour of the country doing this sort of talking.

Train Robbery.

ATLANTA, GA., Aug. 20.—The Central train was boarded tonight by three masked men at Colliers station, near Barnesville, and the express messenger was held up. Particulars meagre. They got all the money in the safe, and it is believed it was a good sum, probably $30,000.