MUSIC IN CHURCHES

REV. DR. TALMAGE FAVORS HEARTY CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

The Importance of Sacred Music and Some of the Obstacles to Its Advancement—A Singing Church is Always a Successful One.

Dr. Talmage in his discourse rallies the churches to more hearty congregational singing and calls upon instruments of music to join in the praise of God. The text is 11 Chronicles v, 13, "It came even to pass, as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord."

The temple was done. It was the very chorus of all magnificance and pomp. Splendor crowded against splendor. It was the diamond necklace of the earth. From the huge pillars crowned with leaves and flowers and rows of pomegranate wrought out in burnished metal, down even to the tongs and snuffers made out of pure gold, everything was as complete as the God directed architect could make it It seemed as if a vision from heaven had alighted on the mountains. The day for dedication came Tradition says that there were in and around about the temple on that day 200,000 silver trumpets, 40,000 harps, 40,000 timbrels and 200,000 singers. So that all modern demonstrations at Dusseldorf, or Boston seem nothing compared with that. As this great sound surged up amid the precious stones of the temple, it must have seemed like the river of life dashing against the amethyst of the wall of heaven. The sound arose, and God, as if to show that he was well pleased with the music which his children make in all ages, dropped into the midst of the temple a cloud of glory so overpowering that the officiating priests were obliged to stop in the midst of the services.

There has been much discussion as to where music was born. I think that at the beginning, "when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy," the earth heard the echo. The cloud on which the angels stood to celebrate the creation was the birthplace of song. The stars that glitter at night are only so many keys of celestial pearl on which God's fingers play the music of spheres Inanimate nature is full of God's stringed and wind instruments. Silence itself—perfect silence—is only a musical rest in God's great anthem of worship. Wind among the leaves, insect humming in the summer air, the rush of billow upon beach, the ocean far out sounding its everlasting psalm, the bobolink on the edge of the forest, the quail whistling up from the grass are music. While visiting Blackwell's island I heard, coming from a window of the lunatic asylum, a very sweet song. It was sung by one who had lost her reason, and I have come to believe that even the deranged and disordered elements of nature would make music to our ear if we only had acuteness enough to listen. I suppose that even the sounds in nature that are discordant and repulsive make harmony in God's ear. You know that you may come so near to an orchestra that the sounds are painful instead of pleasurable, and I think that we stand so near devastating storm and frigthful whirlwind we cannot hear that which makes to God's ear and the ear of the spirits above us a music as complete as it is tremendous.

I propose to speak about sacred music, first showing you its importance and then stating some of the obstacles to its advancement.

I draw the first argument for the importance of sacred music from the fact that God commanded it. Through Paul he tells us to admonish one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, through David he cries out, "Sing ye to God, all ye kingdoms of the earth." And there are hundreds of other passages I might name, proving that it is as much a man's duty to sing as it is his duty to pray. Indeed I think there are more commands in the Bible to sing than there are to pray. God not only asks for the human voice, but for the instruments of music. He asks for the cymbal and the harp and the trumpet. And I suppose that in the last days of the church the harp, the lute, the trumpet and all the instruments of music that have given their chief aid to the theater and bacchanal will be brought by their masters and laid down at the feet of Christ and then sounded in the church's triumph on her way from suffering into glory. "Praise ye the Lord!" Praise him with your voices. Praise him with stringed instruments and with organs.

I draw another argument for the importance of this exercise from the impressiveness of the exercise. You know something of what secular music has achieved. You know it has made its impression upon governments, upon laws, upon literature, upon whole generations. One inspiring national air is worth 30,000 men as a standing army. There comes a time in the battle when one bugle is worth 1,000 muskets. In the earlier part of our civil war the government proposed to economize in bands of music and many of them were sent home, but the generals in the army sent word to Washington: "You are making a very great mistake. We are falling back and falling back. We have not enough music." I have to tell you that no nation or church can afford to severely economize in music.

Why should we rob the programmes of worldly gayety when we have so many appropriate songs and tunes composed in our own day, as well as that magnificent inheritance of church psalmody which has come down fragrant with the devotions of other generations—tunes no more worn out than when our great-grandfathers climbed up on them from the church pew to glory? Dear old souls, how they used to sing! And in those days there were certain tunes married to certain hymns, and they have lived in peace a great while, these two old people, and we have no right to divorce them. Born as we have been amid this great wealth of church music, augmented by the compositions of artists in our day, we ought not to be tempted out of the sphere of Christian harmony and try to seek unconsecrated sounds. It is absurd for a millionaire to steal.

Many of you are illustrations of what a sacred song can do. Through it you were brought into the kingdom of Jesus Christ. You stood out against the warning and the argument of the pulpit, but when in the sweet words of Charles Wesley, or John Newton, or Toplady, the love of Jesus was sung to your soul, then you surrendered, as an armed castle that could not be taken by a host lifts its window to listen to a harp's trill.

There was a Scotch soldier dying in New Orleans and a Scotch minister came in to give him the consolations of the gospel. The man turned over on his pillow and said, "Don't talk to me about religion." Then the minister began to sing a familiar hymn that was composed by David Dickenson beginning with the words:

Oh, mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?

He sang it to the tune of Dundee, and everybody in Scotland knows that and as he began to sing the dying soldier turned over on his pillow and said to the minister, "Where did you learn that?" "Why," replied the minister, "my mother taught me that." "So did mine," said the dying soldier, and the very foundation of his heart was upturned, and then and there he yielded himself to Christ. Oh, it has an irresistible power! Luther's sermons have been forgotten, but his Judgment Hymn sings on through the ages and will keep on singing until the blast of the archangel's trumpet shall bring about that very day which the hymn celebrates. I would to God that you would take these songs of salvation as messages from heaven, for just as certainly as the bird brought food to Elijah by the brook Cherith so these winged harmonies God sent are flying to your soul with the bread of life. Open your mouth and take it, O hungry Elijah!

I have also noticed the power of sacred song to soothe perturbation. You may have come in here with a great many worriments and anxieties, yet perhaps in the singing of the first hymn you lost them all. You have read in the Bible of Saul, and how he was sad and angry, and how the boy David came in and played the evil spirit out of him. A Spanish king was melancholy. The windows were all closed. He sat in the darkdess. Nothing could bring him forth until Franell came and discoursed music for three or four days to him. On the fourth day he looked up and wept and rejoiced, and the windows were thrown open, and that which all the splendors of the court could not do the power of song accomplished. If you have anxieties and worriments, try this heavenly charm upon them. Do not sit down on the hymn, but plunge in, that the devil of care may be brought out of you.

It also arouses to action. Do you not know that a singing church is always a triumphant church? If a congregation is silent during the exercises or partially silent, it is the silence of death. If when the hymn is given out you hear the faint hum of here and there a father and mother in Israel, while the vast majority are silent, that minister of Christ who is presiding needs to have a very strong constitution if he does not get the chills. He needs not only the grace of God, but nerves like whalebone. It is amazing how some people with voice enough to discharge all their duties in the world, when they come into the house of God have no voice to discharge his duty. I really believe that if the church of Christ could rise up and sing as it ought to sing, where we have 100 souls brought into the kingdom of Christ there would be 1,000. How was it in olden time? Cajetan said, "Luther conquered us by his songs."

But I must now speak of some of the obstacles in the way of the advancement of this sacred music, and the first is that it has been impresssed into the service of satan. I am far from believing that music ought always to be positively religious. Refined art has opened places where music has been scrutinized, and lawfully so. The drawing room, the concert by the gratification of pure taste and the production of harmless amusement and the improvement of talent, have become very forces in the advancement of our civilization. Music has as much right to laugh in Surrey gardens as it has to pray in St. Paul's. In the kingdom of nature we have the glad fifing of the wind as well as the long meter psalm of the thunder, but while all this is so, every observer has noticed that this art, which God intended for the improvement of the ear, and the voice, and the head, and the heart, has often been impressed into the service of error. Tartini, the musical composer, dreamed one night that satan snatched from his hand an instrument and played upon it something very sweet—a dream that has often been fulfilled in our day, the voice and the instruments that ought to have been devoted to Christ are captured from the church and applied to the purposes of sin.

Another obstacle has been an inordinate fear of criticism. The vast majority of people singing in church never want anybody else to hear them sing. Everybody is waiting for somebody else to do his duty. If we all sang, then the inaccuracies that are evident when only a few sing would be drowned out. God asks you to do as well as you can, and then if you get the wrong pitch or keep wrong time he will forgive any deficiency of the ear and imperfection of the voice. Angels will not laugh if you should lose your place in the musical scale or come in at the bar behind. There are three schools of singing, I am told—the German school, the Italian school and the French school of singing. Now, I would like to add a fourth school, and that is the school of Christ. The voice of a contrite, broken heart, although it may be able to stand human criticism, makes better music to God's ear than the most artistic performance when the heart is wanting. God calls on the beasts, on the cattle, on the dragons to praise him, and we ought not to be behind the cattle and the dragons.

Another obstacle in the advancement of this art has been the erroneous notion that this part of the service could be conducted by delegation. Churches have said, "Oh, what an easy time we shall have! The minister will do the preaching and the choir will do the singing, and we will have no hing to do." And you know as well as I that there are a great multitude of churches all through this land where the people are not expected to sing. The whole work is done by delegation of four or six or ten persons, and the audience are silent. In such a church in Syracuse an old elder persisted in singing, and so the choir appointed a committee to go and ask the elder if he would not stop You know that in many churches the choir are expected to do all the singing, and the great mass of the people are expected to be silent, and if you utter your voice you are interfering. In that church they stand, the four, with opera glasses dangling at their side, singing "Rock of ages, cleft for me," with the same spirit that the night before on the stage they took their part in the "Grand Duchesse" or "Don Giovanni."

My Christian friends, have we a right to delegate to others the discharge of this duty which God demands of us? Suppose that four wood thrushes propose to do all the singing some bright day when the woods are ringing with bird voices. It is decided that four wood thrushes shall do all the singing of the forest. Let all other voices keep silent How beautifully the four warble! It is really fine music. But how long will you keep the forest still? Why, Christ would come into that forest and look up as he looked through the olives, and he would wave his hand and say, "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord," and, keeping time with the stroke of innumerable wings, there would be 5,000 bird voices leaping into the harmony.

Suppose this delegation of musical performers were tried in heaven. Suppose that four choice spirits should try to do the singing of the upper temple. Hush now, thrones and dominions and principalities! David, be still, though you were the "sweet singer of Israel." Paul, keep quiet, though you have come to that crown of rejoicing. Richard Baxter, keep still, though this is the "Saints' Everlasting Rest." Four spirits now do all the singing, but how long would heaven be quiet? How long? "Hallelujah!" would cry some glorified Methodist from under the altar. "Praise the Lord!" would sing the martyrs from among the thrones. "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory!" a cry, myriads of voices coming into the harmony and the 144,000 breaking forth into one acclamation. Stop that loud singing! Stop! Oh, no. They cannot hear me. You might as well try to drown the thunder of the sky, or beat back the roar of the sea, for every soul in heaven has resolved to do its own siging. Alas, that we should have tried on earth that which they cannot do in heaven, and, instead of joining all our voices in the praise of the most high God, delegating perhaps to unconsecrated men and women this most solemn and most delightful service

Music ought to rush from the audience like the water from a rock—clear, bright, sparkling. If all the other part of the church service is dull, do not have the music dull. With so many thrilling things to sing about, away with all drawling and stupidity! There is nothing makes me so nervous as to sit in a pulpit and look off on an audience with their lips almost shut, mumbling the praises of God. During my recent absence I preached to a large audience, and all the music they made together did not equal the skylark. People do not sleep at a coronation. Do not let us sleep when we come to a Saviour's crowning. In order to a proper discharge of this duty let us stand up, save as age or weakness or fatigue excuses us. Seated in an easy pew we cannot do this duty half so well as when upright we throw our whole body into it. Let our song be like an acclamation of victory. You have a right to sing. Do not surrender your prerogative.

We want to rouse all our families upon this subject. We want each family of our congregation to be a singing school. Childish petulance, obducracy and intractability would be soothed if we had more singing in the household, and then our little ones would be prepared for the great congregation on Sabbath day, their voices uniting with our voices in the praises of the Lord. After a shower there are scores of streams that come down the mountain side with voices rippling and silvery, pouring into one river and then rolling in united strength to the sea. So I would have all the families in our church send forth the voice of prayer and praise, pouring it into the great tide of public worship that rolls on and on to empty into the great, wide heart of God. Never can we have our church sing as it ought until our families sing as they ought.

There will be a great revolution on this subject in all our churches. God will come down by his spirit and rouse up the old hymns and tunes that have not been more than half awake since the time of our grandfathers. The silent pews in the church will break forth into music, and when the conductor takes his place on the Sabbath day there will be a great host of voices rushing into the harmony. My Christian friends, if we have no taste for this service on earth, what will we do in heaven, where they all sing, and sing forever? I would that our singing today might be like the Saturday night rehearsal for the Sabbath morning in the skies, and we might begin now, by the strength and by the help of God, to discharge a duty which none of us has fully performed. And now what more appropriate thing can I do than to give out the doxology of the heavens, "Unto him who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, to him be glory forever."

WEATHER AND CROPS.

Weekly Bulletin of the Weather Bureau Issued Last Week.

The following is the weekly bulletin of the condition of the weather and crops issued by the South Carolina section of the United States climate and crop service for last week:

During the greater part of the past week the weather was abnormally cool, with departures from 2 to 16 degrees below the normal, but the last of the week much warmer with nearly the normal temperature. The nights of the 22 23d was unusually cold with minimum temperature under 50 over all the State except near the coast, where it was between 50 and 55 The lowest reported was 40 on the 24th at Kingstree, and the highest 95 on the 19 hat Florence. The weekly mean was 65 and the normal for the same period is approximately 73.

The long existing and severe drought was broken by showers early in the week, and a general heavy rain on the 21st and 22nd. The rain was accompanied by high winds over the eastern portion of the State. The rainfall measurements were generally heavy, only 5 places having amounts of less than the inch, 10 had from one to two inches and 26 had over two inches, with a maximum measurement of 6 25 at Oakland. The average of all measurements was 2 50 and the normal for the week is about one inch.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

The severe drought was broken by the rains of the week, and the entire State is now well watered, and the ground in fine condition for plowing and sowing fall oats, rye and barley, which work has actively begun. Peas, turnips, late potatoes and pastures were greatly benefitted by the rain, and also fall vegetables, gardens and truck, but it came too late to materially benefit corn or cotton, except very late fields of the former and young immature bolls of the latter of which there are comparatively few.

Cotton reports are featureless for the week, except that much open cotton was blown to the ground on the 21st and 22nd, and beat into the dirt and stained by the heavy rains. Cotton picking was delayed from one to three days by the unfavorable weather and the heretofore rapid opening of immature bolls was largely checked Otherwise the rain was of no benefit to cotton, which is now so far advanced as to be beyond liability of injury by frost, there being practically no "top crop." Cotton in many places is nearly all open and over half of the crop has been gathered. The yield is reported to be smaller than expected and generally disappointing.

There are many sections which will no doubt make a full crop but such reports are outnumbered, two to one, by reports of yields falling below an average. Sea Island cotton was not injured by the storm, on the contrary the rain will materially help the "top crop" of which there is a fair promise

Corn is being gathered and the crop is generally reported to be a full one and in places an extra fine one. In the extreme northwestern counties where corn was planted late, fodder is still being pulled but even there the ears are matured and no longer subject to weather conditions.

Rice harvest was somewhat delayed early in the week but was resumed during the latter portion and is now practically completed. There are few reports indicating poor yields of rice, but generally the crop is a full average one, and has been secured in excellent condition, it having been not at all damaged by the storm. Threshing is well underway.

Peas were helped by the rain and are generally fruiting well, with exceptions over little areas where peas are complete failures.

Sweet potatoes show improvement since the rains and look more promising.

In the truck raising districts, plowing and planting winter vegetables is now under way, with the ground in excellent condition for this work.

Pastures which were parched and brown have started a new growth. Stock water is again plentiful.

Crops having completed their growth except a few comparatively unimportant ones, the issue of these bulletins will end, for the season of 1897, with this number. Correspondents will, therefore, please discontinue their weekly reports.

Murdered for his Money.

John Harris a respected and well-to do negro of Bainbridge, Ga., was murdered Saturday, and direct evidence points to Simon Hopkins, another negro, as the assassin. Harris was a butcher, and by frugality had accumulated a neat little fortune. He started out Saturday to buy some beaves and was murdered in Griffin's pasture, about two miles from the city. He was then robbed and his body was thrown into Flint river. No trace of him was discovered until yesterday, when a searching party found the body. Hopkins, who is charged with the crime, has been arrested and is now in jail at the place. There has been considerable talk of lynching among the negroes.

Hung by Negroes

A special from Cowan's depot, Rockingham county, Va., says: News of a ghastly discovery in the Massanutan mountains, six miles east of here has just been received. Tuesday several hunters found the body of Peb Falls, a notorious white woman, dangling at the end of a rope fastened to the limb of a tree. When discovered the body was in the first stage of decomposition. It is supposed the woman was hanged by negroes, who had been her companions lately. No effort has been made as yet to apprehend the guilty parties. She was a married woman, but for years her reputation has been unsavory, and finally she was driven to the mountains, where she slept in the fields and in the woods.

Getting Things Ready.

A newly appointed Georgia justice of peace was informed that some one had stolen his horse during the night. He was not long in locating the criminal, who was speedily brought to trial when the justice said: "I ain't qualified to sit on this case, seein' as the horse was mine; but I'm goin' to let the bailiff preside, an' while he is a-tryin of the criminal I'll be out yander a-stretchin' of the rope an' locatin' of the tree!"

Severely Shaken.

A decided earthquake shock was felt at Hotel Altamont on Paris Mountain Wednesday morning about 1 o'clock. The proprietor and guests of the hotel were aroused by the shaking of the building, but no trouble resulted. In a room adjoining Mr. Johnstone's the plastering was broken and fell with a crash, but no other damage was done.

GONE TWENTY-TWO YEARS.

A Husband Found by His Wife through the Pension Office.

Mrs. Ann Jacoby, of Port Jervis, N. Y., whose husband disappeared twenty-two years ago from their home, in Greene, Chenango county, N. Y., and from whom nothing had since been heard, has just received information from the pension department that her husband is living in Buffalo. Since 1890 Mrs Jacoby has been drawing the pension allowance due to a soldier's widow, it being presumed from the veteran's long absence and his failure to draw his monthly pension that he was dead. A short time ago he applied for a renewal of his pension at Buffalo, and this was the means of learning his whereabouts by his friends.

Sanford Jacoby, of Port Jervis, a reputable mechanic, enlisted in the Seventieth Regiment, New York Volunteers, on April 20, 1861, and remained in the service until honorably discharged in July, 1864 Two years later a pension of $5 a month was granted him, dating from the day of his discharge, on account of disabilities incurred in the Gettysberg campaign. In September, 1875, the veteran and his wife were living at Greene, N. Y. He was physically strong, but he was troubled by increasing deafness and occasional spells of despondency. One day after dinner he left home, telling his wife that he was going to call on a friend who lived about a mile from the village. He was seen by neighbors going in the direction indicated, and alone. He never reached the friend's house and from that day to this, so far as is known, he never was seen dead or alive. He disappeared from a well-traveled highway, within sight of a considerable village and at noonday.

Jacoby was ordinarily secretive concerning his intentions, and it was suggested that he was seized with sudden impulse and had gone to visit some relatives. When this theory had been dispelled, relatives of Mrs. Jacoby induced her to apply for a widow's pension, previously, however, making a search and inquiry for the missing husband through the Grand Army and the police authorities of the neighboring towns. The pension department rejected the widow's claim. Then Representative Lewis Beech of Port Jervis got a special bill passed by congress granting her a pension. This was vetoed by President Cleveland, but another bill was gotten through by Representative M. D. Stivers, and was signed by President Harrison.

Mrs. Jacoby has opened communication with her husband, and, being assured of her forgiveness for his desertion, which he attributes to mental derangement, he will return to Port Jervis on Wednesday. There are two children—a son who was six years of age when the father disappeared, and a daughter, who was born six months after, and who is married to Matt Perry, a prosperous young resident of Sullivan county.

Death Rather than Apostacy.

Gen. Barron Von Shack, of the Russian army, Governor-General of Odessa as well as commander of the great military district of which this the greatest of all Russian ports, is the center recently committed suicide in consequence of having been compelled by orders from the war department to abandon the Lutheran faith, in which he had been reared. The general, like so many others of his rank in the Russian army, was of German extraction, and had been bred a Lutheran, although born in Russia. He greatly distinguished himself in the last war against the Turks, and subsequently obtained still greater fame in connection with the real heroism which he displayed during the subjugation of the mountain tribes of the Caucasus. Many marks of imperial favor were lavished upon him by Alexander II and Alexander III.

Governor Ellerbe Thanked.

For ordering the orginal package establishments closed in several of the "dry" towns of the state, Governor Ellerbe is being thanked by the inhabitants of such places. Many personal communications have been received by the governor from citizens, but Thursday an expression of thanks from seventy-six citizens of Woodruff came in the shape of an open letter. Following is the communication:

Spartanburg County, Sept 27, 1897.

To His Excellency, Governor W. H. Ellerbe:

We the undersigned citizens of the town of Woodruff desire to express our hearty thanks to your excellency for your prompt action in closing up the original package house here, and we would most earnestly and respectfully ask that you employ every effort known to the law to prevent the sale of liquor in or around our town.

Cold-Blooded Crime.

Parties from Apalachicola says there was a serious riot there Wednesday. It appears that a white engineer on the steamer C. D. Owens, a river boat, sent a negro boy to a shoemaker for his shoes. The shoemaker told the boy he could not get the shoes without the money. The boy carried the message to the engineer, who attacked him with a knife, cutting his throat. The boy died in a few minutes. The negroes became terribly excited. They gathered in large numbers and attempted to lynch the engineer. The Franklin County Guards were ordered out, and with the assistance of citizens, remonstrating with the negroes, a lynching was prevented and order restored. The murderer was safely jailed and at 5 o'clock this morning quiet reigned in the town.

The Boecker Tragedy.

John Boecker, the murderer of his wife and five children, at Carroll, Iowa, still lives, though his recovery is impossible. The son Henry shows signs of returning strength, but his physicians say his wound is fatal. The bodies of the mother and children was prepared for burial at Breda Wednesday The coroner's jury which was empanelled Monday has adjourned till Thursday. It is now known that Boecker bought a supply of chloroform at Breda last week, ostensibly to doctor hogs for cholera. With this he threw the family into their fatal sleep and was enabled to commit the murder without resistance. Those who know him best say Boecker's mind has been affected for some time.

Burned at Sea.

The schooner John H. Cannon, Captain Harrison from Jacksonville, Fla., for Baltimore, loaded with shingles, was dismasted in a gale of the 21st instant, 170 miles east of Charleston. She was abandoned and set on fire on the 24th. The crew of the Cannon were taken off by the schooner Greenleaf Jhonson and landed today at Fortress Monroe.

A Rascally Officer.

The attorney general of Iowa, who is a consistent republican, is now attracting considerable attention by the discovery that he has been drawing five cents per mile mileage money, while traveling around the state with his pockets crammed with free passes, which by the law of that state are prohibited to office holders.

SOLIVING A MYSTERY.

Hunting For a Man Who Disappeared Months Ago.

The Columbia State says enquiries have been set on foot in the last few days to unravel the mystery of the disappearance of an apparently wealthy young Philadelphian, named Siegfried, who was last seen alive in Georgetown in this State, about to start out with a negro and a boat on a duck shooting expedition at the time President Cleveland was down here last winter. Exactly why his family have never instituted these inquiries before does not appear unless it be that the young man was of a roving disposition and was in the habit of going away on pleasure expeditions and giving no account of himself for months at a time. It is said that his trunk is now in the depot at Georgetown, and that all letters sent to him there, containing his remittances, have been returned to his people through the medium of the dead letter office.

It appears that at the same time that President Cleveland was enjoying duck shooting at Georgetown last winter, a party of about 18 South Carolinians were near Georgetown, also engaged in the same sport. Among them were Mr. N. W Brooker of the State sinking fund commission, and Mr Miller of Sumter. This young man, who is described as having a fair complexion and blond moustache, weighing about 130 pounds, and dressing exceedingly well, joined them by accident at Bryan's plantation, remaining several days in their company. Then Mr. Brooker went on to Georgetown, having to leave the party on Thursday afternoon. The young Philadelphian said that he would join Mr. Brooker in Georgetown on Friday evening. Instead of coming on the evening train he came down at midday and called to see Mr. Brooker, but that gentleman was then out hunting. In the afternoon he came again and found Mr. Brooker. Mr. Brooker in the meantime found that he could not stay over to hunt the following day and parted with the young man. He says that Siegfried told him that he was going to get a negro and a boat and go to the hunting grounds the following morning.

That was the last that has ever been heard of him so far as any one knows.

He promised to send Mr. Brooker some ducks and a dog; neither ever came, but Mr. Brooker thought nothing of that. In fact he thought no more of the stranger at all until a few days ago, when Mr. Miller, of the party, wrote Mr. Brooker a letter in which he said that he had a communication from the young man's family stating that he had never been heard of since he went to Georgetown, and asking if any of the South Carolina party could give any information.

The young man had a fine shotgun with him when last seen. If some negro killed him on account of his supposed wealth he probably hid the body and no one would have missed him, inasmuch as he was traveling alone.

A gentleman from Georgetown, who has undertaken to institute an investigation when he gets home, said Thursday that it would have been an easy matter for the negro boatman to have killed the young man and no one ever miss him. The body could easily have been put out of the way. Again, if he accidentally shot himself, the negro in the absence of witnesses, would almost certainly hide the body to shield himself from the charge of murder.

The State Fair Booming.

The State fair of 1897 is rapidly approaching and on all sides preparations are being made far in advance of the usual period, and every indication points to the most successful fair ever held in the State. The exhibitions are going to be large and varied. Clemson college will have a working dairy on the fair grounds during the fair managed by Prof. J. W. Hart. An exhibition in the arena in milking by students of the college would draw well, showing the young misses that when one of these boys is secured as a partner for life a milker also would be obtained. The agricultural exhibit will be under the supervision of Prof. J. S. Newman, and the mechanical will be controlled by Prof. Worthington. From the interest manifested by the college professors, and members of the board as well, it can be confidently expected that the exhibits will exceed by far any hitherto seen on the grounds. Secretary Holloway writes that Mr. Geo. F. Weston, manager of the Vanderbilt farms at Biltmore, N. C., expects to bring down a fine lot of Jersey cattle for exhibition only, and subsequently offer them in the annual sale of stock. This, Col. Holloway says, will afford a fine opportunity to purchase Jerseys of fancy strains. Mr. Weston will also bring a few choicely bred Berkshire boars.

Let It Alone.

Fabulous stories are being published about a so called African variety of cotton owned by a Mr. T. A. Jackson, of Atlanta, Ga. A few weeks ago we published a long article about this cotton and some weeks later published a letter from the Secretary of Agriculture, of Georgia, who had tested the cotton, saying the cotton was nothing extra and advised farmers not be to humbugged into paying fancy prices for it. This cotton is again being boomed in the newspapers and we would advise our farmers to let it alone. It is no better than any good variety of cotton and not as good as some. It is claimed by those who are trying to sell the seed that the stalks are from eight to ten feet, and the yield is from two to four bales per acre that it is limbless and the bolls grow close to the stalk from the ground to the top, and a hundred and one other great things. The seed are sold at one cent a piece to any who will bite at the bait. Again we advise our farmers to let Mr. Jackson and his so called African cotton severely alone.

Ground to Pieces.

The Charleston Post says Henry Jordan, colored, was killed recently by a Charleston and Savannah train near John's Island. The full particulars of the killing could not be obtained this morning from the railroad office, but from what could be learned it seems that it was a case of suicide, as the negro stood, or rather threw his body across the track in front of the approaching train and was ground to pieces by the ponderous wheels. The act of Jordan seems to have been premeditated as no attention was paid to the blowing of the whistle. An effort was made to find out something about Jordan no one seems to know anything about him.

Death of Gen. H L. Farley.

Gen. Hugh L. Farley died at his home at Spartanburg on Thursday. Gen. Farley was adjutant and inspector general of the State during both of Gov. Tillman's administrations, and was a gallant Confederate soldier. He was about fifty-four years of age.

Senator Tillman's Position

In a conversation recently, in Columbia, Senator Tillman reiterated the statement that if the indications were such next year as to warrant him to believe that the dispensary law was not going to be perpetuated he would resign his seat in the senate and run for governor.

FIVE MASKED ROBBERS

Hold Up a Passenger Train in Indian Territory.

Bandits robbed the south bound Rock Island passenger train and all its passengers at 11 o'clock Friday forenoon at siding No. 1, about five miles south of Minco, in the Indian Territory. The railroad and express officials have feared a hold-up in that section for several weeks, and armed guards were put aboard all night trains at El Reno and carried through to Chickshaw. It had not been thought that the outlaws were bold enough to attack a train in midday. This morning the trainmen were completely surprised and they were not prepared to offer any resistance when the five masked men came upon them at the lonely siding.

The place is uninhabited, and the only persons in the vicinity at the time were four section men. These men flagged the train, the robbers having compelled them to do so The bandits were hidden at the time in a brush pile, and jumped out as soon as the passenger train had taken the siding. Under the pressure of Winchester and ugly looking six shooters, the trainmen, the express messenger, and all of the score or more of passengers were made to climb down from the train and stand in a line, hands up, on the prairie along the railway. While three of the robbers covered the badly frightened crowd with their guns, the other two coolly and carefully robbed them, passing from one passenger to another down the line. The bandits secured about $400 in cash and such other valuables, in the way of watches, pins and jewelry, as were in sight.

The passengers and trainmen having been thoroughly plucked, three of the bandits turned their attention to the express and mail coaches, the others standing guard over the helpless crowd on the prairies The registered mail pouches were quickly rifled, but the through safe in the express car resisted all the force and the ingenuity of the road agents. The messenger having convinced the bandits that he could not open the strong box, they resorted to dynamite. Several heavy charges were exploded but the safe proved bandit proof, and though it was badly battered, its contents were saved to the express company.

Having taken forcibly possession of everything they could carry away, the bandits mounted their horses and rode off to the west.

As soon as the trainmen could collect their wits they got their scared passengers aboard and hurried on to the next station south, Chickshaw, from which point the railroad officials were notified of the hold-up. At Chickshaw a posse of citizens was hurriedly formed. These citizens set out in pursuit of the gang and officers have been dispatched from El Reno, and other points in this section. It is hardly possible that the bandits can be overtaken in the prairie country, and they will probably be able to reach the Wichita mountains, to the west of the scene of the hold up. Officers here believe the gang to be the same one that held Santa Fe trains up at Edmunds twice during last month.

WHISKEY STILLS RAIDED.

They are Located in Orangeburg and Lexington Counties.

If Orangeburg and Lexington Counties keep on they will soon vie with the mountain section of North and South Carolina in the manufacture of moonshine whiskey. Just a short time ago a moonshine still was seized over in Lexington County, and now comes the report that two more moonshine stills have been seized, one in Orangeburg County and one in Lexington County. The following particulars of the raid we take from the Columbia State of Saturday: After floundering about sometimes waist-deep in mud and water in the swamps of the North Edisto river, for three days and nights, without sleep, Maj Hal Richardson of the United States revenue service, Deputy Collector Holland and Deputy Marshal Reese, have just succeeded in making one of the most successful revenue raids ever recorded in middle Carolina. A strange feature of the matter is that the wife of one of the moonshiners unknowingly gave away the location of the stills, which subsequent events proved her own husband had been running without her knowledge. The stills were in Lexington and Orangeburg counties, located on the North Edisto; one on one side of the stream and the other on the opposite side They were about five miles apart. The nearest was seven miles away from a railroad line and both were far off from the public roads. Deputy Holland came up from Edgefield in his buggy. The three revenue men had great difficulty in getting about, having to kill two large snakes in their path. They arrested six men, two of whom were negroes. On Thursday morning at daylight four of the moonshiners were captured; they surrendered without resistance, the officers having slipped up ahead and awaited their coming. The other two were caught in the same way Friday morning. Recently a letter was received from a certain lady in the neighborhood. While on the raid Major Richardson came came up to a house. A lady came out. Major Richardson told her his business. She said she was so glad of it; she would have written to him had she known his address; recently her children had been playing down in the woods; they saw several men with blackened faces come out, frightning them badly; she felt sure a still was in a certain place. The next morning the raid was made and four men captured. The officers were not a little suprised, Major Richardson says, to find that one of the moonshiners was this lady's own husband. The two stills, both large copper ones, with their caps and worms, together with 700 gallons of sorghum beer and 600 gallons of grape pomace, were destroyed by the raiders.

A Monument to Lee's Mother.

A bazaar is to be held in Alexandria, Va., this autumn, for the purpose of securing funds for the erection of a monument to the memory of Mary Ann Lee, the mother of the southern chieftain. The monument will adorn the intersection of two of the principal streets in Alexandria, and will probably be in the vicinity of historic old Christ Church, where both General Lee and his mother worshiped.

A Golden Cannon.

A cannon made of solid gold, mounted upon a carriage of rosewood, and inlaid with costly gems, is the unique bauble of warfare that has come into the possession of the imperial army of Berlin. This singular gun was presented to the Berlin armory by the managers of the Hamburg Museum in whose keeping it has been for two centuries. It is valued at $20,000.

Three Children Burned.

Near Alma, Neb., the farm house of A. L. Gordon was burned Wednesday night, consuming three children. The children were left alone with the house while the father went to the barn. He returned in twenty minutes to find his home in flames. Gordon was dangerously burned in his efforts to save his children and may die.

The Tragedy at North's

As was published last week Dr. B. H. Knotts, of North, shot Mr. J. R. Leysath, of the same place, on Tuesday morning, the 28th of September. A card in the Columbia State, signed "Citizens of North," flatly contradicts the first published account of the unfortunate affair, which made Mr Leysath the aggressor, and gives the following as the facts in the case, which the "Citizens of North" say can and will be proved: "Mr. J. R Leysath held a lien on Dr. Knotts' crop and the latter was attempting to make away with said crop without applying the proceeds to lien. Mr. Leysath, hearing of same, approached Dr. Knotts here in town, kindly called him aside and asked him if he did not intend to pay his lien. Dr. Knotts said he did not intend to pay it, that he could not see his family suffer and must look out for them. Mr. Leysath replied, "Since you propose looking out for your family I will have to look out for mine," and turned to walk away, whereupon Dr. Knotts drew a revolver and fired. Mr. Leysath fell to the ground and Dr. Knotts kept firing, drawing a second revolver. Mr. Leysath was unarmed and was never known to carry a revolver nor to resent an insult. Dr. Knotts is considered a good, quiet citizen. The shooting has cast a gloom over the entire community

"CITIZENS OF NORTH."

A Novel Suit.

A novel suit has been brought by H. A. Clark and Fannie B. Clark, his wife, against James Haydon, of Tiburon, Col. They want $25,000 damages for injuries sustained by Mrs Clark while riding a hobby horse at El Campo, a summer resort. The horse, which was on a merry go round owned by the defendant, became unmanageable through the collapse of the machinery. The lady was thrown and so badly hurt that she may be disabled for life.

Hilton's

Iodoform Liniment is the "nee plus ultra" of all such preparations in removing soreness, and quickly healing fresh cuts and wounds, no matter how bad. It will promptly heal old sores of long standing. Will kill the poison from "Poison Ivy" or "Poison Oak" and cure "Dew Poison." Will counteract the poison from bites of snakes and stings of insects. It is a sure cure for sore throat. Will cure any case of sore mouth, and is a superior remedy for all pains and aches. Sold by druggists and dealers 25 cents a bottle.

Although a very busy man, Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., has found time in which to write a great book of over a thousand pages entitled, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in Plain English, or Medicine Simplified. Few books printed in the English language have reached so great a sale as this popular work, over 680,000 copies having been sold at $1.50 each. The profits on this enormous sale having repaid its author for the great amount of labor and money expended on its production he has now decided to give away, absolutely free, 500,000 copies of this valuable book, the receipt only being required to mail to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., of which company he is president, twenty one (21) one cent stamps, to cover cost of matting only, and the book will be sent post-paid. It is a veritable medical library, complete in one volume. It contains 1008 large pages, and over 300 illustrations, some of them in colors. The Free Edition is precisely the same as that sold at $1 50 except only that the books are bound in strong manilla paper covers, instead of cloth. It is not often that our readers have an opportunity to obtain a valuable book on such generous terms, and we predict that few will miss availing themselves of the unusual and liberal offer to which we have called their attention.

Cupid, the Beggar.

How Love goes a begging for a little kindly treatment! How many women turn their backs on the little fellow! They give freely of their time and attention to fashion or social pleasures, but seem to regard happy wifehood and motherhood as a mere secondary consideration. They take no end of trouble over the fit of a gown or the success of a dinner party, but think they have no time to bestow upon the health and physical soundness which are absolutely necessary to happy wifehood and motherhood.

Any weakness or disease of the delicate special organs of her sex totally unfits a woman to be a wife or mother. It is a woman's primary duty to be strong and healthy in a womanly way. Careful living and judicious treatment will certainly and completely eradicate these delicate complaints.

A complete and practical treatise on this subject with careful professional advice and suggestions for self-treatment are contained in "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," by R. V. Pierce, M. D., chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. This 1000-page illustrated book will be sent paper-bound absolutely free for *cost of mailing only*: 21 one-cent stamps, or cloth-bound for 31 stamps. Address Dr. Pierce, as above.

Dr. Pierce has given a life-time to the study of women's diseases, and has had as wide a practical experience in this particular field as any living physician. His "Favorite Prescription" is a perfect and scientific remedy for diseases of the feminine organs.

It is the only medicine devised for this particular purpose by an educated and skilled physician. It is a positive and permanent