THE ESCAPE OF PAUL.

DR. TALMAGE DESCRIBES IT IN HIS MOBILE SERMON.

He Chose as His Subject "Unappreciated Services"--How Great Results Hang on Slender Threads--Many Helpful Influence Never Acknowledged.

MOBILE, March 11.—Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., who is now visiting the south, selected as the subject of today's sermon "Unappreciated Services," the text being taken from II Corinthians xi. 33, "Through a window, in a basket, was I let down by the wall."

Damascus is a city of white and glistening architecture—sometimes called "the eye of the east," sometimes called "a pearl sourrounded by emeralds," at one time distinguished for swords of the best material, called Damascus blades, and upholstery of richest fabric, called damasks.

A horseman of the name of Paul, riding toward this city, had been thrown from the saddle. The horse had dropped under a flash from the sky, which at the same time was so bright it blinded the rider for many days, and, I think, so permanently injured his eyesight that this defect of vision became the thorn in the flesh he afterward speaks of. He started for Damascus to butcher Christians, but after that hard fall from his horse he was a changed man and preached Christ in Damascus till the city was shaken to its foundation.

The mayor gives authority for his arrest, and the popular cry is: "Kill him! Kill him!" The city is surrounded by a high wall, and the gates are watched by the police lest the Cilician preacher escape. Many of the houses are built on the wall, and their balconies projected clear over and hovered above the gardens outside. It was customary to lower baskets out of these balconies and pull up fruits and flowers from the gardens. To this day visitors at the monastery of Mount Sinai are lifted and let down in baskets.

Detectives prowled around from house to house looking for Paul, but his friends hid him now in one place, now in another. He is no coward, as 50 incidents in his life demonstrate. But he feels his work is not done yet, and so he evades assassination. "Is that preacher here?" the foaming mob shout at one house door. "Is that fanatic here?" the police shout at another house door. Sometimes on the street he passes incognito through a crowd of clinched fists, and sometimes he secretes himself on the house top. At last the infuriated populace get on sure track of him.

They have positive evidence that he is in the house of one of the Christians, the balcony of whose home reaches over the wall. "Here he is! Here he is!" The vociferation and blasphemy and howling of the pursuers are at the front door. They break in. "Fetch out that gospelizer, and let us hang his head on the city gate! Where is he?" The emergency was terrible. Providentially there was a good stout basket in the house. Paul's friends fasten a rope to the basket. Paul steps into it. The basket is lifted to the edge of the balcony on the wall, and then while Paul holds onto the rope with both hands his friends lower away, carefully and cautiously, slowly but surely, farther down and farther down, until the basket strikes the earth, and the apostle steps out and afoot and alone starts on that famous missionary tour, the story of which has astonished earth and heaven. Appropriate entry in Paul's diary of travels—"Through a window, in a basket, was I let down by the wall."

Observe first on what a slender tenure great results hang. The ropemaker who twisted that cord fastened to that lowering basket never knew how much would depend on the strength of it. How if it had been broken and the apostle's life had been dashed out? What would have become of the Christian church? All that magnificent missionary work in Pamphylia, Cappadocia Galatia, Macedonia, would never have been accomplished. All his writings that make up so indispensable and enchanting a part of the New Testament would never have been written. The story of resurrection would never have been so gloriously told as he told. That example of heroic and triumphant endurance at Philippi, in the Mediterranean euroclydon, under flagellation and at his beheading, would not have kindled the courage of 10,000 martyrdoms. But the rope holding that basket—how much depended on it! So again and again great results have hung on what seemed slender circumstances.

Did ever ship of many thousand tons crossing the sea have such important passenger as had once a boat of leaves, from taffrail to stern only three or four feet, the vessel made waterproof by a coat of bitumen and floating on the Nile with the infant lawgiver of the Jews on board? What if some crocodile should crunch it? What if some of the cattle wading in for a drink should sink it? Vessels of war sometimes carry 40 guns looking through the portholes, ready to open battle. But that tiny craft on the Nile seems to be armed with all the guns of thunder that bombarded Sinai at the lawgiving. On how fragile craft sailed how much of historical importance!

The parsonage at Epworth, England, is on fire in the night, and the father rushes through the hallway for the rescue of his children. Seven children are out and safe on the ground, but one remains in the consuming building. That one wakes, and finding his bed on fire and the building crumbling comes to the window, and two peasants make a ladder of their bodies, one peasant standing on the shoulder of the other, and down the human ladder the boy descends—John Wesley. If you would know how much depended on that ladder of peasants, ask the millions of Methodists on both sides of the sea. Ask their mission stations all round the world. Ask the hundreds of thousands already ascended to join their founder, who would have perished but for the living stair of peasant's shoulders.

An English ship stopped at Pitcairn island, and right in the midst of surrounding cannibalism and squalor the passengers discovered a Christian colond of churches and schools and beautiful homes and highest style of religion any civilization. For 50 years no missionary and no Christian influence had landed there. Why that oasis of light amid a desert of heathendom? Sixty years before a ship had met disaster, and one of the sailors unable to save anything else, went to his trunk and took out a Bible which his mother had place there and swam ashore, the Bible held in his teeth.

The book was read on all sides until the rough and vicious population were evangelized, and a church was started, and an enlightened commonwealth established, and the world's history has no more brilliant page than that which tells of the transformation of a nation by one book. It did not seem of much importance whether the sailor continued to hold the book in his teeth or let it fall in the breakers, but upon what small circumstance depended what mighty results!

Practical inference: There are no insignificances in our lives. The minutest thing is part of a magnitude. Infinity is made up of infinitesimals. Great things an aggregation of small things. Bethlehem manger pulling on a star in the eastern sky. One book in a drenched sailor's mouth the evangelization of a multitude. One boat of papyrus on the Nile freighted with events for all ages. The fate of Christendom in a basket let down from a window on the wall. If you make a rope, make it strong and true, for you know not how much may depend on your workmanship. If you fashion a boat let it be waterproof, for you know not who may sail in it.

If you put a Bible in the trunk of your boy as he goes from home, let it be heard in your prayers, for it may have a mission as farreaching as the book which the sailor carried in his teeth to the Pitcairn beach. The plainest man's life is an island between two eternities—eternity past rippling against his shoulders, eternity to come touching his brow. The casual, the accidental, that which merely happened so, are parts of a great plan, and the rope that lets the fugitive apostle from the Damascus wall is the cable that holds to its mooring the ship of the church in the northeast storm of the centuries.

Again, notice unrecognized and unrecorded services. Who spun that rope? Who tied it to the basket? Who steadied the illustrious preacher as he stepped into it? Who relaxed not a muscle of the arm or dismissed an anxious look from his face until the basket touched the ground and discharged its magnificent cargo? Not one of their names has come to us, but there was no work done that day in Damascus or in all the earth compared with the importance of their work. What if they had in their agitation tied a knot that could slip? What if the sound of the mob at the door had led them to say, "Paul must take care of himself, and we will take care of ourselves." No, no! They held the rope, and in doing so did more for the Christian church than any thousand of us will ever accomplish. But God knows and has made eternal record of their undertaking. And they know.

How exultant they must have felt when they read his letters to the Romans, to the Corinthians, to the Galatians, to the Ephesians, to the Phillippians, to the Colossians, to the Thessalonians, to Timothy, to Titus, to Philemon, to the Hebrews, and when they heard how he walked out of prison, with the earthquake unlocking the door for him, and took command of the Alexandrian cornship when the sailors were nearly scared to death, and preached a sermon that nearly shook Felix off his judgment seat! I hear the men and women who helped him down through the window and over the wall talking in privately over the matter and saying: "How glad I am that we effected that rescue! In coming times others may get the glory of Paul's work, but no one shall rob us of the satisfaction of knowing that we held the rope."

There are said to be about 69,000 ministers of religion in this country. About 50 000, I warrant came from early homes which had to struggle for the necessaries of life. The sons of rich bankers and merchants generally become bankers and merchants. The most of those who become ministers are the sons of those who had terrific struggle to get their everyday bread. The collegiate and theological education of that son took every luxury from the parental table for eight years. The other children were more scantily appareled. The son at college every little while got a bundle from hhme. In it were the socks that mother had knit, sitting up late at night, her sight not as good as once it was. And there also were some delicacies from the sister's hand for the gracious appetite of a hungry student.

The years go by, the son has been ordained and is preaching the glorious gospel, and a great revival comes, and souls by scores and hundreds accept the gospel from the lips of that young preacher, and father and mother, quite old now, are visiting the son at the village parsonage, and at the close of a Sabbath of mighty blessing father and mother retire to their room, the son lingering the way and asking them if he can do anything to make them more comfortable, saying if they want anything in the night just knock on the wall.

And then all alone father and mother talk over the gracious influences of the day and say: "Well, it was worth all we went through to educate that boy. It was a hard pull, but we held on till the work was done. The world may not know it; but, mother, we held the rope, didn't we?" And the voice tremulous with joyful emotion, responds: "Yes, father; we held the rope. I feel my work is done. Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." "Pshaw," says the father, "I never felt so much like living in my life as now! I want to see what that fellow is going on to do, he has begun so well."

Oh, men and women here assembled, you brag sometimes how you have fought your way in the world, but I think there have been helpful influences that you have never fully acknowledged. Has there not been some influence in your early or present home that the world cannot see? Does there not reach to you from among the New England hills, or from western prairies, or from southern plantation, or from English or Scottish or Irish home, a cord of influence that has kept you right when you would have gone astray, and which, after you had made a crooked track, recalled you? The rope may be as long as 30 years or 500 miles long or 3,000 miles long, but hands that went out of mortal sight long ago still hold the rope.

You want a very swift horse, and you need to rowel him with sharpest spurs, and to let the reins lie loose upon the neck, and to give a shout to a racer, if you are going to ride out of reach of your mother's prayers. Why, a ship crossing the Atlantic in seven days can not sail away from them! A sailor finds place, and finds them on the mast as he climbs the ratlines to disentangle a rope in the tempest, and finds them swinging on the hammock when he turns in. Why not be frank and acknowledge it? The most of us would long ago have been dashed to pieces had hot gracious and loving hands steadily and lovingly and mightily held the rope.

But there must come a time when we shall find out who these Damascenes were who lowered Paul in the basket, and greet them and all those who have rendered to God and the world unrecognized and unrecorded services. That is going to be one of the glad excitements of heaven—the hunting up and picking out of those who did great good on earth and got no credit for it. Here the church has been going on 19 centuries, and this is probably the first sermon ever recognizing the services of the people in that Damascus balcony. Charles G. Finny said to a dying Christian, "Give my love to St. Paul when you meet him." When you and I meet him, as we will, I shall ask him to introduce me to those people who got him out of the Dsmascene peril.

Once for 36 hours we expected every moment to go to the bottom of the ocean. The waves struck through the skylights and rushed down into the hold of the ship and hissed against the boilers. It was an awful time, but by the blessing of God and the faithfulness of the men in charge we came out of the cyclone, and we arrived at home. Each one before leaving the ship thanked Captain Andrews. I do not think there was a man or woman that went off that ship without thanking Captain Andrews, and when years after I heard of his death I was impelled to write a letter of condolence to his family in Liverpool.

Everybody recognized the goodness, the courage and the kindness of Captain Andrews, but it occurs to me now that we never thanked the engineer. He stood away down in the darkness amid the hissing furnaces doing his whole duty. Nobody thanked the engineer, but God recognized his heroism, and his continuance, his fidelity, and there will be just as high reward for the engineer who worked out of sight as the captain who stood on the bridge of the ship in the midst of the howling tempest.

A Christian woman was seen going along the edge of a wood every eventide, and the neighbors in the country did not understand how a mother with so many cares and anxieties should waste so much time as to be idly sauntering out evening by evening. It was found out afterwards that she went there to pray for her household, and while there one evening she wrote that beautiful hymn, famous in all ages for cheering Christians hearts:

I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

Shall there be no rewad for such unpretending yet everlasting service?

We go into long sermon to prove that we will be able to recognize people in heaven when there is one reason we fail to present, and that is better than all—God will introduce us. We shall have them all pointed out. You would not be guilty of the impoliteness of having friends in your parlor not introduced, and celestial politeness will demand that we be made acquainted with all the heavenly household. What rehearsal of old times and recital of stirring reminiscences.

If others fail to give introduction, God will take us through, and before our first 24 hours in heaven—if it were calculated by earthly timepieces—have passed we shall meet and talk with more heavenly celebrities than in our entire mortal state we met with earthly celebraties. Many who made great noise of usefulness will sit on the last seat by the front door of the heavenly temple, while right up within arm's reach of the heavenly throne will be many who, thought they could not preach themselves or do great exploits for God, nevertheless held the rope. Come, let us go right up andaccost those on this circle of heavenly throne. Surely they must have killed in battle a million men. Surely they must have buried with all the cathedrals sounding a dirge and all the towers of all the cities tolling the national grief. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I lived by choice the unmarried daughter in a humble home that I might take care of my parents in their old age, and I endured without complaints all their querulousness and ministered to all their wants for 20 years."

Let us pass on round the circle of thrones. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I was for thirty years a Christian invalid and suffered all the while, occasionally writing a note of sympathy for those worse off than I, and was general confidant of all those who had trouble, and once in a while I was strong enough to make a garment for that poor family in the back lane." Pass on to another throne. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I was the mother who raised a whole family of children for God, and they are out in the world, Christian merchants, Christian mechanics, Christian wives, and I have had full reward of all my toil." Let us pass on in the circle of thrones. "I had a Sabbath school class and they were always on my heart, and they all entered the kingdom of God, and I am waiting for their arrival."

But who art thou, the mighty one of heaven on this other throne? "In time of bitter persecution I owned a house in Damascus, a house on the wall. A man who preached Christ was hounded from street to street, and I hid him from the assassins, and when I found them breaking in my house and I could no longer keep him safely I advised him to flee for his life, and a basket was let down over the wall with the maltreated man in it, and I was one who helped hold the rope." And I said, "Is that all?" and he answered, "That is all."

"And while I was lost in amazement I heard a strong voice that sounded as though it might once have been hoarse from many exposures and triumphant as though it might have belonged to one of the martyrs, and it said, "Not many mighty, not many noble, are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world, and things which are despised hath God chosen—yea, and things which are not—to bring to naught things which are, that no flesh should glory in his presence." And I looked to see from whence the voice came, and lo! it was the very one who had said, "Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall."

Henceforth think of nothing as insignificant. A little thing may decide your all. A Cunarder put out from England for New York. It was well equipped, but in putting up a stove in the pilot box a nail was driven too near the compass. You know how that nail would affect the compass. The ship's officer, deceived by that distracted compass, put the ship 200 miles off her right course, and suddenly the man on the lookout cried, "Land, ho!" and the ship was halted within a few yards of her demolition on Nantucket shoals. A sixpenny nail came near wrecking a Cunarder. Small ropes hold mighty destinies.

A minister seated in Boston at his table, lacking a word, puts his hand behind his head and tilts back in his chair to think, and the ceiling falls and crushes the table and would have crushed him. A minister in Jamaica at night, by the light of an insect called the candlefly, is kept from stepping over a precipice a hundred feet. F. W. Robertson, the celebrated English clergyman, said that he entered the ministry from a train of circumstances started by the barking of a dog. Had the wind blown one way on a certain day, the Spanish inquisition would have been established in England, but it blew the other way, and that dropped the accursed institution, with 75,000 tons of shipping, to the bottom of the sea or flung the splintered logs on the rocks.

Nothing unimportant in your life or mine. Three ciphers placed on the right side of the figure 1 make a thousand, and six ciphers on the right side of the figure 1 a million, and our nothingness placed on the right side may be augmentation illimitable. All the ages of time and eternity affected by the basket let down from a Damascus balcony!

THE BLAND BILL PASSED.

A Majority of Thirteen Given in by The Senate.

WASHINGTON, March 15.—A resolution was offered by Gallinger (Rep.) of New Hampshire and laid over temporarily calling on the Secretaries of the Treasury and Interior for the names of all clerks appointed, promoted, reduced or dismissed in their respective departments since March 4, 1893, with the State to which each is credited. At 12:30 the Bland seigniorage bill was taken up and Carey (Rep.) of Wyoming continued his speech begun yesterday against it. He characterized the bill as the worst blow aimed at silver since the demonetization of silver in 1873.

The next speech on the subject was made by Dubois (Rep.) of Idaho. He said that he took no comfort in voting for the bill. It was not the kind of silver legislation that suited him. He should like to vote for a free coinage measure.

The next speaker was Mitchell (Rep.) of Oregon. He said that he should vote for the bill, not because he believed it went so far as it ought to go in the interest of silver as a money metal, but because it was a move on the legislative checker board in the right direction. Like the Senator from Idaho, he would much prefer that it was a free coinage bill; and then he would vote for it with great placasure.

Palmer (Dem.) of Illinois opposed the bill, and quoted Hewitt's statement that it proposed to coin a vacuum. It was, indeed, he said, a vacuum, for it was admitted that if the whole mass of silver purchased under the Act of 1890 were put on the market today it would bring many millions less than the amount necessary to discharge the Treasury notes issued for its purchase.

He believed the bill to be so defective that the silver which it required to be coined would remain inert in the Treasury, and that not a single silver dollar could be put into circulation under it.

Pettigrew (Rep.) of South Dakota had just begun an argument in favor of the bill, when Harris rose and in his most impressive tones said: "Mr. President, the hour of 2 is recorded by that clock (pointing to the clock over the main doorway) and at that hour the unanimous agreement of the Senate is that the final vote shall be taken on the passage of this bill. I ask for that vote."

Davis (Rep.) of Minnesota asked that Pettigrew should be allowed to finish his speech.

Harris: "I object. If I were to yield to the Senator from South Dakota I would feel bound to yield to other Senators. I yield to nobody." (Laughter.)

Kyle (Pop.) of South Dakota asked that Pettigrew might be allowed to have all his speech printed in the Record.

The presiding offices, Vilas (Dem.) of Wisconsin, declared the question to be: "Shall the bill pass?"

The vote was taken and the bill was passed, yeas 44, nays 31, as follows:

Yeas—Allen, Bate, Berry, Blackburn, Blanchard, Butler, Call, Cockrell, Coke, Colquitt, Daniel, Dubois, Faulkner, George, Gordon, Hansbrough, Harris, Hunton, Irby, Jones, of Arkansas, Kyley, Lindsay, McLaurin, Martin, Mills, Mitchell, of Oregon, Morgan, Pasco, Peffer, Perkins, Pettigrew, Pugh, Quay, Ransom, Roach, Shoup, Stewart, Teller, Turpie, Vest, Voorhees, White, Wolcott—44.

Nays—Aldrich, Allison, Brice, Caffery, Carey, Chandler, Cullom, Davis, Dolph, Frye, Gillinger, Gieson, Gorman, Hale, Hawley, Higginn, Lodge, McMillin, McPherson, Manderson, Mitchell, of Wisconsin, Morrill, Murphy, Palmer, Platt, Proctor, Smith, Stockbridge, Vilas, Washburn, Wilson, —31.

When the result was announced, there was hand-clapping in the crowded galleries, which breach of order was rebuked by the presiding officer. Then the spectators began to desert the galleries; and the Senate chamber resumed its air of quiet languor and respectability. The Republicans who voted for the bill were; Dubois, Hansbrough, Mitchell of Oreson, Pettigrew, Power, Quay, Shoup, Stewart, Teller and Wolcott.

The Democrats who voted against it were: Brice, Caffery, Gorman, McPherson, Mitchell of Wisconsin, Murphy, Palmer, Smith, and Vilas. The three Populist Senators—Allen, Kyle and Peffer—voted for it. Hill, (Dem.) of New York announced his pair with Dixon (Rep.) of Rhode Island.

A joint resolution heretofore introduced by Harris (Dem.) of Tennessee for the appointment of a commission to be composed of the Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of War and the Attorney General for the settlement of United Statetes government and the State of Tennessee, arising out of the transfer of railroads, was taken up and passed.

Teller gave notice that he would try to get the McGarrahan bill up for action next Monday.

After a short executive session the doors were reopened at 3.20 and business was resumed and continued until 4.10, when the Senate adjourned until Monday. No business of general interest was transacted after the executive session. The Seigniorage bill cannot reach the President before Monday, as it was not signed by the presiding officer of the two houses at the time of adjournmrnt.

WHILE deer driving in lower portion of Marion county, a few days ago, Mr. Thomas H. Kirton of the Centenary neighborhood, made one of the most remarkable shots that has been recorded in this State within quite a period. Three deer, a buck and two does, were jumped at one time by the dogs and ran out in a bnch, at the stand occupied by Mr. Kirton, coming directly towards him, and when within a short distance he fired, killing all three of them at the single shot.

MR. Robert Bonner gives to the public a letter he received from Henry Ward Beecher years ago in which the latter says concerning a visit to Lincoln: "Abraham told me three staries, two of which I forgot and the other won't bear telling."

THE cost of the world's wars since the Crimean war has been $13,265,000,000, or enough to give a $10 gold piece to every man, woman and child on the globe. An enterprising man might sell pools on furture peace.

A ROW BREWING.

TROUBLE BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND THE STATE.

The National Government Officers Want to Take Some Seized Whiskey from the Dispensary—Governor Tillman Doesn't Like It.

COLUMBIA, S. C., March 13.—The United States government and the State government are about to "mix" over seizures of contraband whiskeys. What will be the outcome of it no one knows and it will take time to decide. Governor Tillman does not like the interference of Uncle Sam's officers, and in a letter which he sent to Collector Townes yesterday he says so. Collector Townes is probably acting under instructions from Washington and whatever he does in the matter in dispute will be after hearing from headquarters.

The trouble now on hand is over the seizure, in Charleston last week of nine packages of whiskey which had been directed to L. Elias of that city. The whiskey was shipped here and is now in the State Dispensary. Collector Townes wrote to Commissioner Traxler laying claim to the whiskey on the ground that it was shipped into this State in violation of section 3449 of the Revised Statutes of the United States. This section provides for the seizure of any whiskey shipped in any manner other than under its proper name. For instance, in case a person ships whiskey into this State or any State in a box labeled "Bacon," or labeled any way except wiskey, the shipment is liable to seizure.

The packages seized in Charleston are said to have been shipped in violation of the section named. In answer to the claim of Collector Townes Governor Tillman sent the following letter:

"Columbia, March 12, 1894.

"Hon. S. A. Townes, U. S. Collector, Columbia, S. C.

Sir: Your letter of March 10th, referring to a seizure made by State Constable Gallard of nine packages of distilled spirits found in the store of L. Elias, Charleston, S. C, has been referred to the State Board of Control by Mr. Traxler.

You say that these packages are liable to seizure under U. S. R. S., section 3449. We acknowledge this, had the United States revenue officers found the liquor and made the seizure, but inasmuch as the State constables seized it first and it has come into the possession of the State Commissioner as "contraband" under our State law, we deny the right of the government to take it from us on the following grounds:

First. This liquor was not being "shipped, transported or removed," but had alredy reached its destination.

Second. It was smuggled into the State to evade the State law, and not the United States law, because it bears all the stamps showing that all revenue taxes have been paid.

Third. It is now in possession of a State officer, under confiscation proceedings, and is to all intents and purposes the property of the State. It came into her possession by due process of law and this fact should prevent the revenue officers from interfering since section 3449 could have no other purpose other than to secure the payment of the tax.

We will be glad to have the matter setteled once for all; first, by the decision of the commissioner at Washington, D. C., and if that is againts our claim then we will make a test case in the courts by giving bond and defending suit to show that our title is good against yours. I simply add, in conclusion, that we want the matter settled as soon as possible. We have every desire to co-operate with the Federal authorities in the suppression of the illicit traffic in whiskey, but we cannot be expected to tamely submit to such an unjust claim as this. The United States government encourages men to break the State law by letting them pay special tax for privilege to sell. When they smuggled in whiskey on which tax has been paid to avail themselves of the privilege, and the State constables seized it, it belongs to the State, if there is the least regard for equity and fair play. If we cannot hold it we will dump it into the streets in the future. Very respectfully,

B. R. TILLMAN.

Governor and Chairman State Board.

PAYING BACK THE GOVERNMENT.

The State got even with Uncle Sam yesterday. During the morning the government sold at the Federal building a lot of whiskey which had been seized by revenue officers. Col. F. M. Mixson was present at the sale and bought most of the whiskey for the State Dispensary, paying $1.15 a gallon for it. There were several private bidders, however, and they bought some of the whiskey at $1.25 a gallon. These persons were Sam Harmon, who bought a barrel containing forty-seven gallons. Henry Dart, who bought two kegs, and J. P. McCartha, who bought six gallons of apple brandy.

Before the purchasers had paid for the whiskey a warrant was sworn out for its seizure and for the arrest of the men who bought it. The warrant was sworn out before Trial Justice Stack and was placed in the hands of Deputy Sheiriff Civil. That officer went to the Federal buildins in the afternoon, but the whiskey remained unmoved. The purchasers had not paid for it and had not called for it. They had probably gotten wind of the intention of the State to seize the "stuff" and arrest them if they attempted to take it out.

Constables were placed around the building during the afternoon and were ready to pounce upon the whiskey so soon as it was rolled out of the front door of the building and got from out of the hands of the government.

It is not thought that the persons mentioned will go for the whiskey today, and the government will resell it. Collector Townes says that it cannot go out of his office except during office hours, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. He also says that he has nothing to do with the whiskey after it is paid for and gets out of the builing. The constables can seize it then and do what they please with it so far as he is concerned.

Murder Will Out.

SAVANNAH, Ga., March 9.—A harrible murder was unearthed here today. A negro named Isaiah Harder, a longshoeman, disappeared about Sept. 3. Investigation failed to determine what had become of him until his clothes were found where they had been placed by the murderers. He was killed in a room, presumable by Mary Washington, Sam Edwards and Richard Washington. His body was cut in pieces and buried under the floor of the house. Suspicion led to the beginning of an investigation last Monday. Since that time the body has been removed from the room of the Washington woman and its whereabouts is still the mystery of the case. Washington, his wife and Edwards are under arrest. The woman admits the killing and all the horrible details and says Edwards and her husband were both accomplices She refused to tell what disposition has been made of the body. The other prisoners deny all knowledge of the crime. The cause of the murder is supposed to have been jealousy, either on the part of Edwards, who was intimate with the woman, or on the part of her husband. Several brother longshoremen made feeble attemps to lynch the prisoners this afternoon, in which they were unsuccessful.

An Alabama Sensation.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., March 9.—A special to The Commercial from Birmingham, Ala., says the biggest sensation of the Alabama campaign has just been sprung. Some time ago the Alliance Herald, the official organ of the Klobites began a warfare on Ben Dala, mos, secretary of the State Republican Campaign Committee. In reply he published a card in several Democratic papers threatening to make public the vouchers which would show that money was paid to him from the National Republican Committee two years ago to Kolbites to help out the leaders, wherecy the Weaver electorol ticket was first supported by these two partis, elected, was to vote for Harrison in case a vote was needed to insure Harrison's election. The Alliance Herald bitterly denied these charges. The Greenville Truth, a straight out Populist paper edited by J. M. Whitehead, probate judge of Butler county, who was on the Weaver electoral ticket, but who has since given the Kolbites the shake, comes out in a lengthy publication exposing the deal. The effect of the exposure will be a stunning blow to the Kolbites-Populist combine. Democratic leaders say that this in itself is sufficient to defeat Kolb for Governor.

A Preacher Arrested.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., March 14.—Rev. A. M. Thompson, in charge of the Methodist Church at East Birmingham, was arrested near the close of his sermon Sunday morning by two policemen in citizen's clothes, and will be taken back to Jackson, Miss., where he will serve out a life sentence imposed upon him five years ago for the assassination of a brother minister in his pulpit while preaching to a large congregation. The cause of the killing was the appointment of the murdered man to the pastorate of Thompson. He was sent to the penitentiary for life, but soon made his escape. He came here about two years ago, calling himself Rev. W. M. Thompson, and assisted in quite a number of revivals, proving himself an earnest exhorter and preacher. His congregation was horrified at his arrest and can hardly believe that the pastor is guilty of the crime alleged. He is in jail at present and will be taken to the Mississippi penitentiary at once.

A Mystery.

PENSACOLA, March 10.—A body of an unknown man was discovered floating in the bay this morning. He was of medium height and had light hair, weighed probably 160 pounds. He had in his pocket a leather trunk check, bearing the name of C. L. Jacobs, San Diego, Cal. No marks of violence was found on the body.

Will Pound Rock.

PEORIA, Ill., March 10.—In the Circuit Court last night, Charles Wickert, heavy-weight pugilist, who, on December 15, brutally beat John Behrands, crippling him for life, was found guilty of assault with intent to kill, and sentenced to fourteen years in the penitentiary.

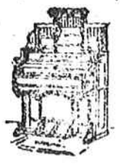
L. F. PADGETT PAYS THE FREIGHT

Why Pay Extreme Prices for Goods! Send for Catalogue and See What You Can Save!

$15 FLORENTINE OAK BEDROOM SUIT consisting of Bureau, Bedstead & Washstand—worth $25; PRICE now $15. 50 other Bedroom Suits, all prices.

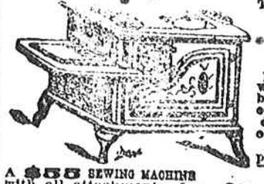
$69 Organ for $37

Just to introduce them. No freight paid on this Organ. Guaranteed to be a good organ or money refunded.



PARLOR SUIT $33.

Elegant Plush PARLOR SUITS, consisting of Sofa, Arm Chair, Rocking Chair, Divan and 2 side Chairs—worth $45. Will deliver it to your depot for $33.



This No. 7 COOKING STOVE With 21 pieces of ware, will be delivered to your depot for only $12 regular price $16.

A $55 SEWING MACHINE with all attachments, for ONLY $18.50 delivered to your depot.

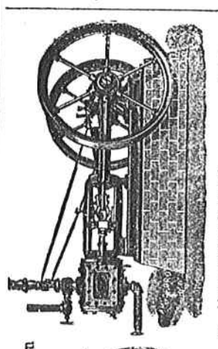
*The regular price of this BUGGY is 65 to 75 dollars. The manufacturer pays all the expenses and I sell them to you for $42.75 and guarantee every one a bargain. No freight paid on this Buggy.

A $650 PIANO

delivered at your depot all freight paid for $190.

Send for catalogues of Furniture, Cooking Stoves, Baby Carriages, Bicycles, Organs, Pianos, Tea Sets, Dinner Sets, Lamps, &c., and SAVE MONEY. Address

L. F. PADGETT 355 Broad Street Augusta, Ga.

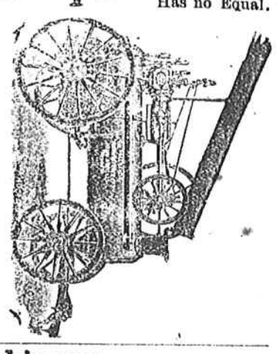


—THE—

Tozer Engines

For Agricultural and General Plantation Use, have earned their reputation as the best on the market. For Simplicity, Durability and Economy in fuel and water THE TOZER Has no Equal.

For full information address the manufacturer, JOHN A. WILLIS Columbia, S. C.



Machinery Commission Agents.

With a view to mutual advantage, we invite all parties who intend buying machinery to correspond with us before placing their orders. We are confident of our ability to save money to our customers, and only ask the opportunity of proving the fact.

Besides machinery of all kinds, we deal largely in Buggies, Wagons, and other vehicles. Write to us.

W. H. Gibbes Jr., & Co.

COLUMBIA, S. C.

RICE HULLERS.
CORN MILLS.
SAW MILLS.

Rice Planters and Rice Millers can buy a single machine that will clean, hull and polish rice ready for market for $350.00.

Corn Millers can buy the best French burr mill, in iron frame, fully guaranteed, capacity ten bushels meal per hour, for $115.00.

Saw Millers can buy the variable friction feed DeLoach Mill from $190.00 up to the largest size.

Also Gang Rip Saws, Edgers, Swing Saws, Planing Machines, and all kinds of wood working machinery.

"Talbott" Engines and Boilers.

Special discounts made for cash.

V. C. BADHAM, COLUMBIA, S. C.

TIN PANS ONLY $150

PIANOS—So-Called.

BUT "TIN PANS" IN TONES, QUALITY, AND MUSICALLY VALUELESS.

We mean the Pianos so glaringly advertised under "Grand Offers," "Factory Prices," "Agents' Profits Saved," for $150, $175, $190, and misrepresented as "Magnificent," "Best Made," "Same as Sold at $600 by Regular Dealers."

WE SELL PIANOS.—NOT TIN PANS.

Reliable, Durable, Musically Perfect—Only $225, $260, $300—Cheapest because best. We can save you money. Specially easy terms for close times. Write us. Mention this paper.

LUDDEN & BATES

Southern Music House, Savannah, Ga.

DENSMORE.

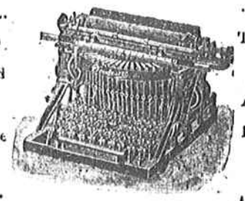
"THE WORLD'S GREATEST TYPEWRITER."

THE MACHINE THAT TOOK

The Only Award

FOR TYPEWRITERS AT THE STATE FAIR, NOVEMBER 9, 1893.

"NO MACHINE COULD BE ANY BETTER. IT IS PERFECT." Private statement of one of the Judges.



THE ONLY AWARD WAS ALSO MADE TO US FOR TYPEWRITER'S SUPPLIES.

Responsible County Agents Wanted.

J. W. Gibbes & Co.,

GENERAL AGENTS, COLUMBIA, S. C.