AT THE BABY'S BEDTIME.

This is baby's bedtime;
My little one comes to me
In her snowy little nightgown,
And kneels down at my knee;
And I fancy a sweet child angel
Is for a time my guest,
As she says her little prayer over,
With her hands upon her breast.

"Now I lay me," she whispers
In a low voice, "down to sleep;
pray the Lord"—and the blue eyes
Half close—"my soul to keep;
If I should die"—Oh! the shiver
At my heart!—"before I wake,
I pray the Lord"—and the eyelids
Droop low—"my soul to take."

Then I lift up the little one, clasping
Her close to my loving heart,
And give her warm, good-night kisses
Till the closed lids break apart
As the leaves do folding a flower;
And the violets of her eyes
Look up in their drowsy fashion,
And smile at me angel-wise.

"Good night," she whispers me softly
And sleepily, with a kiss
That lingers with me in slumber
And stirs my heart with bliss
As I think of the little one dreaming
With her head against my breast,
Till my sleep is full of rapture
As her dreaming is of rest!

HE WAS AN ONLY SON.

Christ's Compassion and Miracle For the Widowed Mother.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 19.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now in Australia on his round the world tour, has selected as the subject for today's sermon through the press "An Only Son," the text chosen being Luke vii, 12 15: "Now when he came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow, and much people of the city was with her. And when the Lord saw her he had compassion on her and said unto her, Weep not. And he came and touched the bier, and they that bare him stood still. And he said, Young man, I say unto thee arise. And he that was dead sat up and began to speak. And he dedelivered him to his mother."

The text calls us to stand at the gate of the city of Nain. The streets are a rush with business and gayety, and the ear is deafened with the hammers of mechanism and the wheels of traffic. Work with its thousand arms and thousand eyes and thousand feet, fills all the street, when suddenly the crowd parts, and a funeral passes. Between the wheels of work and pleasure there comes a long procession of mourning people. Who is it? A trifler says: "Oh, it's nothing but a funeral. It may have come up from the hospital of the city, or the almshouse, or some low place of the town," but not so says the serious observer.

There are so many evidences of dire bereavement that we know at the first glance some one has been taken away greatly beloved, and to our inquiry, "Who is this that is carried out with so many offices of kindness and affection?" reply comes, "The only son of his mother, and she a widow." Stand back and let the procession pass out! Hush all the voices of mirth and pleasure! Let every head be uncovered! Weep with this passing procession, and let it be told through all the market places and bazaars of Nain that in Galilee today the sepulcher hath gathered to itself "the only son of his mother; and she a widow."

There are two or three things that, in my mind, give especial pathos to this scene. The first is, he was a young man that was being carried out. To the aged death becomes beautiful. The old man halts and pants along the road where once he bounded like the roe. From the midst of immeicable ailments and sorrows he cries out, "How long, O Lord, how long?" Foot sore and hardly bestead on the hot journey, he wants to get home. He sits in the church and sings with a tremulous voice some tune he sang 40 years ago, and longs to join the better assemblage of the one hundred and forty and four thousand, and the thousands, of thousands who have passed the flood. How sweetly he sleeps the last sleep! Push back the white locks from the winkled temples. They will never ache again. Fold the hands over the still heart. They will never toil again. Close gently the eyes. They will never weep again.

But this man that I am speaking of was a young man. He was just putting on the armor of life, and he was exulting to think how his sturdy blows would ring out above the clangor of the battle. I suppose he had a young man's hopes, a young man's ambitions and a young man's courage. He said: "If I live many years I will feed the hungry and and clothe the naked. In this city of Nain, where there are so many bad young men, I will be sober and honest pure and magnanimous, and my mother shall never be ashamed of me." But all these prospects are blasted in one hour. There he passes lifeless in the procession. Behold all that is left on earth of the high hearted young man of the city of Nain.

There is another thing that adds very much to this scene, and that is he was an only son. However large the family flock may be, we never could think of sparing one of the lambs. Though they may all have their faults, their excellence that commend them to the parental heart, and if it were peremptorily demanded of you today that you should yield up one of a very large family you would be confounded, and you could not make a selection. But this was an only son, around whom gathered all the parental expectations. How much care in his education! How much caution in watching his habits! He would carry down the name to other times. He would have entire control of the family property long after the parents had gone to their last reward. He would stand in society a thinker, a worker, a philanthropist, a Christain. No, no. It is all ended. Behold him there. Breath is gone. Life is extinct. The only son of his mother.

There was one other thing that added to the pathos of this scene, and that was his mother was a widow. The main hope of a home had been broken, and now he was come up to be the staff. The chief light of the household had been extinguished, and this was the only light left. I suppose she often said, looking at him, "There are only two of us." Oh, it is a grand thing to see a young man step out in life and say to his mother: "Don't be downhearted. I will, as far as possible, take father's place, and as long as I live you shall never want anything." It is not always that way. Sometimes the young people get tired of the old people. They says they are queer, that they have so many ailments, and they sometimes wish them out of the way. A young man and his wife sat at the table, their little son on the floor playing beneath the table. The old father was very old, and his hand shook, so they said, "You shall not sit with us at the table." And so they gave him a place in the corner where day by day he ate out of an earthen bowl—everything put into that bowl. One day his hand trembled so much he dropped it, and it broke, and the son, seated at the elegant table in midfloor, said to his wife, "Now, we'll get father a wooden bowl, and that he can't break." So a wooden bowl was obtained, and every day old grandfather ate out of that, sitting in the corner. One day, while the elegant young man and his wife were seatered at their table, with chashed silver and all the luxuries, and their little son sat upon the floor, they saw the lad whittling, and they said, "My son, what are you doing there with that knife?" "Oh," said he, "I—I'm making a trough for my father and mother to eat out of when they get old!"

But this young man of the text was not of that character. He did not belong to that school. I can tell it from the way they mourned over him. He was to be the companion of his mother. He was to be his mother's protector. He would return now some of the kindnesses he had received in the days of childhood and boyhood. Aye, he would with his strong hard uphold that form already enfeebled with age. Will he do it? No. In one hour all that promise of help and companionship is gone. There is a world of anguish in that one short phrase, "The only son of his mother, and she a widow."

Now, my friends, it was upon this scene that Christ broke. He came in without any introduction. He stopped the procession. He had only two utterance to make—the one to the mourning mother, the other to the dead. He cried out to the mourning one: "Weep not," and then touching the bier on which the son lay, he cried out: "Young man, I say unto thee arise! And he that was dead sat up."

I learn two or three things from this subject, and first that Christ was a man. You see how that sorrow played upon all the chords of his heart. I think we forget this often. Christ was a man more certainly than you are, for he was a perfect man. No sailor ever slept in ship's hammock more soundly than Christ slept in that boat on Gennesaret. In every nerve and muscle and bone and fiber of his body, in every emotion and affection of his heart, in every action and decision of his mind he was a man.

He looked on upon the sea just as you look off upon the waters. He went into Martha's house just as you go into a cottage. He breathed hard when he was tired just as you do when you are exhausted. He felt after sleeping out a night in the storm just like you do when you have been exposed to a tempest. It was just as humiliating for him to beg bread as it would be for you to become a pauper. He felt just as much insulted by being sold for 30 pieces of silver as you would if you were sold for the price of a dog. From the crown of the head to the sole of the foot he was a man. When the thorns were twisted for his brow, they hurt him just as much as they hurt your brow, if they were twisted for it. He took not on him the nature of angels; he took on him the seed of Abraham. "Ecce homo!"—behold the man!

But I must also draw from this subject that he was a God. Suppose that a man should attempt to break up a funeral obsequy. He would be seized by the law, he would be imprisoned, if he were not actually slain by the mob before the officers could secure him. If Christ had been a mere mortal, would he have a right to come in upon such a procession? Would he have succeeded in his interruption? He was more than a man, for when he cried out, "I say unto thee arise! he that was dead sat up" What excitement there must have been thereabouts! The body had lain prostrate. It had been mourned over with agonizing tears, and yet now it begins to move in the shroud, and to be flushed with life, and at the command of Christ he rises up and looks into the faces of the astonished spectators.

Oh, this was the work of a God. I hear it in his voice. I see it in the flash of his eye. I behold it in the snapping of death's shackles. I see it in the face of the rising slumberer. I hear it in the outcry of all those who were spectators of the scene. If, when I see my Lord Jesus Christ mourning with the bereaved, I put my hands on his shoulders and say, "My brother," now that I hear him proclaim supernatural deliverances I look up into his face and say with Thomas, "My Lord and my God." Do you not think he was a God? A great many people do not believe that, and they compromise the matter, or they think they compromise it. They say he was a very good man, but he was not a God. That is impossible. He was either a God or a wretch and I will prove it. If a man professes to be that which he is not, what is he? He is a liar, an impostor, a hypocrite. That is your unanimous verdict. Now, Christ professed to be a God. He said over and over again he was a God, took the attributes of a God and assumed the works and office of a God. Dare you now say he was not? He was a God, or he was a wretch. Choose ye.

Do you think I cannot prove by this Bible that he was a God? If you do not believe this Bible, of course there is no need of my talking to you. There is no common data from which to start. Suppose you do believe it? Then I can demonstrate that he was divine. I can prove he was creator, John i, 3, "All things were made by him, and without him was not anything made that was made." He was eternal, Revelation xxii, 13, "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." I can prove that he was omnipotent, Hebrews i, 10, "The heavens are the work of thine hands." I can prove that he was omniscient. John ii, 25, "He knew what was in man." Oh yes, he is a God. He cleft the sea. He upheaved the crystalline walls along which the Israelites marched. He planted the mountains. He raises up governments and casts down thrones and marches across nations and across worlds and across the universe, eternal, omnipotent unhindered and unabashed. That hand that was nailed to the cross holds the stars in a leash of love. That head that dropped on the bosom in the fainting and death shall make the world quake at its nod. The voice that groaned in the last pang shall swear before the trembling world that time shall be no longer. Oh do not insult the common sense of the race by telling us that this person was only a man, in whose presence the paralytic arm was thrust out well, and the devils crouched, and the lepers dropped their scales, and the tempests folded their wings, and the boy's satchel of a few loaves made a banquet for 5,000, and the sad procession of my text broke up in congratulation and hosana!

Again, I learn from this subject that Christ was a sympathizer. Mark you, this was a city funeral. In the country, when the bell tolls, they know all about it for five miles around, and they know what was the matter with the man, how old he was and what were his last experiences. They know with what temporal prospects he has left his family. There is no haste, there is no indecency in the obsequies. There is nothing done as a mere matter of business. Even the children come out as the procession passes and look sympathetic, and the tree shadows seem to deepen, and the brooks weep in sympathy as the procession goes by. But, mark you, this that I was speaking of was a city funeral. In great cities the cart jostles the hearse, and there are mirth and gladness and indifference as the weeping procession goes by. In the city of Nain it was a common thing to have trouble and bereavement and death. Christ saw it every day there. Perhaps that very hour there were others being carried out, but this frequency of trouble did not harden Christ's heart at all. He stepped right out, and he saw this mourner, and he had compassion on her, and he said, "Weep not."

Now, I have to tell you, oh, bruised souls, and there are many everywhere—have you ever looked over any great audience and noticed how many shadows of sorrow there are? I come to all such and say, "Christ meets you, and he has compassion on you, and he says, 'Weep not.'" Perhaps with some it is financial trouble. "Oh," you say, "it is such a silly thing for a man to cry over lost money." It is?

Suppose you had a large fortune, and all luxuries brought to your table, and your wardrobe was full, and your home was beautified by music and sculpture and painting and thronged by the elegant and educated, and then some rough misfortune should strike you in the face and trample your treasures and taunt your children for their faded dress and and send you into commercial circles an underling where once you waved a scepter of gold. Do you think you would cry then? I think you would. But Christ comes and meets all such today. He sees all the straits in which you have been thrust. He observes the sneer of that man who once was proud to walk in your shadow and glad to get your help. He sees the protested note, the uncanceled judgment, the foreclosed mortgage, the heartbreaking exasperation, and he says: "Weep not. I own the cattle on a thousand hills. I will never let you starve. From my hand the fowls of heaven peck all their food. And will I let you starve? Never—no, my child, never."

Perhaps it may be a living home trouble that you cannot speak about to your best friend. It may be some domestic unhappiness. It may be an evil suspicion. It may be the disgrace following in the footsteps of a son that is wayward, or a companion who is cruel, or a father that will not do right, and for years there may have been a vulture striking its beak into the vitals of your soul, and you sit there today feeling it is worse than death. It is. It is worse than death. And yet there is relief. Though the night may be the blackest, though the voices of hell may tell you to curse God and die, look up and hear the voice that accosted the woman of the text as it says, "Weep not."

Earth hath no sorrow
That heaven cannot cure.

I learn again from all this that Christ is the master of the grave. Just outside the gate of the city Death and Christ measured lances, and when the young man rose Death dropped. Now we are sure of our resurrection. Oh, what a scene it was when that young man came back! The mother never expected to hear him speak again. She never thought that he would kiss her again. How the tears started and how her heart throbbed as she said, "Oh, my son, my son, my son!" And that scene is going to be repeated. It is going to be repeated 10,000 times. These broken family circles have got to come together. These extinguished household lights have got to be rekindled. There will be a stir in the family lot in the cemetery, and there will be a rush into life at the command, "Young man, I say unto thee arise!" As the child shakes off the dust of the tomb and comes forth fresh and fair and beautiful, and you throw your arms around it and press it to your heart, angel to angel will repeat the story of Nain. "He delivered him to his mother." Did you notice that passage in the text as I read it? "He delivered him to his mother." Oh, ye troubled souls! Oh, ye who have lived to see every prospect blasted, peeled, scattered, consumed! Wait a little. The seed time of tears will become the wheat harvest. In a clime cut of no wintry blast, under a sky pelled by no hurtling tempest, and amid redeemed ones that weep not, that part not, that die not, friend will come to friend, and kindred will join kindred, and the long procession that marches the avenues of gold will lift up their palms as again and again it is announced that the same one who came to the relief of this woman of the text came to the relief of many a maternal heart, and repeated the wonders of resurrection, and "delivered him to his mother." Oh, that will be the harvest of the world. That will be the coronation of princes. That will be the Sabbath of eternity.

Care of Deciduous Teeth.

The child receives its first temporary tooth about the fifth month after birth, the dentition being completed at the age of two years. It has been often said that the nurse cannot be too careful that these teeth are cleaned with a soft brush and warm water. The child usually retains these teeth until the eruption of the peranent set, the first permanent tooth appearing about the sixth year. The deciduous teeth should be carefully watched, and when a tooth shows decay consult your dentist, and have it filled. At this stage the filling is not expensive, and will save the child much pain and trouble from an aching tooth. The early extraction of the deciduous teeth often causes the irregularities of the perament set. They should be retained until the jaw has fully expanded to receive the perament teeth. Teach the child the necessity of keeping the teeth clean and pure. The early use of the toothbrush will establish a habit that will, in after years, be considered a necessity to health and personal cleanliness.

Newbold's Repulse.

DARLINGTON, Aug. 21.—Trial Justice Floyd held a preliminary examination in the case of the parties charged with firing into the train on the day of the dispensary trouble. A number of witnesses were examined but the evidence was so slight that the trial justice dismissed the case. The names of those charged with the offense are as follows: C. S. Nettles, J. C. Willcox, W. C. Byrd, S. H. Wilds, C. S. McCullough, E. McIver Williamson, L. M. Norment and T. P. Edwards. The accused were represented by Boyd and Brown, and the State by W. F. Clayton of Florence. The result of the examination was a great disappointment to Detective Newbold, and he is very much crestfallen at his failure to make out a case.—State.

THE CROP CONDITIONS.

The Weekly Bulletin of the State Weather Service.

The following is the weekly bulletin of the condition of the weather and crops in the State for the past week, as issued yesterday by State Observer J. W. Bauer:

The weather continued hot with a maximum temperature of 102 at Oakwood on the 14th and 103 at Ella on the 15th. After the 17th it was somewhat cooler. The lowest temperature occurred generally on the morning of the 20th. During the first of the week the temperature was in excess of the average, while about normal or slightly below during the latter part.

The sunshine was slightly deficient but not enough so to be injurious, rather favorable on the whole.

The most rainfall of the week occurred on the 15th and 16th, in the form of scattered showers, heavy in places, accompanied by high wind and some hail that did severe damage locally, breaking down corn and grounding cotton. On the whole the rainfall was poorly distributed, many places having received too much while other portions of the State more rain would be beneficial.

The weather during the past week has generally been favorable for growing and maturing crops but cotton has not recovered from the effects of the previous excessive rains, and reports on its conditions still indicate shedding of squares and fruit on light sandy soil where also the plant lacks a healthy color. Fear is expressed that there will be no top crop on such land. In some localities the fruit does not seem to be proportional to the amount of weed, being especially true on richer land where the plant is also shedding freely. The condition of cotton is by no means uniform throughout the State and ranges from fair to very good, but no where poor except possibly fields here and there which were poorly cultivated and on bottom land which was overflowed where its condition ranges from fair to poor.

Caterpillars did some slight damage in places. Bolls are maturing and opening rapidly in the Southern counties, where picking has begun in a small way. It is maturing slowly and is from one to two weeks late in the upper portions of the State. The first bale of the season reached Charleston on the 15th from Barnwell county.

The condition of corn has not changed and the prospects continue promising for a very large crop, except that corn planted on oats stubbles is not doing as well as the early planted, the ground having been too wet to permit the necessary cultivation to clean the crop.

Fodder pulling is nearing completion in the southern and eastern couties and continues general in other portions of the State; the weather was fairly favorable for curing the large crop in good condition.

Rice harvest has begun and the former prospects of a large yield will be fulfilled.

Sweet potatoes and late planted Irish potatoes are thriving except that fear is expressed that the former run too much to vine.

Sugar cane or sorghum is a very fine crop, the cane containing much juice, but possibly, slightly deficient in saccharine quality.

Peas are growing luxuriently and the varieties planted for peavine hay will yield a large crop.

Large quantities of turnip seeds continue to be sown and the weather favors quick germination and rapid growth.

Gardens are growing nicely except that cabbages and tomatoes are rotting badly in some counties.

Grapes are ripening in the northeastern counties but the yield will be confined to a few late varieties only.

Rates for the State Fair.

COLUMBIA, S. C., August 22.—It is very hard to imagine what Mr. Slaughter, assistant commissioner of the Southern Passenger Association, or any of the roads in the association, has against Columbia, and against the State of South Carolina and its annual State fair. Last year the discrimination of the association against the State fair, in the matter of granting rates, was so flagrant that the commissioner received just censure on all sides. The commissioner would not, under any kind of pressure, announce any rate at all till the very last minute, and then gave such a rate that the fair was practically killed, the announcement being made only three days before the fair opened. Competitive attractions at different points were allowed much cheaper rates.

Now the commissioner, while he makes the announcement—so far as time is concerned—all right, has deliberately gone to work and quoted a rate for an attraction, which has always drawn thousands of people, that is exactly what any cross roads, or any other gathering can obtain for its delegates. But here is the announcement, which has just been sent out by the fair society, and it speaks for itself:

"Secretary Holloway begs to inform the public through the press of the State, that as to rates of passage for the State Fair, November 12th to 16th, Mr. M. Slaughter, assistant commissioner of the Southern Passenger Association, writes as follows:

"'Lines interested having agreed rates of one fare for the round trip plus 50 cents admission coupon, from points in South Carolina and Augusta, Ga., and from Charlotte, Wilmington, and intermediate points, to Columbia, and return, for the above occasion, are hereby approved.

"'Tickets to be sold November 11th to 15th inclusive, with final limit November 17th, 1894.

"'Tickets may be sold to bona fide exhibitors and help November 8th, 9th and 10th, 1894.'

"The press of the State will greatly oblige all interested by publishing the above information."

The members of the Columbia board of trade, who were just taking steps to provide unusual outside attractions for the coming fair, are very outspoken in their criticisms, and say that such a rate cannot but seriously affect the attendance at the fair.

Killed on the Crossing.

PARIS, TENN., Aug. 23.—A terrible accident happened on the Paducah, Tennessee and Alabama railroad this afternoon. As the north bound train was nearing Hazel Kirk, about ten miles noth of Paris, in passing a crossing, it struck a wagon loaded with people and five of the occupants met their death. The unfortunate party was crossing the track as the train came thundering down upon them, and the horses became alarmed at the whistle which was sounded for the crossing and ran into the cattle guard. The vehicle could not be extricated before the locomotive had crushed into them. The killed are: Misses Jennie and Lillie Ray, aged 18 and 20, daughters of J. T. Ray, his son, Tobe Ray, and two young ladies, Misses Hammon. A young man named Ray was badly injured. There is no blame attached to the railroad. The company gave all possible to the injured people.

POPE PASSES THE PRIMARY.

In His Official Letter He Talks About Rings Like a Skilled Jeweler.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Aug. 24.—Dr. Sampson Pope, after surprising the Reformers and all others by not going into the recent Reform primaries, now comes out with another surprise. He also declines to stand as a candidate for Governor in the general Democratic primary next Tuesday, on account of the mystic power of "the ring."

In withdrawing from the primary race, Dr. Pope has also withdrawn his pledge to the Democratic executive committee to abide the result of that primary, which appears very significant, inasmuch as he need not have gone to this trouble, unless he had an idea of making a fight in the coming general election. The Doctor also urges all voters to decline to participate in the primary at all, as far as the gubernatorial race is concerned. Dr. Pope's friends says he has no idea of making a fight in the general election, but it looks now as if there is a very good chance of such a fight being made. Dr. Pope does not say, in any instance, that he will not be a candidate for Governor of South Carolina.

Here is Dr. Pope's letter of withdrawal:

To the Democratic voters of South Carolina.

I am in receipt of numerous letters from citizens of different counties in this State, notifying me that hundreds of Reformers desire to vote for me, but that no ticket has been gotten out. The truth is, the machinery of the Reform movement is in the hands "of the ring," and voters are so much afraid of the party lash that, whilst they are willing and anxious to vote for me, they are afraid to allow their names to appear on a ticket. This is a deplorable state of affairs and only goes to show how despotically they are ruled. Under this state of thing, it will be impossible for me to get out a ticket in the majority of the counties, and therefore, it will be foolish for me to longer continue in the race for Governor. I have this day withdrawn my pledge from the State executive committee and take this opportunity to say that I will not be a candidate at the primary.

Forty thousand Reformers and thirty-two thousand Conservatives are virtually disfranchised, and fourteen thousand ringsters dictate who shall hold the offices.

I saw the danger of this, and when the Conservatives, in a desire to perpetuate white supremacy in this State and to conciliate the majority with a view to peace, proposed that if they were allowed to cast their vote for one of the four Reformers running, that they would be satisfied, I thought it a fair and honorable proposition and one which did them great credit and advocated its acceptance. Their offer was refused at the dictation of a few blind leaders, who were puffed up with their importance without regard to the peace and general welfare of the whole people. The Conservatives, I must say, have shown in this, and in gracefully submitting since 1890 to the rule of the majority, a spirit worthy of emulation. Their treatment has been simply outrageous and was enough to drive them to desperation.

In retiring from this canvass, I desire to thank those friends, who have stood by me all over the State, especially those in Darlington who had the manhood to come out and endorse me. I cannot forget the members of the press whose treatment of me, with the exception of three or four weeklies, has been magnanimous in the extreme.

In conclusion let me say to the forty thousand Reformers who did not vote in the late so-called primary, if you vote, refrain from voting for Governor at the primary on the 28th inst., and thus put your seal of condemnation upon the ring methods which have been employed. Cut off that portion of the ticket embracing the names of the delegates, or run your pen through their names. You have a right to this, and only vote for members of the General Assembly and county officers.

Very respectfully,
SAMPSON POPE.

August 23rd, 1894.

Fort Smith Shaken.

FORTH SMITH, ARK., Aug. 19.—Last night, four powder houses of the Spael Hardware Company, located two miles from here on the Poteau River, exploded. The powder houses are total wrecks. A small cabin near by the home of Mrs. Cook, was blown to splinters. Mrs. Cook, her daughter, and an infant, were hurled into eternity. The powder house contained 1,200 pounds of dynamite and 300 kegs of powder. The shock was felt at Van Buren, Alma, Greenwood, Jenny Lind, Hackett, Kavanaugh and many places nearly twenty miles away. In Fort Smith thousands of dollars worth of property was destroyed. The opera house, Bostore, Arcade, J. J. Ltle, Meyers & Co., Vaughn hardware store, Fagan, Beurland and Western Union buildings were severely damaged, while along Sixth street and Garrison avenue is a continued story of wrecks. No explanation can be given for the explosion. It could not have been an accident and many rumors are flying about. One is to the effect, that a remnant of the Dalton gang is about to rob the bank here.

Another Huge Strike.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Aug. 20.—This morning the cotton operatives inaugurated a general strike and nearly 11,000 are idle. The machinery of but five of the twenty-seven mills, in this city is in motion, and it is thought that these mills will soon be shut down with the others. Manufacturers have nothing to say, but notices of reduction, against which help rebel are still posted. Secretary Ross of the Spinners' Union, stated this morning that the members of his union have lined up for a long struggle and confidently expect that it will be of six months duration. The strike promises to be the most important that has ever occurred in the textile industry in Massachusetts. The manufacturers must fight perfectly organized unions, some of which are fairly wealthy. Notable in this particular is the Spinners' Union, which has a fund in its treasury agreregating at least $30,000. The spinners have voted, however, not to touch any of this money for a month.

Starving.

ST. PAUL, Aug. 22.—Dispatches from several South Dakota points indicate that the farmers have an unusually large number of hogs, but, owing to the failure of both the wheat and corn crop, they have nothing to feed them with. The porkers are not fit for the market and their owners must get help or allow them to starve by the thousands. A plan of action being engineered by County Commissioner Lecocq, of Douglas county, meets with general favor. The plan is that the county purchase 30,000 bushels of wheat and distribute it among the farmers, taking a note and bill of sale of the hogs intended to be fattened in payment for the wheat.

THE INCOME TAX.

A Statement of Its Scope and Provisions and Who it Will Reach.

NEW YORK, Aug. 22.—The income tax provision in the tariff bill begins to operate on Jan. 1, 1895, and continues until Jan. 1, 1900. The tax (2 per cent.) is to be levied on all incomes above $4,000. It is to be paid not only by all who reside within the country, on income derived from any source, but by citizens of the United States residing abroad, and by all residents of foreign countries on incomes derived from property situated in the United States or from business carried on here. The tax is on the income of the year previous to that for which it is levied. Therefore the first tax will be levied on incomes received in 1894.

There are two classes of incomes recognized by the bill—the incomes of individuals and the income of corporations. The taxable income of a corporation is all its incomes above its operating expenses, including the sums paid to shareholders. The tax of 2 per cent. is paid by the corporation. Therefore that part of an individual's income which is derived from dividends on the shares of a corporation that has paid the tax is deducted, on his return, from his own taxable income.

There are exemptions allowed by the bill in computing an individual's income besides to $4,000. They are as follows: The necessary expenses of conducting a business, all interest paid or due within the year, local taxes, losses in trade or from fires, storms or shipwreck, not compensated for by insurance or otherwise; worthless debts, and income on which the tax has been paid by corporations.

As to corporations, charitable, religious and educational corporations are exempted, as are States, counties and municipalities, building and loan associations, savings banks having no stockholders, receiving no more than $1,000 in a year from any one depositor, and dividing all the yearly profits among the depositors except a contribution to a 10 per cent. surplus. Mutual companies, including insurance companies are all exempt.

Every person having an income of $3,500 must report it to the collector of internal revenue for his district, or his deputy. Salaries received from corporations are reported by the corporations to the collector of the recipient's district. The tax on the salaries of officials of the United States is to be deducted by the paymaster.

The collector may require a return to be verified by oath. The collector or his deputy may increase the amount of income reported if "he has reason to believe that the same is underestimated." If there is a neglect or refusal to make a return, or if a return is fraudulent, the collector or his deputy shall himself make a list, by examination of the person taxed, or other evidence. A 50 per cent. penalty is to be charged for neglect or refusal, and 100 per cent. penalty for fraud.

A person may declare that he has not $4,000 income liable to be assessed or that he has paid his income tax elsewhere. If the collector or deputy is convinced that the declaration is true he may grant an exemption. If a return is increased by the collector or deputy the person taxed may offer proof that the increase is unjust, but the officer will not be obliged to take the facts shown as conclusive, and it is within his discretion to refuse relief. An appeal from his decision may be taken to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

If the corporation does not file its statement a fine of $1,000 is to be levied on it and 2 per cent. a month is to be charged on the amount of tax due until it is paid.

The tax is payable on July 1st in each year. If it is not paid within ten days after that a penalty of 5 per cent. is to be charged, together with interest at the rate of 1 per cent. per month.—World.

The Jute Trust Again.

The National Cordage Company, otherwise the Jute Bagging Trust, is playing a great game to keep the market cornered for the present year and pull the farmer for all it can on the bagging needed this season. The trust has been keeping only a small stock of bagging on hand in anticipation of the tariff bill, which has taken off the duty. It has been selling it, too, in small lots. The supply now on hand is hardly sufficient to take care of this years' cotton crop, and it is too late under the present conditions for the farmers and cotton men to talk about importing bagging from England. The facts in the case from a Southern standoint are that many of the cotton factors and farmers have laid in a supply of bagging with which to handle a large part of their crop, having bought it at a time when the low freight rates from New York and other Northern points were in force, because they got it laid down cheaper than they could have done had the regular freight rates remained in force. They will not therefore, need a full supply with which to handle their crops, and the trust knows this. The farmers and factors would not, therefore, be so ready to begin importing. It is a fact, too, that owing to the falling off in the demand the foreign mills have been inactive, and if orders were given now they could not be filled in time for the crop. The bagging trust appreciates this situation, and is going to push the market for all it is worth. The Senate bill takes off the duty of 2,22 cents, which was kept up by the McKinley Act, and consequently makes the bagging just that much cheaper. As an example of the fact that the trust is going to squeeze the farmer for all it is worth, it may be stated that not a week ago bagging was advanced three-quarters of a cent. a yard within four or five days' time. The trust realizes that this is its last chance. The consequence is bagging is advancing in price every day or two. Unless something can be done the chances are that bagging will go much higher than it has ever been since the Alliance tackled the Jute Trust. One of the managers of the Cordage Company is quoted as follows:

"Bagging will be bagging before the season is over and we expect to recoup our losses on this season and look to the Republicans to put us back under their protecting wing in the future."

This not only bears out the indications, but shows they boast of the fact that they will attempt to squeeze out every dollar they can. If the trust persist in trying to force up the prices of jute bagging the farmers should use sugar sacks or any other covering for cotton in order to defeat it.

Five Men Drowned.

OLYMPIA, Wash., Aug. 20.—A special to the Ledger from Oozsia says that Saturday morning while making a landing through the surf at Joe Creek, fifteen miles North of Gray's harbor, the whale boat and crew of nine men in command of Lieutenant Freeman H. Crosby, United State Navy, of United States coast survey steamer McArthur, was capsized and five men are missing, namely: Lieut. Crosby, John Freyer, John Cudminis, William Nehm, Alexander Smith. At present full particulars cannot be ascertained owing to the difficulty of getting news from that locality.

Fired by Lightning.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Aug. 21.—A terrible electric storm raged here about 1 o'clock this morning. The Western Union wires were fused and for several hours the city was cut off from communication with the outside world. During the storm lightning struck the warehouse of the Standard Oil Company, situated on the river front and set it on fire. There were about two thousand barrels of oil in the warehouse and not one was saved. The warehouse, which had been recently completed and the pier were also totally destroyed. After becoming ignited many of the barrels of oil rolled into the river and floated past the city in flames, causing no little danger to shipping. At intervals, the barrels would explode with a tremendous report that awakened every person within five miles of the scene. The total loss is placed at $30,000, with no insurance.