Afterglow

After the sun's last ray
Has left the mountain crest,
Taking the golden day
To lands of the waiting West;
After the darkness falls
Swift on the parting hour
After the night enthralls
Vine-laced lane and tower;

Like flushes of early dawn
With rose tints permeate,
Up from the glory gone,
Springs glory re-create,
Over the realms of cloud,
Over the earth below,
And night holds back her shroud,
In the splendor of afterglow.

After the light of love
Fades in hopeless night,
A glery from above
Fills the heart with after light
And when a life's bright ray
Leaveth its loved in woe,
The hearts it loved find day
In its beautiful afterglow.

TALMAGES SERMON.

Dr. Talmage's Discourse on God's Way of Doing.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage raises high expectations of the day when that which is now only dimly seen will be fully revealed text, Job xxvi, 14: "Lo, these are parts of his ways. But how little a portion is heard of him? But the thunder of his power who can understand?"

The least understood being in the universe is God. Blasphemous would be any attempt by painting or sculpture to represent him. Egyptian hieroglyphics tried to suggest him by putting the figure of an eye upon a sword, implying that God sees and rules, but how imperfect the suggestion! When we speak of him, it is almost always in language figurative. He is "Light" or "Dayspring From on High," or he is a "High Tower" or the "Fountain of Living Waters" His splendor is so great that no man can see him alive. When the group of great theologians assembled in Westminster abbey for the purpose of making a system of religious belief, they first of all wanted an answer to the question, "Who is God?" No one desired to undertake the answering of that overmastering question. They finally concluded to give the task to the youngest man in the assembly, who happened to be Rev George Gillespie. He consented to undertake it on the condition that they would first unite with him in prayer for divine direction. He began his prayer by saying, "O God, thou art a spirit, infinite eternal and unchangeable in thy being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth." That first sentence of Gillespie's prayer was unanimously adopted by the assembly as the best definition of God. But, after all, it was only a partial success, and after everything that language can do when put to the utmost strain and all we can see of God in the natural world and realize of God in the providential world we are forced to cry out with Job in my text: "Lo, these are parts of his ways. But how little a portion is heard of him? But the thunder of his power who can understand?"

Archbishop Tillotson and Dr. Dick and Timothy Dwight and Jonathan Edwards of the past and the mightiest theologians of this young century have discoursed upon the power of God, the attributes of omnipotence. And we have all seen demonstrations of God's almightiness. It might have been far out at sea when in an equinoctial gale God showed what he could do with the waters. It might have been in an August thunderstorm in the mountains when God showed what he could do with the lightnings. It might have been in South America when God showed what he could do with the earthquakes. It might have been among the Alps when God showed what he could do with the avalanches. Our cheek was blanched, our breath stopped, our pulses fluttered, our whole being was terrorized, but we had seen only an [illegible] compared with the [illegible] all the oceans? What was [illegible]er that shook the hills compared with the power that swings the earth through all the centuries and for 6,000 years and in a formative and incomplete shape for hundreds of thousands of years? What is that power that sustains our world compared with the power which rolls through immensity the entire solar system and all the constellations and galaxies and the universe? The mightiest intellect of man would give way if for a moment there came upon it the full appreciation of what omnipotence is. What you and I see and hear of divine strength are only "parts of his ways. But how little a portion is heard of him! But the thunder of his power who can understand?"

We try to satisfy ourselves with saying, "It is natural law that controls things, gravitation is at work, centripetal and centrifugal forces respond to each other." But what is natural law? It is only God's way of doing things. At every point in the universe it is God's direct and continuous power that controls and harmonizes and sustains. That power withdrawn one instant would make the planetary system and all the worlds which astronomy reveals one universal wreck, bereft hemispheres, dismantled suns sets, dead constellations, debris of worlds. What power it must be that keeps the internal fires of our world imprisoned—only here and there spurting from a Cotopaxi, or a Stromboli, or from a Vesuvius, putting Pompeii and Herculaneum into sepulcher, but for the most part the internal fires chained in their cages of rock, and century after century unable to break the chain or burst open the door! What power to keep the component parts of the air in right proportion, so that all around the world the nations may breathe in health, the frosts and the heats hindered from working universal demolition! Power, as Isaiah says, "to take up the isles as a very little thing," Ceylon and Borneo and Hawaii as though they were pebbles; power to weigh the "mountains in scales" and the hills in balances"—Teneriffe and the Cordilleras. To move a rock we must have lever and screw and great machinery, but God moves the world with nothing but a word; power to create worlds and power to destroy them, as from the observatories again and again they have been seen red with flame, then pale with ashes and then scattered.

What is that power to us? asks some one. It is everything to us. With him on our side, the reconciled God, the sympathetic God, the omnipotent God, we may defy all human and satanic antagonisms. And when we are shut in by obstacles we can say as did one of Frobisher's men when the sailor was describing how their ship was surrounded by icebergs in Arctic sea, "The ice was strong, but God was stronger than the ice," and whatever opposition we may have our God is mighter than the opposition. All right with God we may have the courage of the general dying on the battlefield. He asked to be turned, and when they said, "Which way shall we turn you?" he said, "Turn my face toward the enemy." What a challenge that was uttered by the old missionary hero. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" God is the only being in the universe who has power to do as pleases. All human and angelic forces have environments. There are things they cannot do; heights they cannot scale; depths they cannot fathom. Whatever their might and velocities they are servants of omnipotence, which has no limitation, no hinderment and no insurmountable obstacle. Martin Luther asked a Saxon peasant to recite the creed, and the peasant began, "I believe in God, the Father, Almighty." "Stop," said Luther. "What is Almighty?" "I do not know," replied the peasant. Then Luther said: "You are right, my dear fellow. Neither I nor all the learned men can tell what is omnipotence." Human power, however great, tires and must rest, but omnipotence never wearies, and a quadrillion of years from now will be as fresh as at this moment.

We get some little idea of the divine power when we see how it buries the proudest cities and nations. Ancient Memphis it has ground up until many of its ruins are no larger than your thumb nail and you can hardly find a souvenir large enough to remind you of your visit. The city of Tyre is under the sea which washes the shore, on which are only a few crumbling pillars left. Sodom and Gomorrah are covered by waters so deathful that not a fish can live in them. Babylon and Nineveh are so blotted out of existence that not one uninjured shaft of their ancient splendor remains. Nothing but omnipotence could have put them down and put them under. The antediluvian world was able to send to the postdiluvian world only one ship with a very small passenger list. Omnipotence first rolled the seas over the land, and then told them to go back to their usual channels as rivers and lakes and oceans At omnipotent command the waters pouncing upon their prey, and at omnipotent command slinking back into their appropriate places. By such rehearsal we try to arouse our appreciation of what omnipotence is, and our reverence is excited, and our adoration is intensified, but after all we find ourselves at the foot of a mountain we cannot climb, hovering over a depth we cannot fathom, at the rim of a circumference we cannot compass, and we feel like first going down on our knees and then falling flat upon our faces as we exclaim: "Lo, these are parts of his ways. But how little a portion is heard of him? But the thunder of his power who can understand?

So all those who have put together systems of theology have discoursed also about the wisdom of God. Think of a wisdom which can know the end from the beginning, that knows the thirtieth century as well as the first century We can guess what will happen, but it is only a guess. Think of a mind that can hold all the past and all the present and all the future! We can contrive and invent on a small scale, but think of a wisdom that could contrive a universe! Think of a wisdom that can learn nothing new, a wisdom that nothing can surprise, all the facts, scenes and occurrences of all time to come as plainly before it as though they had already transpired! He could have built all the material universe into one world and swung it aglorious mass through immensity, but behold his wisdom in dividing up the grandeurs into innumerable worlds, rolling splendors on all sides, diversity amplitude, majesty, infinity! Worlds! Worlds! Moving in complete order, shining with complete radiance. Mightiest telescope on one hand and most powerful microscope on the other, discovering in the plan of God not one imperfection What but divine wisdom could have planned a human race and before it started build for it a world like this; pouring waters to slake human thirst and giving soils capacity to produce such food and lifting such a canopy of clouds embroidered with such sunlight and surrounding the world with such wonders that all the scientists of the ages have only begun to unroll them? Wisdom in magnitude and in atom, in archangel and in mollusk. Think of a wisdom that was able to form without any suggestion or any model to work by the eye, the ear, the hand, the foot, the vocal organs! No wonder that Galen, the most celebrated of medical authors among the ancients, fell on his knees at the overwhelming wisdom of God in the constitution of the human frame. Our libraries are filled with the wisdom of the great thinkers of all time. Have you considered the far superior wisdom which fashioned the brain for all those thoughts of the Infinite Mind that built those intellects? But it is only the millionth part of that wisdom that has come to mortal appreciation. Close next to every discovery is a wonder that has not been discovered. We see only one specimen among 10,000 specimens. What we know is overwhelmed by what we do not know. What the botanist knows about the flower is not more wonderful than the things he does not know about the flower. What the geologist knows about the rocks is not more amazing than the things which he does not know about them. The worlds that have been counted are only a small regiment of the armies of light, the hosts of heaven, which have never passed in review before mortal vision. What a God we have!

We have all been painfully reminded in our own experiences that we cannot be in two places at the same time, and yet here comes the thought that God can be in all places at the same time. Madler, the astronomer, went on with his explorations until he concluded that the star Alcyone, one of the Pleiades, was the center of the universe, and it was a fixed world, and all the other worlds revolved around that world, and some think that that world is heaven and God's throne is there, and there reside the nations of the blest. But he is not no more [illegible] compared with the universe that he [illegible] has been found to be in motion, and it also is revolving around some great center. But no place has yet been found where God is not present by sustaining power. Omnipresence! Who fully appreciates it? Not I. Not you. Sometimes we hear him in a whisper. Sometimes we hear him in the voice of the storm that jars the Adirondacks. But we cannot swim across that ocean. The finite cannot measure the infinite. We feel as Job did after finding God in the gold mines and the silver mines of Asia, saying, "There is a vein for the silver and a place for the gold where they fine it." And after exploring the heavens as an astronomer and finding God in distant worlds and becoming acquainted with Orion and Mazzaroth and Arcturus and noticing the tides of the sea the inspired poet expresses his incapacity to understand such evidences of wisdom and says: "Lo, these are parts of his ways. But how little a portion is heard of him? But the thunder of his power who can understand?"

So every system of theology has attempted to describe and define the divine attribute of love. Easy enough is it to define fatherly love, motherly love, conjugal love, fraternal love and love of country, but the love of God defies all vocabulary. For many hundreds of years poets have tried to sing it and painters have tried to sketch it and ministers of the gospel to preach it and martyrs in the fire and Christians on their deathbeds have extolled it, and we can tell what it is like, but no one has yet fully told what it is. Men speak of the love of God as though it were first felt between the pointing of the Bethlehem star and the pounding of the crucifixion hammer. But no! Long before that existed the love of God

The nature of God never changes, and from all eternity that holy passion glowed in the Infinite, and I think he was throwing out worlds into space and inhabiting them and more worlds for the application of that love. He may not have told the other worlds what he did for this world, as he has not told us what he did for them I think the love of God was demonstrated in mightier worlds before our little world was fitted up for human residence. Will a man owning 50,000 acres of land put all the cultivation on a half acre? Will God make a million worlds and put his chief affection on one small planet? Are the other worlds and larger worlds standing vacant, uninhabited, while this little world is crowded with inhabitants? No, it takes a universe of worlds to express the love of God. And there are other ransoms and other rescues and other redemptions, as there may be other millenniums and other resurrection mornings and judgment days than those of our world. But in the space of six feet by five was comprised the mightiest evidence of God's love that any world ever saw or ever will see. Compressed on two planks joined together as a cross. There was enough agony there concentered, if distributed, to put whole nations into torture. That God allowed the assassination of his own Son for the rescue of our world is all the evidence needed that he loved the world. Go ahead, O church of God! Go ahead, O world, and tell as well as you can what the love of God is, but know beforehand that Paul was right when he said, "it passeth knowledge." Let other poets take up the story of God's love where William Cowper and Isaac Watts and Charles Wesley and Horatius Bonar left it, and let other painters improve upon the "Sistine Madonna," and the "Adoration of the Magi," and the "Crucifixion" as Raphael and Titian and Claude and Correggio presented them. Let the German pulpit orator take up the theme of God's love where Frederick Tholuck left it; let Italian pulpit take it up where Gavazzi left it; let French pulpit orator take up the theme where Bourdelone left it; let the Swiss pulpit orator take up the theme where Merle d'Aubigne left it; let the English pulpit take it up where George Whitefield left it; let the Scotch pulpit take it up where Dr. Candlish left it; let the Welsh pulpit take it up where Christmas Evans left it, and let American pulpit take it up where Archibald Alexander and Dr. Kirk and Matthew Simpson left it. But the world will never appreciate fully the love of God until they hear from his own lips the outburst of his infinite and everlasting affection.

Only glimpses of God have we in this world, but what an hour it will be when we first see him, and we will have no more fright than I feel when I now see you. It will not be with mortal eye that we will behold him, but with the vision of a cleansed, forgiven and perfected spirit. Of all the quintillion ages of eternity to us the most thrilling hour will be the first hours when we meet him as he is. This may account for something you have all seen and may not have understood Have you not noticed how that after death the old Christian looks young again or the features resume the look of 20 or 30 years before? The weariness is gone out of the face; there is something strikingly restful and placid; there is a pleased look where before there was a disturbed look. What has wrought the change? I think the dying Christian saw God. At the moment the soul left the body what the soul saw left its impression on the countenance. I think that is what gave that old Christian face after death the radiant and triumphant look. The bestormed spirit has reached the harbor; the hard battle of life is ended in victory. The body took that look the moment heaven began, and the curtain was completely lifted and the glories of Jehovah's presence rushed upon the soul. The departing spirit left on the old man's face a glad goodby, and that first look gave the pleased curve to the dying lip and smoothed out the wrinkles and touched all the lineaments with an indescribable radiance. As no one else explains that improved and gladdened post mortem look, I try to explain it, saying: "He saw God!" "She saw God!"

Last summer we journeyed thousands of miles to see the midnight sun from North Cape, Norway. We stood on deck in the arctic seas, our watches in our hands, and it was eleven o'clock at night, but light as an ordinary noonday. Then it was half past eleven o'clock at night, then it was 15 minutes of 12, but a long, wide, thick cloud hung over the sun. Are we to be disappointed as thousands have been and the journey here a failure? Ten minutes of 12, and the sun is still hidden. But about five minutes of 12 the cloud lifted, and the midnight sun, the most wondrous spectacle of all the earth, appeared, pouring forth a refulgence that turned the arctic sea into 20 miles of pearls and rubies and diamonds and emeralds and overpowering us with a glory that left us with body all a-tremble, and a mind full of all ecstasy, and a soul full of all worship. Thank God we saw it—the midnight sun. So with that departing Christian soul; the voyage of life has been long and rough and tempestuous; chilling sorrows have again and again snowed down upon him, and it is an arctic sea. Many clouds have filled the sky. It is approaching 12 o'clock, and the close of life's day. Friends stand around and count the parting moments. The clock strikes 12, and God breaks through the clouds and shines upon the features of the departing saint until they are transfigured with the glories of the Sun of Righteousness. That is what has so changed the features of the old man. It is the shining of the Midnight Sun.

FOURTEEN PEOPLE KILLED.

By an Explosion of Fire Works at Patterson, N. J.

Fourteen people are believed to have been killed and a number injured Friday as a result of the fire following an explosion among a quantity of fireworks in the store of Abraham M. Rittenburg, at Patterson, N. J. The store was on the ground floor of a tenement building. The cause of the explosion is not known and the property loss will not exceed $35,000.

The explosion occured shortly after noon and many of the occupants of the building were out at dinner. The building in which the explosion occurred was a frame tenement, four stories high with stores on the ground floor. The middle store was occupied by Rittenburg. Ten families occupied the flats in the building.

So great was the force of the explosion that a boy playing in the street half a block away was lifted from his feet and hurled against an iron fence. One of his legs was broken. A trolley car was directly in front of the building when the explosion occurred. The burst of flame blown out into the street scorched the sides of the car and singed the hair of the passengers.

A number of those who were on the upper floors of the building when the explosion took place were either stunned and burned to death or found escape out off and were suffocated. After the first explosion there were a series of smaller ones and then came a second big explosion which was muffled and deadened and probably occurred in the cellar.

Every window seemed to be emitting flame within a minute after the first explosion. A woman, with her clothing on fire leaped out of one of the windows and fell to the yard below. Her dead body was dragged out of reach of the flames, but the flesh was roasted and dropping from the bones. She later proved to be Mrs. Williams.

Mrs. Williams' husband was a cripple. His wife is supposed to have remained longer than she could with safety in an effort to save him. He was found burned to a crisp on his bed.

Some of the occupants of the rooms dropped from the windows and were bruised; others hung from the windows until the firemen came, and 20 persons were taken down in this way through the fire and smoke by the firemen, while dropped into life nets.

Daniel Dooley, who was in the yard when the explosion took place, saw the two Rittenburg children in the rear room and rushed into the flames for them. He got one of them and carried it out and tried to go back for the other but the room was then one mass of fire and he was too late. He was badly scorched in rescuing the first child

While the rescues were going on the firemen were fighting the flames. Capt. Allen led with the hose line in an effort to keep the fire from the upper floors, where it was said many were penned in. The men had hardly taken their positions and begun on the sidewalk to throw water into the upper floors, when, without any warning, the whole upper part of the building above them sagged outward and fell. The captain and two of his men were buried under the blazing debris. One of the men is badly hurt. The building in which the explosion occurred was entirely destroyed.

Rittenburg will probably be arrested pending an investigation.

In the debris was found the head of a man or a woman. The hair is burned off and the features are unrecognizable. The remainder of the body has not been found.

The bodies taken out thus far are almost unrecognizable and are burned and torn by the fire and the collapse of the timbers of the building.

He Fooled Her.

A woman in Chicago sued for a divorce because her husband fooled her by claiming that he had a sprained ankle when he had a wooden leg. She had the profoundest sympathy with the sprained ankle and during the courtship at his request would sit on the other side away from the sprained ankle, but she has a nauseating contempt for the wooden leg and desires to cut loose from such an imposition.

Three Men Killed.

Three men lost their lives and a dozen more were badly hurt by the collapse of a railroad bridge and wrecking of a train on the Dry Fork railroad, near Herdicks, W. Va. Thursday morning. The dead are Wm. Bunker, master mechanic aged 50; W. C. Crawl, fireman, and a laborer named Morrison.

RESTORING CAPTURED FLAG.

Dramatic Incident at the Southern Industrial Convention.

An impressive feature of the Southern Industrial Convention, held last week in Philadelphia, was the restoration of a captured flag by a Federal officer to the chief city of South Carolina, from whence it was taken in the latter days of the Confederacy, and which has been carefully kept as a relic of the late unpleasantness. The officer is Gen. W. W. H Davis, of Doylestown, Pa, who was formerly in command of the Federal forces on Morris Island, and while there in 1864 one of the signal flags of the Confederate ram "Chicora" fell into his hands. He took advantage of the opportunity at Philadelphia to signalize the occasion by returning the flag to its rightful owners, and it was graciously accepted on the part of Charleston by one of its delegates, Dr. Kollock, whose response evoked great applause and was worthy of the occasion. In presenting the flag which he has cherished as one of his most priceless relics of his war experience, Gen. Davis said:

"The duty devolving on me, in connection with the evening function, is of the most pleasing character, and the pleasure inhanced by discharging it in this presence. I am here to entrust to our Southern guests a relic of the war between the States and to depute one of the their members to return it to the City of Charleston, S. C, where it properly belongs. When Charleston fell into the hands of the Federal forces on February 18, 1865, among the spoils of war was the signal flag of the Confederate ram Chicora. It was taken from the locker of the vessel by Lieut. Wm R Elliott, formerly of my command, and subsequently presented to me. In the meantime I determined to return it to the rightful owner if he could be found, but it was never done. Mr. Elliott suggested we take advantage of the meeting of the Southern Industrial Convention in this city to discharge this duty. This met my views and I am here to-night for that purpose. To you, Dr. Kollock, I commit this symbol of the nation's quarrel, and ask you to give to the Mayor of Charleston to make such disposition as may seem proper, and I hope the flag may be cared for in a manner commensurate with the courage that defended it in the strife of battle. Happily and wonderfully for both sides that war has passed into history, and our bruised arms are hung up for monuments and the courage and forbearance, and fortitude, the suffering and the tears that marked its progress have crystallized the nation into a more perfect Union. The Union based on affection, respect and mutual good will, and the Southern Industrial Convention assembled here gives evidence that both the North and the South fully realize that 'peace hath her victories no less renowned than war.' If more were wanting, let us one and all in this City of Brotherly Love, founded in deeds of peace by William Penn, wherein the immortal Declaration of Independence was made and promulgated and the Constitution adopted, swear to retain our allegiance to the Union."

In accepting the flag for Charleston Dr. Kollock said: "It would seem more fitting that some battle-scarred veteran, some man who had borne it proudly to victory or defended it in retreat, some one who had heard the booming of cannon and bursting of shell some one who had shed his blood in defence of the cause for which so many gave their lives, should receive this most precious relic from its generous and chivalrous captor. But then these men are rapidly marching away never to return, and already many have crossed over the river and are resting in the shade of the trees. Upon us, their sons, devolves the duty to preserve these relics of a cause they held so dear and to keep bright in our memories and those of our children their glorious deeds. Aye, gentlemen, of the North and South, it is such deeds as these that tend to soften the feelings of the past and help to cement again the affections of these brothers who differed, quarreled and fought—as only the brave fight—to the bitter end. What memories this flag calls up from the past, and what has become of the brave hands that bore it 'mid shot and shell to victory or defeat? Methinks I can see through smoke and fire these brave men in grey crouching behind their works of sand and logs, while from the front in continuous stream come the shot and shell from the Federal fleet, and again as they land, the boys in the blue, charge bravely across the sands only to be mowed down by the ruthless fire of the besieged, and thus the battle wages. Now for the grey and now for the blue, until like the mist before the rising sun the grey line fades gradually away and is seen no more. Thank God, gentlemen, that these days are past, and let us pray that never again shall these brothers raise their hands in anger against one another, but that year by year and day by day they shall meet as they do today, for the best interests of this great country and its people.

Fire at Greenville.

Fire was discovered in Deal's bakery, located in one of M. C. Phersons' three-story buildings, on Main stree, Greenville, S. C. at 12.15 o'clock Wednesday morning. It spread rapidly to M. C. Phersons' two adjoining three-story buildings, and at 3 o'clock the flames threatened the entire city.

The Beattie building, a large three-story structure on the corner of Main and Washington streets, the largest, most modern structure in the city, next caught, and was a total loss. This building was occupied on the first floor by three business houses, second floor offices, third floor hall. It was valued at $20,000, insurance $15,000. The three adjoining stores first mentioned were valued at $8,000, insurance $4,000

The fire was extinguished at ten o'clock Tuesday morning.

The following is a list of losers:

Smith & Bristow $8,000, insurance $6,000.

Avery Patton $5,000.

W. R. Hala $3,000, no insurance.

J. S. Deal, baker, $500

J. F. Bruns, jeweler, $20,000, insurance $6,000.

Reynolds & Earle, druggists, $4,000, insurance $3,000.

Payne's beer dispensary $800.

Bowmann's restaurant $500, fully insured.

Killed by Lightning.

A very sad accident occurred five miles from Anderson Thursday. During the heavy thunderstorm that was raging that afternoon Mr. John Hall, Jr., while returning on horseback to his home, was struck and instantly killed by ligtning. Both horse and rider were killed. Mr. Hall was 25 years of age, a member of a prominent family in the Flat Rock neighborhood. He leaves a wife and two little children.

ATTEMPTS HIS LIFE.

Escaped Convict Captured Who is Wanted in Alabama for Rape.

A special to the State from Spartanburg says: On Sunday a negro named John Wilson, alias John Brown, an escaped convict sent up from sessions court in this county about one year ago, and who escaped from the authorities at the State penitentiary, was captured at Wellford and lodged in the county jail. He was sent up from here on the charge of assault with intent to rape. He made himself notoriously obnoxious in the city prior to his first arrest and was a dangerous menace to society. He served about a month in the penitentiary and made his escape. Since then the authorities have been on the lookout for him.

On or about May 7, at Springville, Ala, a little white girl named Della Garrot, about 13 years of age, whose people are highly respected in that town was fiendishly and criminally assaulted while on her way from school. She was dragged several hundred yards from the public highway and into a deep woodland, where the brute accomplished his purpose time and again. This crime aroused the people of Springville to great excitement and indignation, and every possible measure and step was taken to secure the villian, who made good his escape. A reward of $500 was offered. It so happened that at the time of this occurrence in Springville, Ala., John Wilson, under the assumed name of Brown, was working there, hiding from the officers of the law in this State. It was known that the little girl's assailant was a negro, and the description sent out everywhere of him answered to a dot to Wilson, even to two scars on his face. He had also written to his wife from Springville to Wellford, where she lives. A plan was laid for the capture of Wilson by Mr. Moore of Tucapau Mills, and it worked successfully. He was lodged in jail Sunday, and as he bore out so minutely the description of the rapist in Springville, Ala., the authorities there were notified to come and get the scoundrel and pay the reward, which would go to Messrs. Moore and a Mr. Roberts of Wellford.

Tuesday John Wilson was informed of the fact that he was to be carried to Springville, Ala., where he was badly wanted. He had little comment to make, but his general bearing was that of a guilty man if appearances count for aught.

Last night at midnight Deputy Sheriff White was in the jail where the prisoners were confined and saw Wilson in his cell. He was in good spirits. This morning he was discovered lying on his cot, bleeding profusely from an ugly wound in the throat. He had broken a half pint whiskey bottle which had been left in the cell by some prisoner to drink water out of, had made a crude weapon and attempted to take his own life. In this he was very nearly successful, as his wound extends four inches and his wind pipe is badly gashed. In the cell two letters were found, one addressed to his wife at Wellford and another to his father in the country. In each letter he stated that he would rather die than go back to Springville, Ala. He bitterly upbraided his wife accusing her of infidelity and stating that she was the cause of his being captured. In these letters he did not acknowledge his guilt. The Springville authorities have been notified, and are locked for to come after Wilson.

WEATHER AND CROP REPORT

Director Bauer's Summary for the Past Week

Below is given the weekly bulletin of the condition of the weather and crops issued Tuesday by Director Bauer of the South Carolina section of the climate and crop service of the United States weather bureau:

The week ending Monday, June 17th, averaged only slightly cooler than usual, with a maximum of 94 at Batesburg on the 11th, and a minimum of 61 at Greenville and Spartanburg on the 10th. There was a decided and harmful deficiney in sunshine.

General and heavy rains prevailed from the 13th to the close of the week, with amounts varying from two to over six inches, and averaging 3.40 for the State, which is nearly equal to the normal June precipitation. Bottoms were flooded, hillsides washed, bridges carried away, and lands generally have become boggy, and were unfit for cultivation except from two to three days early in the week. All filed crops have been injured by this excessive moisture, want of proper cultivation and lack of sunshine, and fields have become foul with grass and weeds over the entire State.

All cotton has not been chopped out, and many fields are lousy, and foul with grass, so that there are numerous reports of abandoning them, while in a few localities some already have been ploughed under and planted to corn. The plants continue small, and are yellowing. In Marlboro county, and in the sea island districts, there is some improvement noted; elsewhere, general deterioration. On sandy lands the plants are dying to some extent from wetness.

Corn has made slow growth, but on the uplands of the western half of the State retains its healthy color. Bottom land corn was washed away, and will have to be replanted, some for the fourth time. In the eastern sections, corn looks yellow, and is tasselling low, and has received permanent injury, while over the State it is in need of work and sunshine.

The heavy rains, and worms, in places, have damaged tobacco; and in Marlboro county only is any improvement noted. Caterpillars have made their appearance on rice in Colleton. In the Georgetown districts the freshets are only now subsiding leaving the lands in poor condition for either cultivation or planting. In the lower districts, and on uplands, rice is excellent. Wheat and oats are nearly harvested, except in the extreme western portions, where wheat is over-ripe and falling to the ground, rains preventing harvesting. Much grain was damaged in the shock by the heavy rains. Very little has been housed or thrashed. Early peaches are rotting; apples are dropping; grapes very promising; truck and gardens are fine; mellons poor and backward.

The crop prospects are decidedly unfavorable at this time.

Not Allowed in Town.

Deputy United States Marshal Sisson was caleld to Glencoe on the Eastern Oklahoma railroad Thursday afternoon by a race difficulty at that place. The United States marshals were notified Thursday morning by the Santa Fe authorities that the citizens of Glencoe had threatened to use force to run out a gang of forty colored men employed to raise the grade at that point. The citizens of Glencoe have as a rule allowed no colored man to visit or live in that village.

COULDN'T HAPPEN IN THIS STATE

A Louisiana Bridegroom Forgot the Marriage License

"I was one of 1,500 persons who witnessed what we all thought was a wedding in a fashionable church a few weeks ago," remaaked a gentleman Tuesday, and it was evident from the way he started out that he had a story to tell. "It was one of the principal church weddings of May, and nearly all society was gathered in that church. The bride had been very popular in New Orleans society, and the groom was one of the best known of the successful younger business men in the city. There was a matron of honor, several bridesmaids, flower bearers, groomsmen and ushers, music and all that sort of thing, and many people went to the church simply to see the frills that were to be put to the old ceremony of giving and taking in marriage. The groom's brother was his best man, and he was as proud as was his principal—until after the wedding. No, he did not forget to pass the ring to the bridegroom.

"After the final vows were exchanged and the minister had pronounced the young couple man and wife, we in the front seats noticed the minister whispering to the bridegroom, and the look of worry and annoyance that came over the face of the man who should have been so happy. We wondered what the mysterious whispering meant, but we were not enlightened. As the minister turned away the groom gave his arm to the bride, the organ pealed out Mendelssohn's joyful wedding march, but the groom did not seem very joyous, and a few of us later discovered why and the reason for the whispered conversation between the minister and the bridegroom in the chancel.

"After pronouncing them man and wife, the minister whispered to the man that in reality he and his bride were not married; that no license had been obtained, and that the reason why the minister had followed the ritual was that no scandal might be created. The best man had been intrusted with all the commissions appertaining to the wedding, and he had forgotten the most important item of all, the marriage license. The minister knew that at that time of night there would be no chance to obtain the license without long delay, and he knew that the best way to smooth over the matter was to go on with his part of the programme and then tell the bridegroom that he was no bridegroom, but only a bridegroom to be. The man in the case had made all his arrangements for a wedding tour West, and had bought the stateroom in the sleeper of the night train and bought his tickets. He went to his home that night, and the bride remained at hers.

"Early the next morning the license to marry was obtained from the board of health, and the genuine marriage ceremony was then performed at the home of the bride's parents and with no witnesses save the members of her family.

The bridegroom, after considerable trouble, got the dates of his railroad tickets changed, but he lost the $18 he had paid when he reserved the stateroom in the sleeper from New Orleans to Chicago. The story only got out to a few persons who were at the church for what they thought was the wedding, and noticed in the papers later the date of the marriage license."—New Orleans Times-Democrat

WON A REBEL GIRL.

He is from New Jersey and She is a South Carolina Belle

The following published in the Atlantic Review, Atlantic City, N. J., will be read with interest.

A romance that will appeal to even the most unromantic will reach its climax in the Episcopal church at Abbeville, South Carolina, at high noon on June 27, when Lieutenant Colonel Lewis T. Bryant, of the New Jersey National Guard, and also the well-known commandant of the Morris Guards, will be united in wedlock to Miss Mary S. Lee, a charming young lady of most distinguished lineage.

Had it not been for the fact that the United States and Spain were at war and that Colonel Bryant while serving as a major in the Fourth New Jersey Volunteers, was sent to Greenville, S. C., in the fall of 1898 as a part of the overwhelming army that assembled in the South for the purpose of showing Spain how vain would be her further resistance, Colonel Bryant would doubtless never have met the cultured young woman who will become his bride on the 27th. She was then visiting in Greenville, and their meeting ripened into friendship and then into that higher affection An engagement was the natural result and the nuptials will culminate a most romantic courtship.

Miss Lee's family is one of the most distinguished in the Southland. In Abbeville, where she lives, the first secession speech was delivered and the little city was also the scene of the last meeting of Jefferson Davis, cabinet. Her father, who is now dead, was for many years a celebrated lawyer. Many of her relatives fought for the South, but the fair daughter will become the bride of an officer in the military forces of one of the most prosperous States in a united land.

Miss Lee is of tall and graceful carriage and of the brunette type of beauty. She is cultured and highly accomplished—a typical daughter of the South. A number of Captain Bryant's friends will attend the wedding. The groom-to-be is arranging to lease his residence of North Carolina avenue, south, and to spend the summer in travel. He will bring his bride to Atlantic City in the fall and occupy his handsome cottage.

Wanted a Job.

A Kansas school board received the following letter the other day from one of the teachers: "I would like to have the refusal of the school as long as you are willing to hold it for me, though I can't say positively that I will not teach, nor positively that I will. If I am married, as I think I will be, of course I will not want the school. But you know the old story about many a slip, and I would hate to be out of a job as well as the other."—Exchange.

Oranges might be grown in Tennessee, but hardly at a profit. So can any Florida, Georgia or Alabama farmer raise cotton, but when the condition of soil, etc., are taken into consideration as compared with the Mississippi valley, can he complete with them at a profit? If not, then why not turn his attention to feed crops and stock to consume them, in which there is a sure profit.

THE GROWING CROPS.

Full Review of the Situation Throughout the Cotton Belt

The past week was a favorable one on cotton except in the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida, where rains were excessive and largely prevented cultivation, of which the plants stand in urgent need. However, since the reports summarized below were received more favorable weather has prevailed, that will, no doubt, tend toward a betterment in the condition of cotton. In portions of Louisiana and Texas mild drought conditions prevail, but not sufficient to threaten the central and western portions of the belt, the plants are forming squares, and blooms are reported, while in extreme southwestern Texas the "first bale" has been ginned. This is claimed to be the earliest on record. With the exception of the Atlantic States where grassy fields are the rule, and where some will be ploughed under, cotton fields are clean and well cultivated, and the crop's general condition is promising although of somewhat later growth than usual.

In North Carolina rains began on the 13th which were quite beneficial at first, especially on uplands, but the large amounts on the 14th, and the generally cloudy, damp weather during the last portion of the week were very unfavorable. Farm work was completely interrupted, and cannot be resumed for some time, as the ground has become very wet. In well cultivated fields cotton and corn have made some growth, and while very small at least show good color; but generally the condition of both crops continue poor. cotton has not all been chopped, and many fields are being abandoned or plowed up for corn.

In South Carolina all cotton has not been chopped out, and many fields are lousy, and foul with grass, so that there are numerous reports of abandoning them, while in a few localities some already have been ploughed under and planted to corn. The plants continue small, and are yellowing In Marlboro county and in the sea island districts, there is some improvement noted; elsewhere, general deterioration. On sandy lands the plants are dying to some extent from wetness.

In Georgia excessive rains again occurred during the week in many sections of the State. In some counties, particularly in the eastern part, the rainfall exceeded 5 inches. There has been no opportunity for cultivation, for which all crops are suffering. Grass and weeds have obtained the lead and are growing rapidly. The reports of correspondents contain much information of a discouraging character, and little hope of improvement is expressed. Labor seems to be a scarce commodity, and with so much cultivation, that is necessary, this becomes a serious factor in the situation.

In Alabama general favorable conditions prevailed. Practically all cotton has been chopped, while it is of irregular size, varying from a few inches to knee high, it is more promising than at any time this season, though its condition is not yet satisfactory: grass is still troublesome in many fields, though being cleaned out rapidly; squares are forming quite generally, but no blooms are reported as yet.

In Mississippi the weather during the week was fine for the cultivation and and growth of all field crops. On low lands in the northern portion of the State there is still some complaint of grassy fields, while over southern portion, rain is generally in the extreme southwestern counties wheat crops are suffering on account of continued dry weather. In the delta, northern and middle counties much cotton is being worked the second time, and in the southern division it is being hilled.

In Louisiana, in the localities that have been so long without rain, crops have, of course, made but little or no progress or are deteriorating. Considering the State as a whole, however, all staple crops have made good growth and show marked improvement, but all would now be benefited by more rain. Cotton, in its various stages of advancement—from the small acreage replanted after the first plant had been destroyed by hail, which is just coming up, to that beginning to bloom—is making rapid growth and in most fields looks promising.

In Tennessee the weather was moderately warm, and while the percentage of bright sunshine was rather low, the conditions were generally favorable to crops. A few correspondents report that crops are getting weedy on account of the rainy conditions, but farm work is generally pretty well in hand.

In Arkansas decidedly warmer weather prevailed during the week. The rainfall was very scattered, in some localities good showers occurred, while in others no rain fell. Corn and cotton have been greatly benefitted by the warm days and nights. Cotton is being worked out and the stand is not so good is many localities. Squares are beginning to form on cotton in some sections.

In Texas the weather during the week has been highly favorable for harvesting and threshing wheat and oats, and for much needed farm work. Crops, notably cotton and corn that were weedy, have received attention, and at the close of the week are clean and well cultivated. Reports on cotton from every section of the State indicate that the general outlook for this crop is favorable. It is forming squares and fruiting in most localities. A general rain would benefit the cotton crop, but there are only a few localities where it is badly needed. The boll weevils are slowly being destroyed and complaints of damage by these pests are becoming less frequent.

In Oklahoma and Indian Territory the conditions were especially favorable for the progress of all kinds of farm work, and as a result all crops were cultivated and cleaned up, and placed in condition. Cotton chopping is well advanced, and it is beginning to square; the plant has made a fair growth, and is fairly well cultivated.

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundations of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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HE WAS A HERO

How Brave Baggageman Went Back to Flag Down Freight