IN THE COURTROOM.

REV. DR. TALMAGE DISCUSSES A GREAT LAWSUIT.

The Indictment, the Testimony, the Summing Up, and the Judgment—Graphic Report of a Trial For the Life of a Soul. A Call For Preparation.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 16.—The illustrations of this sermon are drawn from the scenes in a courtroom, with which Dr. Talmage became familiar when he was studying law, before he studied for the ministry. The text is I John ii, 1, "We have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous."

Standing in a courtroom you say to yourself, "At this bar crime has often been arraigned; at this witness stand the oath has often been taken; at this jurors' bench the verdict has been rendered; at this judge's desk sentence has been pronounced." But I have to tell you today of a trial higher than any oyer and terminer or circuit or supreme or chancery. It is the trial of every Christian man for the life of his soul. This trial is different from any other in the fact that it is both civil and criminal.

The issues at stake are tremendous, and I shall in my sermon show you first what are the grounds of complaint, then who are the witnesses in the cause and lastly who are the advocates.

When a trial is called on, the first thing is to have the indictment read. Stand up then, O Christian man, and hear the indictment of the court of high heaven against thy soul. It is an indictment of ten counts, for thou hast directly or indirectly broken all the Ten Commandments. You know how it thundered on Sinai, and when God came down how the mountain rocked, and the smoke ascended as from a smoldering furnace, and the darkness gathered thick, and the loud, deep trumpet uttered the words, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die!" Are you guilty or not guilty? Do not put in a negative plea too quick, for I have to announce that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. There is none that doeth good. No, not one. Whosoever shall keep the whole law, yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." Do not therefore be too hasty in pronouncing yourself not guilty.

This lawsuit before us also charges you with the breaking of a solemn contract. Many a time did we promise to be the Lord's. We got down on our knees and said, "O Lord, I am thine now and forever." Did you keep the promise? Have you stood up to the contract? I go back to your first communion. You remember it as well as if it were yesterday. You know how the vision of the cross rose before you. You remember how from the head, and the hands, and the side, and the feet there came bleeding forth these two words, "Remember me." You recall how the cup of communion trembled in your hand when you first took it, and as in a seashell you may hear, or think you hear, the roaring of the surf even after the shell has been taken from the beach, so you lifted the cup of communion and you heard in it the surging of the great ocean of a Saviour's agony, and you came forth from that communion service with face shining as though you had been on the mount of Transfiguration, and the very air seemed tremulous with the love of Jesus, and the woods and the leaves and the grass and the birds were brighter and sweeter voiced than ever before, and you said down in the very depths of your soul, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." Have you kept the bargain, O Christian man? Have you not sometimes faltered when you ought to have been true? Have you not been proud when you ought to have been humble? Have you not played the coward when you ought to have been the hero? I charge it upon you and I charge it upon myself—we have broken the contract.

Still further. This lawsuit claims damages at your hands. The greatest slander on the Christian religion is an inconsistent professor. The Bible says religion is one thing. We, by our inconsistency, say religion is some other thing, and what is more deplorable about it is that people can see faults in others while they cannot see any in themselves. If you shall at any time find some miserable old gossip, with imperfections from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, a perfect blotch of sin herself, she will go tattling, tattling, tattling all the years of her life about the inconsistencies of others, having no idea that she is inconsistent herself. God save the world from the gossip, female and male! I think the males are the worst. Now the chariot of Christ's salvation goes on through the world, but it is our inconsistencies, my brethren, that block up the wheels, while all along the line there ought to have been cast nothing but palm branches, and the shout should have been lifteed, "Hosanna to the Son of David!"

Now you have heard the indictment read. Are you ready to plead guilty or not guilty? Perhaps you are not ready yet to plead. Then the trial will go on. The witnesses will be called, and we shall have the matter decided. In the name of God I now make proclamation: Oyez, oyez, oyez, whosoever hath anything to offer in this trial, in which God is the plaintiff and the Christian soul the defendant, let him new step forth and give testimony in this solemn trial.

The first witness I call upon the stand in behalf of the prosecution is the world, all critical and observant of Christian character. You know that there are people around you who perpetually banquet on the frailties of God's children. You may know, if you have lived in the country, that a crow cares for nothing so much as carrion. There are those who imagine that out of the faults of Christians they can make a bridge of boats across the stream of death, and they are going to try it; but alas for the mistake! When they get in midstream, away will go the bridge, and down will go their souls to perdition. O world of the greedy eye and the hard heart, come on the stand now and testify in behalf of the prosecution against this Christian soul on trial. What do you know about this Christian man? "Oh," says the world, "I know a great deal about him. He talks about putting his treasures in heaven, but he is the sharpest man in a trade I ever knew. He seems to want us to believe that he is a child of God but he is just full of imperfections. I do not know but I am a great deal better than he is now. Oftentimes he is very earthly, and he talks so little about Christ and so much about himself. I am very glad to testify that this is a bad man."

Stop, O world, with the greedy eye and hard heart. I fear you are too much interested in this trial to give impartial evidence. Let all those who hear the testimony of this witness know that there is an old family quarrel between these two parties. There always has been a variance between the world and the church and while the world on the witness stand today has told a great deal of truth about this Christian man, you must take it all with much allowance, remembering that they still keep the old grudge good. O world of the greedy eye and the hard heart, that will do. You may sit down.

The second witness I call in this case is conscience. Who are thou, O conscience? What is your business? Where were you born? What are you doing here? "Oh," says conscience, "I was born in heaven. I came down to befriend this man. I have lived with him. I have instructed him. I have warned him I showed him the right and the wrong, advising him to take the one and eschew the other. I have kindled a great light in his soul. With a whip of scorpions I have scourged his wickedness, and I have tried to cheer him when doing right, and yet I am compelled to testify on the stand today that he has sometimes rejected my mission. Oh, how many cups of life have I pressed to his lips that he dashed down, and how often has he stood with his hard heel on the bleeding heart of the Son of God. It pains me very much that I have to testify against this Christian man and yet I must in behalf of him who will in no wise clear the guilty say that this Christian man has done wrong. He has been worldly. He has been neglectful. He has done a thousand things he ought not to have done, and left undone a thousand things he ought to have done." That will do, conscience. You can sit down.

The third witness I call in the case is an angel of God. Bright and shining one, what doest thou here? What hast thou to say against this man on trial? "Oh," says the angel, "I have been a messenger to him. I have guarded him. I have watched him. With this wing I have defended him, and oftentimes, when he knew it not, I led him into green pastures and beside the still waters. I snatched from him the poisoned chalices. When bad spirits came upon him to destroy him, I fought them back with infinite fierceness, and yet I have to testify today that he has rejected my mission. He has not done as he ought to have done. Though I came from the sky, he drove me back. Though with this wing I defended him and though with this voice I wooed him, I have to announce his multiplied imperfections. I dare not keep back the testimony, for then I should not dare to appear again among the sinless ones before the great white throne."

There is only one more witness to be called on behalf of the posecution, and that is the great, the holy, the august, the omnipotent Spirit of God. We bow down before him. Holy Spirit, knowest thou this man? "Oh, yes," says the Holy One, "I know him. I have striven with him ten thousand times, and though sometimes he did seem to repent he fell back again as often from his first estate. Ten thousand times ten thousand has he grieved me, although the Bible warned him, saying: 'Grieve not the Holy Ghost. Quench not the Spirit.' Yes, he has driven me back. Though I am the Third Person of the Trinity, he has trampled on my mission, and the blood of the atonement that I brought with which to cleanse his soul he sometimes despised. I came from the throne of God to convert and comfort and sanctify, and yet look at that man and see what he is compared with what, unresisted, I would have made him."

The evidence on the part of the prosecution has closed. Now let the defense bring on the rebuttal testimony. What have you, O Christian soul, to bring in reply to this evidence of the world, of the conscience, of the angel and of the Holy Ghost? No evidence? Are all these things true? "Yes. Unclean," says every Christian soul. What? Do you not begin to tremble at the thought of condemnation?

We have come now to the most interesting part of this great trial. The evidence all in, the advocates speak. The profession of an advocate is full of responsibility. In England and the United States there have arisen men who in this calling have been honored by their race and thrown contempt upon those who in the profession have been guilty of a great many meannesses. That profession will be honorable as long as it has attached to it such names as Mansfield and Marshall and Story and Kent and Southard and William Wirt. The courtroom has sometimes been the scene of very marvelous and thrilling things. Some of you remember the famous Girard will case, where one of our advocates pleaded the cause of the Bible and Christianity in masterly Anglo-Saxon, every paragraph a thunderbolt.

Some of you have read of the famous trial in Westminister hall of Warren Hastings, the despoiler of India by splendid talents, by courage, by bribes, by gigantic dishonesty. The whole world had rung, with applause of condemnation. Gathered in Westminster hall, a place in which 30 kings had been inaugurated, was one of the most famous audiences ever gathered. Foreign ministers and princes sat there. Peers marched in, clad in ermine and gold. Mighty men and women from all lands looked down upon the scene. Amid all that pomp and splendor, and amid an excitement such as has seldom been seen in any courtroom, Edmund Burke advanced in a speech which will last as long as the English language, concluding with this burning charge, which made Warren Hastings cringe and cower: "I impeach him in the name of the commons house of parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trampled on and whose country he has turned into a desert. And lastly, in the name of human nature, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age and rank, I impeach him as the common enemy and oppressor of all."

But I turn from the recital of these memorable occasions to a grander trial, and I have to tell you that in this trial of the Christian for the life of his soul the advocates are mightier, wiser and more eloquent. The evidence all being in, severe and stern justice rises on behalf of the prosecution to make his plea. With the Bible open in his hand, he reads the law, stern and inflexible, and the penalty, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Then he says: "O thou Judge and Lawgiver, this is thine own statute, and all the evidence in earth and heaven agrees that the man has sinned against these enactments? Now let the sword leap from its scabbard. Shall a man go through the very flames of Sinai unsigned? Let the law be executed. Let judgment be pronounced. Let him die. I demand that he die!"

O Christian, does it not look very dark for thee?" Who will plead on thy side in so forlorn a cause? Sometimes a man will be brought into a court of law, and he will have no friends and no money, and the judge will look over the bar and say, "Is there any one who will volunteer to take this man's case and defend him?" And some young man rises up and says "I will be his his counsel," perhaps starting on from that very point to a great and brilliant career. Now, in this matter of the soul, as you have nothing to pay for counsel, do you think that any one will volunteer? Yes, yes; I see one rising. He is a young man, only 33 years of age. I see his countenance suffused with tears and covered with blood, and all the galleries of heaven are thrilled with the spectacle. Thanks be unto God, "we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."

O Christian soul, your case begins to look better. I think, perhaps, after all, you may not have to die. The best advocate in the universe has taken your side. No one was ever so qualified to defend you. He knows all the the law, all its demands, all its penalties. He is always ready. No new turn of the case can surprise him, and he will plead for you for nothing as earnestly as though you brought a world of treasures to his feet. Besides that, he has undertaken the case of thousands who were as forlorn as you, and he has never lost a case. Courage, O Christian soul! I think that, after all, there may be some chance for you, for the great advocate rises to make his plea. He says: "I admit all that has been proved against my client. I admit all these sins—aye, more—but look at that wounded hand of mine and look at that other wounded hand and at my right foot and at my left foot. By all these wounds I plead for his clearance. Count all the drops of my tears. Count all the droops of my blood. By the humiliation of Bethlehem, by the sweat of Gethsemane, by the sufferings of the cross, I demand that he go free. On this arm he hath leaned, to this heart he hath flown, in my tears he hath washed, on my righteousness he hath depended. Let him go free; I am the ransom. Let him escape the lash; I took the scourgings. Let the cup pass from him; I drank it to the dregs. Put on him the crown of life, for I have worn the crown of thorns. Over against my throne of shame set his throne of triumph."

Well, the counsel on both sides have spoken, and there is only one more thing now remaining, and that is the awarding of the judgment. If you have ever been in a courtroom, you know the silence and solemnity when the verdict is about to be rendered or the judgment about to be given. About this soul on trial—shall it be saved or shall it be lost? Attention, above, around, beneath! All the universe cries, "Hear, hear!"

The judge rises and gives this decision, never to be changed, never to be revoked, "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus."

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes.
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never; no, never; no, never, forsake.

But, my friends, there is coming a day of trial in which not only the saint, but the sinner must appear. That day of trial will come very suddenly. The farmer will be at the plow, the merchant will be in the counting room, the woodman will be ringing his axe on the hickories, the weaver will have his foot on the treadle, the manufacturer will be walking amid the buzz of looms and the clack of flying machinery, the counsel may be at the bar pleading the law, the minister may be in the pulpit pleading the gospel, the drunkard may be reeling amid his cups, and the blasphemer with the oath caught between his teeth.

Lo, the sun hides! Night comes down at midnoon. The stars appear at noon today. The earth shudders and throbs. There an earthquake opens and a city sinks as a crocodile would crunch a child. Mountains roll in their sockets and send down their granite cliffs in avalanche of rock. Rivers pause in their chase for the sea, and ocean uprearing cries to flying Alps and Himalaya. Beasts bellow and moan and snuff up the darkness. Clouds fly like flocks of swift eagles. Great thunders beat and boom and burst. Stars shoot and fall. The Almighty, rising on his throne, declares that time shall be no longer, and the archangel's trump repeats it till all the living hear and the continents of dead spring to their feet, crying, "Time shall be no longer!" Oh, on that day will you be ready?

I have shown you how well the Christian will get off in his trial. Will you get off as well in your trial? Will Christ plead on your side or against you? Oh, what will you do in the last great assize if your conscience is against you, and the world is against you, and the angels of heaven are against you, and the Holy Spirit is against you, and the Lord God Almighty is against you? Better this day secure an Advocate.

Four Killed in a Fight.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Aug. 19—Conflicting accounts have reached here of a shocking mountain battle which took place on Saturday evening at a remote neighborhood in Elliott County at Burning Spring Baptist Church. The county is one of the most inaccessible in the State, lying out of the reach of the telegraph, and hence particulars are meagre. Four men were killed and nine wounded, some very dangerously, but all their names are not known. Two families, the Whitts and the Harrrises, were involved, and an old feud is responsible. The attendance of the association meetings was very large, many churchs being represented and the mountain people having come for thirty and thirty-five miles around. Several members of each family were present, and there is little doubt that the fight was premeditated. It began with James Harris striking William Whitt across the back with a switch. They were in the church at the time, and the Whitts were seated on a bench two rows in front of the Harrises. When William was touched he turned and angrily dared James "to try that again." Of course the challenge was accepted, and a sharp, stinging cut across the face followed. Instantly the fight began with whatever weapons were at hand and without regard to the presence of others. Pistols, knives, clubs and stones were used, and a stampede of all not concerned took place. In the wild rush many were trampled down and seriously injured, but this did not stop the combatants. Two of those killed were shot and the other two were killed with knives. Several of the wounded were fatally hurt. While these were lying on the ground, writhing, the injured members of the victorious gang, the Whitts, kept guard and prevented aid being rendered. Others of the same gang were riding around swearing that the wounded must be allowed to die, and the sooner they died the better looking corpses they would make. It was some time before they were pacified and left the field. The Whitt family is a large one, and they swear they will exterminate the Harrises. Late reports by way of Grayson say that Charley Whitt was shot through the back and the ball penetrated the bowels. He will surely die before many hours. William Whitt was was shot in the breast and the physicians say the wound is fatal.

Fusion in Omaha.

OMAHA, Neb., Aug. 19.—A special from Norfolk, Neb., says: "The two conventions of the Populists and the Democratic parties of the Third Congressional District met last night and declared for fusion. The conference committee of the two parties were in authority to name a candidate and today selected Judge Maxwell, nominee of the free silver party.

WOES OF AN ORANGEMAN.

Tell in Court How He Was Whipped and Branded.

WALTHAM, Mass., August 22.—The most unique case ever tried in the district court came up today before Judge Luce, when an alleged expose was made under oath upon the witness stand of the rites and ordeals through which a candidate must pass to become a full-fledged Orangeman.

Frank A. Preble was the first witness. He was one of the candidates who thought the initiatory ceremony was cruel and was seeking legal satisfaction for his experience. It was on the evening of July 25, 1895, that he received his initiatory degree in the Orange lodge of Waltham. He swore that his troubles began on the minute he passed the mystic portals. He was compelled to discard all raiment except his underwear, which, the night being hot, was of gauzy texture. One arm was stripped of its sleeve and he was given a pair of overalls, which were rolled above his knees.

Then, as he says he was blindfolded and led into the larger lodgeroom by Brothers Daniel Tracy and William Maibee who acted as conductors. There he was compelled to halt and get down upon his knees and repeat the Lord's prayer. Then he had to clamber over a lot of rough blocks, was struck severely with whips and finally posed upon what seemed to him a stepladder.

An obligation was imposed, after which the ladder was suddenly pulled from under him and he was pitched into a canvas blanket, in which he was bounced around for a while. Then he was placed on his knees again and several people, he says, literally "gave it to him in the neck." Some more marching forward and he was made to carry what felt like a bag of rocks. Finally Maibee told him to raise his hand and try to find "the serpent." Brother Graham then cried.

"You did not find it, but it has found you," and then, he states, a branding iron was applied twice to his breast. After that he was seated and the rest was easy. He talked with Mr. Nicholson, another member, next night, and both agreed that he had been crulley treated. He alleged that one reason that he had received such harsh treatment was probably because some one had blackballed him. The witnesses' breast was badly burned and the wounds were raw for ten days. His legs were discolored from the violence of some of the blows he received from the whips.

Witness declared he belonged to the Grand Army, the Red Men, the A. P. A. and the Pilgrim Fathers.

Edward Arch was the next witness. He had witnessed Preble's ordeal in getting his degree. He said Brothers Tracy and Maibee guarded the candidates. Brother O'Neil heated the branding iron and Brother Graham applied it. Brother Nickerson had objected that the iron was too hot, but O'Neil heated is further and said they would give the candidate a good roast.

Arch had not interfered to protect Preble because he knew it would do no good. His own legs were whipped harder than Preble's had been, but his own back had escaped more lightly. No evidence was put in for the defense, but counsel argued that no proof had been given that any departure had been made from the regular from of initiation sufficient to constitute an assult. Preble having applied for initation and having been willing to abide by the consequences, no crime had been committed, and counsel asked that the lodge be discharged as "not guilty."

Judge Luce in his decision fined six officers of the lodge $35 each. They were John G. Graham, G. O. Nickerson, Edward O'Neil, Daniel Tracy, Leander Weatherbee and Wilfred Maibee. All appealed and were held in $200 bonds each.

Fusion in Idaho.

BOISE, Idaho, Aug. 20.—The third day of the Democratic and Populist conventions were devoted entirely to discussion of the proposed fusion. The joint conference was in session until a late hour last night without coming to any agreement. To-day the convention met in secret session to receive reports. Each has held two sessions and at 8 o'clock there is still no agreement. The Democrats have insisted on leaving the matter of the Senatorship open, but at this morning's session they instructed their committee to agree to support a Populist candidate for Senator. This, however, did not settle the matter. In this State the principal affairs of government is managed by boards with the principals of which are composed of the Governor, Attorney General and Secretary of State. The Populists claim to be numerically stronger than the Democrats and entitled to control those boards. This the Democrats resist, damanding both Governor and Attorney General. A fusion of Populists and Democrats was accomplished by the Populists accepting the Democratic proposition. The Democrats got the Presidential electors, Supreme Judge, Governor, Attorney General, Treasurer and Mine Inspector. The Populists have the United States Senator, Congressman, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of State, Auditor and Superintendent of Public Instruction. The convention adjourned until tomorrow morning. P. E. Regan of Boise is believed to be in the lead for Governor and Captain James Gunn is conceeded for Congressman.

Senator Thurston Retracts.

CHICAGO, Aug. 19.—Senator John M. Thurston of Nebraska, to-night handed to the Associated Press the following card over his signature with the request that it be disseminated:

"To the Public: On July 11 the Chicago Chronicle charged W. J. Bryan with being a salaried employee of the silver bonanza interest.

"On July 31 at Madison, Wis., I read the editorial of the Chronicle and insisted Mr. Bryan owed it as a duty to the American people to answer the charge.

"His explicit denial appears in the press this morning. I stated in Nebraska that Mr. Bryan's denial would be accepted by me and that I would so notify the country which I take this immediate and public manner of doing.

"(Signed) JOHN M. THURSTON.

Spikes on the Rails.

CARROLLTON, O., Aug. 20.—An engine on the Cincinnati, Columbus and Springfield railroad, hauling four cars of coal and a caboose, jumped the track one mile south of here last evening. It rolled down the embankment striking two mammoth oak trees. This prevented the caboose, with 26 section men aboard, from following. Joseph Kirk, engineer, and John Hardesty, fireman, both of Canton, were instantly killed. Investigation this morning developed the fact that the wreck was caused by three railroad spikes which some small boys had placed on the outside rail at the curve where the train was derailed.

Two Men Drowned.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Aug. 18.—A skiff in which were three men was capsized in the Ohio River early this morning by the waves of a passing steamer and two of the men drowned. Their names were Wm. Hickman and Thomas Shaughenessy. The third man succeeded in reaching the shore. The bodies have not been recovered.

Expect to Buy the Presidency

Ten thousand banks and trust companies have enlisted in the cause of gold monopoly and constituted themselves practically political headquarters for the Cleveland-Morgan-Hanna organization. If any voter does not believe these financial institutions are able to make money scarce we advise them to feel in their pockets and they will see how it is. The gold combinations have robbed the people of the United States of half their belongings in the last twenty years and have a corner on all the money. If voters expect that the campaign for silver and an independent financial policy for the United States is to be a boodle campaign they had better vote for the gold combination and submit to slavery. So confident are the goldites that money will enslave the people of the United States and make them vote against themselves in November next that they boast of the hundreds of millions which they control, and which they will spend to perpetuate Cleveland Democracy and John Sherman Republicanism. We do not believe that any voter will receive enough money for his vote next November as to be fair compensation for his liberty. If the voters are so poor that they will be compelled to starve or take Hanna's money, we hope they will not commit the unpardonable sin of voting Hanna's ticket. The ballot has been made secret in order that it might be free and independent. Were it not for the secrecy of the ballot there would be no hope of the American people in the terrible conflict against the money powers, but we believe that the great mass of American voters, when they cast their ballots, will have regard for free institutions for themselves and those who are to come after them; in other words, we believe that patriotism will control the votes next fall. We appeal to the voters and say to them, whateves you do, do not commit the unpardonable crime of voting against yourselves and for your enemies.

Officer Ordered to Suicide.

NEW YORK, Aug. 19.—A dispatch to The Recorder from Havana says that Captain General Weyler and General Ochando were the principals in a sensational affair which occurred shortly before the latter sailed for Spain. It seems that General Ochando's nephew, who was a lieutenant in the Spanish army, was the cause of the trouble. There were ugly rumors in circulation reflecting on the young lieutenant. It was alleged that he was conducting a treasonable correspondence with Maximo Gomez, the insurgent chief. When Weyler heard of the rumors he summoned the young man to the palace and questioned him. Weyler was apparently satisfied of the young man's guilt and told him if he did not commit suicide within twenty-four hours he would be courtmartialed and shot. The lieutenant left the palace, went to his room and in six hours was a corpse, having shot himself through the heart.

Shortly afterwards General Ochando arrived in Havana and learned the true story of his nephew's death. Orchando was greatly enraged and immediately went to the palace to call Weyler to account. The meeting of the generals was sensational. Ochando denounced Weyler in the bitterest terms, alleging that the lieutenant was guiltless and had been driven to his death. Ochando termed Weyler a murderer and butcherer and challenged him to a duel. The men drew swords and would have fought in the palace but for the interference of other officials. Two days later General Ochando sailed for Spain. He is greatly enraged and says that he will make the affair public when he reaches Spain and demand Weyler's recall.

Denied Admission to the Hospital.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Aug. 21.—Will Smith, a young white man, arrived from Savannah on a freight train. Later in the day a telephone message was sent in from the Charlotte depot that Smith was very ill there. Officer Sloan was sent by Sergeant Jones to look after him. Smith had a very high fever and was out of his head. Officer Sloan had him conveyed to the Columbia Hospital, but he was refused admittance there. on the ground it is said, that the Hospital only took care of two "pauper patients" at a time. The sick man was next taken to the Alms House, but again the doors were shut upon him, Officer Sloan being told that no one could be admitted there except upon petition of two taxpayers. As Smith was seriously ill and needed attention immediatly, Officer Sloan had no time to hunt up taxpayers, explain the circumstances of the case to them and request their signatures to a petition. Finally Smith was taken to the old guard house, which is anything but a suitable place for a sick man. A gentleman who knew of the facts in this case got very hot under the collar while discussing them yesterday. He thought it an outrage that a man delirious with fever could not obtain admission to the Hospital. He said he had contributed to the Hospital under the impression that it would care for just such cases. The city, he said made an appropriation for the Hospital and had the right to demand that at least emergency cases be treated there.—Register.

A Foolish Newsboy's Fate.

PHILADELPHIA, August 19.—As the result of an attempt to see how many cigarettes he could smoke in half an hour and to win a wager fourteen-year-old George F. Elwell died today. Last evening a number of newsboys were talking of cigarette smoking, and one of the crowd urged Elwell to see how many he could smoke in half an hour. A small wager was made and two packs of cigarettes were purchased. The boy was lighting his twentieth cigarette when the half hour was up. The lad was taken sick and he died this morning. The coroner's officials who investigated the case said that death was due to excessive cigarette smoking, and more directly to the large number which the boy had smoked yesterday.

The Cotton Crop.

DENISON, Texas, Aug. 16.—B. M. King, the cotton expert, and who has a correspondence with the entire cotton belt, issued the following bulletin yesterday:

"In North Texas, not over one-third of the area has been visited by rains at all, and it is safe to say not one acre in one hundred has had enough to suffice the present needs of the plant.

"Notwithstanding the recent showers we do not hesitate to advance the opinion that the great 'monster' crop of '96, that was to be, has surely miscarried and the crop that was sold in May and June for a ten million bale croy will be under 7,000,000 bales before the last of September, and we will probably see the bulk of North Texas crop ready for the market if not sold."

Four Men Killed.

TOPEKA, Kas., Aug. 19.—Six cars of a Rock Island stock train were derailed five miles West of here this morning and four white men, riding in the cellar or feed box underneath one of the cars, were crushed to death. The head and limbs were completely torn from one of the bodies and the other three were horribly crushed.

A NOTABLE ACCESSION.

One of Chicago's Greatest Merchants Declares for Silver.

Frank H. Cooper of the big firm of Siegel. Cooper & Co., of Chicago and New York has just returned from Europe. He is alive to the issues of the day and has evidently kept well posted while away from Chicago.

Mr. Cooper went across the ocean to make his annual visit to his aged father, who is one of the registered burghers of Akkrum, Friesland, in Holland, where he has resided all his life. Mr. Cooper was called upon by a reporter for the Chicago Dispatch.

"There is not much that I can say of my trip abroad," said Mr. Cooper. "It is a tour of pleasure and duty and in that measure it served me well,"

Mr. Cooper is much improved in health by his ocean voyage and says that the political situation in this country interests people abroad.

"They do not approve of McKinley over there, because of his protective theories, but they regard him as the lesser of two evils, as Bryan represents free coinage of silver. I am not strong for McKinley," said he, "though I favor protection. We can make everything over here that is made abroad, but with McKinley as President our currency may become even more contracted than it is today, as a single gold standard, if adopted would work ruin to this country and make times harder than they are. You see, they favor McKinley over there because they believe he will compel paying our debts due there in gold. The debts call for coin, and if silver is our coin these debts can be paid in that metal if it is so chosen.

"I am yet somewhat on the fence, but I can't see anything but good to result from the free coinage of silver. True, it will benefit the mine-owners, it will also benefit the miners—give them work—and benefit the west. It will give the farmer money; it will make the farmer a buyer in our markets Times can be no worse than they are at present. Our currency is not expansive enough for the demands of our people. France has $40 per capita of money in circulation, and its people are prosperous and happy. We have but $20 per capita. We need more money, and free silver coinage will put an end to business stagnation.

"Our factories are closed and our artisans and merchants are out of work. More money will make higher prices, better demand for goods and a revival of prosperity.

"Goods and produce are too cheap because people have no money to buy them. The depreciation in prices on some lines of goods has been more than 50 per cent. in the past six months. Can merchants and manufacturers stand that?

"The Wilson bill that reduced the tariff on goods about 10 per cent., except on wool, which is made free, is not the cause of all the hard times."

"Do you think that putting back the old tariff would cause a return of prosperity?"

"There are many ways to view this matter. The poor and the middle classes pay all the taxes. I believe the multi-millionaires should pay their proportion. I believe in a graded income tax as a partial panacea for the ills we have fallen into.

"With free silver the price of wheat and corn would enhance in value at once. Dollar wheat for the farmer makes him look at his clothes. When they are frayed he buys new. He furnishes his house, if it is needed, and so helps to start the furniture factories going again. It is so in all lines. More money, the greater the demand for goods.

"A single gold standard would bring prices still lower and more failures and more disaster for the people. It is hard to say what is exactly right. We are partially upon a bimetallic basis now, and that is in a measure our salvation. Take that away, and where are we?

"Contract our currency to $12 or $15 per capita and the result would be such as no one could figure. Talking of free silver, our mints could not turn out over $60,000,000 per year—less than $1 to every inhabitant. Would that flood the country? It would restore prices, confidence and resuscitate business. That's about, I think, what free silver would do for us. This question is near to the people and they are carefully discussing it. We want to take of ourselves first—European countries are able to take care of themselves."

Nearly Killed the Umpire.

HELENA, Ark., Aug. 19.—A game of baseball played at Poplar Grove yesterday between colored teams for a stake of five dollars broke up in a pitched battle between the opposing teams, in which two boys were fatally shot and four others more or less wounded. Negro boys from the Polk and the Lowdy plantations constituted the teams. William Griffin, the umpire and an adherent of the Polk side, held the stakes. In the third inning Griffin gave the Lowdy team the hot end of a close decision and the aggrieved team, led by Israel Tate, made a rush for the umpire and his son, who was acting as official scorer. The umpire was prepared for the attack, however. He opened a valise and passed pistols to members of the Polk team and the battle began. Israel Tate was the only man on the Lowdy team that had a gun, but he did effective work. He emptied his pistol into the Polk team, reloaded and emptied it again. He is credited with having shot four men.

Battle with Burglars.

BEDFORD, N. Y., Aug. 20.—Burglars attempted to enter the store of Walker B. Adams & Son at this place early this morning. The postoffice is located in the burglar alarm connecting with the Adams residence near by. At 12:30 this morning the alarm went off, arousing Mr. Adams and his son, William. They armed themselves—the farther with a shotgun and pistol and the son with a Winchester and proceeded to the store. William Adams stationed himself in front of the store, while his father went to the rear of the building. Both encountered fighting burglars. As a result, two burglars were shot, one probably fatally, and captured, and two escaped, one of whom is wounded. The elder Adams was shot in the forehead and will probably die. He is the postmaster here. The burglars secured no booty. A fine kit of burglars tools was found in the store and a quantity of dynamite.

Bryan Challenges McKinley.

UPPER RED HOOK, N. Y., August 20.—William Jennings Bryan threw down the guantlet to-day to Major McKinley. It was a dignified challenge, for in it he refused to discuss the issues of the campaign with any person except the one that stands his equal in office-seeking ambition. He was asked if he intended to answer Mr. Cockran, and said in answer that he was receiving many invitations from prominent men to debate the silver question. In order to avoid further invitation of this nature he said he would not consider any proposition to debate any question with anybody during the campaign unless a debate be arranged between Mr. McKinley and himself, and he added that so far as he knew no plan for such a debate was under consideration by either national committee.

A REPUBLICAN BLUFF

Called and the Bluffer Made to Eat Humble Pie.

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 20.—In a recent issue of the Boston Record, Congressman W. E. Barrett's paper, this statement was made in an editorial:

We would suggest that as Mr. Bryan is not coming to Massachusetts, his place be taken by the importation of Debs, Coxey, Altgeld and Tillman. They will make a strong team, and the curiosity to see them and hear them speak will justify big audiences. The Republican State Committee will pay their expenses.

The Bryan-Sewall-Williams Club accepted the challenge at once and sent out this letter:

W. E. Barrett, Editor of the Evening Record:

Dear Sir—You suggested in an editorial of Friday, August 14, that Messrs. Debs, Coxey, Altgeld and Tillman be brought into this State to address political meetings, and you say, without qualification or condition, that the Republican State Committee will pay their expenses.

The Bryan-Sewall-Williams Club, of Massachusetts, assuming that you, the editor of a leading Republican newspaper, speak with authority, and that the officers of the Republican State Committee will support you in the assertion you made, accepts your offer. Two of the men you name are Populists and two are Democrats, and while, perhaps, we assume authority in speaking for the Populist representatives, we would be glad to have all of those named appear before the people of Massachusetts.

We are aware that a hostile and unjust press has created false impressions of all these men in the minds of many honest Massachusetts citizens, and we deem it fair and desirable that our people pray have an opportunity to meet and judge them face to face.

While it is our purpose in accepting this offer to secure a fair hearing for maligned men, two of whom are Governors of great States of our Union, they are but a part of the personnel of our great cause, just as Mr. Hanna, of Cleveland; Mr. Armour, of Chicago; Mr. Payne, of Milwaukee, and the Whitneys of Boston and New York are not the sole representatives of the Republican party.

It would be at least interesting to the people of Massachusetts to judge by contrast the standpoint from which these respective gentlemen view the interests of the people and to determine for themselves which are most concerned in the welfare and elevation of humanity.

If this can best be done by a series of joint debates between these gentlemen we should be glad to contribute our part toward the expenses of the meetings in such industrial centres as Boston, Fall River, Lowell and Lawrence. We should be pleased to confer with the Republican State Committee for the purpose of arranging such meeting.

For the Bryan-Sewall-Williams Club of Massachusetts.
H. T. SCHAEFFER, President,
JOSEPH A. DENNISON, Secretary.

Upon the receipt of this letter Mr. Barrett very promptly ate humble pie as the following extract from his letter of reply will show:

It is perhaps fair to the State committee to say that the Record did not consult them officially before making the suggestion. It ought to be easy enough, however, to raise, in short order, a purse for the purpose indicated.

A Nut For Sherman.

ZANESVILLE, Ohio, Aug. 19.—W. C. Munson, one of the prominent free silver Republicans of the State, a brother of Judge Munson and a journalist here, addressed the following letter yesterday to Senator Sherman:

"Your close political associates and distinguished men in the Republican party take delight in saying that the Hon. W. J. Bryan is in the employ, at a salary of $6,000 a year. of the silver millionaries of the West. This Mr. Bryan denies, and as he is an honest man I believe him. And now, Senator Sherman, a few words to you. For years I have watched your career, and am aware that you only carried a chain for the surveyors on the Muskingum River improvement, and honor you for that, as it was honest toil. You have been before the public in various capacities for three dozen years. In that time you have held office continually. It is presumed that you have had little, if any, time for anything else. We have heard you say that accepting office was a sacrifice, for you could not live on the salary of $5,000 o year paid members of the United States House or Senate, and yet, after three dozen years of self sacrifice for your country, living at a $10,000 rate on a $5,000 salary, you are rated as a millionaire from four to eight times over.

"You often, in your speeches, challenge your political opponents to answer close questions Can and will you, before retiring to private life, tell the dear people, who have so long supported you, the secret of serving your country thirty-six years on a $5,000 salary, at the same time living at a $10,000 a year rate, and retiring a multimillionaire? It would be interesting information for the rising generation; even your young friend, William J. Bryan, might profit by it—and be an incentive for others to emulate your career. The plain people have for years been wondering how their self sacrificing public servant, John Sherman, could accumulate wealth so rapidly while they, his constituents, grow poorer each year."

Their Escape a Miracle.

PARIS, Aug. 19.—During the artillery practice of the French Mediterranean squadron yesterday, off Toulon, says a dispatch from that city, Admiral Gervais and his staff had a narrow escape. Instead of aiming at a target which was being towed 500 yards behind the flagship Brennus, a battleship of 11,000 tons displacement, the cruiser Vautour turned her quick fire guns on the flagship for some time. The shots rained around Admiral Gervais and his staff and their escape was a miracle. The glass in the Admiral's conning tower was riddled and a sailor was wounded. There is much mystery as to how the mistake occurred as it is thought impossible that the gunners could have missed the mark by five hundred yards.

Terror in Morocco.

LONDON, Aug. 21.—A dispatch to the Central News from Tangier says that a plot has been discovered at Marasch aiming at the dethronement of the sultan of Morocco, Mulai Abdel-Aziz, in favor of his eldest brother, Muley Mahomet. Four provincial governors have been murdered by the plotters. Wholesale arrests have been made in connection with the conspiracy and a general state of terror prevails among the inhabitants.

Foundered at Sea.

LONDON, Aug. 21.—A cablegram received from Santa Catherino says the four masted ship Willie Rosenfield, commanded by Captain Dunphy, which sailed from New York April 23 for San Francisco has foundered 400 mile off the coast. Part of her crew were saved and landed here, but two boats containing 14 persons are missing. The Rosenfield is owned by Arthur B. Sewall & Co., of Bath, Me.

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The Worst Political Mixture Yet.

This is a year of strange political mixtures. The worst one we have yet heard of is the one proposed in Texas. We learn from the Atlanta Journal that "plans are on foot for a combination between the middle-of-the road Populists, the Republicans and the sound money Democrats in that State. It would, of course, be impossible to make a platform on which these three elements could unite and there will be no attempt of that sort. The combination will be effected on a basis of division of the spoils which the allied forces expect to capture. The plan is for the Republicans to support the Populist state ticket, the Populists to vote for the Republican electors. The sound money Democrats are to support the Populist state ticket and the Republican electors and in return are to receive the votes of both the other factions for their candidates for congress. It will be hard for either faction of this triple alliance to deliver its full strength, but most of the Populist, Republican and gold-bug Democratic leaders seem to be enthusiastic over it and predict that their combination will sweep the state. The Texas Democrats who refuse to support Bryan and Sewall will discredit themselves by going into any such political trade as is proposed. They have declared that they have taken their stand on principle and if they make a deal with both Populists and Republicans they will be justly suspected of trying to find the road that leads to the offices. Texas will stand steady in the Democratic column in spite of alliances and fusions of whatever character."

A Sensible Republican.

While we are bidding farewell to weak-kneed Democrats like Brother Hemphill, of the News and Courier, and others like him, who have been seduced from party allegiance, we have occasion to bid welcome to a great many men who are breaking the lines of the other parties and rushing to the Democratic army, which is now in the field battling for the rights of the people. Judge G. M. Robins, nominee of the Republican party for justice of the Supreme Court of Florida, is one of the latest accessions to the army of the people. The Atlanta Constitution says Judge Robins has been a life-long Republican, so prominent in his party that he was nominated for one of the most prominent offices of the State. In view of the proposed division of the anti-Republican vote, which, if successful, would inure to Republican success, Judge Robins had every reason to hope for victory, but like the patriot that he is, he could not accept the platform adopted in St. Louis, and he denounces that new Republicanism which makes the gold standard its corner stone and which "seeks to immolate the American people on the altar of organized greed." As a consequence, Judge Robins declines his nomination and declares himself in favor of the election of Bryan and Sewall. All over the country there are patriotic men who recognize in Mr. Bryan the only hope of the American people, and who refuse to tie themselves to the gold standardism which Republican success would be sure to bring. There is no doubt that the people will arise as a man and go ahead in this work.

The Cotton Crop.

The New Orleans Picayune says never perhaps in the history of the cotton trade has there been so rapid a deterioration in the condition of the crop as has taken place within the past few weeks. When the Government report was issued in June a practically ideal condition prevailed. In July this promise had been impaired but little, whereas the August report, issued yesterday, showed a condition as low as 80.1 per cent., the lowest August condition in years, with the single exception of that of last year, when the August condition was 77.9 per cent. Of course, there are many things which may yet influence the final result of the crop, either in the way of further damaging it or by retrieving, through improvement in meteorological condition, some of the ground lost. It is impossible to disguise the fact that considerable damage has been done, and the big crop estimates which were entertained some weeks ago, must, of course, be laid aside. At this early date it would be the sheerest folly to attempt to estimate the final yield. An open fall might greatly improve the prospects, while a bad picking season or an early frost might further curtail the outturn. It seems reasonably certain, however, that the burden of the proof will, for the rest of the season, be upon the large crop theorists, with the general tendency towards better prices instead of the other way, as looked probable enough some weeks back.

Put in Pickle.

FREDERICKSBURG, Va., Aug. 21.—Dallas Bruce, a white citizen of Caroline county, living some 26 miles from here, disappeared at the Confederate reunion in Richmond, July 1st. He was known to have some $400 on his person. He was separated from his wife and had been living with a colored woman in his neighborhood. Wednesday afternoon late, his body was found in some pickle barrels at the negro woman's house. The body had been cut to pieces and a piece put in each of several barrels and pickles put on the top and the strong brine over the whole. The pieces of the body were in sufficiently good condition to be clearly identified.

Perished in Their Home.

WATERTOWN, S. D., Aug 20.—John Felbach and his two daughters, Tillie and Hattie, aged 10 and 15 years, were burned to death last night in the destruction of the family residence in this city. The mother and one daughter were saved, and one of the dead girls lived two hours after being removed from the building. The origin of the fire is still unknown.