REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE NOTED DEVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

"When shall I awake? I will seek

other man ever reached, Solomon, in my text, sketches the mental operations of one who, having stepped aside from the path of rectitude, desires to return. With wish for something better he says: "When shall I awake? When shall I come out of this horrid nightmare of iniquity?" But sezed upon by uneradicated habit, and forced down hill by his passions, he cries out: "I will seek it yet again. I will try it

Our libraries are adorned with an elegant literature pointing out all the dangers and perils of life-complete maps of the voyage. showing all the rocks, the quicksands, the shoals. But suppose a man has already made shipwreck; suppose he is already off the track; suppose he has already on the track; suppose he has already gone astray, how is he to get back? That is a field comparatively untouched. I propose to address myself this evening to such. There are those in this audience who, with every passion of their agonized soul, are ready to hear this discussion. They compare themselves with what they were ten years ago, and cry out from the bondage in which they are incar-

Habit is a task master. As long as we obey it it does not chastise us; but let us resist, and we find we are to be lashed with scorpion whips and bound with ship cable, and thrown into the track of bone-breaking Juggernauts. During the war of 1812 there was a ship set on fire just above Niagara Falls, and then, cut loose from its moorings, it came on down through the night, and tossed over the falls. It was said to have been a scene brilliant beyond all description. Well, there are thousands of men on fire of evil habit, coming down through the rapids, and through the awful night of temptation, toward the eternal plunge. Oh, how hard it is to arrest them! God only can

Suppose a man, after five, or ten, or twenty vears of evil doing resolves to do Why, all the forces of darkness are allied against him. He cannot sleep nights. He gets down on his knees in the midnight, and cries, "God help me!" He bites his lip; he grinds his teeth; he clenches his fist in a determination to keep his purpose. He dare not look at the bottles in the windows of a wine store. It is one long, bitter, exhaustive, hand-to-hand fight with an inflamed, tantalizing and merciless habit. When he thinks he is entirely free the old inclinations pounce upon him like a pack of hounds, with heir muzzles tearing away at the flanks of one poor reindeer. In Paristhere is a sculptured representation of Bacchus, the god of revery. He is riding on a panther at full leap. Oh, how suggestive! Let every one who is speeding on bat ways understand he is not riding a docile and well broken steed, but he is riding a monster, wild and bloodthirsty, going at a death leap.

How many there are who resolve on a better life, and say, "When shall I awake?" but, seized on by their old habits, cry, "I will try it once more. I will seek it yet again." Years ago there were some Princeton students who were skating, and the ice was very thin, and some one warned the com-pany back from the air hole, and finally warned them entirely to leave the place But one young man, with bravado, after all the rest had stopped, cried out. "One round more!" He swept around and went down, and was brought out a corpse. My friends, there are thousands and tens of thousands of men losing their souls in that way. It is

If a man wants to return from evil practices, society repulses him. Desiring to reform he says, "Now I will shake off my old associates and I will find Christian companionship." And he appears at the church door some Sabbath day and the usher greets him with a look as much as to say, "Why, you here! You are the last man I ever expected to see at church! Come, take this seat right down by the door," instead of saying, "Good morning! I am glad you are here. Come, I will give you a first-rate seat right up by the pulpit." Well, the prodigal, not yet discouraged, enters a prayer meeting. and some Christian man, with more zealthan common sense, says, "Glad to see you; the dying thief was saved and I suppose there is mercy for you." The young man, disgusted, chilled, throws himself on his dignity, resolved he will never enter the house of God.

Perhaps not quite fully discouraged about reformation, he sidles up by some highly respectable man he used to know, going down the street, and immediately the respectable man has an errand down some other street. Well, the prodigal, wishing to return, takes some member of a Christian association by the hand, or tries to. The Christian young man looks at him, looks at the faded apparel and the marks of dissipation; instead of giving him a warm grip of the hand, he offers him the tip ends of the long fingers of the left hand, which is equal to striking a man in the face. Oh! how few Christian people understan! how much force and gospel there is in a good honest handshaking. Sometimes, when you have felt the need of encouragement, and some Christian man has taken you heartily by the hand, have you not felt thrilling through every fibre of your body, mind and soul an encouragement that was just what you needed? You do not know anything at all about this unless you know when a man tries to return from evil courses

he runs against repulsions innumerable. We say of some man, he lives a block or two from the church, or half a mile from the church. There are people in our crowded cities who live a thousand miles from church. Vast deserts of indifference betweem them and the house of God. The fact is, we must keep our respectability, though thousands and tens of thousands perish. Christ sat with publicans and sinners. But if there comes to the house of God a man with marks of dissipation upon him, the people almost throw up their hands in horror, as much as dainty, fastidious Christians in all our churches are going to get into heaven I don't know, unless they have an especial train of cars, cushioned and uphoistered, each one a car to himself. They cannot go with publi-

cans and sinners. Oh! ye who curl your lip of scorn at the fallen, I tell your plainly, if you had been surrounded by the same influences, instead of sitting to-day amid the cultured, and the refined and the Christian, you would have been a crouching wretch, covered with filth and abordination. and abomination. It is not because you are any better, but because the mercy of God has protected you. Who are you that, brought up in Christian circles and watched by Christian parentage, you should be so hard on the

First of all, my brother, throw yourself on God. Go to Him frankly and earnestly and tell Him these habits you have, and ask Him if there is any help in all the resources of omnipotent love to give it to you. Do not go with a long rigmarole people call prayer, made up of "ohs" and "ahs" and "forever and ever, amens!" Go to God and cry for help! help! help! and if you cannot ary for help, just look and live.

I remember in the late war, I was at Antietam, and I went into the hospitals af-ter the battle and said to a man: "Where are you hurt?" He made no answer, but held up his arm, swollen and splintered. I saw where he was hurt. The simple fact is, when a man has a wounded soul, all he has to do is to hold it up before a sympathetic Lord and get it healed. It does not take any long prayer. Just hold up the wound. Oh, it is no small thing when a man is nervous and weak and exhausted, coming from his evil ways, to feel that God puts two omnipotent arms around him and says: "Young man, I will stand by you. The mountains are you hurt?" He made no answer, but man, I will stand by you. The mountains may depart, and the hills be removed, but I will never fail you."

Blessed be God for such a gospel as this.

"Out the slices thin," said the wife to the husband, "or there will not be enough to go all around for the children; cut the slices thin." Blessed be God there is a full loaf for every one that wants it. Bread enough and to spare. No thin slices at the Lord's table. I remember when the Master Street Hospital in Philadelphia was opened during the war, a telegram came saying, "There will be three hundred wounded men to-night; be ready to take care of them;" and from my church there went in some twenty or thirty men and women to look after these poor wounded fellows. As they came, some from one part of the land, some from another, no one asked whether this man was from Oregon, or from Massachusetts, or from Minnesota, or from New York. There was a wounded soldier, and the only question was how to take off the rags the most gently, and put on the bandage, and administer the and put on the bandage, and administer the cordial. And when a soul comes to God, He

cordial. And when a soul comes to God, He does not ask where you came from, or what your ancestry was. Healing for all your wounds. Pardon for all your guilt. Comfort for all your troubles.

Then, also, I counsel you if you want to get back to quit all your bad associations. One unholy intimacy will fill your soul with moral distemper. In all the ages of the church there has not been an instance where a man kept one evil associate and was rea man kept one evil associate and was re-

When a man deliberately chooses bad association because he likes it, that man has started on the road down. Oh, I do not care what you call it, that association will despoil your soul. After you are destroyed, body, mind and soul, what will they do for you? what will they do for you? what will they do for your family? They will not give one cent to support your chilwill not give one cent to support your chil-dren after you are dead. They will not weep one tear at your burial. They will chuckle over your damnation.

I had a rare friend at the West. He was full of welcome when I went there to live. He had splendid personal appearance. There is not a grander looking person in this house to-day than he was; and to this grand personal appearance he added all geniality and all kindness of soul—tender as a child, beautiful and loving nature, and I loved him as a brother; but I saw evil people coming up around him, evil men coming up from bad places of amusement, and they seized hold of his social and genial nature, and they began to drag him down, and the went further and further.

I used to say to him, "Now, why don't you stop these bad habits and become a Chris-tian?" for I talked with him just as I would talk with a brother, and he understood me, and i understood him. I said, "Why don't you give up these things and become a Christian?" "Oh," he said to me one day, leaning over his counter—just after I had asked him for a hundred dollars to help educate a young man for the ministry, and he had given may the money before I. given me the money before I had the story half told—"if it will do the young man any good, here is a hundred dollars." Right after that conversation I said, "Now, you are a splendid fellow; why don't you give up your bad habits and be a Christian?"
"Oh," he said as the team "Oh," he said, as the tears ran down his cheeks, "I can't. I should like to be a Christian. You see, I have got these habits on me so, sir, I can't get rid of them. I have been going wrong longer than you would think for, and I can't stop."
Sometimes, in the moments of repentance,

he would go to his home and embrace his little girl of eight years convulsively to his heart, and he would cover her with adornments and strew toys and pictures all about her, and then from her beautiful presencethe beautful presence of his little child-he would go to the intoxicating cup, and to the house of shame, as a fool to the correction stocks; and there these bad men kept pus hing him on, a ship, full-winged, crashing into the breakers.

I was called to his deathbed. I hastened, and when I got into the room I was surprised to find him in full everyday dress, lying on the top of the couch. I put out my hand and he greeted me very cordially. He said: "Now, Mr. Talmage, sit down right there." I sat down and he said: "Last night, just where you sit now. I saw my mother, though she has been dead twenty years—yes, sir; just where you sit now she sat. I couldn't have been micraken. I was as wide awake as I am now. She sat just where you sit. Wife, I wish you would take these strings off that they are weaving around me; I wish you would take them off; they annoy me very much in this conversa-I saw he was in delirium. His wife said: "There is nothing there, my dear; there

said: "Yes, my mother sat just where you sit now. I knew her. She had the same spectacles, and the same cap and the same apron, and the same dress. It must have been her, just as she looked twenty years she has been dead now twenty years. ago—she has been dead now twenty years. And sitting there she said to me, 'Boswell, 1 wish you would do better;' and I got up out of bed, and I knelt beside her and said, Mother, I wish I could—I wish I could do better; I wish I could—I wish I could do better; I would like to do better. Won't you help me? You used to help me. Why can't you help me now, mother?' But soon I said, "Now we will pray." I knelt to pray. He did not realize anything I said, I suppose. Then I got up and said "Good-by! good-by!" That night he went to God.

Then he resumed the conversation, and

Arrangements for the obsequies were being made, and they said, "Oh, it won't do to bring him to the church; he has been so dissolute." I said, "Bring him, bring him; he stood by me when he was alive, and I'll stand by him when he is dead. Bring him into the church." The Sabbath came. As I stood in the pulpit and saw his body coming up the aisle, I felt as if I could weep tears of blood. I stood there that day and I said, "This man had his virtues, and a good many of them; he had his faults, and a good many of them; but let that man in this assembly who is without sin cast the first stone on this

On the one side of the pulpit sat the beau-tiful child, as radiant and sweet faced as any child that sat at your table this morning. She knew not the sorrows of an orphan child; she was not old enough to realize Sometimes when I think of that awful her face haunts me like a beautiful ace through a horrid dream. On the other side of the pulpit sat the man who had de-stroyed him. They had put the wormwood and the gall into that orphan's cup. They pushed him off the precipice. I stood there and told them that there was a God and a judgment and a hell for those who destroyed their fellows. Did they weep? Oh, no, not one tear. Did they sigh repentingly? Not one sigh. Did they say, "What a pity that we destroyed him?" Oh, no. They sat and gased at the coffin as vultures at the carcass of a lamb whose heart they had ripped out. That night, though my friend lay in Oakwood Cemetery, I heard afterward that these men went right on with their iniquities, destroy-

ing themselves and destroving others. Gather up all the energies of body, mind and soul, and appealing to God for success, declare this day everlasting war against all drinking habits, all gaming practices, all houses of sin. Half-and-half work will amount to nothing. It must be a Waterloo. Shrink back now, and you are lost! Push Shrink back now, and you are lost! Push on, and you are saved! A Spartan General fell at the very moment of victory, but he dipped his finger in his blood and wrote on a rock, near which he was dying, "Sparta has conquered." Though your struggle to get rid of sin may seem to be almost a death struggle, you can dip your finger in your own blood and write on the Rock of

Ages "Victory through our Lord Jesus Oh, what glorious news it would be for oh, what glorious news it would be for some of these young men to send home to their parents in the country! They go to the postoffice every day or to see if there are any letters from you. How anxious they are to hear! Nothing would please them half so much as the news you might send home to-morrow that you had given your heart to God. I know how it is in the country. The night comes on. The cattle country. The night comes on. The cattle stand under the rack through which burst the trusses of hay. The horses, just having frisked up through the meadow at the night-fall, stand knee deep in the bright straw that invites them to lie down and rest. The porch of the bovel is full of fowl. In the old farm house at night no candle is lighted, for the flames clap bands about the great backlog, and shake the shadow of

the group up and down the wall. Father and mother sit there for half an hour, saying nothing. I wonder what they are think-ing of! After a while the father breaks the ing of! Atter a while the father breaks the silence and says: "Wel!, I wonder where our boy is in town to-night?" And the mother answers: "In no bad place, I warrant you; we always could trust him when he was home, and since he has been away there have been so many pravers offered for him we can trust him still." Then at 8 o'clock—for they retire early in the country—at 8 o'clock they kneel down and commend you to that God who watches in country and in town, on the land and on the sea.

Some one said to a Grecian General: What was the proudest moment of your fe?" He thought a moment, and said: 'The proudest moment of my life was when I sent word home to my parents that I had gained the victory." And the proudest and most brilliant moment in your life will be the moment when you can send word to your parents in the country that you have conquered your evil habits by the grace of God, and become eternal victor.

Oh! despise not paternal anxiety. The time will come when you have neither father nor mother, and you will go around the place where they use I to watch you, and find them gone from the house, and gone from the field, and gone from the neighborhood. Cry as loud for forgiveness as you may over the mound in the churchyard they will not answer. Dead! Dead! And then you will take out the white lock of hair that was cut from your mother's horse just before was cut from your mother's brow just before they buried her, and you will take the cane with which your father use to walk. and you will think and think, and wish that you had done just as then wanted you to, and would give the world if you had never thrust a pang through their dear old hearts. God pity the young man who has brought disgrace on his father's name! God pity the young man who has broken his mother's heart! Better if he had never been born better if, in the first hour of his life, instead of being laid against the warm bosom of ma-ternal tenderness, he had been coffined and sepulchred! There is no balm powerful enough to heal the heart of one who has brought parents to a sorrowful grave, and who wanders about through the dismal cemetery, rending the hair and wringing the hands, and crying: "Mother! mother!" Oh, that to-day, by all the memories of the past, and by all the hopes of the future, you would yield your heart to God! May your father's God and your God forever!

HE SEES RENEWED PROSPERITY IN ITS VICTORY.

He Gives His Views Freely, But is Not Partisan.-Says the South is Almost to a Man in Favor of the White Metal.

"If the silver people win, I believe there will be such a revival in business, such a booming in industries, which are now inactive, and such a general shaking up of commercial interests that the country will be sure to prosper."

These words were spoken by the Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage, at Easthampton, L. L. after a long tour of the Southern States. The reverend gentleman is a keen observer and can see which way the wind blows as quickly and with as much certainty as the threwdest of politicians. He does not only preach to the people, but he mingles with them, feeling the popular pulse and search-

ing the hearts of his countrymen. Dr. Talmage arrived at Easthampton on Friday last from Chautauqua, where he had attended an educational convention. Not only in the big cities did the Doctor mingle with the residents, but in remote and sparsely populated districts and in minor townships "During my entire trip," he said, "I did

not find more than one or two men who were not silverites. The unanimity was astound-ing. The sentiment down South is universally for the white metal. Bryan and Sewall will get a very large vote from that section Dr. Talmage is too little or too much of a

politician to come out flat-footed for free silver, but his utterances are perhaps sufficiently significant to show the tendencies of his personal feelings. 'My associations and training and my

political affiliations of the past place me on the side of a single standard," he cautiously said and then as a twinkle came into his eye he added: "But I certainly believe that instead of disaster and ruin following in the wake of the silver movement, the opposite will be the result.

"I am not advocating that side of the political question," said the diplomatic divine, "but I do not believe, with a good many of my Christian friends, that in the success of that movement the country will greatly suf-

"This is a strong nation," he added. "We sare engaged in a great political campaign, and it will ill benefit me to be a strong par-Asan on either side. There are honest, Chriscian, patriotic men on both sides, and the life of the country and welfare of its interests will be a great incentive to lead men in the right direction. I have great faith in the people of this country, and it is a fact that the people of a vast Southern and Western gract are vehemently in favor of silver."

STARVATION FEARED. Thousands of Miners Idle and Their Families Are Destitute.

A desperate state of affairs exists on the Where 8,000 iron miners were once employed at an average of \$1.75 a day, now only 1,000 have employment at \$1 a day and the unemployed find themselves on the verge of starvation. All the mines except two have shut down, and some of them have withdrawn their pumps. "

Merchants have refused credit to the unemployed, and before winter thousands will lack food to keep from starving. Few of the residents along the Gogebic Range have recovered from the panic of 1893, and most of there are still in debt. Those who are still employed have their salaries drawn by the merchants with whom they deal, who, after deducting a share of the debt, turn the balance over. Under this system the people are almost penniless most of the time. To the idle ones the merchants have refused credit, because they see no

prospect of their securing employment.

Many of the mining companies have allowed the idle to plant potatoes on the spare lands, but the army worm now swarms in that part of the State and is destroying the

No relief can be expected from Gogebic County, because the treasury is depleted. All the taxpayers have organized and have refused to pay taxes, and consequently the Poor Commissioners are without funds. Unless outside assistance comes there will be starying families on the range. Mrs, Nodd-I gave my musoand a

beautiful pipe to-day. Mrs. Todd-

Which room are you going to hang it

in?-Judge. "Uncle Bob, what is a pedestrian?" "Why, he's the fellow who makes a row when a bicycle runs over him."-Chicago Becord

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

THE MAJOR REMARKS ON THE "HOTNESS" OF THE WEATHER.

Retrospection, Politically and Otherwise, of Old Times.

Confidence is a plant of slow growth n an aged bosom. The republicans are making much ado about something that Mr. Bryan said about the supreme court, and even some of the Georgia lawyers criticised him severely and defended the court as the best bulwark of our liberties, and spoke of it as the high tribunal that stood like a wall to protect people against the assaults of passion and prejudice. All that is very pretty to a young man, but old men have more memory and less confidence. There was a time, a good long time, when the court had the respect and the reverence of the nation, especially of the south, when John Marshall and Roger B. Taney, two southerners, were the chief justices for a period of nearly sixty years, but soon after Taney died partisan politics and sectional prejudice crept into the court and it is there yet. It has been only twenty years since members of that court ruled Mr. Tilden out of the presidency and seated Hayes, as clear an act of legal fraud as was ever per-petrated by the most unscrupulous politicians. Law is said to be the perfection of human reason. Then how is it that in such great questions republican judges decide one way and the democrats the other? It is right melancholy to recall that stupendous publicans all under oath to do justice in this great question, and yet they drew the party lines to a man. That Tilden was elected all parties now admit and history has so recorded. He was cheated ont of the high office by bree members of that supreme court. This is the same court that decided the income tax unconstitutional. Why I wouldn't trust such a court with any case that involved great corporations or sectional questions. Ever since Joe Bradley was a young man, and up to 1870 he was president or director of two railroads and several great insurance companies. He couldent tote fair with them on one side and the people on the other to save his life. No, I am like Mr. Bryan. I've lost co fidence in the integrity of that court. I will not say that its members can be bought with money, but their wills are molded by undue influence and ought to be broken. That income tax was a fair and just measure and would have put into the treasury near forty millions of dollars and no doubt saved the government from the disgrace of that bond business.

But I didn't start to write on politics. The weather is too hot to think about anything that excites indignation. We old chaps here in Cartersville have been going to school every night for a week, preparing for the deestrict skule show that was to come off. The ladies got it up and then levied on us and put the oldest men and women in an infant class, and we had to toe a chalk mark and learn our a b c on a blackboard, and be taught to sing "I want to be an angel" and we had to speak a speech like we used to speak it away back in the 30's and 40's. Some of us had to walk up and be licked for our mischief, and we had a recess and played many, many stars with the girls and I got kissed several times and so forth. The nights were hot, but we had fun, lots of fun--old fashioned, inpocent fun. Old people are never so happy as when recalling the memories of the old school days. That is about as far back as we can go, and it is a big landmark in life's history. Shakespeare tells of the whining schoolboy creeping unwillingly into school. That was a true picture sometimes, but as a general thing, we were glad to go. Charles Lamb writes of his joyful school days. It was a most delightful mixture. With a mother to help us get our lessons and a father to encourage and a teacher to praise us when we did well, the daily task was not hard, and then the surroundings, the frolics, the recess, the dinner bucket, the good time going home in the evening, the pretty branches we had to cross, the red gullies where we got chalk, the walnut trees over in the field and the chestnut trees on the hill and then there were persimmons and blackhaws and may-Gogebic Bange, in Northern Michigan. pops not far away. We had townball at noon, glorious old townball that has been debased and degraded into base ball. We used to give good balls to the batter and wanted him to hit it and knock it a mile if he could. Then there was our old-fashioned shinny that was akin to the modern golf. It was a hard game and kept us with bruised shins and bloody toes, and gradually fell into a state of inocuous desuctude.

And there were some pretty girls to look on and admire, and we had our sweethearts and loved to stand by them at the Friday evening spelling, and sometimes ventured to hold their hands on the sly, and would purposely misspell the word to let them get above. This was chivalry, pure and simple. Then came Saturday, a long, long, happy day, when we gathered chinquapins and chestnuts or went to the mill and went in washing while waiting for the grist. Sometimes we didn't wait for the grist, but ran pony races home and went back in the after-

noon for another frolic. It is still memory's delight to recall those delightful days, and it is no wonder that the poets have written about them; and one of them says:

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my The next era that stands out most prominent is that of the lover. Shake-

speare knew all about that, too, and drew the picture, no doubt, from his own experience, when he was dying for pretty Ann Hathaway. Every man and wo-man could write a story of love's young dream if they would, and some of them would be sad, very sad. I wish that every lad and lassie had a lover-not a transient one, who, like the butterfly, sips the honey from one flower and then seeks another-but a true, fond lover who chooses a willing mate and sticks. The true, confiding love of a young couple who are mated, as well as married, is the most beautiful thing in life. - BILL ARP, in Atlanta Constitution.

WEATHER-CROP BULLETIN Of the North Carolina Climate and Grop Service.

Below is Section Director H. B. Battle's weekly climate and crop service report for the past week, as reported by one or more correspondents: EASTERN DISTRICT.—The past week

has been extremely hot and dry; beneficial showers occurred at a few points. In the north portion of the district crops are generally reported as improved; elsewhere all crops are suffering for want of rain. Cotton may still be considered fine; it is now opening and picking is not far

There were more reports of shedding bolls and leaves than last week, caused by heat and drought; the crop is new maturing very rapidly. Old corn was ripe before the drought set in, but late corn is needing rain badly and has fired considerably. Fodder is now being pulled and stacked. Tobacco is being cured rapidly; much of it becoming parched. Farmers are planting turnip seed now. Peanuts, sweet potatoes, peas and rice promise abundant yields. and great dryness prevailed this week, with decidedly unfavorable influence on all crops. Good rains occurred in portions of Alamance, Randolph, Richmond and Rockingham on Thursday, and a damaging local wind-storm in Chatham and Orange; elsewhere rain is badly required. A great decline in the condition of cotton is taking place; some rust and much shedding of bolls and leaves reported; plants look wilted; opening fast in south. Corn crop good much fodder pulled. Late corn needs rain badly, and is firing. Tobacco also firing, and curing is forced in some sections nearly a month carlier than usual. Sowing turnip seed interrupted. Some cabbage bursting open. Sweet

potatoes and peas not injured. WESTERN DISTRICT.—The effect of the hot, dry weather has not been so njurious to crops in this district, and in the west has been quite favorable, but a good season is needed. Cotton on sandy land has been injured, but generally it is doing well and blooming freely; much less shedding is reported than from other districts. Early and late corn needs rain; there is some firing; fodder-pulling will begin next week. Curing tobacco has only begun in a few sections yet; the drought prevents spreading, and some damage by flea-bugs is still reported. Sweet potatoes and peas doing well. Turnip seed being planted and land prepared for wheat. In extreme west saving oats and hay still progressing.

NESBITT GIVES ADVICE. Tells Farmers of the South How to Foll

Plans of the Cotton Tie Trust. Southern farmers may inaugurate an effective fight on the cotton tie trust. The farmers are in arms as a result of the increase in the price of cotton ties, which amounts to 100 per cent. In the aggregate, this added price will take thousands of dollars out of the pockets of the cotton raisers. The farmers are looking for effective measures to prevent being squeezed by the trust that has been

formed. The following address, issued by

Commissioner of Agriculture R. T. Nesbitt, suggests a remedy. To Farmers of Georgia and of the South: A few years ago we were confronted by gigantic monopoly, the bagging trust, which endeavored to force from farmers thousands of dollars, which in their depressed condition they could ill afford to lose. By united effort among farmers this evil was averted and the huge octopus which had fastened itself on the agricultural industry was destroyed. To-day we are confronted by a similar trouble. The manufacturers of cotton ties have formed another grand combination and withou any reason, except to gratify an unlawful greed, have entered into an agreement to advance the price of their goods 100 per cent If the price of iron had advanced there might be some reason for this action, but

iron was never cheaper, and the same must be said of coal and labor. The fact is simply that an effort is being made to force the farmers of the South to contribute millions of dollars to swell the profits of a powerful combination of manufacturers.

The farmers are in good condition just now ions, there are few debts to be met until later therefore, no pressing necessity to force their cotton on the market. I would advise that they hold meetings in every section of the South and denounce this effort to defraud them of their earnings At the same time, let them advise together as to the best method of meeting this new enemy. In the mean-time, the department which I represent will make every effort to investigate such substi-tutes for cotton ties as will meet the require-ments of durability rnd safety.

Money for Cuba.

The Cuban junta in the United States has raised a fund amounting to \$375,000. Part of the money has been changed into gold and is now on shipboard bound for Cuba, where it will be placed in the hands of offiwhere it will be placed in the hands of om-cers commanding the insurgent army. The balance has been retained by the heads of the junta in Philadelphia and New York, who will hold it in a way that it will serve who will hold it in a way that it will serve the Cuban cause. The contribution were as follows: Jacksonville and other sections of Florida, \$100,000; New York and Brooklyn, \$50,000; Philadelphia, \$25,000; Baltimore, \$10,000; Washington, \$10,000; Savannah, Ga., \$5,000; New Orleans, \$10,000; Chicago and and the West, \$100,000; and from a number of Southern points, \$60,000.

Those dreading hay fever the coming summer, may prepare to meet and probably vanquish that unpleasant enemy by buying a nasal atomizer, and getting ready a mixture formed of ten grains of menthol, ten grains of eucalyptol and two ounces of benzoluol.

THE WORLD.

ARRANGED PARAGRAPHICALLY FOR THE BUSY READER.

Happenings Both Home and Foreign as Taken From the Latest Dis-

Notes From the South.

At high Springs, Fla., two men were injured in a boiler explosion. The entire business portion of Con-cord, Tenn., has been wiped out by

Near Clay, Ky., Tom Brown, an in-sane husband, butchered his whole family. He used an ax.

Two Kentucky farmers quarrelled about a protracted meeting in the neighborhood and stabbed each other

Near Scottsboro, Ala., Tuesday, Miss Donie Proctor and Maynard Covans were instantly killed by lightning dur-

At Lafayette, Ala., Populists and Democrats fight over the election returns, resulting in the death of one and the wounding of five.

At Roanoke, Va., three boys, James Peage, Wiley Ludwig and Clarence Barrick, aged 12, 14 and 15 years respectively, were drowned in Rosnoke river while bathing.

Throughout the North Much damage has been done in

Michigan by forest fires. The Brilliant Tube and Iron Works

at Brilliant, O., have assigned, throwing 500 hands out of work. Sprange, Smith &. Co., large plate

and window glass manufacturors, of Chicago, Ill., has failed. Application for receivers for F. X Muller, bicycle manufacturer, of Brooklyn, N. Y. has been made; liabil-

ities. \$19,206. Arlington Mills, at Lawrence, Mass. will shut down August 12 for five and a half weeks; about 2,500 operatives will be thrown out of employment.

Dawes, the Indian Commissioner is now at work in the Indian Territory. It is expected that he will complete his labors in December. Two members of the Berkeley (Cal.

Athletic Club have decided to crawl on heir hands and krees from San Francisco, Cal., to New York. Despatches from all cities in Wiscousin and Northern Michigan tell of ex-

treme heat followed at several points by severe wind and thunder storms; the temperature ranged from 96 to 102 de-Dundon & Bergin, lumber dealers of Columbus, O., assigned Wednesday to Henry J. Caren for \$300,000. Assets

estimated at \$200,000. Liabilities not

known, but supposed to be less than A ballistic plate, weighing 21 tons, a part of the side armor of the Russian battleship, Rostilar, has been shipped by the Bethlehem Iron Company, Bethlehem, Pa., to Admiral Virch-

owsky, commander of the port of St. Petersburg. At Chicago Judge Windes refused to permit Mrs. E. D. Michner and Mrs. M. F. Stafford to serve as jurors in the Criminal Court. These are the women who were conditionally accepted by

Judge Horton and who were directed to appear for service in Judge Windes' Happenings at Washington.

Postmaster General Wilson has decided not to take any part in the coming campaign. He will sail for Europe on October 12, and will remain for about two months. He will be accompanied by his wife. The President has made the follow-

ing appointments: Charles E. Banks, surgeon of the marine hospital corps Walter B. Baker, of Mississippi, Consul at Sargua la Grande, Cuba; Joseph Hance, of New York, Consul at Centenas, Cubs.

Judge Cole, of the District Supreme Court at Washington, has refused to grant naturalization papers to two young Italians. He held that no one who is ignorant of the constitution of the United States is competent or entitled to be admitted to citizenship.

What the Cable Brings. The editors of two daily papers in Havana, Cuba, fought a duel with swords; one of them was wounded. At Neath, seven miles from Swanses

Wales, forty miners were entombed in the Bryncococh pit Wednesday by an The House of Lords by a vote of 25

to 19 adopted the amendment to the Irish Laborers' bill in opposition to the government.

Matthew Ismairilan, the Armenian patriarch, has resigned and the Sultan has accepted his resignation. Since the Armenian massacres there has been a continued conflict between the Porte and the patriarch, and it has been repeatedly stated that there was a government conspiracy to force him to retire from his office.

Consul Lee at Work. United States Consul General Lee has re-

amed his efforts to secure the transfer of the men captured on the flibustering schooner Competitor to better quarters than those they now occupy. Several of the prisoners are ill and have requested that they be supplied with food of a better quality than they have heretofore been given. The consul general proposes that the friends of the prisoners in the United States be allowed to contribute funds with which to procure necessities for the imprisoned man.

AILROAD PROPERTY:

Assessed Value in Principal Counties

and Towns.

Chief Clerk Brown, of the Railroad Commission has completed the list of railroad property in the State, by counties and towns, as assessed for taxation by the commissioners. Of the counties containing railroad prop-erty Halifax has the most and Wake next, with Guilford a close third.

The assessed valuation, in round numbers, of the leading counties is as follows: Buncombe ... 491,282

Chatham 411,669 Columbus.... 765,514 Cumberland.... 692,911 Durham 443.432 Halifax..... 957,527 Guilford..... Johnston..... 785,510 Mecklenburg..... 811,488 Moore..... 562,344 New Hanover 404,254 Northampton..... 475,455 Pender 513,160 Richmond. 620,055 Robeson..... 814,457 Rockingham 456,178 Wake..... 951,355 Wayne..... 627,906 Of the towns Charlotte has the most,

Greensboro second and Raleigh third. The railroad property in the leading cities is as follows: Goldsboro..... 92,070 Greensboro 118,472 Henderson 47,000 Raleigh 102,147

Winston FRIENDS YEARLY MEETING.

Salisbury 59,995

Weldon..... 45,865

Wilmington. 58,232

Distinguished Visitors from the North and Across the Waters.

The 198th meeting of the Society of Friends met in session at High Point this week and was well attended. Among the most prominent visitors were J. Walter Malone and wife, Cleveland, O.; Lena E. Hobson, Illinois, and Asahel Hussey, Indiana, James R. Jones, postor of the Friends church at Greensboro, extended a warm welcome to the visiting friends in behalf of the Yearly Meeting. President L. L. Hobbs, of Guilford College, presided. State Treasurer Worth made an address, and Dr. S. B. Weeks made an extended address upon the early history of the Friends in North Carolina. Up to the Cary rebellion, the Quakers had the largest religious organization in the State.

Revenue Collections for July. Cashier Brenizer, of Collector Rogers' office, reports that the revenue collections for the fifth district of North Caro has during the month of July were:

Tobacco.....\$ 71,855.95 Spirite..... 40,845,42 Cigars and cigarettes.... Snuff.... Special tax.... Miscellaneous...... Total.... \$121,172.28 These amounts were collected at the

various offices as follows:

Asheville 19,289.97 Mt Airy 7,771.74 The University of the South, at Sewanee, Tenn., has conferred its highest honorary degree, that of D. C. L. (Doctor of the Civil Laws), upon Prot. Edwin A. Alderman, the newly elected

Winston..... \$59,992.80

Statesville 34,117.77

Judge Russell will open his campaign at Hendersonville on the 23rd inst. There will be a barbecue and Senator Pritchard will also speak.

President of the University of North

This year there are only four bonded brandy distilleries in Surry county. Last year there were over 200. Scarcity of fruit is the cause.

stabbed fatally by Bob Gravely, both white. Corn liquor was the cause of

Near Mt. Airy, George Law was

At Cabarrus Superior court, Frank Howard was sentenced to be lung August 28th for arson.

Poke Berries Make Him Blue, Joseph Schoenelberg, a coal miner, living along the Pan-Handle Railroad, near Mansfield, Pa., dieted himself on poke berries to field, Pa., dieted himself on poke berries to reduce his weight because he tipped the beam at 312 pounds and had to quit work on account of being too stout. The berries were great flesh reducers, but they gave Schoenelberg's body a blue tinge. The charge of color was first noticed in his nose; then it appeared on his face and body. This alarmed Schoenelber, who consulted a physician. The latter advised him to quit eating the berries, but giving the prescription was easier than taking. Schoenelberg says he can't quit, and he is becoming bluer every day.

Fertilizer Works Destroyed.

At Philadelphia, Pa., Tuesday, the main building of the extensive phosphate and fertilizer works of the Baugh & Sons Company was destroyed by fire. A large quantity of costly grinding machinery and considerable stock in the various processes of manufacture confined the flames to one building. Superintendent Wells estimated the company's loss at \$200,000, which is partly covered by insurance. A huge vat of grease boiling over into a fire started the flames.

The English company owning Middles borough, Ky., figured their land worth 35, 50,000 in 1891. Now it appears in the balance sheets as worth \$725,814.