MISSION OF HORNETS

Sermons by Rev. Dr. Talmage on Small Annoyances.

MINOR TROUBLES OF LIFE.

They Test Christian Fortitude and Patience. The Lesson of Trivial Irritations.

This sermon by Dr. Talmage deals with a subject which appeals to all classes and conditions of men. His text is Deuteronomy vii, 20, "The Lord thy God will send the hornet."

It seems as if the insectile world were determined to extirpate the human race. It bombards the grainfields and the orchards and the vineyards. The Colorado beetle, the Nebraska grasshopper, the New Jersey locust, the universal potato beetle, seem to carry on the work which was begun ages ago when the insects buzzed out of Noah's ark as the door was opened.

In my text the hornet flies out on its mission. It is a species of wasp, swift in its motion and violent in its sting. Its touch is torture to man or beast. We have all seen the cattle run bellowing under the cut of its lancet. In boyhood we used to stand cautiously looking at the globular nest hung from the tree branch, and while we were looking at the wonderful covering we were struck with something that sent us shrieking away. The hornet goes in swarms. It has captains over hundreds, and 20 of them alighting on one man will produce certain death.

The Persians attempted to conquer a Christian city, but the elephants and the beasts on which the Persians rode were assaulted by the hornet, so that the whole army was broken up, and the besieged city was rescued. This burning and noxious insect stung out the Hittites and the Canaanites from their country. What gleaming sword and chariot of war could not accomplish was done by the puncture of an insect. "The Lord sent the hornet."

My friends, when we are assaulted by great behemoths of trouble we become chivalric, and we assault them. We get on the high mettled steed of our courage, and we make a cavalry charge at them, and if God be with us we come out stronger and better than when we went in. But alas for these insectile annoyances of life, these foes too small to shoot, these things without any avoirdupois weight, the gnats and the midges and the flies and the wasps and the hornets! In other words, it is the small stinging annoyances of our life which drive us out and use us up. In the best conditioned life for some grand and glorious purpose God has sent the hornet.

I remark, in the first place, that these small stinging annoyances may come in the shape of a nervous organization. People who are prostrated under typhoid fevers or with broken bones get plently of sympathy, but who pities anybody that is nervous? The doctors say and the family say and everybody says, "Oh, she's only a little nervous; that's all!" The sound of a heavy foot, the harsh clearing of a throat, a discord in music, a want of harmony between the shawl and the glove on the same person a curt answer, a passing slight, the wind the from the east, any one of ten thousand annoyences, opens the door for the hornet. The fact is that the vast majority of the people in this country are overworked, and their nerves are the first to give out. A great multitude are under the strain of Leyden, who, when he was told by his physician that if he did not stop working while he was in such poor physical health he would die, responded, "Doctor, whether I live or die, the wheel must keep going round." These sensitive persons of whom I speak have a bleeding sensitiveness. The flies love to light on anything raw, and these people are like the Canaanites spoken of in the text or in the context—they have a very thin covering and are vulnerable at all points. "And the Lord sent the hornet."

Again, the small insect annoyances may come to us in the shape of friends and acquaintances who are always saying disagreeable things. There are some people you cannot be with for half an hour but you feel cheered and comforted. Then there are other people you cannot be with for five minutes before you feel miserable. They do not mean to disturb you, but they sting you to the bone. They gather up all the yarn which the gossips spin and retail it. They gather up all the adverse criticisms about your person, about your business, about your home, about your church, and they make your ear the funnel into which they pour it. They laugh heartily when they tell you, as though it were a good joke, and you laugh, too—outside.

These people are brought to our attention in the Bible, in the book of Ruth. Naomi went forth beautiful and with the finest worldly prospects into another land, but after awhile she came back widowed and sick and poor. What did her friends do when she came to the city? They all went out, and instead of giving her common sense consolation, what did they do? Read the book of Ruth and find out. They threw up their hands and said, "Is this Naomi?" as much as to say. "How awful bad you do look!" When I entered the ministry, I looked very pale for years, and every year, for four or five years, many times a year I was asked if I had not consumption, and, passing through the room, I would sometimes hear people sigh and say, "A-ah, not long for this world!" I resolved in those times that I never in any conversation would say anything depressing, and by the help of God I have kept the resolution. These people of whom I speak reap and bind in the great harvest field of discouragement. Some day you greet them with a hilarious "Good morning," and they come buzzing at you with some depressing information. "The Lord sent the hornet."

It is astonishing how some people prefer to write and to say disagreeable hings. That was the case when Henry M. Stanley returned after his magnificent exploit of finding David Livingstone. When Mr. Stanley stood before the savants of Europe and many of the small critics of the day, under pretense of getting geographical information, put to him most insolent questions, he folded his arms and refused to answer. At the very time when you would suppose all decent men would have applauded the heroism of the man there were those to hiss. "The Lord sent the hornet." And when afterward that man sat down on the western coast of Africa, sick and worn out, with perhaps the grandest achievement of the age in the way of geographical discovery, there were small critics all over the world to buzz and buzz and caricature and deride him, and when after awhile he got the London papers, as he opened them, out flew the hornet. When I see that there are so many people in the world who like to say disagreeable things and write disagreeable things, I come almost in my weaker moments to believe what a man said to me in Philadelphia one Monday morning. I went to get the horse at the livery stable, and the hostler, a plain man, said to me, "Mr Talmage, I saw that you preached to the young men yesterday." I said, "Yes." He said: "No use, no use. Man's a failure."

The small insect annoyances of life sometimes come in the shape of local physical trouble which does not amount to a positive prostration, but which bothers you when you want to feel the best. Perhaps it is a sick headache which has been the plague of your life, and you appoint some occasion of mirth or sociality or usefullness, and when the clock strikes the hour you cannot make your appearance. Perhaps the trouble is between the ear and the forehead in the shape of a neuralgic twig. Nobody can see it or sympathize with it, but just at the time when you want your intellect clearest and your disposition brightest you feel a sharp, keen, disconcerning thrust. "The Lord sent the hornet."

Perhaps these small insect annoyances will come in the shape of a domestic irritation. The parlor and the kitchen do not always harmonize. To get good service and to keep it is one of the great questions of the country. Sometimes it may be the arrogance and inconsiderateness of employers; but, whatever be the fact, we all admit there are these insect annoyances winging their way out from the culinary department. If the grace of God be not in the heart of the housekeeper, she cannot maintain her equilibrium. The men come home at night and hear the story of these annoyances and say, "Oh, these home troubles are very little things!" They are small, small as wasps, but they sting. Martha's nerves were all unstrung when she rushed in asking Christ to scold Mary, and there are tens of thousands of women who are dying, stung to death by these pestiferous domestic annoyances. "The Lore sent the hornet."

These small insect disturbances may also come in the shape of business irritations. There are men here who went through the 24th of September, 1869, and the panics of 1873 and of 1893 without losing their balance who are every day unhorsed by little annoyances—a clerk's ill manners, or a blot of ink on a bill of lading, or the extravagance of a partner who overdraws his account, or the underselling by a business rival, or the whispering of store confidences in the street, or the making of some little bad debt which was against your judgement; but you wanted to please somebody else.

It is not the panics that kill the merchants. Panics come only once in 10 or 20 years. It is the constant din of these everyday annoyances which is sending so many of our best merchants into nervous dyspepsia and paralysis and the grave. When our national commerce fell flat on its face, these men stood up and felt almost defiant, but their life is going away now under the swarm of these pestiferous annoyances. "The Lord sent the hornet."

I have noticed in the history of some of my congregation that their annoyances are multiplying and that they have a hundred where they used to have ten. The naturalist tells us that a wasp sometimes has a family of 20,000 wasps, and it does seem as if every annoyance of your life brooded a million. By the help of God, today I want to show you the other side. The hornet is of no use? Oh, yes! The naturalist tells us they are very important in the world's economy. They kill spiders, and they clear the atmosphere. And I really believe God sends the annoyances of our life upon us to kill the spiders of the soul and to clear the atmosphere of our skies.

These annoyances are sent on us, I think, to wake us up from our lethagy. There is nothing that makes a man so lively as a nest of "yellow jackets," and I think that these annoyances are intended to persuade us of the fact that this is not a world for us to stop in. If we had a bed of everything that was attractive and soft and easy, what would we want of heaven? We think that the hollow tree sends the hornet, or we may think that the devil sends the hornet. I want to correct your opinion. "The Lord sent the hornet."

Then I think these annoyances come on us to cultivate our patience. In the gymnasium you find upright parallel bars with holes over each other for pegs to be put in. Then the gymnast takes a peg in each hand, and he begins to climb, one inch at a time or two inches, and getting his strength cultivated, reaches after a while the ceiling. And it seems to me that these annoyances in life are a moral gymnasium, each worriment a peg with which we are to climb higher and higher in Christian attainment. We all love to see patience, but it cannot be cultivated in fair weather. Patience is a child of the storm. If you had everything desirable and there was nothing more to get, what would you want with patience? The only time to cultivate it is when you are lied about and sick and half dead.

"Oh," you say, "if I only had the circumstances of some well to do man I would be patient too." You might as well say, "If it were not for this water, I would swim," or. "I could shoot this gun if it were not for the cartridge." When you stand chin deep in annoyances is the time for you to swim out toward the great headlands of Christian attainment, so as to "know Christ and the power of his resurrection and to have fellowship with his sufferings."

Nothing but the furnace will ever burn out of us the clinker and the slag. I have formed this theory in regard to small annoyances and vexations. It takes just so much trouble to fit us for usefulness and for heaven. The only question is whether we shall take it in the bulk or pulverized and garnulated. Here is one man who takes it in the bulk. His back is broken or his evesight put out, or some other awful calamity befalls him, while the vast majority of people take the thing piecemeal. Which way would you rather have it? Of course, in piecemeal. Better have five aching teeth than one broken jaw; better 10 fly blisters than an amputation, better 20 squalls than one cyclone. There may be a difference of opinion as to allopathy and homeopathy, but in this matter of trouble I like homeopathic doses, small pellets of annoyance rather than some knockdown dose of calamity. Instead of the thunderbolt give us the hornet. If you have a bank, you would a great deal rather that 50 men would come in with checks less than $100 than to have two depositors come in the same day, each wanting his $10,000. In this latter case you cough and look down to the floor and you look up to the ceiling before you look into the safe. Now, my friends, would you not rather have these small drafts of annoyance on your bank of faith than some all staggering demand upon your endurance? But remember that little as well as great annoyancee equally require you to trust in Christ for succor and for deliverance from impatience and irritability. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee."

In the village of Hamelin, tradition says, there was an invasion of rats, and these small creatures almost devoured the town and threatened the lives of the population; and the story is that a piper came out one day and played a very sweet tune, and all the vermin followed Weser, and then he blew a blast, and they dropped in and disappeared for ever. Of course, this is a fable, but I wish I could on the sweet flute of the Gospel draw forth all the nibbling and burrowing annoyances of your life and play them down into the depths forever.

How many touches did Mr. Church give to his picture of "Cotopaxi" or his "Heart of the Andes?" I suppose about 50,000 touches. I hear the canvas saying: "Why do you keep me trembling with that pencil so long? Why don't you put it on in one dash?" "No," says Mr. Church; "I know how to make a painting. It will take 50,000 of these touches." And I want you my friends, to understand that it is these ten thousand annoyances which, under God, are making up the picture of your life, to be hung at last in the galleries of heaven, fit for angels to look at. God knows how to make a picture.

I go into a sculptor's studio and see him shaping a statue. He has a chisel in one hand and a mallet in the other, and he gives a very gentle stroke—click, click, click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" Oh, he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after awhile the features come out, and everybody that enters the studio is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal nature. It is click, click, click! I wonder why some great providence does not come and with one stroke prepare you for heaven. Ah, no! God says that is not the way, and so he keeps on by strokes of little vexations until at last you shall be a glad spectacle for angels and for men.

You know that a large fortune may be spent in small change, and a vast amount of moral character may go away in small depletions. It is the little troubles of life that are having more effect upon you than great ones. A swarm of locusts will kill a grainfield sooner than the incursion of three or four cattle. You say, "Since I lost my child, since I lost my property, I have been a different man." But you do not recognize the architecture of little annoyances that are hewing, digging, cutting, shaping, splitting and interjoining your moral qualities. Rats may sink a ship. One lucifer match may send destruction through a block of storehouses. Catherine de' Medici got her death from smelling a poisonous rose. Columbus, by stopping and asking for a piece of bread and a drink of water at a Franciscan convent, was led to the discovery of a new world. And there is an intimate connection between trifles and immensities between nothings and everythings.

Now, be careful to let none of those annoyances go through your soul unarrainged. Compel them to administer to your spiritual wealth. The scratch of a sixpenny nail sometimes produces lockjaw, and the clip of a most infinitesimal annoyance may damage you forever. Do not let any annoyance or perplexity come across your soul without its making you better.

Our national government when it wanted money did not think it belittling to put a tax on pins and a tax on buckles and a tax on shoes. The individual taxes do not amount to much, but in the aggregate to millions and millions of dollars. And I would have you, O Christian man, put a high tariff on every annoyance and vexation that comes through your soul. This might not amount to much in single cases, but in the aggregate it would be a great revenue of spiritual strength and satisfaction. A bee can suck honey even out of a nettle, and if you have the grace of God in your yeart you can get sweetness out of that which would otherwise irritate and annoy.

A returned missionary told me that a company of adventurers rowing up the Ganges were stung to death by flies that infest that region at certain seasons. The earth has been strewed with the carcasses of men slain by insect annoyances. The only way to get prepared for the great troubles of life is to conquer these small troubles. What would you say of a soldier who refused to load his gun or to go into the conflict because it was only a skirmish, saying: "I am not going to expend my ammunition on a skirmish. Wait until there comes a general engagement, and then you will see how courageous I am and what battling I will do?" The general would say to such a man, "If you are not faithful in a skirmish, you would be nothing in a general engagement." And I have to tell you, O Christian men, if you cannot apply the principles of Christ's religion on a small scale you will never be able to apply them on a larger scale. If I had my way with you, I would have you possess all possible worldly prosperity. I would have you each one a garden, a river flowing through it, geraniums and shrubs on the sides and the grass and flowers as beautiful as though the rainbow had fallen. I would have you a house, a splendid mansion, and the beds should be covered with upholstery dipped in the setting sun. I would have every hall in your house set with statues and statuettes, and then I would have the four quarters of the globe pour in all their luxuries on your table, and you should have forks of silver and knives of gold, inlaid with diamonds and amethysts. Then you should each one of you have the finest horses and your pick of the quipages of the world. Then I would have you live 150 years, and you should not have a pain or an ache until the last breath.

"Not each one of us?" you say. Yes, each one of you. "Not to your enemies?" Yes. The only difference I would make with them would be that I would put a little extra gilt on their walls and a little extra embroidery on their slippers. But, you say, "Why does not God give us all these things?" Ah! I bethink myself. He is wiser. It would make fools and sluggards of us if we had our way. No man puts his best picture in the portico or vestibule of his house. God meant this world to be only the vestibule of heaven, that great gallery of the universe toward which we are aspiring. We must not have it too good in this world, or we would want no heaven.

Polycarp was condemned to be burned to death. The stake was planted. He was fastened to it. The fagots were placed around him, the fires kindled, but history tells us that the flames bent outward like the canvas of a ship in a stout breeze, so that the flames, instead of destroying Polycarp, were only a wall between him and his enemies. They had actually to destroy him with the poniard. The flames would not touch him. Well, my hearer, I want you to understand that by God's grace the flames of trial, instead of consuming your soul, are only going to be a wall of defense and a canopy of blessing. God is going to fulfill to you the blessings and the promises, as he did to Polycarp. "When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned." Now you do not understand, but you shall know hereafter. In heaven you will bless God even for the hornet.

THE GOVERNOR AND NEWSBOYS.

A Good Story of His Recent New York Experience.

A good story about Gov. McSweeney's visit to New York recently, which has so far escaped the newspapers, has leaked out in the last few days, and it serves to show the manner of man South Carolina's Governor is.

The incident occurred on the day before the naval parade. The Governor, accompanied by his little son and Cols. Wilson, Folk, Redding, Maulding and Watson of his staff had just left the cotton exchange and had reached "newspaper row," bound for the bridge to go over to the navy yard, when just at the Pulitzer building corner they came across a great crowd of newsboys of the "cent-a-world" variety, getting their supplies of the big afternoon edition just issued.

The Governor saw the crowd of urchins. He exclaimed, "Ah, that is what I was once. Just look at them; Miles, come here, son, I want to show you what your father was when he was your size." Reaching back and catching his boy's hand it was only a second or two before the Governor had forced his way into the heart of the crowd of yelling, scuffling newsboys. He talked with them and when they found out who he was and that he had once been one of the "clan," they rallied around him and the Governor's face was all smiles. He bought as many papers as he could carry and Col. Folk, who got down in the crowd, did likewise. The boys gave the Governor an ovation in their own demonstrative way and before he could be extricated from his admiring host of newsboys enthusiasts the police had to go to his aid and clear a way out of it for him.

There was no incident of his trip to the metropolis that Gov. McSweeney enjoyed more thoroughly than this. It recalled to his mind many memories of the past and when in the crowd he really seemed to be a newsboy again himself.

SENTENCED COMMUTED.

Man Who Slew His Wife's Insulter to be Freed.

Gov. McSweeney Wednesday commuted to two years the life sentence of William Franks, a young white man convicted of manslaughter in Laurens county nearly two years ago. This means that Franks will be discharged in February.

From all the evidence, the statements of the judge and the jury and all those familiar with the case, it seems strange that the man was ever convicted. The victim, Mason Clark, grossly insulted the young wife of Franks, making an improper proposal to her. When she went to Franks and told him of it he wished to kill Clark forthwith, but was dissuaded by the appeals of his wife. Franks and his wife had been living at Clark's house; they were about to leave and the matter was being discussed between the two men, when an altercation occurred and Mason was killed.

Judge Buchanan recommended that a pardon be given at the expiration of two years of the term. Eleven of the jurors signed the petition for a pardon, certifying that there was grave doubt as to which of the men fired first, and adding that there would have been no conviction save for the lapse of time between the deed and the receipt of the information by Franks as to the insult. The jurors regarded the provocation very great.

Ex-Senator Irby and ex-Congressman Shell wrote the governor strong personal letters in behalf of the man, and stated that his wife and children were sadly in need of his support and protection.

The governor, before acting, had the prisoner brought up to his office and talked with him. He was fully satisfied that Franks simply acted in defense of his wife's honor, and the commutation was forthwith granted.—The State.

After County Officials.

The State sinking fund commission, in view of the numerous cases of irregularities and shortages in county official's tax collection accounts, has determined to go after the treasurers, auditors and sheriffs interested in a thorough and systematic manner and endeavor to have all such cases straightened out at the earliest possible moment. Already the papers in several cases have been placed in the attorney general's hands for such action as he may deem proper. The following circular letter prepared and sent out Friday to officials concerned indicates how the commission proposes to go about its work:

By certain reports of N. W. Brooker, field agent of the sinking fund commission, there appear to be many irregularities in the books and accounts of county officers relating to the collection of taxes which may result in great loss to the State and county.

The commission, by recent action, has determined to make vigorous efforts to adjust these matters. The field agent states that he (has or will) serve you with notice of certain shortages and irregularities in which you are interested.

I respectfully ask your cooperation in the effort to adjust these matters without further delay.

Mr. Brooker has instructions to arrange for a meeting with you and all others concerned at your county court house at an early day for the adjustment of these matters.

Your prompt attention and action is most earnestly requested.

Very respectfully,

M. R. Cooper,
Secretary of State.

The Same Old Story.

A Negro named Lanham, living on the farm of S. T. Weyman, near Pelham's Mill, Greenville County, went to the field Wednesday morning with his wife to pick cotton, leaving his two little children fastened up in his house. The house is near the river, and Lanham was afraid the children would get out and wander into the stream. About noon the house was burning, and before any one could reach the building it was in full blaze. The two children could not get out and both were burned to a crisp. It is supposed that the children started the fire.—News and Courier.

A New Crank.

Kansas has a new crank in the person of W. K. Reeme, who advances the dynamiting of saloons, distilleries and breweries and the lynching of corrupt officials.

AN AWFUL CRIME.

Young Woman Ravished by Number of Black Savages.

SOME OF THEM CAPTURED.

The Law Will Take Them Speedily to the Gallows. Shocking Story of Brutality. Carried to Columbia.

A horrible crime was committed in Darlington county, near Lamar. Monday afternoon, for which at least three Negroes will pay the penalty with their lives. Two of them are now in jail, and if there is no attempt to lynch them made before court convenes two weeks from now, they will be convicted without a doubt and hanged, for they have confessed the commission of the blackest crime that has ever darkened the fair name of Darlington. If the other party is caught he will doubtless be spared the suspense of waiting two weeks to meet his doom.

The details of the crime are too horrible to be published, but they have been told over and over again all over Darlington county Monday. It is sufficient to say a highly respectable young lady of Lamar has suffered at the hands of several black brutes, and she now lies in a dangerous condition fearfully mangled and bruised. The two Negroes who are now in jail admit the commission of their fearful deed and say that it was accomplished only after a terrible struggle with their victim and only after they had choked her into insensibility, and that when they left her they thought her dead. Two of them only were present, the others having gone away and had not gotten back in time to take part in the deed as was their intention.

One of the black brutes now in the custody of Sheriff Scarborough bears on his clothing stains of blood from his victim, and this Negro now owes his life to the tact and skill of the deputies who secreted him from an angry mob and carried him to Darlington through the swamps under cover of the darkness. The people are aroused for miles around and justly so. The third Negro, one of those who assaulted the unfortunate girl, has not yet been captured, but he will be if he is in Darlington county, and if he happens to fall into the hands of any of the present searching party his hours of life will be but few more.

A dispatch from Columbia says one of the principals in the Lamar outrage affair—Edward Luckie, and four Negroes charged with being accessories to the foul crime in that they stood by and saw the deed committed and did not offer to interfere, are now within the walls of the South Carolina penitentiary for safe keeping. The four accessories are Jim Washington, Daniel and Ed Mack and Lucius Stuart—an aggregation of ugly looking, sullen Negroes, who look like Georgia turpentine toughs.

The other principal, who is at large, is very black; is about 18 years old, has a broad forehead; has high wide cheekbones; has a scar over his left eye, and his clothing was spattered with mud when last seen. When last heard from he was fleeing toward Timmonsville. The sheriff never expects to ges hold of him if he is run down anywhere in this section of the country.

A GREAT DAY FOR MASONS.

Preparations Being Made for the Centennial of Washington's Death.

It is not generally known among those beyond the pale that America's greatest President was a member of the Masonic order, but the fact is true nevertheless, and what is more, he was not 21 years of age when initiated into the brotherhood, although he had reached his majority before he was passed to the fellow craft degree.

Just in what manner the illustrious man succeeded in being admitted to the order before his 21st birthday is not revealed by this historian. At the age of 56 Washington was a charter member of the Alexandria-Washington lodge, and in the same year he considered it an honor to accept and faithfully fill the office of worshipful master of the lodge. During this time he held his membership in his mother lodge at Fredericksburg.

During his entire life Washington ever showed a devotion to the cause of Masonry and Masons. It was the feeling of veneration for the Mason and for the man that led the Grand Lodge of Colorado to suggest a fitting observance of the date of his passing into the eternal lodge above. The Virginia lodge was requested to take charge of the ceremonies.

A committee of prominent Masons from Virginia and the District of Columbia have met in Washington to discuss the proposed exercises in commemoration for the centennary of the death of George Washington. A grand banquet and reception will be given on December 14th at Mount Vernon and in Washington.

The intention is to make this banquet one of the most successful affairs in the history of Masonry. At the banquet all Masons and their wives will be welcome, and the Grand Masons and distinguished Masons from all parts of the United States will be present. It is expected that President McKinley, who is a Mason of high rank, will deliver the address at Mount Vernon, and also receive with the distinguished Masons at the banquet.

Winthrop's Attendance.

In a letter to Gov. McSweeney President Johnson of the Winthrop College at Rock Hill speaks thus of the institution: "We have had a very fine opening of the college this season. The students are better prepared for college work than ever before. Our sub-freshman class numbers only 27. The total enrollment in every department of the college thus far is 481. If we had had dormitory accomodations we would have enrolled 681 easily. A number of applicants from other States than South Carolina were refused admission because of lack of room for the girls of the State. The students are deeply in earnest and seem to take up their work with fine spirit."

Moses' Princess.

An exchange says that the mummy of the Egyptian princess who found Moses in the bulrushes is all alleged to have been discovered and placed on exhibition. If the princess could have foreseen that her act of kindness would have made her a museum freak, she would probably have left Moses to be drawn out of the water by somebody else.

TO GIVE SCHLEY A HOME.

Endless Chain Scheme Proposed By Miss Edna McClellan.

The New York Journal says: "Rear Admiral Schley may well count Miss Edna McClellan among his very warm friends and supporters, and if her plan succeeds he will have something substantial to be grateful for.

Miss McClellan, who is young and pretty, and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Weller McClellan of No. 105 West Seventh street, was much impressed by the tremendous applause for Admiral Schley in the Dewey day parade.

She decided that Admiral Schley should have a house in Washington, as well as Admiral Dewey. She saw no reason why Schley's admirers should not come forward with their dollars and dimes. She returned to her home and laid out a plan for the work which has just been begun. She has started endless chains to raise dimes. Subscriptions in all amounts will be gratefully received.

Miss McClellan will ask Gov. Roosevelt and Miss Helen Gould to be members of the committee to control the fund. She will ask the assistance of President McKinley and members of his cabinet, and will go to Washington, if necessary, to seek the aid of Representatives of congress.

She is very busy writing endless chain letters to be sent to all parts of the country. She is very confident of success.

Schley's admirers are legion, she knows. She feels like all his friends, that he has never received due credit from his government for the splendid victory off Santiago, and she believes they will welcome an opportunity to show their appreciation by substantial contributions to this fund.

Miss McClellan has not considered the price of the residence to be purchased nor the location, but she is confident that this present from the people of the nation will be worthy of his position as a great naval commander.

Fair Week Rates.

The rates for the State fair of South Carolina, to be held in Columbia Nov. 6th-10th, have been announced as follows:

The Southern Passenger association has granted rates to Columbia, S. C., on account of the State fair, Nov. 6th to 10th, 1899, from all points in the State of South Carolina, also from Asheville, Charlotte, Wilmington, N. C., Augusta and Savannah, Ga., and intermediate stations at the following rates:

A rate of one first class fare for the round trip, plus 50 cents for admission to the fair grounds. Tickets for the general public, limited to continuous passage in both directions to be sold daily Nov. 4th to 10th inclusive, with final limit Nov. 13th, 1899, and for fair officials and stock men only at the same rate Nov. 2nd and 3d, on presentation of certificates signed by Thos. W. Holloway, secretary State Agricultural and Mechanical society.

Also rates embraced in the following table, which include 50 cents for admission to the fair grounds; tickets at such rates to be sold Nov. 7th, 8th and 9th, with final limit Nov. 11, 1899:

10 miles and under	$ 85
11 miles and under 15	90
15 miles and under 20	1.00
20 miles and under 30	1.20
30 miles and under 40	1.40
40 miles and under 50	1.60
50 miles and under 60	1 80
60 miles and under 70	2 00
70 miles and under 80	2 20
80 miles and under 90	2.40
90 miles and under 100	2.60
100 miles and under 110	2.80
110 miles and under 120	3 00
120 miles and under 130	3 20
130 miles and under 140	3.40
140 miles and under 150	3.60
150 miles and under 160	3.80
160 miles and under 170	4 00
170 miles and under 180	4.20
180 miles and under 190	4.40
190 miles and under 200	4 60

Counterfeit Money.

The Atlanta Constitution gives an account of the capture of a counterfitting outfit within three miles of that city. The "den" contained "a stock of spurious coins, plating apparatus with which to make counterfeit coin, as well as silver." The Constitution says: "This raid and capture, believed to be one of the best and most important that has recently occurred in the South, has solved the mystery of the counterfeit silver with which the city has been periodically flooded since last March. For seven or eight months a lot of counterfeit silver dollars and half dollars have been floated over the city, and the spurious money was pronounced the best that had ever been put in circulation. The money, while a trifle lighter than the good coin, had a genuine ring when dropped upon the floor. In fact, there were few except the experts who could tell the money was counterfeit without a very close inspection."

Bold Bank Robbers.

Three masked robbers entered the bank at Sevierville, Tenn., Friday morning and attempted to rob the vault, containing considerable money. President William Macmahon threw his loose money into the safe and seized a gun. His first shot killed the leader of the robbers, Pearl Thurman. The assistant cashier, John Marshall, rushed out of a side door and shot two of the robbers' horses. Calderick, one of the robbers, was arrested after being wounded. Will Derrick, the third robber, got on a horse and rode a mile hotly pursued by a posse. On being surrounded by the men he fled into a barn, where he committed suicide by shooting himself in the head. The men are supposed to have come from Knoxville on an early train.

Wehding of the Blind.

Probably one of the most remarkable weddings ever known will take place today at the home of Mr. George W. De Weese, No. 6 Vine street, Cleveland, Ohio. De Weese, is the secretary of the blind people's asylum. He is blind. De Weese has thrown open his house for the wedding festivities. The groom is W. M. Moore, 33 years old. He is blind. The bride is Miss Lizzie Brown. She is blind. The knot will be tied by Justice of the Peace Dwight Palmer. He is blind. The best man will be Wm. Vanderwyst. He is blind. Fifty guests have been invited. All are blind. An orchestra composed of blind men will play the wedding march. After the ceremony a literary and musical programme will be carried out by blind people.

"I have used your 'Life for the Liver and Kidneys' with great benefit, and for Dyspepsia or any derangement of the Liver or Kidneys I regard it as being without an equal." James J. Osborne, Attorney at Law, Boliston, Henderson Co., N. C.

A Novel Election.

According to the Greenville News the people of the Landsford neighborhood of Chester county have conducted the most remarkable election held since the days of the glory of Athens, when there used to be a general vote every year to determine what eminent citizens should be requested to leave. The News says it seems that there has been a good deal of blind tiger and other disorderly business about Landsford, and last week the carnival of crime culminated in an attempt to assassinate a mule belonging to a citizen who had been prominent as a champion of law and order. Consequently a neighborhood convention was called and organized at Fudge's Store, fifty white men being present. The secretary read this notice:

"If you conscientiously believe the presence of any person or persons in the neighborhood contaminates our moral and social atmosphere so that it would be better for him or them to leave, write his name or theirs on a slip of paper and put it into the box. If you do not so believe write it on the slip and so vote."

Managers were appointed and a poll list of those present was made the polls were opened and the voting was done. The News says one citizen, who was present, carried the precinct by a large majority, receiving a nearly unanimous vote of his fellow citizens on the proposition that he get away and stay away. He did not appear to be gratified and did not make any speech returning thanks for the flattering but undeserved tribute. It is believed however, that he is a man who can take a hint. Several others present received liberal support as candidates for banishment, and are also expected to depart "as soon as practicable." The only suggestion as to their destination is that it shall be "elsewhere."

The Fatal Boiling Habit.

"Apropos of the hardships of our boys in Cuba," said an officer who saw a good deal of duty on the island, "I'll tell you a bit of a story. Shortly after our regiment went on duty near Santiago, at the beginning of Wood's administration as governor, we began to be able to take a little better care of ourselves than we had done throughout the campaign. One of our captains—I won't mention his name, for he's sore about this affair—was a great crank on the subject of microbes, and took extraordinary pains to avoid their society. He had picked up a raw Cuban cook, and gave him the most explicit orders to boil all the water used in the mess, no matter where he got it. 'Boil everything we drink,' he said, 'or I'll kick your backbone through the top of your hat.'

"The Cuban promised faithfully, and obeyed the orders to the letter. A week or so afterward the captain, while foraging about town, was presented with a quart bottle of champagne from one of the ships. He was overjoyed, and, securing a small lump of ice, he hustled back to camp and turned over his prizes to the cook. 'I want you to get up something extra good today,' he said, 'for I'm going to ask a few friends to dinner to help drink this wine.' At the appointed hour the party assembled, and, after serving a repast of stewed beef and sweet potatoes, the cook stalked in, carrying a steaming saucepan half full of a muddy yellow liquid. 'What in thunder is that?' asked the captain. 'That's th' wine, senor,' replied the Cuban gravely. 'I boil 'im good deal, an' 'e most' all go 'way.' The guests roared with laughter, and the captain was so thunderstruck he couldn't say a word. He subsequently recovered himself sufficiently to grab a cleaning rod and chase the Cuban nearly half a mile. After that all anybody had to do to get a fight was to say boiled champagne. When I left the wound still rankled."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Remembered Him

"There's no use of your saying a word!" exclaimed the woman of the house, as soon as she had opened the door and glanced at the man standing outside. "I know you."

"But ma'am——"

"I recognized you as soon as I saw you. You can't——"

"Ma'am——"

"You're the man who sold me a washing machine six months ago for $6.50 that wasn't worth shucks. It wouldn't——"

"All I wanted to tell you, ma'am, is——"

"It wouldn't wash anything. The longer you used it the dirtier the clothes got. You couldn't sell me anything now if you was to pay me for taking it. When a man fools me once he won't ever have the chance to do it again. I can tell you that. I'll sell that washing machine back to you for fifty cents. It doesn't make any difference what you've got this time. I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole, and you can talk till you are gray. It won't do you any good."

"Madam," replied the man, who had been dancing about impatiently, "your kitchen roof is blazing where that iron stovepipe runs up and through it. That's what I stopped to——"

"Good land, why didn't you say so? What did you want to stand there talking for when the house is burning up? Run over to that grocery store on the corner and turn in an alarm! Fire! Fire!"—Chicago Tribune.

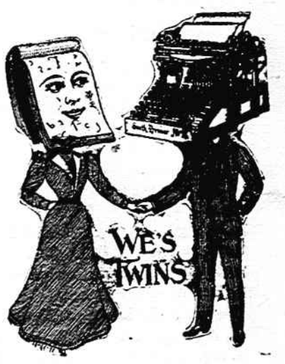
A Georgia Amazon.

The section of Glynn county around Sapp's still, near Brunswick, Ga., is being terrorized by a crazy Negro woman, who, stark naked, roams the woods, shooting at any one she sees. Already one man has fallen dead before a pistol shot, while two other Negroes, her husband and brother, have been wounded by her bullets. The woman's name is Mary Eason. A few days ago she became violently insane, stole the weapon with which she is now armed and a box of cartridges from her husband and was off to the swamp. She is reported to have been captured by a crowd of her own race, but the two men left in charge of her allowed her to escape. Persons go armed in the neighborhood and houses are guarded as protection for the women and children.

A Remarkable Case.

An extraordinary feat of surgery, with the aid of x-rays, is reported from Chicago. A small child was the patient. For two years the little one had been blind and a paralytic. An x-ray print showed that there was a tumor on her brain. The skull was trephined directly over the cyst, as shown in the print, and the tumor was removed. Upon recovering consciousness the child was able to move her limbs and in a short time could see.

In railway building in the Soudan there are two harp players and one flute player to every gang of forty or fifty men. As long as the music is brisk the laborers do not seem to feel fatigued.



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