The Pickens Sentinel.

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ALPHA AND OMEGA.

THE MOST CONSPICUOUS CHARACTER OF HISTORY.

Christ the Overtopping Figure of All Time —The Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End—An Example to Preachers.

On Sunday morning the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached on "The Glorious Christ." His text was: "He that cometh from above is above all."—John iii, 31. The preacher said:

The most conspicuous character of history steps out upon the platform. The finger which, diamonded with light, pointed down to him from the Bethlehem sky, was only a ratification of the finger of prophecy, the finger of genealogy, the finger of chronology, the finger of events—all five fingers pointed in one direction. Christ is the overtopping figure of all time. He is the vox-humana in all music, the gracefulest line in all sculpture, the most exquisite mingling of lights and shades in all paintings, the acme of all climaxes, the dome of all cathedral grandeur, and the peroration of all splendid language.

The Greek alphabet is made up of twenty-four letters, and when Christ compared himself to the first letter and the last letter, the alpha and the omega, he appropriated to himself all the splendors that you can spell out either with those two letters or all the letters between them. "I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." Or, if you prefer the words of the text, "above all."

What does it mean? It means after you have piled up all Alpine and Himalayan altitudes, the glory of Christ would have to spread its wings and descend a thousand leagues to touch those summits. Pelion, a high mountain, of Thessaly; Ossa, a high mountain, and Olympius, a high mountain; but mythology tells us when the giants warred against the gods they piled up these three mountains, and from the top of them proposed to scale the heavens; but the height was not great enough, and there was a complete failure. And after all the giants—Isaiah and Paul, prophetic and apostolic giants; Raphael and Michael Angelo, artistic giants; cherubim and seraphim and archangels, celestial giants—have failed to climb to the top of Christ's glory. They might all well unite in the words of the text and say: "He that cometh from above is above all."

First, Christ must be above all else in our preaching. There are so many books on homiletics scattered through the country that all laymen, as well as all clergymen, have made up their minds what sermons ought to be. That sermon is most effectual which most pointedly puts forth Christ as the pardon of all sin and the correction of all evil—individual, social, political and national. There is no reason why we should ring the endless changes on a few phrases. There are those who think that if an exhortation or a discourse have frequent mention of justification, sanctification, covenant of works and covenant of grace, that therefore it must be profoundly evangelical, while they are suspicious of a discourse which presents the same truth, but under different phraseology. Now, I say there is nothing in all the opulent realm of Anglo-Saxonism of all the word treasures that we inherited from from the Latin and the Greek, and the Iado-European, but we have a right to marshal it in religious discussions. Christ sets the example. His illustrations were from the grass, the flowers, the spittle, the salve, the barnyard fowl, the crystals of salt, as well as from the seas and the stars; and we do not propose in our Sunday school teaching and in our pulpit address to be put on the limits.

I know that there is a great deal said in our day against words, as though they were nothing. They may be misused, but they have an imperial power. They are the bridge between soul and soul, between Almighty God and the human race. What did God write upon the tables of stone? Words. What did Christ utter on Mount Olivet? Words. Out of what did Christ strike the spark for the illumination of the universe? Out of Words. "Let there be light," and light was. Of course, thought is the cargo and words are only the ship; but how fast would our cargo get on without the ship? What you need, my friends, in all your work, in your Sabbath school class, in your reformatory institutions, and what we all need is to enlarge our vocabulary when we come to speak about God and Christ and heaven. We ride a few old words to death when there is such an illimitable resources. Shakespere employed 15,000 different words for dramatic purposes; Milton employed 8,000 different words for poetic purposes; Rufus Choate employed over 11,000 different words for legal purposes; but the most of us have less than 1,000 words that we can manage, less than 500, and that makes us so stupid.

When we come to set forth the love of Christ we are going to take the tenderest phraseology whenever we find it, and if it has never been used in that direction before, all the more shall we use it. When we come to speak of the glory of Christ, the Conquerer, we are going to draw our similes from triumphal arch and oratorio, and everything grand and stupendous. The French navy have eighteen flags by which they give signals, but those eighteen flags they can put into sixty-six thousand different combinations.

And I have to tell you that these standards of the cross may be lifted into combinations infinite and varieties everlasting. And let me say to these young men who come from the theological seminaries into our services every Sabbath, and are after a while going to preach Jesus Christ, you will have the largest liberty and unlimited resources. You only have to present Christ in your own way.

Jonathan Edwards preached Christ in the severest argument ever penned, and John Bunyan preached Christ in the sublimest allegory ever composed. Edward Payson, sick and exhausted, leaned against the side of the pulpit and wept out his discourse, while George Whitfield, with the manner and the voice and the art of an actor, overwhelmed his auditory. It would have been a different thing if Jonathan Edwards had tried to write and dream about the pilgrim's progress to the celestial city, or John Bunyan had attempted an essay on the human will.

Brighter than the light, fresher than the fountains, deeper than the seas, are all these Goapel themes. Song has no melody, flowers have no sweetness, sunset sky no color compared with these glorious themes. These harvests of grace spring up quicker than we can sickle them. Kindling pulpits with their fire, and producing revolutions with their power, lighting up dying beds with their glory, they are the sweetest thought for the poet, and they are the most thrilling illustration for the orator, and they offer the most intenses scene for the artist, and they are to the ambassador of the sky all enthusiasm. Complete pardon for direst guilt. Sweetest comfort for ghastliest agony. Brightest hope for grimmest death. Grandest resurrection for darkest sepulcher. Oh, what a Gospel to preach! Christ over all in it. His birth, his suffering, his miracles, his parables, his sweat, his tears, his blood, his atonement, his intercession—what glorious themes! Do you exercise faith? Christ is its object. Do we have love? It fastens on Jesus. Have we a fondness for the church? It is because Christ died for it. Have we a hope of heaven? It is because Jesus went ahead, the herald and forerunner.

The royal robe of Demetrius was so costly, so beautiful, that after he had put it off no one ever dared put it on; but this robe of Christ, richer than that, the poorest and the wannest and the worst may wear. "Where sin abounded'h grace may much more abound."

"Oh, my sins, my sins," said Martin Luther to Staupitz, "my sins, sins!" The fact is, that the brawny German student had found a Latin Bible that made him quake, and nothing else ever did make him quake; and when he found how, through Christ, he was pardoned and saved, he wrote to a friend, saying: "Come over and join us great and awful sinners saved by the grace of God. You seem to be only a slender sinner, and you don't much exist the mercy of God; but we that have been such awful sinners we praise his grace the more now that we have been redeemed." Can it be that you are so desperately egotistical that you feel yourself in first rate spiritual trim, and that from the root of the hair to the tip of the toe you are scarless and immaculate? What you need is a looking glass, and here it is in the Bible. Poor, and wretched, and miserable, and blind, and naked from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, full of wounds and putrefying sores. No health in us. And then take the fact that Christ gathered up all the notes against us and paid them, and then offered us the receipt.

And how much we need him in our sorrow! We are independent of circumstances if we have his grace. Why, He made Paul sing in the dungeon, and under that grace, St. John from desolate Patmos heard the blast of the apocalyptic trumpets. After all other candles have been snuffed out, this is the light that gets brighter and brighter unto the perfect day; and after, under the hard hoofs of calamity, all the pools of worldly enjoyment have been trampled into deep mire, at the foot of the eternal rock the Christian, from cups of granite lily rimmed and vine covered, puts out the thirst of his soul.

Again, I remark that Christ is above all in dying alleviations.

Saladin, the greatest conqueror of his day, while dying, ordered that the tunic he had on him be carried after his death on his spear at the head of his army, and that then the soldier, ever and anon, should stop and say: "Behold, all that is left of Saladin, the emperor and conqueror! Of all the states he conquered, of all the wealth he accumulated, nothing did he retain but this shroud!" I have no sympathy with such behavior, or such absud demonstration, or with much that we hear uttered in regard to departure from this life to the next. There is a commonsensical idea on this subject that you and I need to consider—that there are only two styles of departure.

A thousand feet underground, by light of torch toiling in a miner's shaft, a ledge of rock may fall upon us, and we may die a miner's death. Far out at sea, falling from the slippery ratlines and broken on the halyards, we may die a sailor's death. On mission of mercy in hospital, amid broken bones, and reeking leprosies, and raging fevers, we may die a philanthropist's death. On the field of battle, serving God and our country, slugs through the heart, the gun carriage may roll over us, and we may die a patriot's death. But, after all, there are only two styles of departure—the death of the righteous, and the death of the wicked—and we all want, to die the former.

God grant that when that hour comes you may be at home. You want the hand of your kindred in your hand. You want your children to surround you. You want the light on your pillow from eyes that have long reflected your love. You want the room still. You do not want any curious strangers standing around watching you. You want your kindred from afar to hear your last prayer. I think that is the wish of all of us. But is that all? Can earthly friends hold us up when the billows of death come up to the girdle? Can human voice charm open heaven's gate? Can human hand pilot us through the narrows of death into heaven's harbor? Can any earthly friendship shield us from the arrows of death, and in the hour when Satan shall practice upon us his infernal archery? No, no no, no! Alas! Poor soul, if that is all better die in the wilderness, far from tree shadow and from fountain, alone, vultures circling through the air waiting for our body, unknown to men, and to have no burial, if only Christ could say through the solitudes: "I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee." From that pillow of stone a ladder would soar heavenward, angels coming and going; and across the solitude and the barrenness would come the sweet notes of heavenly minstrelsy.

Gordon Hall, far from home, dying in the door of a heathen temple, said: "Glory to thee, O God!" What did dying Wilberforce say to his wife? "Come and sit beside me, and let us talk of heaven. I never knew what happiness was until I found Christ." What did dying Hannah More say? "To go to Christ, who died that I might live! Oh! glorious grave! Oh, the love of Christ, the love of Christ, the love of Christ."

What did the dying Janeway say? "I can as easily die as close my eyes or turn my head in sleep. Before a few hours have passed I shall stand on Mount Zion with the one hundred and forty and four thousand and with the just men made perfect, and we shall ascribe riches, and honor, and glory, and majesty, and dominion unto God and the Lamb." Dr. Taylor, condemned to burn at the stake, on his way thither broke away from the guardsmen and went bounding and leaping and jumping toward she fire, glad to go to Jesus and to die for him. Sir Charles Hare, in his last moment, had such rapturous vision that he cried "Upward, upward, upward!" And so great was the peace of one of Christ's disciples that he put his finger upon the pulse in his wrist and counted it and observed it; and so great was his placidity that after a while he said "stopped!" and his life had ended here to begin in heaven. But grander than that was the testimony of the worn out first missionary, when, in the Mamertine dungeon, he cried: "I am now ready to be offered and the time, of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course I have kept the faith: henceforth is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all them that love his appearing!" Do you not see that Christ is above all in dying alleviations?

Toward the last hour of our earthly residence we are speeding.

Brighter than a banqueting hall through which the light feet of the dancers go up and down to the sound of trumpeters will be the sepulcher through whose rifts the holy light of heaven streameth. God will watch you. He will send his angels to guard your slumbering ground, until, at Christ's behest, they shall roll away the stone.

So, also, Christ is above all in heaven. The Bible distinctly says that Christ is the chief theme of the celestial ascription, all the thrones facing his throne, all the palms waved before his face, all the crowns down at his feet. Cherubim to cherubim, seraphim to seraphim, redeemed spirit to redeemed spirit, shall recite the Savior's earthly sacrifice.

Stand on some high hill of heaven, and in all the radiant sweep the most glorious object will be Jesus. Myriads gazing on the scars of his sufferings, in silence first, afterward breaking forth into acclamation. The martyrs, all the purer for the flame through which they passed, will say: "This is Jesus, for whom we died." The apostles, all the happier for the shipwreck and the scourging through which they went, will say: "This is the Jesus whom we preached at Corinth, and at Cappadocia, and at Antioch, and at Jerusalem." Little children clad in white will say: "This is the Jesus who took us in His arms and blessed us, and when the storms of the world were too cold and loud, brought us into this beautiful place." The multitudes of the bereft will say: "This is the Jesus who comforted us when our hearts broke." Many who wandered clear off from God and plunged into vagabondism, but were saved by grace, will say: "This is the Jesus who pardoned us. We were lost on the mountain, and He brought us home. We were guilty, and he has made us white as snow." Mercy boundless, grace unparalleled. And then, after each one has recited his peculiar deliverances and peculiar mercies, recited them as by solo, all the voices will come together into a great chorus, which will make the arches echo and re-echo with the eternal reverberation of gladness, and peace, and triumph.

Edward I. was so anxious to go to the Holy Land that when he was about to expire he bequeathed $160,000 to have his heart, after his decease, taken to the Holy Land in Asia Minor, and his request was complied with. But there are hundreds to-day whose hearts are already in the Holy Land of heaven. Where your treasures are, there are your hearts also. Quaint John Bunyan, of whom I spoke at the opening of the discourse, caught a glimpse of that place, and in his quaint way he said: "And I heard in my dream, and lo! the bells of the city rang again for joy; and as they opened the gates to let in the men I looked in after them, and lo! the city shone like the sun, and there were streets of gold, and men walked on them, harps in their hands, to sing praises withal; and after that they shut up the gates, which when I had seen I wished myself among them."

A Proposed State Ball League.

The project for a State base ball league for the coming summer is being agitated. The proposition comes from Charleston, and several parties interested in base ball have been written to in regard to the matter. The idea is to form a league to include Sumter, Spartanburg, Greenville, Laurens, Orangeburg, Aiken, Columbia and Charleston. It is proposed to play teams composed of amateurs on moderate salaries and it is urged that the jumps being short, gate receipts could easily be worked up to the point of paying expenses. Spartanburg should not be behindhand in this movement. Base ball is a good thing, and Spartanburg should have her part in this movement for a general effort throughout the State.

One of the features of our World's Fair will be an educational exhibit. It will be a designed to illustrate the means employed in this country for the education of children of different ages, the provisions for their health, comfort and exercise. The department of superintendence of the National Educational Association at its recent session in New York heartily commended the project and expressed the conviction that could be made of great practical value.

Every farmer who raises his own grub is prospering. It is no use to waste ink telling what the other fellows are doing: everybody knows.

LOUISIANA'S LOTTERY.

FIVE YEARS YET SECURE FOR THE INIQUITY.

The Great Difficulty will be Had in Securing a New Lease of Life—The Moral Elements Against the Lottery, but the People will Decide.

Letter to the New York Herald.

The recent effort to secure a lottery charter in North Dakota has had the effect of filling the press of this country with much misinformation. Among other things it has been said that the Louisiana Lottery, knowing that it was impossible to secure an extension of its charter in Louisiana, had determined to make preparations to withdraw from the State, and for that reason had sought to secure a charter elsewhere. Few people in Louisiana who have watched the current of events thought for a moment that the Lottery company had the slightest idea of abandoning the State. They regarded the attempt to secure a charter in Dakota only as a means to get better terms at home and a provision against a possible failure to secure a renewal of the franchise.

It has also been charged that the Louisiana Lottery Company will now try to buy an extension of its charter through the State Legislature, and will offer to retire the State debt of $12,000,000 for a twenty-five years' lease of corporate life.

There is, as far as I can learn, no such proposition to be made, The Legislaturs is absolutely powerless in the matter. The people of Louisiana and they alone can extend the charter. The lottery was chartered in 1868 and its franchise does not expire until 1895. In 1879 the Legislature, in the exercise of its police power, abolished the lottery, but before the legislative Act went into effect a constitutional convention met. The lottery question was taken up in that body, and a majority of the members held that the legislative Act was unconstitutional, inasmuch as it violated a contract.

A paragraph was, therefore, inserted in the new constitution continuing the lottery until its charter expired, and giving the Legislature power to establish other lotteries, none of them to extend beyond the time of the expiration of the Louisiana State Lottery Company's franchise, and after January 1, 1895, no lotteries were permitted to exist in the State. There was an acrimonious debate on this proposition and recrimination among delegates to the Convention, but it was finally embodied in the Constitution of the State, voted on by the people and adopted. So the Legislature is powerless in the matter further than to submit a constitutional amendment to the people. It will require two-thirds vote to do this.

The next session of the Legislature, which must act upon the matter if a renewal of the charter is secured, will meet in May. It is understood that the lottery company will go before that body and ask that the proposition be submitted to the people in the form of a constitutional amendment to extend its charter for a period of twenty-five years. The lottery now pays an annual license into the State treasury of $40,000. This is set apart for the maintenance of a charity hospital in the city.

WILLING TO PAY.

I am reliably informed that the lottery will propose for an extension of its charter to pay an annual license ranging from $200,000 to $500,000, the sum thus raised to be devoted to the charitable institutions of the State and to educational purposes. There will be a hard fight over the proposed amendment in the Legislature, but the indications are that the necessary two-thirds will be secured and the amendment submitted to the people.

The argument that will be used by those who will favor the amendment will be that in a matter of such importance, involving the payment of $12,000,000, the people should have the rivght to decine upon the matter. Those who oppose the lottery will do so upon purely moral grounds, holding that all lotteries are pernicious and demoralizing and should be prohibited, and the people have virtually passed upon the question by declaring ten years ago that no lottery should be established in the State after 1895. The moral advocates are, as far as my observation goes, in a minority, but will make a most determined fight. They will have Governor Nichols with them. The Executive declared himself within a week as against an extension of tde lottery charter. The Methodist Conference has also declared against it. So has the Presbytery of Louisiana and the Farmers' Alliance. On the other hand the lottery people will be backed by many of the largest financiers of the city, most of the influential politicians, and by the great bulk of those who see no harm in buying a lottery ticket. These latter, it is safe to say, judging from the evidence one sees around him, constitute a large majority of the population. So in spite of the Governor and the moral force of the religious element I see no reason to doubt that the proposition of lottery, with some modifications in favor of the State, will be submitted to the people.

The disposition of the amendment is more problematical. The question, if it is submitted, will not be voted upon until 1892. In the meantime a great deal of missionary work can be done on both sides. Nothing is more certain than that the opposition will not cease with the action of the Legislature, provided, of course, it is favorable to the lottery company. In fact, such action will only intensify it.

This campaign is certain to be one of the hottest ever fought in the State. An attempt will be made made to get one or both of the political parties to declare against the lottery in the party platform, but it is not likely that either will inject the question into its declaration of purposes. The Republican party chartered the lottery and its representatives have always voted for it, both in the Legislature and Convention. The Democrats have always divided upon the question, the majority being opposed to the lottery, formerly on the ground that t was a faction in politics. The lottery has so shrewdly conducted its affairs in late years as to disarm this opposition.

TRIMMING ITS SAILS.

It is understood tsat it has subscribed impartially to the campaign fund of all parties and thus relieved itself of the criticism that it has favored one at the expense of the other. Thus political opposition has been disarmed, and it has only the moral issue to meet.

This issue will not down nor can it be waved aside, and so a royal battle will be the result.

Would the readers of the Herald like to know how it will end, looking at the opposing forces at the present time?

I should say that the lottery will secure a renewal of its charter at the hands of the people. Why? Well, for one reason, the Republicans are likely to favor it for the reason that it brings money and business into the State. Again, a large percentage of the people are lottery players. The moral argument has but little influence with them. If they do not buy Louisiana lottery tickets their money will go to Havana or Mexico, and they prefer to place it where, although the chances are so largely against winning, they know that if the ticket draws a prize they will have no difficulty in getting their money, four of the largest banks in the city pledging themselves to cash all prizes over their counters.

Again, a majority of those interested in the charitable institutions in the State are likely to stand by the lottery. These institutions, with the single exception of the Charity Hospital, are not properly sustained, or rather are not large enough for the unfortunates who should be within their walls, and the lottery proposes to provide amply for them.

Then the taxpayers will be relieved of a portion of this burden if the amendment is adopted.

These are some of the influences the anti-lottery people will have to meet, the moral argument being their only weapon of offense agaist an institution so well entrenched. They know the odds against them, and although not sanguine of success, are far from being dismayed. They propose to make the fight a warm one, and may be relied on to do it.

A Lawyer Out...itted.

SENECA, S. C., Feb. 27.—Sheriff Moss came down last Saturday, at the request of R. T. James, Esq., attorney for the creditors of Goldsmith, and closed up the livery stable of W. M. Kirksey. It seems he proceeded without due process of law and laid himself liable for damages. Mr. Kirksey employed N. B. Cary, Esq., who forced Mr. Jaynes to compromise the case by the payment of $125, so Mr. Kirksey still holds the fort and has the funds to provision it for a good many days to come.

Wanamaker to be Boycotted.

ATLANTA, Ga., Feb. 27.—The merchants of Athens have signed a boycott against firms with whom Postmaster General Wanamaker does business, because of the appointment of Matt Davis, colored, as postmaster.

A Sensation in Atlanta.

ATLANTA, Feb. 27.—Thomas H. McKinnon, the largest real estate agent here, has disappeared, leaving his wife and family and a number of creditors to mourn. His books show a shortage of several thousand dollars.

A Terrible Dilemma.

ERIE, Pa., Feb. 25.—When the westbound Nickel Plate passenger train reached the 150 feet high bridge over Walnut creek, near Swantown, Pa., Monday afternoon, the engineer saw a man in the middle of the bridge. The train was running at the rate of forty miles an hour, and to reverse the lever on the bridge would have imperilled the train's 100 passengers. Although the poor fellow wrung his hands in agony, and looked pleadingly at the engineer, the latter stood at the lever, kept on, and sent one man down 150 feet into eternity, rather than imperil the lives in his keeping. The man was unknown.

Caught by a Marked Bill.

On Tuesday, in Savannah, A. S. Bethea, a young white man from Marion S. C., was brought before the United States Commissioner to answer to the charge of robbing the United States mails. It seems that the complaints concerning packages lost in the mail between Charleston and Jacksonville have been numerous of late, and Inspector Wilde, Bethea's accuser, put a marked $1 bill in a package addressed to W. H. Tatum, Orange Park, Fla., Subsequent inquiries revealed the fact that the packet had disappeared. The inspector then approached Mr. Bethea, a railway mail clerk, in the the presence of another postal inspector and a third party, and after showing his commission, requested Bethea to hand over any money he had upon his person to the third party; and Bethea handed over the mark $1 bill. When cornered, Bethea said that he merely put the money in his pocket for safe keeping, intending to register it and send it to Superintendent Terrill. He will be held for trial.

Seed Corn 4,000 Years Old.

During the season of 1889 a most remarkable crop was raised by David Drew, at Plymouth, N. H. In 1885 Mr. Drew came into possession of some corn grains wrapped with a mummy in Egypt, supposed to be 4,000 years old. These were planted and grew. It had many of the characteristics of real corn; the leaves were alternate; it grew to be over six feet high; the mid-ribs were white; but the product of the stock, there is where the curious part comes in. Instead of growing in an ear like modern maize, it hung in heavy clusters at the top, on spikelets; there was no tassel; no silk; each sprig was thickly studded with grains, each provided with a separate husk, like wheat grains.

Fired by Lightning.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Feb. 27.—During a thunderstorm this afternoon, the stable on the premises of Capt. R. S. Desportes was struck by lightning and was soon in flames. The fire-engine had a poor chance for water, but their efforts coupled with a drenching rain prevented great damage.

A TALE OF HORROR.

SICKENING DETAILS OF THE PRISON OUTRAGE AT KARA.

Women Prisoners, Driven to Despair, Seek to Starve Themselves--Subject to Revolting Brutalities by Their Beastly Guards--Male Prisoners Attempt Wholesale Suicide.

Further details of the outrage in the political prison at Kara have reached Russian exiles in London, from friends who are located a short distance from the scene of the horror. They are brief but conclusive, confirming fully the report of the affair received there from an official in St. Petersburg, who is in sympathy with the cause of the people. According to the details just received, it appears that trouble at the Kara prison originated in a "hungry strike" in August, when the women political prisoners tried to starve themselves to death to escape the brutalities of their jailors. All the women imprisoned there abstained from food for fourteen days.

The jailors did not believe that they would be able to keep up the struggle. At first they jeered at the women, then tempted them with food and then finding this of no avail, threatened them. When several of the women were at the point of death from their voluntary abstinence from food, the prison officials resorted to artificial means to compel them to take nourishment. The methods adopted, however, were violent and licentious and the women were compelled to abandon their strike.

Abominable outrages followed and were of daily and hourly occurrence. This state of affairs led Madam Sigida, whose death by flogging has already been announced, to ask for an interview with the doctor of the prison in the hope of securing an amelioration of the condition of the prisoners. This request was granted, but when she was taken before him, she found him abusive. It was said that in her indignation at his abuse she called him a villain and slapped his face. It is not positively known, however, what took place during the interview, but whatever did happen, Madame Sigida did not return to her companions. She was taken from the Director's office and conveyed to the prison in which common offenders are confined. Three of her companions from among the political prisoners were permitted to join her. The advices just received state that these were Mary Koalesgy, wife of Professor Koalesky, of Kieff, Madame Smirnitsky and Maria Kolujny. The last two ladies were from Odessa.

Two months elapsed after the event before the Agent, Baron Koreg, Governor General of the Province of Amour, instructed the directors of the prisons that the edict of March, 1888, which ordered that political prisoners should be treated by prison officials in precisely the same manner as criminals condemned for common law offenses, would be enforced, and ordered the directors to notify the political prisoners of both sexes that they would be liable to corporal punishment if they violated certain of the prison regulations. The male prisoners, foreseeing immediate danger, held a consulation and sent to the director of the prison a petition that he would telegraph to the Minister of the Interior at St. Petersburg, requesting him to suspend the application of the edict. The director refused to pay any attention to their petition and thereupon the men warned him that the flogging of a political prisoner would be the signal for the others to commit suicide together.

Three days afterwards, Baron Koroff sent a special order that Madame Sigida be flogged according to the regulations and the order was executed to the fullest extent. Madame Sigida was stripped and received 100 lashes. She was carried off bleeding and in an unconscious condition and her death ensued from rupture of the heart. Her three companions committed suicide within an hour of the time of hearing of Madame Sigida's death. The corpses of the four women were buried at the same time in the court yard of the common offenders' prison,

For weeks the cordon of vigilance was so closely maintained around the prison that nothing was know of what was happening within. Since the secret channel of information has been reopened it has been learned that the men carried out their threat of suicide. They met together and thirty of them shared what poison they could obtain and then went to their cells to die. The quantity of poison which had been smuggled into the prison was not sufficient to kill quickly, but in the course of the evening two of those who had shared it, Bebookor and Koluzry died. Their convulsions and the death scene which reigned in other cells roused the attention of the guards, and they immediately summoned physicians, who administered emetics to the survivors and endeavored by every means to counteract the effects of the poison.

A Kind-Hearted Woman.

Mr Fainwed: "Then you refuse to marry me?"

Mrs. Mainchance: "For the present I must. My husband is in good health, and we are the best of friends."

Mr. Fainwed. "And you can give me no encouragement?"

Mrs. Mainchance: "I will keep your address, and if a vacancy should occur I will drop you a line."

(N. B.—This happened in Chicago, of course.)

Generous Youth.

Mother: "Tommy, I hear you got a thrashing in school to-day."

Tommy: "yes ma, the teacher whipped me, but he is getting so old and weak that it didn't hurt much."

"Did you cry?"

"Oh, yes; I bawled so you could have heard me on the next block."

"Why did you do that?"

"I wanted to make the old man feel happy once more."

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

Facts of Interest Gathered from Various Sources.

—The hotels in St. Augustine are doing better than usual.

—Columbia is to have a new ice factory with a capacity of ten tons daily.

—The equestrian statue of Robert E. Lee, by Mercie, the French sculptor, has been completed. It will be placed in Richmond.

—The recent flood near Phoenix, Arizona, destroyed nearly a million dollars worth of property, and cost the lives of about forty people.

—A cyclone near Brownsville, Tenn., on Wednesday unroofed half the houses in the place, killed one woman, and wounded several other persons.

—Senator John W, Daniel, the great Virginia orator, will deliver the address at the reunion of Confederate Veterans to be held at Atlanta Apr. 26.

—The Secretary of the Treasury has just paid $57,800 to the Richmond, Va., Locomotive Works, for work done for the battle ship Texan now building at Norfolk.

—The last time Stanley lectured at Birmingham, England, he received fifteen guineas for his fee. This time the Birmingham lecture manager offers 300 guineas, and is afraid he can't get him at that.

—Fred A. Walton, who stole $35,000 from the Express Company at Dallas, Texas, has been captured at St. John, N. B. He had but $10,000 left, bunco men having robbed him of the other part of his stealage.

—The Congressional redistricting bill to make five out of six of the districts of Maryland solidly Democratic, which at first failed for want of one vote, was passed by a vote of 17 yeas to 5 nays. The Governor's signature has been attached.

—A cloud-burst Monday night caused Martindale Creek Ind., to rise so quickly that the women and three children of the Hall family were drowned. They belonged to a party of gypsies encamped near the stream. The bodies have not yet been recovered.

—President Day, of the New York League club, vainly offered Buck Ewing, who caught for the club last year, $33,000 for a three years' engagement. Buck sticks to the brotherhood. Ward Richardson, Gore and Slattery also declined big offers.

—A committee of the Texas Legislature is hard at work on the accounts of ex-Treasurer Hemingway, who is apparently $250,000 short. It is developed, however, that he is entitled to a credit of $105,550 which he erroneously had charged against himself

—It appears from the two hundred and forty or more petitions sent in by the good people of Massachusetts and presented in the Senate by Senator Dawes, that 800,000 gallons of intoxicants are shipped annually from this country to Africa. The petitioners pray that this very wicked traffic be stopped.

—A fatal shooting occurred Tuesday, seven miles from Hillsboro, N. C., during a raid on a distillery by revenue officers. Revenue Agent Kirkpatrick, who was in charge of the raiding party, was shot in the face and received a dangerous wound. The shot was fired by a negro who was shot and killed by a member of the raiding party.

—The Rev. Dr. Lorimer, of the Baptist Church at Holyoke, Mass., caused a sensation on Friday by making a violent and indecent attack from his pulpit on the Catholic Church. On Sunday he tearfully explained to his congregation that he was drunk at the time from an overdose of quinine and unconscious of what he said; and he publicly retracted and apologized.

—Senator Voorhees is out in a long address urging harmony in the Democratic party of Indiana in the nomination of legislative and county candidates. Mr, Voorhees says he will support ex-Governor Gray for the Vice-Presidency in 1892, as he did at the St. Louis convention two years ago. It is understood that Mr. Gray will use his best efforts to secure a Democratic Legislature and the reelection of Mr. Voorhees to the Senate.

—Chicago has won the fight for the location of the Exposition in 1892. There were eight ballots in the House—the vote finally standing thus: Chicago, 157; New York, 107; St. Louis, 25; Washington, 18. Whole number of votes, 307; necessary to a choice 154. When the Speaker announced the result of the eighth ballot the supporters of Chicago on the floor burst into a shout of triumph, which found an echo in the galleries. Speaker Reed hammered away with his gavel to quell the confusion, but was unable to obtain anything like order. Half the members rushed pell mell for the exits, and amid this disorder the Speaker, on motion, declared the House adjourned.

Chinamen Go Overboard.

The special correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer, who has just arrived from Yokohama in San Francisco, sends his paper a sensational account of his trip from this country with a number of Chinese, who were homeward bound for the New Years festivities in their native land. En voyage, the Chinamen, inveterate gamesters, spent their time gambling. In case one of them lost all his money in mid-ocean his companions would not attempt to stay him, they believing that should they rescue a man in imminent peril his rescuer would have to support him. Several are known to have leaped overboard, and there is reason to believe that many more are at the bottom of the sea who got broke. Quite a number, too, died of sickness and were buried at sea.

—Judge John T. Pendleton has been appointed an attorney for the Richmond and Danville Railroad. The Atlanta Journal says it is rumored that Pat Calhoun has been appointed general attorney for the entire Richmond Terminal system.