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A DEAD LION!

ORDS SPOKEN IN THE TABERNACLE PULPIT.

Dr. De Witt Talmage speaks from Ecclesiastes upon a "Dead Lion," and creates a sensation.

The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon on Sunday was "A Dead Lion," and his text, Ecclesiastes 9:4, "A living dog is better than a dead lion."

The Bible is the strangest, the loveliest, the mightiest, the weirdest, the best of books. Written by Moses the lawyer, Joshua the soldier, Samuel the judge, Ezra the builder, Job the poet, David the shepherd, Daniel the prime-minister, Amos the herdman, Matthew the custom-house officer, Luke the doctor, Paul the scholar, John the exile; and yet a complete harmony from the middle verse of the Bible, which is the eighth verse of the canon, to the upper and lower lids, and from the shortest passage, which is thirty-fifth verse of the eleventh chapter of John, to the longest verse, which is the ninth verse of the eighth chapter of Esther, and yet not an imperfection in all the 773,693 words which it is composed of. It not only reaches over the past, but over the future; has in it a ferry boat, as in second Samuel; and a telegraph wire, as in Job; and a railroad train, as in Nahum; and it reduces us to a foundryman by the name of Tubal Cain, and a ship-builder by the name of Noah, and a whiter by the name of Aholiab, and tells us how many stables Solomon had to take care of his horses, and how much he paid for those horses. But few things in this versatile and comprehensive book interest me so much as its aphorisms, those short, terse, sententious, epigrammatic sayings, of which my text is one—"A living dog is better than a dead lion."

Hence the lion stands for nobility, and a dog for meanness. You must know that the dog mentioned in the text is not one of our American or European or Scottish dogs that, in our mind, is a synonym for the beautiful, the graceful, the affectionate, the sagacious, and the true. The St. Bernard dog is a hero, and if you doubt it, ask the snows of the Alps, out of which he picked the exhausted traveler. The shepherd dog is a poem, and if you doubt it, ask the Highlands of Scotland. The Arctic dog is the rescuer of explorers, and if you doubt it, ask Dr. Kane's expedition. The watchdog is a living protection, and if you doubt it, ask ten thousand homesteads over whose safety he watches the last night. But Solomon, the author of my text, lived in Jerusalem, and the dog he speaks of in the text was a dog in Jerusalem. Last December I passed nights and days within a stone's throw of where Solomon wrote this text, and from what I saw of the canines of Jerusalem by day, and heard of them by night I can understand the slight appreciation my text puts upon the dog of Palestine. It is lean and snarling and disgusting, afflicted with parasites, and takes revenge upon the human race by filling the nights with clamor. All up and down the Bible, the most of which was written in Palestine or Syria, or contiguous lands, the dog is used in contemptuous comparison. Hazael said, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" In self-abnegation the Syro-Phoenician woman said, "Even the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from the Master's table." Paul says in Philippians, "Beware of dogs," and St. John in speaking of heaven, says, "Without are dogs."

On the other hand the lion is healthy, strong, and loud-voiced, and at its roar the forests echo and the mountains tremble. It is marvelous for strength, and when its hide is removed, the muscular compactness is something wonderful, and the knife of the dissection bands back from the tendons. By the clearing off of the forests of Palestine and the use of fire-arms, which the lion is particularly afraid, they have disappeared from places where they once ranged, but they were very bold in olden times. They attacked an army of Xerxes while marching through Macedonia. They were so numerous that one thousand lions were slain in forty years in the amphitheater in Rome. As most of the Bible was written in regions lion-haunted, this creature appears in almost all parts of the Bible as a simile. David understood its habits of night prowling and day-slumbering, as is seen from his description: "The young lions roar after their prey and seek their meat from God. The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and they then in their dens." And again he cries out, "My soul is among lions. Moses knew them, and said: 'A lion is crooked like a lion.' Samson knew them, for he took honey from the carcass of a slain lion. Solomon knew them and says, 'The king's wrath is like the roar of a lion,' and again 'The stouthead man says, there is a lion in the way.' Isaiah knew them, and says in the millennium, 'The lion shall eat straw like an ox.' Ezekiel knew them and says, 'The third was the face of a lion.' Paul knew them, and says: 'I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion.' Peter knew them, and says: 'The devil, as a roaring lion walketh about.' St. John knew them, and says of Christ, 'Behold the lion of the tribe of Judah!'

Now, what does my text mean when it puts a living dog and a dead lion side by side, and says the former is better than the latter? It means that small faculties actively used are of more value than great faculties unemployed. How often you

see it! Some man with limited capacity is vastly useful. He takes that which God has given him, and says: "My mental endowment is not large and the world would not rate me high for my intelligence, and my vocabulary is limited, and my education was defective, but here goes what I have for God and salvation, and the making of the world good and happy." He puts in a word here and a word there, encourages a faint-hearted man, gives a scripture passage in consolation to some bereft woman, picks up a child fallen in the street and helps him brush off the dust and puts a five-cent piece in his hand, telling him not to cry, so that the boy is singing before he gets around the corner, waiting on everybody that has a letter to carry or a message to deliver, comes into a rail train or stage coach, or depot, or shop, with a smiling face that sets everybody to thinking. "If that man can, with small equipment in life, be happy, why cannot I, possessing far more than he has, be equally happy?" One day of that kind of doing things may not amount to much, but forty years of that—no one but God himself can appreciate its immensity.

The simple fact is that the world has been a dead lion, and the world is now, full of dead lions. They are people of great capacity and large opportunity, doing nothing for the improvement of society, nothing for the overthrow of evil, nothing for the salvation of souls. Some of them are momentary lions. They have accumulated so many hundreds of thousands of dollars that you can feel their tread when they walk through any street or come into any circle. They can by one financial move upset the money market. Instead of the ten per cent. of their income which the Bible says down as the proper proportion of their contribution to the cause of God, they do not give five per cent., or three per cent., or two per cent., or one per cent., or a half per cent., or a quarter per cent. That they are lions, no one doubts. When they roar Wall street, State street, and Bourse tremble. In a few years they will be down and dead. They will have a great funeral, and a long row of fine carriages, and mightiest requiems will roll from the organs, and polished shafts of Aberdeen granite will indicate where their dust lies, but for all use to the world that man might as well have never lived. As an experiment as to how much he can carry with him, put a ten-cent piece in the palm of his dead hand, and five years after open the tomb, and you will find that he has dropped even the ten-cent piece. A lion? Yes, but a dead lion. He left all his treasure on earth, and has no treasure in heaven. What shall the stone cutter put upon the obelisk over him? I suggest let it be the man's name, then the date of his birth, then the date of his death, then the appropriate scripture passage: "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

But I thank God that we are having just now an outburst of splendid sentiment that is to increase until the earth is girdled with it. It is spreading with the speed of an epidemic, but with just the opposite effect of an epidemic. Do you not notice how wealthy men are opening free libraries, and building churches in their native village? Have you not seen how men of large means, instead of leaving great philanthropies in their wills for disappointed heirs to quarrel about, and the orphan courts to swam, are becoming their own executors and administrators? After putting aside enough for their families (for that provideth not for his own, and especially those of his own household, is worse than an infidel,) they are saying "What can I do, not after I am dead, but while living and in full possession of my faculties, to properly direct the building of the churches, or the hospitals, or the colleges, or the libraries, that I design for the public welfare, and while I yet have full capacity to enjoy the satisfaction of seeing the good accomplished? There are bad fashions and good fashions, and whether good or bad, fashions are mighty. One of the good fashions now starting will sweep the earth—the fashion for wealthy men to distribute, while yet alive, their surplus accumulation. It is being helped by the fact that so many of our great men have lately died after the testator's death, and the litigation, attorneys with large fees are employed on both sides, and the case goes on month after month, and year after year, and after one court decides, it ascends to another court and is decided in the opposite direction, and the trials are all repeated. The children, who at the father's funeral seemed to have an uncontrollable grief, after the will is read go into an elaborate process to prove that the father was crazy, and therefore incompetent to make a will, and there are men on the jury who think that the fact that the testator gave so much of his money to the Bible society, and the missionary society, or the opening of a free library, is proof positive that he was insane and that he knew not what he was signing when he subscribed to the words: "In the name of God, amen. I, be of sound mind, do make this my last will and testament."

The torn wills, the fraudulent wills, the broken wills have recently been made such a spectacle to angels and to men that all over the land successful men are calling in architects and saying to them: "How much would it cost for me to build a picture gallery for our town?" or "I am especially interested in the incalculable and how large a building would accommodate three hundred of such patients?" or "The church of God

has been a great help to me all my life, and I want you to draw the plan for a church, commodious, beautiful, well ventilated, and with plenty of windows to let in the light. I want you to get right at work in making out plans for such a building, for, though I am well now, life is uncertain, and before I leave the world I want to see something done that will be an appropriate acknowledgment of the goodness of God to me and mine; now when can I hear to you?"

Who would attempt to write the obituary of the dead lions of commerce, the dead lions of law, the dead lions of medicine, the dead lions of social influence? Vast capacity had they, and mighty range, and other men in their presence were as powerless as the antelope or heifer or giraffe when from the jungle a Nubian lion springs upon its prey. But they got through with life. They lay down in their magnificent burials. They have made their last slumber burglar. They have spoken their last hard word. They committed their last mean act. When a twiny inhabitant of the desert rollover helps less, the lioness and whelps fill the air with shrieks and howls, and lash themselves into lamentation, and it is a genuine grief for the poor things. But when this dead lion of monstrous uselessness expires, there is nothing but dramatized woe for "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

My text also means that an opportunity of the living present is better than a great opportunity passed. We spend much of our time in saying: "If I only had." We can all look back and see some occasion where we might have done a great deed, or might have effected an important rescue, or we might have dealt a stroke that would have accomplished a vast result. Through stupidity or lack of appreciation of the crisis, through procrastination, we let the chance go by. How much time we have wasted in thinking of what we might have said or might have done! We spend hours and days and years in walking around that dead lion. We cannot resurrect it. It will never open its eyes again. There will never be another spring in its paw. Dead as any feline worm of South Africa, through whose heart thirty years ago Gordon Cumming sent the slug. Don't let us give any more time to the deploring of the dead past. There are other opportunities remaining. They may not be as great, but they are worth our attention. Small opportunities all around, opportunities for the saying of kind words and doing of kind deeds. Helplessness to be helped. Dishonored ones to be encouraged. Lost ones to be found. Though the present may be insignificant as compared with the past, "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

The most useless and painful feeling is the one of regret. Repent of lost opportunities we must, and get pardon we may, but regrets weaken, dishearten, and cripple for the work. If a scap-fighter who once had charge of a White Star steamer across the Atlantic ocean, one foggy night runs on a rock off Newfoundland, and passengers and ship perish, shall he refuse to take command of a small boat up the North river and say, "I never will go on the water again unless I can run on the White Star line!" Shall the engineer of a light-rail street car, who at a station mistook the telegram of a train dispatcher and went into collision, and for that has been put down to the work of engineering a freight train, say, "I will never again mount an engine unless I can run a vestibule express?" Take what you have of opportunity left. Do your best with what remains. Your shortest winter day is worth more to you than can be the longest day of a previous summer. Your opportunity now, as compared with previous opportunities, may be small as a rat terrier compared with the lion which at Matabosa, fatally wounded by the gun of David Livingston, in his death agony leaped upon the missionary explorer, and with its jaws crushed the bone of his arm to splinters, and then rolled over and expired, but "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

My text also means that the condition of the most wretched man alive is better than that of the most favored of sinners, departed. The chance of these last is gone. Where they are they cannot make any change in their assets available. After Charles Sumner was dead he was set in an ornamental sepulchre on a golden throne, and a crown was put on his cold brow, and a sceptre in his stiff hand, but that gave him no dominion in the next world. One of the most intensely interesting things I saw last winter in Egypt was Pharaoh of olden times, the very Pharaoh who opposed the Israelites. The inscriptions on his sarcophagus, and the writing on his mummy bandages, prove beyond controversy that he was the Pharaoh of Bible times. All the Egyptologists and the explorations agree that it is the old scoundrel himself. Visible are the very teeth with which he gnashed against the Israelitish brick-makers. There are tiny sockets of the merciless eyes with which he looked upon the overburdened people of God. There is the hair that flowed in the breeze of the Red sea. There are the very lips with which he commanded them to make brick without straw. Thousands of years afterward, when the wrappings of the mummy were unrolled, old Pharaoh lifted up his arms as if in inspiration, but skinny bones cannot again clutch his shattered sceptre. He is a dead lion and is not any man now living, in the fact that he has an opportunity of repentance and salvation, better off than any of those departed ones who,

by authority or possessions or influence, were positively leonine, and yet wicked.

What a thing to congratulate you on is life. Why, it is worth more than all the genius of the universe kindled into one precious stone. I am alive! What does that mean? Why, it means that I still have all opportunity of being saved myself, and helping others to be saved. To be alive! Why, it means that I have yet another chance to correct my past mistakes, and make new work for heaven. Alive, are we? Come, let us celebrate it by new resolutions, new self-examinations, new consecration, and a new career. The smallest and most insignificant to day is worthy to us more than five hundred yesterday. Taking advantage of the present, let us get pardon for all the past, and security for all the future. Where are our forgiven sins? I don't know. God don't know, either. He says, "Your sins and iniquities will I remember no more."

What encouragement in the text for all Christian workers! Despair of no one's salvation. While there is life there is hope. When in England a young lady asked for a class in a Sunday school, the superintendent said, "Better go out on the street and get your class." She brought in a ragged and filthy boy. The superintendent gave him good apparel. In a few Sundays he absented himself. Inquiry discovered that in a street fight he had his decent apparel torn off. He was brought in and a second time respectfully clad. After a few Sundays he again disappeared, and it was found that he was again ragged and wretched. "Then," said the teacher, "we can do nothing with that boy." But the superintendent put him up again and started him again. After a while the gospel took hold of him and his heart changed. He started for the ministry and became a foreign missionary and on heathen grounds lived, and translated the scripture, and preached, until among the most illustrious names of the church on earth and in heaven is the name of glorious Robert Morrison. Go cannot resurrect the lost, and remember however filthy and undone a child is, or a man is, or a woman is, they are worth an effort. I would rather have their opportunity than any that will ever be given to those who lived in magnificent sin and splendid unrighteousness and then wrapped their gorgeous tapestry around them and without prayer exclaimed, "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

In the great day it will be found that the last shall be first. There are the grog-shops and the haunts of iniquity to-day those who will yet be models of holiness and preach Christ to the people. In yonder group of young men who came here with no useful purpose, there is one who will yet live for Christ and perhaps die for Him. In a pulpit stood a stranger preaching, and he said: "The last time I was in this church was fifteen years ago, and the circumstances were peculiar. Three young men had come, expecting to disturb the service, and they had stones in their pockets, which they expected to hurl at the preacher. One of the young men referred to refused to take part in the assault, and the others, in disgust at his cowardice, left the building. One of the three was hanged for felony. Another is in prison, condemned to death for murder. I was the third, but the grace of God saved me." My hearer, desparate, but the grace of God likes to undertake a dead lift. I proclaim it this day to all the people—free grace! Living and dying, be that my theme—free grace! Sound it across the continent, sound it across the seas—free grace! Spell out those words in flowers, lift them in arches, build them in thrones, roll them in ornaments—free grace! That will yet Edenize the earth and people heaven with nations redeemed. Free grace!

Salvation! Oh, the joyful sound,
The pleasure to our ears,
A resurrection to our souls,
A cordial for our fears,
Buried in sorrow and in sin
At death's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

Mrs. Noble's Treasures.
A writer in the St. Louis Republic tells that Mrs. Noble, wife of the Secretary of the Interior, possesses one of the most unique collections of gold enameled and silver objects to be found in Washington. These curios are kept in the parlor in an inlaid mahogany table, the top of which is sunk several inches below the outer rim, lined with tufted crimson satin and covered with a plate glass-top, which facets with a spring, the key of which is safely stowed away upstairs. Among the most interesting of the collection is a dull looking silver spoon, on the handle of which in bas-relief, is shown the Baptism of Christ, with the Holy Spirit descending from heaven in the form of a dove, as John the Baptist pours copious draughts of water from his hands, raised high above his Master. This spoon was secured from an old cathedral in Nuremberg, at which place was also obtained a small, delicately shaped teaspoon with pointed bowls and fine open work filigree handles. Moscow is a small vessel, a cross between a spoon and a cup, used in the churches of Russia by the nobility in drinking the holy water. This is of gold inlaid with transparent enamel, which, on being held up to the light, shows the most brilliant coloring. An open work golden egg enameled in the same manner can be taken apart and formed into two egg cups.

Work has been commenced on the Beaumont Mills, and will be pushed rapidly forward.

CLEMSON WILL CASE.

INVOLVING THE TITLE TO THE JOHN C. CALHOUN HOMESTEAD.

Which is Now Declared the Property of the State of South Carolina, and will be the Site of an Agricultural College.

A famous will case ended. The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States was given briefly in yesterday's Constitution, a special from Washington.

The history of the case is a peculiarly interesting one, involving as it does the title to the old home of John C. Calhoun, Fort Hill, in South Carolina.

It was here that the "nullification declarations" were prepared by Mr. Calhoun, the papers bearing the postmark "Fort Hill." Here also Mr. Calhoun's famous letter to the Governor, upon the question of nullification, was written.

It is the birth-place of Hon. Pat Calhoun, of Atlanta, who was an attorney in the case.

The issue was between Miss Isabella Lee, a great granddaughter of John C. Calhoun, and the State of South Carolina.

THE SECOND OWNER was Mr. Calhoun's widow, Mrs. Florida Calhoun, May 13th, 1854. Mrs. Calhoun and her daughter, Cornelia Calhoun, conveyed the place to Andrew P. Calhoun for \$49,000, including a number of negroes and her personally. Andrew Calhoun gave a mortgage for \$40,000.

Afterwards he offered several times to pay the \$40,000, but this was not done because his mother preferred drawing interest on the money as an investment.

Mr. Andrew Calhoun died just after the war, leaving the mortgage unpaid. The mortgage, it should be stated, was given to his mother alone.

Mrs. Calhoun died in 1871. By the provisions of her will a three-fourths interest in the mortgage was left to her daughter, Mrs. A. G. Clemson, and the remainder to Miss Florida Clemson. Mrs. Clemson was allowed to dispose of her interest in the mortgage as she saw fit. It was further provided that if the mortgage was foreclosed and the property bought under the foreclosure, the place was to stand in lieu of the mortgage.

SOLD AT AUCTION. The mortgage was foreclosed and the place sold January 1, 1872. It was bought in the name of A. G. Clemson as trustee for his wife Miss Florida Clemson married Gideon Lee, of New York, and died leaving a daughter, Miss Isabella Lee.

CLEMSON'S INTEREST. Mrs. Clemson died, leaving "the one proper estate to which she was then in any way entitled, or which she might afterwards acquire," to her husband, Thomas G. Clemson, in fee simple.

Then in a will made in 1886, altered in 1887, Mr. Clemson left the property to the State of South Carolina. He died in 1888, and in November the executor addressed a letter to the Legislature of South Carolina proffering to make the deed to the State if the conditions were accepted.

A COLLEGE SITE. These provisions of the Clemson will were, in effect, that the property was to be used as the site for an agricultural college. This was to be controlled by a board of thirteen trustees, seven named in the will, and the others to be named by the State. In case of vacancy among the seven named by Mr. Clemson, the vacancy was to be filled by election by the remainder, so that this number—a majority of the board—was to be self-perpetuating.

THE FIGHT BEGINS. Miss Lee, the great grand daughter of John C. Calhoun, and the sole heir of Mrs. Florida Clemson Lee, filed a bill of injunction to prevent the executor of the Clemson estate, making a deed to the State of South Carolina.

It was contended that Mrs. Clemson had conveyed to her husband only the property that was actually hers, the rents then in hand, from the estate, with certain other property left her by her mother's will, amounting to about \$4,500, and did not intend to convey the estate in life itself, it was contended, only a life interest, and that the homestead she expected to become the property of Mrs. Florida Clemson Lee.

TWO TRIALS. The injunction was granted, and the case was tried before Chief Justice Fuller and Judges Bond and Simonton in the circuit court at Charleston.

It was decided against Miss Lee. An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court, and the decision which has just been announced confirms the decision of the lower court.

The case was advanced on the docket through the efforts of an attorney general of South Carolina, acting under instructions from the Legislature.

The arguments in the last trial were all in writing. Perhaps the most exhaustive argument on either side was that of Mr. Alex. King, of the Atlanta firm of Calhoun, King & Spalding. This was highly commended in Washington, and is considered one of the ablest arguments made before that court in years. It embodied

all that could be said in the interest of Miss Lee, as remainderman under the will of Mrs. Calhoun. The decision is against Miss Lee, however, and is final.

THE HISTORY OF THE CASE.

Thomas G. Clemson, who married the daughter of John C. Calhoun, made Fort Hill their home. They lived there quietly and plainly. When Mrs. Clemson died, Mr. Clemson was left as the sole occupant of Fort Hill. He lived there almost as a hermit, never leaving his own grounds, but taking the greatest pride and pleasure in showing visitors over the place, and Mr. Calhoun's library and private rooms. No one suspected that the old man had any money, and only a short while before he died Mr. Gideon Lee wrote to a merchant at Pendleton and told him to let him have any groceries that he might need, and send the bill on to him.

Mr. Clemson died in the spring of 1888, and the contents of his will caused a surprise. This old man, who had been considered a penniless old imbecile, had left the Fort Hill place as a seat for the founding of an agricultural and mechanical college, and his private fortune, which amounted to about \$100,000, as an endowment.

This will fell like a thunderclap upon the Calhoun family. It was generally thought that Fort Hill would descend to Miss Isabella Lee, who was the daughter of Mrs. Clemson's sister, and consequently the granddaughter of the great statesman. Miss Lee was given the Calhoun plate and portraits, and a bequest of \$10,000 on condition that she would not contest the will. It had long been understood that she was to let John C. Calhoun, of New York, and Pat Calhoun, of Atlanta, Ga., have the Fort Hill place, and that they were to fix it up in grand style as the old homestead and use it as a summer home. They at once set about to defeat Clemson's purposes.

They contended that Clemson was an imbecile, and that he had no real title to the property, which was his wife's. The will looked to the acceptance of the bequest by the State, and to its supplementing the amount of money willed by annual appropriations to the college. It provided that the State should elect six trustees to co-operate with the seven named in the will.

This threw the matter into politics and the question of the State's acceptance of the Clemson bequest was made the chief issue in the campaign for the election of the Legislature of the friends of the South Carolina college fought the friends of the Clemson College, and the campaign was the bitterest known in South Carolina since the great campaign of 1876. The farmers won and sent a majority of the adherents of Clemson College to the Legislature, but the bill providing for the State's acceptance was carried through both the House and the Senate. The Governor, however, refused to sign the bill. He is allowed by the constitution the right to hold over a bill until the first three days of the next session, if he wishes. He exercised this right on the ground that he did not care to make the State a party to the cause then in the United States court. But when the Legislature reassembled in last December, the Governor signed the bill, thereby accepting the bequest.

The executor of the will then made over a deed of the property to the State, and the attorney-general was instructed to co-operate with the lawyers already employed by the executor of the will in defending it in the case now before the United States Supreme Court. The Legislature also provided for the immediate erection of suitable buildings for the college, and for the opening of the institution with complete apparatus and full faculty at an early day as possible. Fort Hill is a fine old plantation of about a thousand acres, about two miles from Pendleton, the nearest railroad station. The dwelling is a typical old Southern plantation home. It sits on the top of a commanding hill. The large white columns of its piazza attract the attention of all passers by. The old house is in a fine state of preservation, and contains all the furniture, books, portraits and other relics of Mr. Calhoun. The trustees propose to keep the house intact as a kind of Calhoun memorial.

Costly Candor. A story is told of Congressman Taulbee, of Kentucky, who was shot lately by Charles Kincaid, in Washington City, that contains considerable humor. An old colored man called Uncle Eph had lived in the Taulbee family many years, and was considered an honest and faithful old servant. After the election for Congressman, Taulbee having been a candidate, he was taunted by some of his opponents with the statement that Uncle Eph had voted against him. Loth to believe it he called old Eph into his room and said: "Uncle Eph, is it true that you voted against me at the election?" "Yes, Massa William," replied Eph; "I voted de 'Publick ticket'."

"Well," said Taulbee, "I like frankness, and here's a dollar for your candor." The old colored man stood scratching his head, when Taulbee asked: "Well, Eph, what is it?" "Well, Massa Taulbee," said Eph, "if you is buying candor you owes me five dollars mo', kase I voted agin you five times."

The grand lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of the State of North Carolina will meet in Wilmington, Tuesday, May 13th.

RUSSIAN ATROCITIES.

Revolution the Certain Sequence of Ometal Tyranny.

The frequency with which the Russian outrages are brought before the public by the indefatigable George Kennan, makes the subject a little tiresome. The latest and most sensational of all—the massacre of the political exiles in Yakutsk—is treated by Mr. Kennan shows quite conclusively that the explanation made by the Russian government is absurd. He concludes his summary as follows:

One of the executed men, two hours before the rope was put about his neck, scribbled a hasty farewell, note to his comrades in which he said: "We are not afraid to die, but try—yourself—to write this to Kennan. The appeal to me shall not be in vain. If I live the whole English speaking world at least, shall know all the details of this most atrocious crime."

However this may be, the world at large, and we of America as a part of it, cannot but feel a deep interest in what is going on in Russia. There can be but one end to the total suppression of liberty which the government of Russia exercises this day, with as brutal a severity as in the times of Peter or of Catharine. There was a dawn of hope for Russia—at least it looked that way to young America—when the serfs were first emancipated. Russia had been kind to us—although, as our states man then knew, the kindness was but another name for policy—and American eyes were directed for a while with the rosate vision of what rejuvenated Russia would surely accomplish in time.

It soon became evident, however, that there was no hope for modern civilization in Russia, until she should pass through the same furnace which tried France, and in the nature of things, the trial will be even more severe. The tyranny of the French nobles was as nothing compared with that which the government of Russia exercise without limit, and the retribution will, unflinchingly, reach the innocent alike with the guilty. When Russia emerges from this sea of blood she will take her place in the foremost ranks of the great nationalities of the world.

CONGRESSMEN WRITE A BOOK.

Reconstruction and Its Results Discussed—The Race Question.

Representatives Herbert of Alabama, Hervey of South Carolina, Turner of Georgia, Stewart of Texas, Wilson of West Virginia, ex-Representative Barlesdale of Mississippi, Senator Vance of North Carolina, Pasco of Florida, Vest of Missouri and W. L. Fishback of Arkansas, Ira P. Jones of Tennessee, O. S. Low of West Virginia and B. J. Sage of Louisiana have collectively written, and will soon publish, a book entitled, "Why a Solid South; or, Reconstruction and Its Results."

It undertakes to narrate fairly and dispassionately, in a concise and popular form, the history of the reconstructed governments in each State showing how the Republicans obtained control and how they lost it, figures and facts as to the shrinkage of values and the increase of debt and taxation under these their governments and the prosperity of the South under present auspices.

The book speaks of Abraham Lincoln's death as an appalling calamity to the South, argues that Andrew Johnson followed strictly Lincoln's plan of restoration and contends that if Lincoln had lived he would have been able to defend that plan against the assaults of Congress.

Each chapter is signed by its author, who thus becomes directly responsible for the truth of his statements, and the claim of the book in its preface, written by Gen. Herbert, its editor, is that in all the chapters the facts are understated rather than overstated.

The race question and race troubles are extensively discussed. The statement is made that the intention to agitate for the repeal of the 15th amendment or the deportation of the negroes. Educational and material statistics of many kinds are given in support of the contention that the negro is prosperous and that the South is solving for itself the negro question.

The book is dedicated to the business men of the North with the statement that they are interested in continuing the prosperity of the South.

The Wheat Crop.

The Louisville Courier-Journal publishes reports on the growing wheat crop from one hundred and fifty of its correspondents in Kentucky, Tennessee, Southern Indiana and Northern Alabama. The outlook in Kentucky and Alabama is for a nearly average crop; while across the Ohio and in Tennessee the prospects are not so good. This is especially the case in the border counties of Indiana, where cold and wet weather has played havoc with the grain.

A Great Bridge.

The Congressional House of Representatives has passed the bill for the big new bridge across the Hudson River between New York and Jersey River. The bridge is to have six railroad tracks, with capacity for four more; is to be of a single span, and stand as high from the water as the present Brooklyn bridge. Its construction must begin within three years, and end within ten years. This bridge, if built, will excel the famous Forth bridge.