# The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY E. B. MURRAY & CO. ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 2, 1881. VOLUME XVI.---NO. 47.


## THE REVISED BIBLE.

### How it is Received by the Clergy of Atlanta.

*Atlanta Constitution.*

The excitement over the revision of the St. James version of the New Testament is beginning to touch Atlanta, and yesterday a *Constitution* reporter called upon several prominent ministers of the city and secured expression of opinion concerning the necessity for, and the probable future of, the revision. The book is gotten up in a number of styles of binding and printing, and retails at prices varying from fifteen cents to sixteen dollars. The twenty-five cents style will probably have the largest sale for the present in Atlanta. It is neatly printed, unabridged, and will answer all purposes for comparisons. A few copies of the edition have been on sale for a few days, but owing to the fact that they were not advertised, the sale has been limited to about three dozen copies.—The books will be here in great numbers in a few days, and, as General Evans remarked yesterday, the probability is that the Bible will have such a universal reading as has never been known in this country before. The first use of the new version in the pulpits of Atlanta was made Sunday, by Rev. R. J. Cooke, pastor of the Marietta street Methodist church. He took for his text a portion of the 37th verse of the 18th chapter of John, which is as follows:

"To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth."

The new version is as follows:

"To this end have I been born, and to this end have I come into the world that I should bear witness unto the truth."

Rev. R. C. Foute, rector of St. Philip's church, preached strongly against the revision Sunday, taking the position that the Christian religion will be weakened by the changes, and that its enemies will point to them as an evidence that the teachings of the past were incorrect. He thinks it will be a club in the hands of Ingersoll, the Universalists and the Unitarians with which the religion of Jesus Christ will be pummeled. He is decidedly against the revision, but declined to submit to an interview.

Dr. D. W. Gwin, pastor of the First Baptist church, said that he had not seen the revision, and would not express an opinion until he had made a thorough study of the changes.

Dr. J. H. Martin, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, had not seen the revision, but said that from the extracts which he had seen he was inclined to favor it, although he considered that the translators had made some infelicitous changes. He had always considered a revision desirable.

Rev. C. A. Evans, pastor of the First Methodist church, said: "You are aware that I preached a sermon on the subject a few days ago, in which I indorsed the revision. The interests of Christianity demand a pure translation of the word of God. A living language is liable to change and words take on new meanings. This with the errors of translation and of grammar rendered the new version absolutely necessary. I look upon the book which is now before us in the light of a revise proof sheet which, when subjected to the criticisms of the world, will be itself revised and then presented to us as a pure and trustworthy translation. It will take some time to get it generally adopted. Many people influenced by the reverence they have for the Bible of their fathers will not accept it at once, but the intelligent ones must admit its superiority, and when this generation has passed away I predict that it will have gained an almost universal adoption. One thing is certain, it will create a Bible reading within the next two months such as we have never experienced before."

Dr. Spalding, of the Second Baptist church, said:

"From earliest manhood I was taught by my father to consult the Greek text when studying any part of the New Testament. The efforts of various persons to improve our version of the scriptures were very commendable. Campbell and McKnight's translation, and the revision of the American Bible union, furnished much light to those who consulted them. This present effort is in the right direction, has been made by those who command general confidence, and will result, I doubt not, in supplying the world with a revised translation which will win its way to the front rank. By slow stages it will move forward, commending itself steadily to the enlightened judgment of Christendom."

Rev. John W. Heidt, of Trinity church replied as follows to a querry from the reporter.

"I am glad of the new revision. It is the result of patient, faithful work. Perhaps no fairer search for truth could have been instituted. The text has been studied, compared, tested by every rule of translation and construction, and the final rendering agreed on. I confess to disappointment in some changes. They affect my preconceptions and limit meanings which appeared broader, but perhaps I shall understand them better on closer study. The completion of the new version is most timely. It finds the Christian world engaged in Bible reading as perhaps never before; and now a fresh interest is excited to compare the old and new. The word of God will be more to the world on account of this revision than at any former period. This condition will be favorable to the spread of gospel truth throughout the earth. I am not afraid of the new Bible. We have the old one, too, and both are sufficient for instruction in righteousness. As King James' version was slow in coming into general use, so will this Victoria version be; not so slow, but requiring time. God speed the knowledge of His word."

Rev. R. J. Cooke, pastor of the Marietta street Methodist church, said:

"You wish to know what I think of the revised version? Well, after several months reading about it in papers, magazines and reviews, and after a careful study of the book itself, I conceive it to be one of the grandest achievements of the century: and certainly it ought to be when some of the ripest biblical scholars of Europe and America, have given it their deepest thought enriched by vast accumulations of sacred knowelge. The critical study of all ancient manuscripts known previous to revision has settled forever the authority of the second text, and when we remember that this was done by men thoroughly acquainted with the destructive criticism of the rationalistic schools of Germany, England and France, we cannot too highly appreciate the labors of those men of God who have given us His blessed word bordering on absolute purity. The rendering of the text is all that can be desired; it is clear euphonious, and critically close to the original, as every minister must know who has any knowledge of the Greek text. In numbers of places it is infinitely superior to the old version in bringing out the real idea of the evangelist or apostle, and the latter fact will give such an impetus in time to the Christian thought as was never before dreamed of. It is a treasury of rich jewels to all thinking preachers. Some opposition will be made against it by those who love the old, through association, which is natural, and by others who perhaps have been disappointed in the sectarian expectations and most assuredly by ignorant ministers who will try to prejudice the people against it. Ten or fifteen years elapsed before King James' version twined itself around the English heart, but six or seven years will suffice for this. I used it last Sabbath in my pulpit, and will continue to do so. I want my people to have the word of God. The Methodist Episcopal church depositories will have enormous sales of the new version, at least among our preachers who are moving in advanced lines."

An effort was made to see Bishop Beckwith and Dr. Boggs, but they are both out of the city.

## Another Shooting Affair Between Revenue Officers and a Citizen.

Another shooting difficulty has occurred between Revenue officials and a citizen, but this time the citizen receives the shot instead of a Revenue officer. The usual two-sided story reaches us, and we will give it just as we heard it, reserving comments until we are in possession of all the facts. The story of the Revenue officers as related by Gary to a gentleman from whom we derived it is as follows: They found Joab Alexander, standing in the door of the house, (whether still house, or dwelling our informant did not know), and when ordered to surrender he fired at Perry Looper, but overshot him, whereupon Looper "pulled down and got him." Another report from the Revenue side is that the bullet, or shot from Alexander's gun cut a lock of hair from Mr. Looper's head. The other side of the story is (and it is directly from the neighborhood) that the Revenue officers surrounded Mr. Jeremiah Powell's house about daylight or a little before, and making their presence known, Mr. Alexander, who is a son-in-law of Powell's and lives in the house with him, went to one of the doors and opened it. When he did so, he saw W. F. Gary and Lee Fisher standing in the door with a gun pointed at him. He thereupon turned and went to the other door, (we supppose there were only two doors to the house), opened it and ran out in order to make his escape. Looper was at this door, and fired at Alexander, the shot striking him in the hip and side. Alexander ran about ten steps after being shot and fell. The Revenue officers went to him gave him some whiskey, carried him back into the house and left him. Dr. King has since extracted one buck shot from his body, and Dr. Priest, three squirrel shot. There are sixty or some shot holes in his body, about four or five of them being buck shot the others squirrel shot. Alexander was spitting up blood on last Sunday morning and was not expected to live. We will publish all the particulars when we obtain them reliably, with such comments as we think the affair demands. Alexander lives in a cove called "Rocky Bottom," in the mountains of this County, near the North Carolina line.

Since the above was put in type, we have conversed with a gentleman who visited Mr. Alexander on last Sunday. He informs us that he learned from Mr. Alexander's and Powell's families that Mr. Alexander did not shoot at Mr. Looper. He did not have even a pocket knife about his person, being in his night clothes. Mr. Alexander says that Lee Fisher had the gun pointed at him at the first door he opened, and when he went to the ether door, he saw Looper, with his gun, and could have snatched it from him, but knowing Mr. Looper and being friendly with him, he did not think he would shoot him and concluded to run off, knowing that there was a warrant against him. Looper shot twice and Lee Fisher once at him. He ran about 150 yards instead of ten steps before he fell. The officers carried him back into the house by his request, but never said a word about his arrest. The gentleman from whom we get this information thinks Mr. Alexander will recover, notwithstanding 78 shot entered his left hip and thigh.—*Pickens Sentinel.*

## The Insanity Dodge.

In murder trials these days the plea of insanity has become so common as to be regarded almost a matter of course. If a man, harboring in his breast the resentments of years, meets the object of his dislike on the streets and shoots him down, it is suddenly discovered that he was insane; if filled with bad whiskey he goes home at night and beats his wife to death, he is found to be insane; if he hunts up a poor betrayed girl, whom he calls sister and savagely murders her, he is insane; if he deliberately points a gun and pours a handful of buckshot into the body of an aged father, insanity come to his relief, and the more cooly planned and diabolically executed the better; the greater the atrocity, the more powerful element it becomes in the defence. In point of economy, at least, for justice does not meet consideration, it would be better to repeal the criminal code as it applies to murderers, and send them red-handled to some friendly asylum to be treated and turned loose in a little while indulge their insane freaks on other victims.

There is a judge in California, however, who does not believe in the insane dodge, and recently sentenced two men who were tried for murder and put in the usual plea. The Judge instructed the jury that the insanity must be established at the time the murder was committed, not by inference but by unquestionable proof, not by the opinion of experts, but by facts which left no doubt in the minds of the jury.

If judges generally took this view of it justice would be more frequently dispensed and murders would be less frequent.—*Charlotte Observer.*

— A farmer of London Township, Ont., fitted one morning that a wild goose had joined his flock. Somewhat surprised at this sudden change to domestic life he carefully observed the behavior of the visitor. He soon learned that it had not actually joined its barn-yard relatives, but only appeared at meal time. Further investigation showed that after the goose had thoroughly satisfied her own appetite she would pick up an ear of corn and fly away. Greatly interested by the strange conduct of the bird, the farmer one morning watched the direction of its flight. It was but a short distance to the river, and he noticed that after circling the geese dropped apparently into the river. Going down the bank, he discovered his visitor standing by a companion who was lying on the ground, and feeding on the ear of corn. In order to understand this restaurant project he walked up to the feeder and found that it had been so disabled that it could neither walk nor fly.—Without disturbing it he returned and morning after morning watched the generous goose carry away an ear of corn. Finally the visits ceased, but shortly afterwards the sick gander himself waddled into the camp and gobbled up the corn himself. He has remained all winter, and the indications are that he has made up his mind to settle down and go to housekeeping.

## THE COMING COTTON CROP.

### Important and Interesting Reports From the Principal Cotton-Growing States.

On April 16, in summarizing the cotton situation, *Bradstreet's* pointed out that the receipts for the preceding four weeks had been larger than for any corresponding period in this history of the trade. For the past four weeks a like story can be told. Reports to the editor of *Brandstreet's* summarized in that journal of May 14, shows that on May 5 there was more cotton on the plantations in the South than at the same date last year. Indications continue to point to a confirmation of the estimate of 6,422,000 bales for the old crop. The journal named, referring to the course of the cotton market for the next few weeks, says that it will very probably depend very much on the weather reports from the South. The effect of the last crop has been fully discounted, and whether the final outturn is 6,400,000 bales, or 6,500,000 bales, it will have little influences on prices hereafter. Feeling that this is the most important feature in the cotton trade at the moment, it has taken great care to be informed as to the progress of planting and the prospects of the growing crop. Full reports as to the acreage planted with cotton this spring being impossible at this early date, the best available data bearing on the condition and outlook of the new cotton crop are given, and are summarized as follows:

Reports from North Carolina and Virginia point to an increased acreage of 7 per cent. The new crop was planted ten to fifteen days later than last year, but owing to the favorable weather for the last three weeks, part of the time lost has been regained. A large increase in the use of fertilizers is noted, and labor is as good as last year.

South Carolina reports an increased acreage of full 8 per cent., a large increase in the use of fertilizers, and that the crop in some regions is earlier than it was last year. The crop prospects are said to be quite equal to those of last year.

Georgia advices are to the effect that about the same acreage as that of last year has been planted with a large increase in the use of fertilizers. The crop is reported as very promising, though perhaps fifteen days late.

Florida reports a slightly increased area planted, and though late in planting the fine weather for the past two weeks has placed the crop in good condition.

Alabama advices state that a slight decrease is noted in the acreage planted, and that planting was fully fifteen days later than last year. Telegraphic reports state, however, that owing to the favorable weather for the past two weeks, the crops are as early as usual, and that the prospects are good.

Mississippi has about the same acreage as last year on uplands. The use of fertilizers will be largely increased. Planting was from eight to twenty days later than last year, but a part of the delay has been recovered, and the crop prospect is good.

Louisiana has about the same acreage as last year, though planting is fifteen days later. Late advices by mail state that the outlook for the crop is good, and that it is from ten to twelve days latter than last year.

Texas advices announce increased acreage of five per cent. The comparatively small increase in this State is explained by the large amount of railroad building, which has absorbed a large proportion of available labor. The crop was three weeks later than last year, but for the past three weeks the weather has been very favorable. Reports by mail say that the stands are good, and part of the delay in planting has been recovered.

Arkansas reports an increased acreage of about six per cent., and though the crop in most localities was later than last year, it is reported to be in fine condition, and prospects for the crops are good.

Tennessee reports about the same acreage as last year, with planting twelve to thirty days latter than last year, but the crop is only ten to twenty days later. The over-flow of the Mississippi River has interfered with planting in some instances.

These reports, which are based on the observation and experience of cotton growers cotton factors and others throughout the States in which the great staple is raised, point, therefore, to a largely augmented use of fertilizers, an increased acreage of cotton, with the crop thus far in good condition. The drawback occasioned by the delayed spring has, in part, at least, been offset by an unusually favorable season since planting. Special telegraphic advises from Memphis and New Orleans speak of the serious damage done in the largest cotton growing counties in Louisiana. The following telegram, received by the editor of *Bradstreet's* this evening, brings information as to the damage done by floods in Louisiana down to date: "Alsatia levee, about forty miles above Vicksburg, gave way on the morning of May 11, and by evening the crevasse was 250 feet wide, with water rushing through it at a tremendous rate. The crevasse is widening and deepening, no efforts being made to check it. The water is now pouring down Bayou Macon, and great damage will result from it. In the parishes of East Carroll, Tensas, Madison and Concordia, the crops have been planted, and were well advanced. Can scarcely hope for the water to recede in time to admit replanting."

SOLOMON AND THE BLACKSMITH.—The story goes that during the building of Solomon's temple, the wise ruler decided to treat the artisans employed on his famous edifice to a banquet. While the men were enjoying the good things his bounty had provided King Solomon moved about from table to table, endeavoring to become better acquainted with his workmen. To one he said:

"My friend what's your trade?"

"A carpenter."

"And who makes your tools?"

"The blacksmith."

To another Solomon said:

"What is your trade?"

"A mason."

"And who makes your tools?"

"The blacksmith."

The third stated that he was a stone cutter, and that the blacksmith also made his tools. The fourth man that King Solomon adressed was the blacksmith himself. He was a powerful man with barrel arms, on which the muscles stood out in bold relief, seemingly almost as hard as the metal he worked.

"And what is your trade, my good man?" said the King.

"Blacksmith," laconically replied the man of the anvil and sledge.

"And who makes your tools?"

"Make 'em myself."

Whereupon King Solomon immediately proclaimed him the king of mechanics, because he could not only make his own tools, but all other artisans were forced to go to him to have their tools made.

— The political outlook in Virginia grows brighter every day, and it is doubtful whether Mahone will be able to make even a show of fight in the fall.

## AN AWFUL CALAMITY.

### The Canadian Thames the Scene of the Latest Steamboat Horrow.

LONDON, ONTARIO, May 24.—This evening at 7 o'clock the steamer Victoria, with over six hundred excursionists on board, was returning from Spring Bank, and when near the Cove railway bridge, one mile below the city, the boat suddenly collapsed like an egg shell and became a total wreck, level with the water's edge. All of the passengers were instantly plunged into the stream, more than one half of them being underneath the debris. The first news of the disaster which reached this city was brought by survivors who struggled through the streets wet and weary. The news fell like a thunderbolt and a stampede took place for the spot. Arriving there a horrible sight met their view; fifty or sixty bodies had already been recovered and were lying on the bank. Those arriving from the city from every direction crowded around anxious to see if any relatives were on board. About one thousand families were represented on the excursion and the wail of anguish that arose at the sight of the victims was heart-rending. Fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters rushed about panic-stricken endeavoring to identify friends. By 7 o'clock about eighty bodies were recovered from under the wreck. Almost every minute some victim was brought to the surface and conveyed to the banks. The steamer Princess Louise was early brought to the spot and the victims placed on the upper deck. Fires were lighted on the bank overlooking the river. Petroleum torches were brought and the search was continued until night. About one hundred and fifty corpses have been secured. Among the dead are Jas. Robertson, Manager of the Bank of British North America; J. C. Feredith, Clerk of the Dividend Court; Wm. McBride, Assessor and Secretary of the Western Fair Association; Mrs. William Ashburn; Wm. Milman, of Montreal, Commercial Agent, and two sons; J. Rogers, plumber. All is confusion at the present moment. The landing at the foot of Dundas street is now crowded with people, all waiting in breathless expectation for the arrival of the steamer Princess Louise with the bodies. The total loss will aggregate one hundred and seventy-five. Mr. Matthews, night editor of the *Advertiser* lost his wife and two children. Harro Mart, of the *Free Press*, lost his wife, two children and sister-in-law. J. Siddons, of the custom service, lost one boy. Dr. Oronhyatekna lost a boy, aged 10, and Miss Bayley. Among the missing are also Alice Deadmen of New Brighton, Miss Griffith of Bucks street and Alfred Trimble—probably lost. A full list cannot yet be obtained. All is in the deepest confusion. The newspaper staff, like all else, are sadly demoralized, all having friends involved in the calamity. The whole city seems almost demented to-night. The accident was certainly due to gross carelessness. The boat was overcrowded to a disgraceful extent. Manager George Parish was expostulated with by several at Spring Bank and urged not to let the boat go out in that overcrowded condition, but he is reported to have replied "All right; I know my business," or something of that sort. Samuel Stewart, a stove merchant, one of those who protested, left the boat at Spring Bank with his family. Several hundred more remained there unable to get passage and had to walk home—a distance of four miles—to-night, no conveyance of any kind being available. The telephone was in constant use between the water works and the city by friendly inquirers. This disaster will put an end to the pleasure steamer business, as hereafter people will not venture. The river which has been the subject of many jokes and puns on account of its supposed shallowness, is in reality in many places twenty or thirty feet deep.

3.20 A. M.—The work of recovering the bodies at the scene of yesterday's disaster is still going on actively. Up to this time 170 have been found and most of them were brought to this city. All of the undertakers' shops are besieged and coffins are going out by the score. The crowds at the river bank and at the steamer landing here have not diminished. Among the bodies identified are those of the two daughters of James Burns. The excitement seems to increase as night advances. A large number of bodies remain on the grounds at Sulphur Springs baths awaiting claimants.

A GANDER LEADS A BLIND HORSE.—It is said that the greatest difference between man and brutes is shown by the love and friendship existing in the human family, which is never seen in the lower orders of the animal creation. But it sometimes occurs that a community of feeling is exhibited in as marked a degree by the brute as can be found among human beings. Mr. Phillips, a well-known citizen living on the Franklin Pike, six miles from the city, owned an old blind horse. A flock of geese occupied the pasture joining with him. An old gander, seeing the difficulty the horse had to go around, attached himself to the horse, leaving his fellows for that purpose. All day long the gander could be seen going in front of the horse, giving signs of his presence by a constant cackle, the horse following the sound.

The gander carried the horse to the best pasture and to water. A perfect understanding was had between them and they seemed to know what each wanted. At night the gander accompanied the horse to the stall, sat under the trough, and the horse would occasionally bite off a mouthful of corn and drop it on the ground for his feathered friend, and thus they would share each other's meals. Finally, on one Sunday, the old horse died. The gander seemed utterly lost, wandered about disconsolately, looking everywhere for his old comrade, refusing all food, and at the end of a week he, too, died, although his life was but just begun, for a goose will live forty or fifty years. This is a true story, and can be verified by numbers of persons who often saw the strange parties marching around, and displays the wonderful affection that sometimes springs up among the lower orders.

## A Hanging Which Was in Fun Results Fatally.

Intelligence of an occurrence at once comical and tragical comes from Union Grove township, in the northern part of this county. One day last week a youth of the name of John Brown, aged 20 or 21 years, with a view of breaking a little nephew of the habit of eating dirt, which he had unhappily contracted, took him out to a tree and told him of his purpose to hang him for his vile habit. He accordingly tied a rope around his neck and swung him up to a limb. After letting him hang a while, for the purpose of frightening him thoroughly, he cut the child down, but unfortunately the experiment had been carried too far. The same night the child died. No one ascribes to the uncle any criminal purpose, and he has not been taken into custody. —*Statesville (N. C.) Landscape.*

## Belshazzar's Feast.

On an eminence commanding a view of the typical city of Babylon, a worn pilgrim exclaimed that "I cannot enter this paradise, lest I become so enamored of it that I shall lose all desire to reach the heavenly." No marvel was it, that with a deep sigh he turned his back upon this gem of the East.

Babylon, one of the most magnificent cities that ever existed, was the capital of fertile Chaldea. The alleged first king of the world, Nimrod, is supposed to have founded this city. It was built in an exact square, each side being fifteen miles long, consequently embracing an area of two hundred and twenty-five square miles. The modern world will never cease to wonder at the vast proportions of that gigantic wall which encircled the city. This structure was three hundred and fifty feet in height and eighty-seven in thickness—broad enough for six chariots to drive abreast.

The illustrious Nebuchadnezzar made this city the most magnificent in the world. Its hanging gardens constructed under his matchless hand have never ceased to be the wonder as well as share the admiration of mankind. Even the artistic Greek reckoned them one of the "seven wonders of the world." In these gardens the largest trees grew at an elevation of three hundred and fifty feet.

The temple of Belus was surpassingly magnificent. The graven images and vessels were of massive gold. The temple, probably built on the foundation of the tower of Babe, was the most elevated structure ever reared, being considerably higher than the loftiest Egyptian pyramid. Lavish as was the expenditure in erection and adornment of the temple, its treasures besides amounted to more than $100,000,000.

Nebuchadnezzar's palaces were not surpassed by his other stupendous works. The old one was four miles in circumference, the new, eight. A subterranean passage beneath the channel of the river afforded means of secret communication between these two mammoth buildings. An endless variety of animals were represented in life size, on the walls of these palaces, and at each entrance were magnificent gates, made of brass taken from pillaged Jerusalem.

But the time was approaching when the "golden city" should be "brought low." The mandate had gone forth from the Most High that when Nebuchnezzar's "son's son" should sit upon the throne this proud, wicked city should fall. The beginning of its decline dates from the ascension to the throne of the wicked and inefficient Belshazzar. Cyrus the Great besieged the city and during two years constantly challenged Belshazzar to meet him in an open combat. But the Babylonians, who had been the terror of all nations, now cowardly shut themselves within their walls. The king having collected a twenty years supply of provisions and believing his wall impregnable felt that sooner or latter Cyrus would be forced to raise the siege. He therefore in the pride and arrogance of his heart gave himself up with his courtiers to every species of revelry and voluptuousness for which this city was famed.

But there came a night the record of which has come down through all the centuries. A singular train of circumstances were conspiring to bring about one of the most tragical events known in the annals of history. The whole city was plunged into festivities, and joy and mirth ruled the hour, for the king would do honor to a thousand of his lords.

The city presented a melo-dramatic scene. As the contending hosts of Cyrus engirdled the city, a queenly moon appeared to be presiding goddess,—why was she, too, not in commotion? But she threw a soft, melow glamour over the peerless city, rendering it more enchanting, even, than by day. Lovely ripples on the Euphrates danced and quivered. Figures fantastically arrayed now concealed in shadows, again emerged into light. Everywhere bright lights gleamed out over the city, while the king's palace was all ablaze with myriads of many colored lights. But for the boisterous sounds of merriment, it would not have been difficult to imagine this a scene in fairy land, and that the distant strains of music floating out on the bosom of the night, were the bewitching notes of syrens.

The interior of the palace was a maze of gorgeousness. No description could convey an adequate idea of it, for such displays of regal pomp as were made by the kings of the East are unknown to moderns. Belshazzar, his wives, lords and attendants were all aglitter with richest oriental gems. There the sumptuous banquet was spread. No viand was wanting which might tempt the palate of a king. Again and again the ruby cup was replaced. And as if his own drinking vessels were not massive enough, the king ordered the sacred temple service, which Nebuchadnezzar had taken from Jerusalem, to be brought immediately to this banquet. Made all the more joyous by quaffing wine from vessels dedicated to the God of Heaven they praised their gods, the workmanship of their own hands. All was merry in midnight revel. But, behold! the king is aghast, his eyes stare, his whole frame trembles, as if some demon had seized upon him. His court regard him with amazement. In the same hour a dismembered hand appears on the wall in the full glow of light, tracing strange characters. The king cries aloud, "What means it?" "Where are my magi, my astrologers?" The wise men are assembled, but their knowledge is baffled. The report of consternation is carried to the apartment of the queen—mother. She hastens in, and tells the king to send for Daniel, the servant of God. He comes, and after rebuking the impious king, interprets the symbols. "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin." God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it. Thou art found wanting. Thy kingdom is divided and given to the Meeds and Persians.

But why did the king tremble at sight of the mystic characters? might, it not be a harbinger of good? Nay, his conscience told him it was the forerunner of that doom which his evil doings merited. He know that he was that instant offering a stupendous insult, which Heaven would not permit to pass unrebuked. So soon as the king's curiosity had been satisfied, he returned again to his revelry, drowning his terror and troubled thoughts in the wine cup. On went the merry dance and music. Belshazzar lapsed deeper, and deeper into drunkenness, saying to himself, "Soul, take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry," while God said, "Thou fool this night is thy soul required of thee."

Whilst this midnight carousal was progressing a very different scene was being enacted in another part of the city. Cyrus, the Persian, by means of a deep channel, which he had constructed, turned the river out of its course, and as the brazen gate over it had been left open by the careless feasters, he took advantage of the circumstance, and passed his army into the city through the river's bed. Meeting with no resistence they marched upon the palace and struck down the guard. A band, led on by two Babylonian deserters, dashed in, mowed down the royal attendant, plunged their sword into the kings heart, and "Babylon the Great had fallen."—*A. L. Y., in Associate Reformed Presbyterian.*

## Lessons In Love Making.

Don't love too many at once.

Don't do your spooning in public.

Give your little brother taffy and get him to bed before your chap comes.

Recollect that a wedding-ring on your finger is worth a good many of them in your mind.

Try to find out by some means whether your intended knows how to earn a decent living for two.

Be reasonable; don't expect a man working for $8 a week to furnish you with reserved seats at the opera every other night.

Don't be afraid to show the man of your choice that you love him—provided, of course, he loves you. Love is a double-sided sort of concern, and both have a part to play.

Don't try to bring too many suitors to your feet. They have feet as well as you have, and you may see one pair of feet walking off from you some day you would be very glad to call back.

Keep your temper, if you expect your other-half-in-law to keep his. If he doesn't suit you give him ticket—of-leave. If he does suit you don't expect him to put up with your humors.

Deal carefully with bashful lovers; lead them gradually to the point, (of proposal, of course,) but don't let them suspect what you are at, or they might faint on your hands, or go crazy on the spot.

It is said lovers' quarrels always end with kisses. This is partly true; but if you are not careful those little spats you indulge in may end in the kisses you covet being given to some other girl!

If it is possible, try to suit your sisters, cousins, aunts, grandfather, neighbors, friends and acquintances when you happen to fall in love. If you can't suit them all, don't worry, for the thing has never been done yet.

If you use powder, don't give yourself away. For instance, it would be well to spread a handkerchief over the shoulder of his broadcloth before you lean thereon. If his moustache happens to look a little powdery, there are several ways in which it could be brushed off.

Don't imagine that a husband can live as a lover does—on kisses and moonlight. He will come home to his meals as hungry as a bear, and any little knowledge of cookery you can pick up during courtship is about the best provision you can make for future happiness.

Remember that nature has put every man under the necessity of having a mother, and that the latter is not in any way to blame if she is regarded as the bitter part of a sugar-coated matrimonial pill. If you feel in duty bound to be her sworn enemy postpone this duty till you know something about her.

Don't seek advice in love affairs from an old maid who had been crossed in love, a bachelor who had been jilted, a woman who married her husband's pocketbook, or a man who happens to be henpecked. Don't confide in your girl friends; to keep a secret in a love affair would kill them. Don't consult your minister; he'll have the marriage fee in view. If you go to your family physician he'll say your liver is affected in place of your heart. If you must get instructions from somebody, why not ask your mother how she used to manage things with your father? True love didn't run any smoother in old times than it does to-day, and, since she knows how it is herself, we cannot think just now of any better way to advise you.—*Exchange.*

## Uncle Mose Expounds the Scriptures.

Jim Webster, a saddle-colored sport, provoked a quarrel with old Uncle Mose, and the consequence was that the old man got on his muscle and gave Jim a fearful pounding. They were, however, separated by mutual friends before any very serious damage had been done to either of these distinguished colored citizens.

"You got de better ob me dis time," said Jim, wiping the end of his nose with his elbow, and examining it to see if there was any blood on it. "Dat ar is de fust time I eber knowed de hind leg ob a mule to grow on outen de shoulder ob a rheumatick ole niggah."

"Dat ain't hit," responded old Mose, running his arm through a hole in his coat in his efforts to put it on. "De trouble wid you new-fangled niggahs is you don't search the scriptures."

"What's dat got to do wid dis pusonal altercashun?"

"You asked me to fight yer, didn't yer?"

"Dat's a fact."

"And yer knocked me fust, didn't yer?"

"Dems de kerret returns."

"Well, den, ef you had searched de Bible you mo'st hab knowed in advance what was gwine ter be de result ob de campaign."

"Will yer please expound dat are, Uncle Mose?"

"De Bible says, ask and ye shall receive, knock and ye shall be knocked. You asked and yer got it, didn't you? You knocked, and yer got de wind and some ob yer teef knocked, didn't yer? I tell you, Jim Webster, and all you udder Bob Ingersoll sinners, dat dar's whole keerlonda ob wisdom in dat blessed book, ef yer studies it prarfully and in de rite speret."—*Galveston News.*

## About Editors.

Every editor loves to have his friends, and particularly his readers, call on him. They belong to the same family, as it were. But when you call to see the editor don't stay too long. Editors are generally very busy in business hours. If you have any suggestions to make or news to communicate, state it in as few words as possible. Don't offer any excuses or indulge in a long preface to what you have to say. Blurt it right out; tell the editor you wish him well, and bid him good-day. Editors dote on such men as that; they love to receive calls from them. Don't argue with them; don't try to do it; he has no time for argument while at his work.

When you write to an editor for publication, make it short—boil it down. Pitch right into the middle of your subject, and be sure to stop writing when you are through. Editors always like something fresh and original in the way of communications, and are especially fond of news. But the editor must always be the judge of what is worthy of publication. Of course every writer thinks his own production the best, just as every mother thinks her baby the prettiest that ever was born. But the editor may be so stupid as to have a different opinion. If so, it can't be helped. Don't try to argue him out of his notion. If he is too stupid to appreciate a good thing, you can't expect to remedy his dullness. You may think you are a good deal smarter than the editor, and that may be true, but the editor may be responsible and you are not. There is no class of people so covetous of the good opinion of others. It is well to remember that fact.—*Printer's Circular.*

## The End of My Monkey.

I haven't any monkey now, and I don't care what becomes of me. His loss was an awful blow, and I never expect to recover from it. I am a crushed boy, and when the old folks find what their conduct has done to me, they will wish they had done differently.

It was on Tuesday that I got the monkey, and by Thursday everybody began to treat him coldly. It began with my littlest sister. Jocko took her doll away, and climbed up to the top of the door with it, where he sat and pulled it to pieces, and tried its clothes on, only they wouldn't fit him, while sister, who is but a little girl, stood and howled as if she was being killed. This made mother begin to dislike the monkey, and she said that if his conduct was such, he couldn't stay in her house. I call this unkind, for the monkey was invited into the house, and I've been told we must bear with visitors.

A little while afterward, while mother was talking to Susan on the front piazza, she heard the sewing-machine up-stairs, and, "Well, I never, that cook has the impudence to be sewing on my machine without ever asking leave."

So she ran up stairs, and found that Jocko was working the machine like mad. He'd taken Sue's night gown and father's black coat and a lot of stockings, and shoved them all under the needle, and was sewing them all together. Mother boxed his ears, and then she and Sue sat down and worked all the morning trying to unsew the things with the scissors.

They had to give it up after a while, and the things are sewed together yet, like a man and wife, which no man can put asunder. All this made my mother more cool toward the monkey than ever, and I heard her call him a nasty little beast.

The next day was Sunday, and as Sue was sitting in the hall waiting for mother to go to church with her, Jocko gets up on her chair, and pulls the feathers out of her bonnet. He thought he was doing right, for he had seen the cook pulling the feathers off the chickens, but Sue called him dreadful names, and said that when father came home, either she or that monkey would leave the house.

Father came home early Monday, and seemed quite pleased with the monkey. He said it was an interesting study, and he told Susan that he hoped that she would be contented with fewer beaux, now that there was a monkey constantly in the house. In a little while father caught Jocko lathering himself with the mucillage brush, and with a kitchen knife all ready to shave himself. He just laughed at the monkey, and told me to take good care of him, and not let him hurt himself. Of course I was dreadfully pleased to find that father liked Jocko, and I knew it was because he was a man, and had more sense than girls. But I was only deceiving myself and leaning on a broken weed. That very evening when father went into his study after supper, he found Jocko on his desk, he had torn all his papers to pieces, except a splendid new map, and that he was covering with ink, and making believe that he was writing a President's message about the Panama Canal. Father was just raging. He took Jocko by the scruff of the neck, locked him in the closet, and sent him away by express the next morning to a man in the city with orders to sell him.

The expressman afterward told Mr. Travers that the monkey pretty nearly killed everybody on the train, for he got hold of the signal cord and pulled it, and the engineer thought it was the conductor, and stopped the train, and another train just behind it came within an inch of running into it and smashing it to pieces. Jocko did the same thing three times before they found out what was the matter, and tied him up so that he couldn't reach the cord. Oh, he was just beautiful! But I shall never see him again, and Mr. Travers says that it's all right, and that I'm monkey enough for one house. That's because Sue has been saying things against the monkey to him; but never mind.

First my dog went, and now my monkey has gone. It seems as if everything that is beautiful must disappear. Very likely I shall go next, and when I am gone, let them find the dog and the monkey, and bury us together.—*Jimmy Brown in Horner's Young People.*

## A Real Enoch Arden.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 18.

Patrick Ivens, nine years ago, left his wife and two children at Auburn and went to Dakota Territory to seek his fortune. Three days after his departure Mrs. Ivens received word that her husband was dead, and never afterward heard anything concerning him. The poor woman sold what little property she had and came here to earn a living. By hard toil she managed to support herself and children, and she led an honest and industrious life. In 1878 she won the affection of John H. Hughes, bookkeeper for a large dry goods house, and was married to him, and the couple have lived happily and comfortably together since. Yesterday Ivens appeared in town and hunted up his wife and children, and appeared astonished at their good fortune and contentment. He expressed himself as amazed at his wife's marriage, and said he never caused notice of his death to be sent her, but regularly remitted her the sum of ten dollars a week during his entire absence. He says the whole thing has been a put-up job on him by some person who has been taking his money. Mrs. Hughes refused absolutely to separate from her present husband. Her friends says they have good reason for doubting Ivens' story about his constancy and remittances. There is no doubt, however, that Ivens bears a strong love for Mrs. Hughes, as, after endeavoring by every argument in his power to induce her to again live with him, the interview between them being a calm and deliberate conference, he said he was convinced that she was happy in her present lot and he would never again disturb her. He at once started again for the West.

The man's straightforward conduct while here and the broken-down spirit he manifested when he left town have created the impression that after all his story was true. The belief is gaining ground that the couple have been separated by some rascal who has regularly benefited by his meanness, as Ivens, on his return from the West, went straight to Auburn after his family, thinking they were still there.

— "I feel," said the fat passenger, as the train crossed the Ohio line, "that I am in the land of statesmen. There is a smell of the Postoffice in the air, and the low, sweet sound of a consulate is heard in the dewy distance. I see the shadowy forms of marshals yet to be, and out of the dreamy gates of the impossible I see the sad procession of never to be Supreme Judges. It is a dear and favored land, this grand old atmosphere of Presidents."

— M. P. Key, of Huntsville, Ala., has just received a patent for a gun which has the capacity of firing 3,000 shots per minute.

## News and Gossip.

— A Flemingsburg, Ky., dentist extracted 300 teeth in one day.

— Army worms are troubling the wheat in some sections of Kentucky.

— A railroad is projected from Monroe, roe, North Carolina, to Newberry, South Carolina.

— Fine veins of the richest copper ore is being developed in a number of counties in Virginia.

— Up to this date twenty-five counties in North Carolina have declined to grant retail liquor licenses.

— Ex-Senator Thurman is coming to the front as the Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio.

— Jesse Cassity, a Bath county, Ky., widower with six children, has married a girl thirteen years old.

— Seven hundred dollars per letter is what Uncle Sam's mail costs on one of the Star Routes in New Mexico. This is what the contractors call "building up the country."

— A couple of fellows who were pretty thoroughly soaked with whiskey got into the gutter. After floundering about for a few minutes, one of them said: "Jim, let's go to another house, this hotel leaks."

— Assemblyman George H. Williams, the only colored man in the Ohio Legislature, has fallen heir to $50,000, and will retire from business and politics and devote himself to a history that he is writing.

— A dispatch from Kansas says that the measures taken to discourage emigrants from going to that State on account of the new temperance law have failed, and that immigration is larger than ever before.

— A dispatch from Waco, Texas, says that a solid mountain of fine red, brown and white sandstone has been discovered near Reagan, on the Texas and Pacific Railroad. Experts pronounce the stone to be equal to any in America.

— Four noblemen of distinguished families in the Austrian Empire and one editor, now hunting and fishing in Florida, are