THAT BOY JIM.

He was the "devil"—that boy Jim;
Couldn't do anything good with him;
Rough and ragged, for mischief ripe,
Running errands, distributing type;
Pelting the neighbors on their heads
With brand-new "furniture," "slugs" and "leads,"
From early morning to evening dim;
He was the "devil"—that boy Jim!

Editor whaled him—all no good!
Head as hard as a stick of wood;
Just burst out in a loud "Hooray!"
And went right on in his don't care way.
But once—when the train was passing by,
And the editor's child on the track—
Oh, my!
Jim—he rushed with his same don't care
Right in front of the engine there!

Child was saved, but where was Jim?
With shaded lanterns they looked for him.
While the people trembled and held their breath—
"Under the engine crushed to death!"
There in the dust and grime he lay—
Jim! * * * He had given his life away!
Not much need of their tears for him:
"He was an angel—that boy Jim!"

Frank L. Stanton.

THE DIVINE MIRROR.

From the Far East Dr. Talmage Sends a Message of Grace.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 28.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who has left India and is now on his homeward journey, has selected as the subject of his sermon today through the press "The Looking Glass," his text being Exodus xxxviii, 8, "And he made the laver of brass, and the foot of it was brass, of the looking glassss of the women assembling."

We often hear about the gospel in John, and the gospel in Luke, and the gospel in Matthew, but there is just as surely a gospel of Moses, and a gospel of Jeremiah, and a gospel of David. In other words, Christ is as certainly to be found in the Old Testament as in the New.

When the Israelites were marching through the wilderness they carried their church with them. They called it the tabernacle. It was a pitched tent, very costly, very beautiful. The framework was made of 48 boards of acacie wood set in sockets of silver. The curtains of the place were purple and scarlet and blue and fine linen and were hung with most artistic loops. The candlestick of that tabernacle had shaft and branch and bowl of solid gold, and the figures of cherubim that stood there had wings of gold, and there were lamps of gold, and snuffers of gold, and tongs of gold, and rings of gold, so that skepticism has sometimes asked, Where did all that precious material come from? It is not my place to furnish the precious stones. It is only to tell that they were there.

I wish now more especially to speak of the laver that was built in the midst of that ancient tabernacle. It was a great basin from which the priests washed their hands and feet. The water came down from the basin in spouts and passed away after the cleansing. This laver, or basin, was made out of the looking glasses of the women who frequented the tabernacle, and who had made these their contribution to the furniture. These looking glasses were not made of glass, but they were brazen. The brass was of a very superior quality and polished until it reflected easily the features of those who looked into it, so that the laver spoken of in my text did double work—it not only furnished the water in which the priests washed themselves, but it also, on its shining, polished surface, pointed out the spots of pollution on the face which needed ablution. Now, my Christian friends, as everything in that ancient tabernacle was suggestive of religious truth, and for the most part positively symbolical of truth, I shall take that laver of looking glasses spoken of in the text as all suggestive of the gospel, which first shows us our sins as in a mirror and then washes them away by divine ablution.

Oh, happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!

I have to say that this is the only looking glass in which a man can see himself as he is. There are some mirrors that flatter the features and make you look better than you are. Then there are other mirrors that distort your features and make you look worse than you are, but I want to tell you that this looking glass of the gospel shows a man just as he is. When the priests entered the ancient tabernacle, one glance at the burnished side of this laver showed them their need of cleansing, so this gospel shows the soul its need of divine washing. "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." That is one showing. "All we, like sheep, have gone astray." That is another showing. "From the crown of the head to the sole of the foot there is no health in us" That is another showing. The world calls these defects, imperfections, or eccentricities, or erratic behavior, or "wild oats," or "high living," but the gospel calls them sin, transgression, filth—the abominable thing that God hates. It was just one glance at the mirror that made Paul cry out, "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" and that made David cry out, "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean," and that made Martin Luther cry out, "Oh, my sins, my sins!" I am not talking about bad habits. You and I do not need any Bible to tell us that bad habits are wrong; that blasphemy and evil speaking are wrong, but I am talking of a sinful nature, the source of all bad thoughts as well as of all bad actions. The Apostle Paul calls their roll in the first chapter of Romans. They are a regiment of death encamping around every heart, holding it in a tyranny from which nothing but the grace of God can deliver it.

Here, for instance, is ingratitude. Who has not been guilty of that sin? If a man hand us a glass of water, we say, "Thank you," but for the 10,000 mercies that we are every day receiving from the hand of God how little expression of gratitude—for thirst slaked, for hunger fed, for shelter and sunshine and sound sleep and clothes to wear, how little thanks! I suppose there are men 50 years of age who have never yet been down on their knees in thanksgiving to God for his goodness. Besides that ingratitude of our hearts there is pride—who has not felt it?—pride that will not submit to God, that wants its own way, a nature that prefers wrong sometimes instead of right, that prefers to wallow instead of rise up. I do not care what you call that. I am not going to quarrel with any theologian or any man who makes any pretensions to theology. I do not care whether you call it "total depravity" or something else, I simply make the announcement of God's word, affirmed and confirmed by the experience of hundreds of Christian people, the imagination of the heart of man is evil from youth. "There is none that doeth good—no, not one." We have a bad nature. We were born with it. We got it from our parents. They got it from their parents. Our thoughts are wrong, our action is wrong, our whole life is obnoxious to God before conversion, and after conversion not one good thing in us but that which the grace of God has planted and fostered. "Well," you say, "I can't believe that to be so." Ah, my dear brother, that is because you have never looked into this laver of looking glasses.

If you could catch a glimpse of your unfurl heart before God, you would cry out in amazement and alarm. The very first thing this gospel does is to cut down our pride and self sufficiency. If a man does not feel his lost and ruined condition before God, he does not want any gospel. I think the reason that there are so few conversions in this day is because the tendency of the preaching is to make men believe that they are pretty good anyhow—quite clever, only wanting a little fixing up—a few touches of divine grace, and then you will be all right, in stead of proclaiming the broad deep truth Payton and Whitefield thundered to a race trembling on the verge of infinite and eternal disaster. "Now," says some one, "can this really be true? Have we all gone astray? Is there no good in us?" In Hampton Court I saw a room where the four walls were covered with looking glasses, and it made no difference which way you looked you saw yourself. And so it is in this gospel of Christ. If you once step within its full precincts, you will find your whole character reflected—every feature of moral deformity, every spot of moral taint. If I understand the word of God, its first announcement is that we are lost. I care not, my brother, how magnificently you may have been born, or what may have been your heritage or ancestry, you are lost by reason of sin. "But," you say, "what is the use of all this, of showing a man's faults when he can't get rid of them?" None! "What was the use of that burnished surface to this laver of looking glasses spoken of in the text if it only showed the spots on the countenance and the need of washing and there was nothing to wash with?" Glory be to God! I find that this laver of looking glasses was filled with fresh water every morning, and the priest no sooner looked on its burnished side and saw his need of cleansing than he washed and was clean glorious type of the gospel of my Lord Jesus, that first shows a man his sin and then washes it all away!

I want you to notice that this laver in which the priest washed, the laver of looking glasses, was filled with fresh water every morning. The servants of the tabernacle brought the water in buckets and poured into this laver. So it is with the gospel of Jesus Christ. It has a fresh salvation every day. It is not a stagnant pool filled with accumpalated corruptions. It is living water, which is brought from the eternal rock to wash away the sins of yesterday, of one moment ago. "Oh," says some one I was a Chrstian 20 years ago." That does not mean anything to me. What are you now? We are not talking, my brother, about pardon ten years ago, but about pardon now, a fresh salvation. Suppose a time of war should come, and I could show the government that I had been loyal to it 12 years ago, would that execuse me from taking an oath of allegiance now? Suppose you ask me about my physical health, and I should say I was well 15 years ago, that does not say how I am now. The gospel of Jesus Christ comes and demands present allegiance, present fealty, present moral health, and yet how many Christians there are seeking to live entirely in past experience, who seem to have no experience of present mercy and pardon!

When I was on the sea, and there came up a great storm, and officers and crew and passengers all thought we must go down, I began to think of my life insurance and whether if I were taken away my family would be cared for, and then I thought, Is the premium paid up? and I said, "Yes." Then I felt comfortable. Yet there are men who in religious matters are looking back to past insurance. They have let it run out, and they have nothing for the present, no hope nor pardon, falling back on the old insurance policy of 10, 20, 30 years ago. If I want to find out how a friend feels toward me, do I go to the drawer find some old yellow letters written to me 10 or 12 years ago?

No; I go to the letter that was stamped the day before yesterday in the postoffice, and I find how he feels toward me. It is not in regard to old communications we had with Jesus Christ. It is communications we have now. Are we not in sympathy with him this morning, and is he not in symeathy with us? Do not spend so much of your time in hunting in the wardrobe for the old, wornout shoes of Christian profession. Come this morning and take the glittering robe of Christ's righteousness from the Saviour's hand. You say you were plunged in the fountain of the Saviour's mercy a quarter of a century ago. That is nothing to me. I tell you to wash now in this laver of looking glasses and have your soul made clean.

A religion that will not take a man through an autumn election will not be worth anything to him in June, July and August. They say he is a useful sort of a man, but he overreaches in a bargain. I deny the statement. If he is a Christian anywhere, he will be in his business. It is very easy to be good in the prayer meeting, with surroundings kindly and blessed, but not so easy to be a Christian behind the counter, when by one skillful twitch of the goods you can hide a flaw in the silk so that the customer cannot see it. It is very easy to be a Christian with a psalmbook in your hand and a Bible in your lap, but not so easy when you can go into a shop and falsely tell the merchant you can get those goods at a cheaper rate in another store, so that he will sell them to you cheaper than he can afford to sell them. The fact is the religion of Christ is all pervasive. If you rent a house, you expect full possession of it. You say: "Where are the keys of those rooms? If I pay for this whole house, I want possession of those rooms." And the grace of God when it comes to a soul takes full possession of a man or goes away and takes no possession. It will ransack every room in the heart, every room in the life, from cellar to attic, touching the very extremities of his nature. The priests washed hands and feet.

I remark, further, that this laver of looking glasses spoken of in the text was a very large laver. I always thought, from the fact that so many washed there, and also from the fact that Solomon afterward, when he copied that laver in the temple, built it on a very large scale, that it was large, and so suggestive of the gosple of Jesus Christ and salvation by him—vast in its provision. The whole world may come and wash in this laver and be clean.

When our civil war had passed, the government of the United States made proclamation of pardon to the common soldiery in the Confederate army, but not to the chelf soldiers. The gospel of Christ does not act in that way. It says pardon for all, but especially for the chief of sinners. I do not now think of a single passage that says a small sinner may be saved, but I do think of passages that say a great sinner may be saved If there be sins only faintly hued, just a little tinged, so faintly colored that you can hadly see them, there is no special pardon promised in the Bible for those sins, but if they be glaring, red, like crimson, then they shall be as snow. Now, my brother, I do not state this to put a premium upon great iniquity. I merely say this to encourage that man, whoever he is, who feels he is so far gone from God that there is no mercy for him. I want to tell him there is a good chance. Why Paul was a murderer. He assisted at the execution of Stephen, and yet Paul was saved. The dying thief did everything bad. The dying thief was saved. Richard Baxter swore dreadfully, but the grace of God met him, and Richard Baxter was saved. It is a vast laver. Go and tell everybody to come and wash in it. Let them come up from the penitentiaries and wash away their crimes. Let them come up from the almshouses and wash away their poverty. Let them come up from their graves and wash away their death. If there be any one so worn out in sin that he cannot get up to the laver, you will take hold of his head and put your arms around him, and I will take hold of his feet, and we will plunge him in this glorious Bethesda, the vast laver of God's mercy and salvation.

In Solomon's temple there were ten lavers and one molten sea—this great reservoir in the midst of the temple filled with water—these lavers and this molten sea adorned with figures of palm branch and oxen and lions and cherubim. This fountain of God's mercy is a vaster molten sea than that. It is adorned not with plam branches but with the wood of the cross; not with cherubim, but with the wings of the Holy Ghost, and around its great rim all the race may come and wash in the molten sea. I was reading the other day of Alexander the Great, who, when he was very thirsty and standing at the head of his army, had brought to him a cup of water He looked off upon his host and said: "I cannot drink this. My men are all thirsty," and he dashed it to the ground. Blessed be God, there in enough water for all the host—enough for captains and host! "Whosoever will may come and take of the water of life freely," a laver broad as the earth, high as the heavens and deep as hell.

But I notice also, in regard to this laver of looking glasses spoken of in the text, that the washing in it was imperative and not optional. When the priests come into the tabernacle (you will find this in the thirtieth chapter of Exodus), God tells them that they must wash in that lares or die. The priest might have said "Can't I wash elsewhere? I washed in the laver at home, and now you want me to wash here." God says: "No matter whether or not you have washed before. Wash in this laver or die." "But," says the priest, "there is water just as clean as this. Why won't that do?" "Wash here," says God, "or die." So it is with the gospel of Christ. It is imperative. There is only this alternative—keep our sins and perish, or wash them away and live. But, says some one, "Why could not God have made more ways to heaven than one?" I do not know, but he could have made half a dozen. I know he made but one.

You say, "Why not have a long line of boats running from here to heaven?" I cannot say, but simply know that there is only one boat. You say, "Are there not trees as luxuriant as that on Calvary, more luxuriant, for that had neither buds nor blossoms; it was stripped and barked?" Yes, yes, there have been taller trees than that and more luxurant, but the only path to heaven is under that one tree. Instead of quarreling because there are not more ways, let us be thankful to God there is one—one name given unto men whereby we can be saved, one laver in which all the world may wash. So you see what a radiant gospel this is I preach. I do not know how a man can stand stolidly and present it, for it is such an exhilarant gospel. It is not a mere whim or caprice. It is life or death. It is heaven or hell. You come before your child, and you have a present in your hand. You put your hands behind your back and say: "Which hand will you take? In one hand there is a treasure; in the other there is not." The child blindly chooses. But God our Father does not do that way with us. He spreads out both hands and says: "Now, this shall be very plain. In that hand are pardon and peace and life and the treasures of heaven; in that hand are punishment and sorrow and woe. Choose, choose for yourselves." "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned."

Oh, my dear friends, I which I could coax you to accept this gospel. If you could just take one look in this laver of looking glasses spoken of in the text, you would begin now spiritual ablution. The love of Christ—I dare not, toward the close of my sermon, begin to tell about it. The love of Christ! Do not talk to me about a mountain; it is higher than that. Do not talk to me about a sea; it is deeper than that.

An artist in his dreams saw such a splendid dream of the transfiguration of Christ that he awoke and seized his pencil and said, "Let me paint this and die." Oh, I have seen the glories of Christ! I have beheld something of the beauty of that sacrifice on Calvery, and I have sometime felt I would be willing to give anything if I might just sketch before you the wonders of that sacrifice. I would like to do it while I live, and I would like to do it when I die. "Let me paint this and die." He comes along weary and worn, his face wet with tears, his brow crimson with blood, and he lies down on Calvary for you. No, I mistake. Nothing was as comfortable as that. A stone on Calvary would have made a soft pillow for the dying head of Christ. Nothing so comfortable as that. He does not lie down to die. He stands up to die, his spiked hands outspread as if to embrace a world. Oh, what a hard end for those feet that had traveled all over Judea on ministries of mercy! What a hard end for those hands that wiped away tears and bound up broken hearts! Very hard, O dying Lamb of God! And yet there are those who know it and who do not love thee. They say: "What is all that to me? What if he does weep and groan and die? I don't want him." Lord Jesus Christ, they will not help thee down from the cross! The soldiers will come, and they will tear thee down from the cross and put their arms around thee and lower thee into the tomb, but they will not help. They see nothing to move them. O dying Christ, turn on them thine eyes of affection now and see if they will not change their minds!

I saw one hanging on a tree
In agony and blood
Who fixed his languid eyes on me
As near his cross I stood.

Oh, never till my latest breath
Will I forget that look!
He seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

And that is all for you! Oh, can you not love him? Come around this laver, old and young. It is so burnished you can see your sins and so deep you can wash them all away. O mourner, here bathe your bruised soul, and sick one, here cool your hot temples in this laver! Peace! Do not cry any more, dear soul! Pardon for all thy sins, comfort for all thy afflictions: The black cloud that hung thundering over Sinai has floated above Calvary and burst into the shower of a Saviour's tears. I saw in Kensington Garden a picture of Waterloo a good while after the battle had passed and the grass had grown all over the field. There was a dismounted cannon, and a lamb had come up from the pasture and lay sleeping in the mouth of that cannon. So the artist had represented it—a most suggestive thing. Then I thought how the war between God and the soul had ended, and instead of the announcement, "The wages of sin is death," there came the words, "my peace I give unto thee," and amid the batteries of the law that had once quaked with the fiery hail of death I beheld the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

I went to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad.
I found in him a resting place,
And he has made me glad.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest United States Government Food Report.

Royal Baking Powder Company, 106 Wall St., N. Y.

Burned in Their Beds.

SEATTLE, Wash., Oct. 27.—At an early hour this morning the West Street hotel, corner of Columbia and West streets, was burned with terrible loss of life.

At 8 o'clock fifteen bodies had been taken from the ruins. The search is still being continued.

The following is a list of guests missing, as shown by the register taken from the burning building: A. Welson, F. Bollman, R. D. Simonson, C. D. Johnson, M. McSorley, John Chesterman, G. Hicks, Mrs. J. W. Hussman, D. Fraser, Mrs. J. Smith and friend; J. F. Clark, Charles A. Peter, James Merme, W. P. Coffery, Wm. Matheson, M. J. Lawson, D. McDonald, city; C. L. Gibb, George J. Moon, Redmond T. Schmitt, George Both, C. L. Bellman, John McGuire, Allen D. Chase, Wm. McNair, John Kingson, city; M. G. Dedrickson, Port Blakeley, A. G. Butler, a brother of the proprietor is missing.

The injured are: Edward Havlin, badly injured about the head and back, by jumping; D. B. Glass, leg broken, back injured; C. B. Anderson, hand burned and badly bruised.

The saddest sight of all was found in the inside room off the passage way which led to West street. There, calmly lying in a charred and blackened bed was evidently an entire family. The father lay on one side, wife next to him and a little burned and blackened arm, the flesh falling in shreds from it, and the small fingers clutched, showed that a little child was among the victims.

Crouched in a corner of a small inside room two charred and naked skeletons met the gaze. The flesh was burned from each and the first, that of a man with blackened stumps of arms, seemed to be fighting an impending danger. Immediately behind him, also bolt upright and clothing his waist, was the skeleton of a woman. The eyes were burned from the sockets of each, but even then one could easily imagine the look of horror, the deadly fear which clung to the illfated couple, as they fought with an unseen foe.

There was about twenty transient guests registered, and Night Clerk Butler says the hotel had about twenty permanent guests. It is absolutely known that sixteen persons perished and the next few hours may add largely to the terrible death list.

A Hold-up in Mississippi.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—A special from Birmingham, Ala., says: As passenger train No. 3 on the Kansas City, Memphis & Birmingham railroad pulled out of the station at New Albany, Miss., at 1 o'clock this morning, three masked men jumpted on the engine and entering the cab, covered Engineer Campbell and fireman Alexander with pistols. The robbers commanded the engineer to stop the train when it had reached a point of half a mile from the station. The engineer and fireman were compelled to dismout from the locomotive under cover of revolvers marched back to the express car and ordered to break open the door of the car with a coal pick. The train crew were alarmed at the stopping of the train at this unusual place and Conductor W. B. Leonard went forward to investigate. When he showed up at the express can door the robbers fled back to the coaches. Then the robbers fired a volley in the air to intimidate the rest of the crew and passengers. An entrance was finally effected into the express car and messenger Genette was covered with a pistol and forced to hand out the contents of the safe. The robbers then backed out of the car and jumped from the platform, still holding their pistols toward the messenger and engine men. The robbers are believed to be farmers living in the vicinity of the hold up. Express officials say that packages secured by robbers contained only railroad waybills and cheap jewelry and that they got no money.

Georgia's New Senator.

ATLANTA, Ga., Nov. 1.—The Democratic caucus of the Georgia General Assembly nominated two United States Senators this afternoon. The appointment of Senator Patrick Walsh by Governor Northern was unanimously confirmed by his election to fill out the unexpired term of the late Senator Colquitt. For the long term beginning March 4, 1895, Hon. Augustus O. Bacon was nominated on the first ballot, he received ninety-three votes. Congressman Henry G. Turner received thirty-seven votes, L. F. Garrard twenty-one votes and Patrick Walsh nine votes for the long term. The nomination of Major Bacon was then made unanimous. The contest has been a very heated one and the candidates have been on the stump for the past few months. Of the four candidates, Bacon, Walsh and Garrard are recognized as silver men and Turner represented the attitude of the administration on the financial question. Both Bacon and Walsh, the two Senators nominated today, are outspoken in their advocacy of a return to the free and unlimited coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1, and each of them favor action by this country in the settlement of the financial question without regard to international agreement. Mr. Turner strongly advocated the views of Mr. Cleveland on the financial question and based his candidacy on that line. The election will take place next Tuesday.

Tramps Held Up.

CLINTON, Ia., Nov. 1.—Something new in the line of a hold-up took place at East Clinton last night. Sixteen men, some of them tramps and others who had been at work, saving their money and beating their way home, were in a box car. There was a rap for admission, and those inside supposing some one wanted shelter opened the door. On the outside were four masked men armed with pistols and dark lanterns. Two of the men entered the car and commanded the occupants to throw up their hands. Then they ordered them to stand in line and while one of them held the gun, his companion went through the outfit. They secured $400 in cash and two watches.

Singular Deaths.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Oct. 31.—A special to the Advertiser from Abbeville says: Two sons of John Brannon of Henry county, aged 10 and 11 years, were taken sick last Sunday and seemed to be affected with hydrophobia. They would bite and gnaw at everything in their reach. They continued to grow worse and both died Monday within six hours of each other and were buried in one coffin. None of the family knew anything about their having been bitten by any animal.

OUR SCHOOL CHILDREN.

Facts and Figures About the Common Schools of the State.

A perusal of the annual report of Superintendent of Education Mayfield, which has just been finished, shows that for the year ending October 31st, a grand total of 226,766 pupils were enrolled in the public schools of this State. Of these 113,081 were male and 113,685 females.

The number of colored children enrolled was 120 590, of which 57,803 were males and 62,787 were females.

The number of white children enrolled was 106 176, of which 55,278 were males and 50,898 females.

From these figures it will be seen that the number of colored children in the schools was 14,414 more than whites. Another feature is that of the negro children in attendance the majority is of female while the white boys have a majority on the girls of the same race.

For the year ending October 31st, 1893 the total enrollmennt was 223,150, of which 120,579 were colored, and 102,571 white. That year there were 111,663 males and 111,487 females.

The increase this year, compared with the previous year, has been something over 3,000.

Spartanburg is the banner county in the number of students. She had 14,941, of which 5,329 are colored and 9,614 white. Greenville is next. She had 12,145, of which 4,164 where colored and 7,981 white. Chesterfield has the smallest number, 3,139—1,070 colored and 2,069 white. Georgetown is next, with a total of 3,362—2,478 colored and 884 white.

AVERAGE ATTENDANCE.

The total average attendance in the State was 165,115, as follows: Total number of females, 83,455; males, 81,660. Total colored, 87,128; females, 45,344; males, 41,784. Total whites, 77,987; females, 38,111; males, 39,876.

WHAT THEY ARE STUDYING.

The number of children studying the various branches is as follows: Alphabet, 19,727, spelling, 179,365; reading, 165,671; writing, 132,026; mental arithmetic, 80,966; written arithmetic, 93,723; geograpy, 73,533; English grammar, 5,204; history of South Carolina, 15,246; history of the United States, 35,840; physiology and hygeine, 12,688; higher branches, 8,205.

AVERAGE SCHOOL MONTHS.

The average number of school months during the past year was 4.3, as against 3.7 for the previous year. This will be gratifying to all advocates of common school education. It shows that the people are determined to increase the length of the school terms. The average number of school months in each county was as follows:

Abbeville, 5; Aiken, 4.6; Anderson, 4.4; Barnwell, 3; Beaufort, 4.5; Berkeley, 4; Charleston, 9; Chester, 3.9; Chesterfield, 3; Clarendon, 3; Colleton, 5; Darlington, 3.5; Edgefield, 4; Fairfield, 3.5; Florence, 2.8; Georgetown, 4; Greenville, 4; Hampton, 3.1; Horry, 2; Kershaw, 3.2; Lancaster, 3.8; Laurens, 3; Lexington, 2.7; Marion, 3; Marlboro, 3; Newberry, 3.8; Oconee, 3; Orangeburg, 3.7; Pickens, 1.8; Richland, 4.5; Spartanburg, 3.7; Sumter, 6; Union, 3.6; Williamsburg, 2.8; York, 5.

SCHOOL HOUSES.

The total number of public school houses in the State is 3,088, and they are valued at $557,250,54. The number of frame buildings is 2,276; log, 767; brick, 39; stone, 6. The school districts own 1,349 and individuals the remainder.

During the past year 149 new school houses were built and they are valued at $45,431. The number of new frame buildings is 144; brick, 3; log, 2; and 144 of them are owned by the school districts.

TEACHERS EMPLOYED.

The total number of teachers employed in the schools of the State was 4,594. There were 2,636 white teachers, 1,083 of them male and 1,553 females. There were 1,958 colored teachers, 1,058 males and 900 females. It will thus be seen that the colored male teachers outnumber the females while the white females far outnumber the males.

The total wages paid to teachers was $440,785,11. The average monthly wages paid was $23.15 to males and $19.90 to femalss.

Death of the Czar.

LONDON, Nov. 1.—The Daily News correspondent in Yalta, who throughout the Czar's sojourn there has obtained the most trustworthy and interesting information, has sent this dipatch: "The Czar died at 2:15 o'clock this afternoon. He was fully conscious. When he felt that his last hour was approaching he asked for extreme unction. This was administered by Father Ivan, who afterwards conversed with the dying man for some time. The Czar next asked that his family should gather round him. He spoke with each member separately, but at the greatest length with the Czarina. He then gave all his blessing. Finally he bade farewell. Little he grew weaker. His voice at last became hardly audible. Soon after he passed away quietly. The oath of allegiance to Nicholas II was then administered to the whole family and at 4:30 o'clock cannon were fired to announce the fact to the world." After confirming the death and the funeral arrangements already described, the correspondent says: "The entire seventh army corps will pay military honors to the dead Emperor when the body shall be embarked at Yalta. The train from Odessa to St. Pettersburg will stop at every important station, where the local garrion will be drawn up to render military honors to their dead commander. "The Czarina is quite broken down and the doctors are again fearful that her health may not withstand the weight of her grief."

Great Loss of Life.

AUCKLAND, N. Z., Nov. 1.—Further particulars in regard to the wreck of the Union line steamship Wairarapa, Capt. McIntosh, bound from Sydney, N. S. W., for this port, which was wrecked on Sunday night off Great Barrier Island, on the northeast coast of New Zealand, show that the loss of life was not so great as at first reported. The first reports had it that 112 of the Wairarapa's passengers were drowned, but it now seems that 81 passengers and 40 of the crew were saved by lines thrown ashore and by the boats of the steamer. On the other haad, Capt. McIntosh, 58 passengers and 20 of the steamer's crew were drowned. At least these are the figures given out by the Lloyds' agents here.

Killed by Swine.

JASPER, Ala., Nov. 1.—Mrs. Emma Shepherd, widow of the late Probate Judge of Waker county, went unto her lot to feed her chickens. She did not return in time for breakfast and her daughter went to find her, when her eyes were met by the horrible spectale of her mothers mangled body lying on the ground with a lot of hogs feeding on her head. It is thought a vicious boar kocked her down, trying to get at the pan of meal in her hands, and he and the rest of the swine trampled her to death and munched at the parts of her body on which the meal fell.

Burglars Killed.

PITSBURG, Pa., Oct. 30.—A special to the Leader from Clearfield, Pa., says: In a wreck of empty coal cars, this morning, on the Beech Creek railroad, near Peal Station, five men were instantly killed. They are all unknown. At first it was supposed that the victims of the wreck were tramps. An investigation of their effects, however, disclosed that they were all armed with revolvers, and in a satchel was found a complete set of burglar tools.

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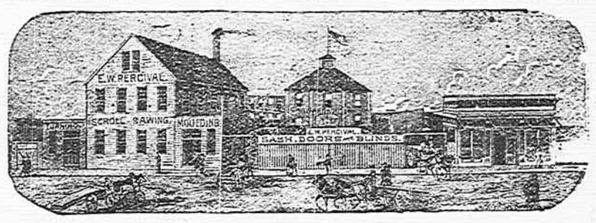

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