"Making Up."

Was it all a mistake? Ah, fold your arms closer,
And press my head nearer your breast:
For my brain has grown weary with thinking and weeping,
And my sad heart is longing for rest
Was it all a mistake when within your dear hand
You clasped mine with quickening breath,
And vowed before God that, forsaking all others,
You would love me and keep me till death?

Was it all a mistake? Is there anyone dearer,
For whom your man's heart cries aloud?
Is there any sweet hope lying dead in your bosom,
That your marriage vow hides like a shroud?
Was it all a mistake when I thought I could cheer you,
And brighten your pathway through life?
Do you dream of a face that is fairer than my face?
Of a name that is dearer than wife?

Was it all a mistake? Are you longing for freedom?
Ah, I pray that release may be near,
That Death's arm may take me and bear me to heaven.
To await—what was that? Not a tear!
Ah, my own, you are weeping! You're sorry you said it;
'Twas anger that made those words fall.
Then take me yourself, dear, and don't let death have me.
For I don't want to die after all.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Shows How the Evening of Life May be Brightened,

While this discourse of Dr. Talmage rebukes arrogance it encourages humanity and shows how the evening of life may be brightened. The text is I Kings xx, 11, "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boat himself as he that putteth it off."

Harness is the obsolete word for armor. It means harness for the man, not harness for the beast; harness for battle, not harness for the plow. The ancient armor consisted of helmet for the head, breastplate and shield for the heart, greaves for the feet. The text makes a comparison between a man enlisting for some war and a veteran returning, the one putting on the armor and the other putting it off.

Benhadad, the king of Syria, thought he could easily overcome the king of Israel. Indeed, the Syrian was so sure of the victory that he spread an antebellum banquet. With thirty-two kings he was celebrating what they were going to do. There were in all thirty-three kings at the carousal, and their condition is described in the Bible, not as convival or stimulated exaltation, but drunk. Their gilded and bannered pavilions were surrounded by high mettled horses, neighing and clamping and hitched to chariots such as kings rode in. Benhadad sends officers over to the king of Israel demanding the surrender of the city, saying, "Thou shalt deliver me thy silver and thy gold and thy wives and thy children," and afterward sends other officers, saying that the palace of the king will be searched and everything Benhadad wants he will take without asking. Then the king of Israel called a council of war, and word is sent back to Benhaded that his unreasonable demand will be resisted. Then Benhadad sends another message to the king of Israel, a message full of arrogance and bravado, practically saying: "We will destroy you utterly. I will grind Samaria into the dust, but there will not be dust enough to make a bandful for each one of my troops." Then the king of Israel replied to Benhadad, practically saying: "Let me see you do what you say. You royal braggart, you might better have postponed your banquet until after the battle instead of spreading it before the battle. You huzza too soon. 'Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."

An avalanche of courage and righteousness, the Israelitish army came down on Benhadad and his host. It was a hand to hand fight, each Israelite hewing down a Syrian. Benhaded, on horseback, gets away with some of the cavalry, but is only saved for a worse defeat, in which 100,000 Syrian infantry were slaughtered in one day. Now we see the sarcasm and the epigrammatic power of the message of my text sent by the king of Israel to Benhadad, "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."

All up and down history we see such too early boasting. Soult, the marshal of France, was so certain that he would conquer that he had a proclamation printed announcing himself king of Portugal and had a grand feast prepared for 4 o'clock that afternoon, but before that hour he fled in ignominious defeat, and Wellington of the conquering host sat down at 4 o'clock at the very banquet the marshal of France had ordered for himself. Charles V. invaded France and was so sure of conquest that he requested Paul Jovius, the historian, to gather together a large amount of paper on which to write the story of his many victories, but disease and famine seized upon his troopers, and he retreated in dismay. So Benhadad's behavior has been copied in all ages of the world. It will be my object, among other lessons, to show that he who puts off the armor, having finished the battle, is more to be congratulated than he who begins.

First, I find encouragement in this subject for the aged who have got through the work and struggle of earthly life. My venerable friends, if you had at twenty-five years of age full appreciation of what you would have to go through in the thirties and the forties and the fifties of your life-time you would have been appalled. Fortunately the bereavements, the temptations, the persecutions, the hardships, were curtained from your sight. With more or less fortitude you passed through the crisis of pain and sadness and disappointment and fatigue and still live to recount the divine help that sustained you. At twenty or thirty years of your age at the tap of the drum you put on the harness. Now, at sixty or seventy or eighty, you are peacefully putting it off. You would not want to try the battle of live over again. So many of just your temperament and with as good a starting and as fine a parentage and seemingly with as much equipoise of character as you had have made complete shipwreck that you would not want again to run the risks. Though you can look back and see many mistakes, the next time you might make worse mistakes. Instead of being depressed over the fact that you are being counted out or omitted in the great undertakings of the church and the world, rejoice that you have a right to hang up your helmet and sheathe your sword and free your hands from the gauntlets and your feet from the boots or mail.

There are old farmers who cannot do one more day's work. What harvests they raised in 1870! They knew the rotation of crops as well as they knew the rotation of the seasons. Under what blistering suns they swung the scythe and the cradle! Through what deep snows they drew the logs or cut their way to the foddering of the cattle! What droughts, what freshets, what insectile invasions, they remember! To clothe and feed and educate the household they went through toils and self sacrifices that the world knew but little about. Rest, aged man! Let the boys do the shoveling and thrashing and cutting and sweating. You have put the harness off and do not try to put it on again.

There are old mechanics that can no more shove the plane or pound with the hammer or bore with the bit or run up the ladder to the scaffolding. Master mechanics they were or subordinates who wrought faithfully in the work of house or barn or ship building. You have a right to quit. You have finished your task. Be thankful that your work is done.

Then there are aged physicians. What tragedies of pain and accident they have witnessed! How much suffering they have assuaged! How many fevers they cooled! How many broken bones they set! How many paroxysms they quieted! How many anxious days they passed when they knew that human lives depended upon their skill and fidelity! They drove back death from many a cradle.

And there are the old ministers. Once they were foremost in general assemblies and conferences and associations. They have preached in Pentecosts. They have stood by Christian deathbeds and seen Elijans go up in flaming chariots of glory. The gospel they preached for fifty or sixty years illumines their every feature. They have stopped preaching, for their breath is short, or their nerves are a jangle, or they lose their thread of discourse or suffer from confusion of ideas. Cheer up, aged dominies and doctors. The Bible says God forgets our sins when we repent of them, but he never forgets faithful services rendered. He remembers that revival where you stood watching the souls that came "as clouds and as doves to the windows." He has indicated by your physical or mental condition that it is time for you to stop. Be content to stop. Your helmet bears the mark of many a battleax; your sword is bent from many a holy struggle; your shield is dented with the thrust of many a spear. Now hang up the armor with gladness.

Do not boast of your moral strength. One of the most brilliant men of the nineteenth century, having temporarily reformed from inebriacy, stood on the platform of Broadway tabernacle, New York, and said, "Were this great globe one crystallite and I were offered the possession of it if I would drink one glass of brandy I would refuse with scorn, and I want no religion to help me." But that same man died at Poughkeepsie a drunken pauper. Better underrate than overrate ourselves.

My subject is also a refutation of the famous sentiment that God is on the side of the heaviest artillery. From all I can read about this struggle Benhadad spoke the truth when he said, "The gods do so unto me and more also if the dust of Samaria shall suffice for handfuls for all the people that follow me." He was so confident that with his superior numbers he could defeat the king of Israel and capture Samaria that he left the work for a short afternoon. He is at noon in Wassail with his royal associates. The battle of Waterloo was not opened until twenty-five minutes of 12 o'clock at noon, but that was because the ground was too wet to move the artillery. Benhadad waits until afternoon because he is overconfident. God is not on the side of the most swords or the most war chariots or the most cannon if they be in the the wrong, but on the side of the right. How such a preposterous sentiment as I have mentioned should have gained sway I know not when all history proclaims the opposite. Describing the very next battle in which Benhadad fought and was miserably defeated, the Bible says, "The children of Israel pitched before them like two little flocks of kids, but the Syrians filled the country." How insignificant were the unarmed Israelites, half starved and unorganized, compared with Pharaoh's host on foot, on horseback and chariots! But the waves of the Red Sea took part in the conflict, parting to let the pursued pass, but coming together to destroy the pursuers. The Midianites and Amalekites were like grasshoppers for multitudes, but 300 men under Gideon came down, their only weapons pitchers and lamps and trumpets, and as they held up the lamps and threw down the pitchers and blew the trumpets the flash of the lights and the blare of the instruments and the crash of the crockery made their enemy fall back in wild terror.

Notice also that my text takes it for granted that you must put on the harness, else how can you take it off? Life is a battle—a thirty years,' a forty years' or a sixty years' war. Helmet you must have, for the battleaxes of skepticism and agnosticism are aimed at your head. Every possible effort will be made to make you think wrong. The young man who gets his head filled with wrong notions about God, about Christ, about the soul, about the great beyond, is already captured. Put on the helmet, the latchet well adjusted under the chin. Think right, and you will act right. Yes, breastplate for the heart. That is the most important part to be defended. That decides what you love and what you hate, what you hope for and what you despise. That decides earthly happiness and eternal destiny.

Young man, see that you have on a complete armor. All looks bright now, and it seems as if you could march right on without opposition or attack, but be not deceived. There are hidden foes ready to halt you on your way. The same cup that Benhadad drank out of just before his defeat will be offered to effect your defeat. His intoxicated brain saw victory when there was nothing but rout and ruin. What work Benhadad's cup made for Benhadad's army! What shipwrecks on the sea, what disasters on the land, caused by inflaming liquids put upon the tongue to set seething the brain! How many kings of thought and influence, with crowns brighter than the one Benhadad wore, have by strong drink been put into flight as base as that in which Benhadad rode! "Give them to me," says the demon of inebriacy. 'Give them to me; hand them down—the brightest legislators of the land. I will thicken their tongue; I will bloat their cheek; I will stagger their step; I will damn their soul. Hand them down to me—the physician out of his laboratory, the attorney from the courtroom, the minister of the gospel from the alters of God. Hand them down to me, the queens of the drawing room, and I will disgrace their names and blast their homes and throw them down farther than Jezebel fell to the dogs that crunched her carcass."

We hold our breath in horror as once in awhile we hear of some one, either by accident or suicide, going over Niagara falls, but the tides, the depths, the awful surges of intemperance are every hour of every day rushing scores of immortals down into unfathomed abysm. Suicides by the hundreds of thousands! Suicide by the million! Beware of the cup out of which Benhadad drank personal and national demolition!

Yes, you must have full armor. There are temptations to an impure life all the time multiplying and intensifying. Read in private and discussed afterward by the refined and elegant in parlors are books poisoned from lid to lid with impurities. Loose characters in the novel applauded by rhetorical pens and proprieties of life caricatured as prudery and infidelity of behavior put in a way to excite sympathy and half approval. My wonder is not that so many go astray, but my wonder is that ten times as many are not debauched. There are influences at work which, if unarrested, will turn our cities into Sodoms and Gomarrahs ready for the hail and fire and brimstone of God's indignation.

Oh, yes, you need the harness on until God tells you to take it off. In old on time it was leathern armor or chain armor or ribbed armor, fashioned in ancient foundry, but no one can give you the outfit you need except God, who is master of this world and the infernal world, from which around the mightiest hostilities. Lay hold of God. Nothing but the arm of Omnipotence is strong enough for the tempted.

I congratulate all those who are now in the thickests of life's battles that the time it coming when the struggle will end and you will put the harness off, helmet and greaves and breastplate having fulfilled their mission. You cannot in one visit to London Tower see all. You must go again and again to that place, which is associated with the story of Lady Jane Grey and Anne Boleyn and Walter Raleigh and Sir Thomas More. You will see the crowns of kings and queens, the robe worn by the Black Prince, and silver baptismal fonts from which royal infants were christened, and the block on which Lord Lovate was beheaded. But no part of London Tower will more interest you than the armory, in which is skillfully and impressively arranged a collection of all styles of armor worn between the thirteenth and eighteenth centuries, suggesting 500 years of conflict—cuirass and neck guard and chin piece and lance rest and gauntlet and girdle and mailed apron. You see just how from head to heel those old time warriors were defended against sharp weapons.

O ye soldiers of Jesus Christ, when the war of life is over and the victors rest in the soldiers' home on the heavenly heights perhaps there may be in the city of the sun a tower of spiritual armor such as incased the warriors for Christ in earthly combat! Some day we may be in that armory and hear the heroes talk of how they fought the good fight of faith and see them with the scars of wounds forever healed and look at the weapons of offense and defense with which they became more than conquerors. In that tower of heaven as the weapons of the spiritual conflict are examined St. Paul may point out to us the armor with which he advised the Ephesians to equip themselves and say: "That is the shield of faith. That is the helmet of salvation. That is the girdle of truth. That is the breastplate of righteousness. Those are the mailed shoes in which they were shod with the preparation of the gospel." There and then you may recount the contrast between the day when you enlisted in Christian conflict and the day when you closed it in earthly farewell and heavenly salutation, and the text which has so much meaning for us now, will have more meaning for us then—"Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."

A DARK PICTURE

Record of Hangings and Lynchings for the Past Year.

The Chicago Tribune prints "the dark "records of hangings and lynchings" for the year that has just ended. The former, it says, "shows a gleam of encouragement," but the "latter, in some respects, is distinctly discouraging."

There were 118 legal executions during the year, against 119 in 1900. Of those executed 71 were negroes, and 47 whites. As compared with 1900 the number of negroes increased 13 and the number of whites decreased 13, the figures for 1900 being negroes 58, whites 60. The South had 82 of the executions and the North 36; in 1900 the figures were 80 for the South and 30 for the North.

The crimes which led to these executions were: Murder, 107; criminal assault, 9; attempted criminal assault, 1; train robbery, 1. There were 5 executions for criminal assault in 1900, and the increase in 1901 suggests to the Tribune that this crime in the South "is coming to "be more and more punished by the law," though the increase of lynching for the year makes it difficult to determine that fact.

The lynchings in 1901 numbered 135, as compared with 115 the year before, an increas of 20, and 17 more than the legal executions. Of the 135, about nine-tenths, or 121, occurred in the South and 14 in the North, as compared with 107 in the South and 8 in the North in 1900. The increase in the North is credited to California, Idaho, Montana, Kansas and Indiana.

The number of negroes lynched in 1901 was 107, the same number as in 1900, and 36 more than the number executed in 1901. One Indian and one Chinaman were also lynched. The principal crimes which led to the lynching were almost the same for the two years, being 39 for murder in each year; 19 for criminal assault in 1901 and 18 in 1900.

The six Southern States which had the largest number of lynchings in 1901, with the number for each, were: Mississippi, 16; Louisiana, 15; Alabama, 15; Georgia, 14; Tennessee, 12; Texas, 11. As compared with 1900, Mississippi showed a decrease of 4, Louisiana of 5, and Georgia of 2; and Alabama an increase of 7, Tennessee of 5, and Texas of 7.

South Carolina's record is not mentioned in the general review, but it had only one lynching in 1901.

The comparative record of lynchings and hanging is, of course, the most notable feature of the exhibit. It shows that more "crimes of violence" are committed by professedly law abiding men, in the name of justice, than are punished by the Courts in the name of law. The condition does no credit to our civilization.—News and Courier.

Starved to Death.

Mrs. Mary Galdin was found starved to death at her home on Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn, Thursday morning. A four month's old baby was barely alive on her breast. In the corner of the room were four other children almost dead with starvation. The husband and father was out of work several months. All the furniture had been pawned.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The Pitiful Salaries That is Paid to the Teachers.

State Superintendent of Education McMahan is hard at work now upon his annual report. His work has been much delayed by the failure of county superintendents to get in their reports or get them in arranged in proper form. Mr. McMahan Friday permitted the use of the general introductory summary which is full of interest:

STATISTICS

The statistical facts for the State, the counties and the districts are set forth in detail in the tables in part II of this report. Many of these data are only approximately accurate, but it is probable that the results presented this year are more accurate than any even given before for this State. No pains have been spared in endeavoring to have errors corrected and omissions supplied, though unyielding insistence upon completeness has delayed the printing of the report.

Some points should be made and some lessons drawn here by reference to certain leading facts for this and other years. I had wished to make the comparisons for all the preceding years of our public school system, but must abandon this task for the present at least, since I find in the older reports so many omissions and contradictions that, unless great time could be given to studying the details and calculating the relative facts, comparisons would be misleading. I must, therefore, confine the statements to the facts of the last three years:

AVERAGE ANNUAL SALARY PAID TEACHERS

	1899	1900	1901.
White	$155 78	$178 36	$188 91
Negro	76 03	80 68	80 30

These facts although they indicate some improvement from year to year, should cause us shame. A more detailed studay would indicate the impossibility of a teaching profession in some counties. Only a few illustrations will be here cited:

In Chesterfield the average salary of the white teachers was $110 54; in Horry $105.20; in Williamsburg $102 55. Yet these salaries are an improvement over previous years.

Taking the counties that according to the report of 1898 paid their white teachers less than an average of $100 a year, we may observe the development as follows:

AVERAGE SALARY OF TEACHERS FOR YEAR

	1899	1900	1901
Chesterfield			
White	$95 69	$ 55 12	$110 64
Negro	50 80	35 64	47.24
Hampton.			
White	93 63	121 08	141.56
Negro	43 29	40 21	68 08
Horry.			
White	80 47	99 91	105 20
Negro	68 58	67.55	71 57
Lexington.			
White	88 06	115.26	173 25
Negro	29 57	29.26	51 61
Oconee.			
White	95 84	....	153 40
Negro	41 90	....	71 62
Pickens			
White	82 96	155 56	150 16
Negro	48 03	65 10	74 23
Williamsburg.			
White	86 02	94 20	102 55
Negro	58 89	67.87	57 76

Bad as these figures are, they show some improvement. No county in the State now pays less than $100 a year on an average to white teachers. But we must remember that these are merely averages, and that as some teachers in each county receive more, some less than the average.

Now let us observe the best. In 10 counties the average salary paid to white teachers last year was $200 or more. The record of these for three years, is therefore, here presented:

	1899	1900	1901
Anderson.			
White	$161 28	$159 38	$289 13
Negro	73 92	108 00	113 67
Charleston			
White	497 97	505 89	504 78
Negro	201 87	180 17	196 22
Richland.			
White	281 43	300 84	329 56
Negro	158 80	160.00	164 20

Mr. McMahan here also quotes the figures for the counties of Fairfield, Greenwood, Laurens, Newberry, Orangeburg, Sumter and Beaufort.

Charleston bears the palm and Richland comes second.

Evidently to have an effective system of schools throughout the State, we need to spend at least twice what we now spend on teachers. Then the average salary for the teachers would be a little more for white teachers and a little less for negroes than in Richland at present. The figures would then be $377 82 and $160.60, and would be still far below the average in Charleston county. From such reflections we should have a larger and more solemn conception of what we need to do in the way of raising money for education.

NUMBER OF PUPILS TO TEACHERS.

The work required of the present force of teachers is somewhat indicated by the statement of average pupils to teachers. I shall summarize here these figures for the five counties that now pay least and the five counties that now pay most to white teachers:

	1899	1900	1901
Chesterfield.			
White	41	39	43
Negro	58	55	53
Hampton.			
White	35	29	31
Negro	41	42	50
Horry.			
White	40	38	38
Negro	45	38	35
Pickens			
White	35	58	53
Negro	34	47	43
Anderson.			
White	39	51	—
Negro	51	76	—
Beaufort.			
White	36	27	—
Negro	75	60	—
Charleston.			
White	71	53	—
Negro	—	103	—
Fairfield.			
White	27	27	—
Negro	72	67	—
Richland.			
White	32	33	—
Negro	88	88	—

LENGTH OF SESSIONS.

The length of session is hardly so significant as the salarry of teacher and the number of pupils taught by a teacher—the most vital facts in the efficacy of a school.

This has probably never been calculated with absolute accuracy for the entire State, and when we know it we have practically no information as to the use that the children have made of the open school. Few have attended the entire time in one year. Still fewer have attended from year to year long enough to be greatly benefitted.

Number of weeks:

	1899.	1900.	1901.
Schools for whites	19 24	20 54	21 17
Schools for negroes	14 52	15 22	14 12

ENROLLMENT AND AVERAGE ATTENDANCE.

The enrollment represents attendance of ten days or more. It therefore gives little evidence of the number of children obtaining the benefit of the schools for the session. The average attendance on the other hand, if correctly recorded, calculated and reported, would be of great significance. Both are here given for the State for the last three years:

	Enrolment.	Average attendance.
1899.		
White	123,398	86 725
Negro	146,477	107,693
1900.		
White	126 289	90,438
Negro	155,602	110,947
1901.		
White	127 230	94,548
Negro	157,976	113 566

We have no means of knowing very definitely what proportion of children are attending school. The legal school age is from 6 to 21, but few of those near either limit of the age will attend. The United States census report for 1900 gives the children of "school age" "from 5 to 20 inclusive."

Mr. McMahan then quotes the comparative figures from the census reports.

Allowing for student in colleges and private schools and for all boys and girls over 16 years of age, we still should be alarmed at the number of children who do not attend school. Doubtless nearly all attend a short time during their lives, some one year and some another. But this state of affairs is not to be tolerated.

COMPULSORY EDUCTION.

The time has come for us to consider the necessity of enacting a compulsory education law. The State cannot afford to permit children to grow up in ignorance. If parents are not alive to their duty, the intelligence and conscience of the State should be equal to the protection of these unfortunate children and of the social whole. A moderate law would yet be a great advance. It should require that every child between the ages of 8 and 12 attend school at least 12 weeks in the year. This law would insure only 36 weeks of schooling to each child, equal to one session of nine months. In this connection I call attention to the resolution of the State Teachers' association and the very able address of Dr. B. F. Wilson on this subject, both of which are published in this volume.

THE STATE'S WEALTH.

Valuation of All Property in South Carolina.

The final figures showing the valuation of all property in the State for taxation are interesting: The figures are as follows for last year:

Real estate	$103,258,440
Personal	59,030,424
Railroad	27,044,243
Total	$189,333,107

The figures for 1900 were as follows:

Real estate	$102 148,427
Personal	52,006 830
Railroad	25,359,272
Total	$179,514,530

This shows a handsome increase for this year, it being $9,818 577.

BY COUNTIES

The total taxable property by counties is as follows:

Abbeville	$ 4,619,089
Aiken	7,582 223
Anderson	8,425,663
Bamberg	2,351,500
Beaufort	3,351,090
Barnwell	4,873 700
Berkeley	2 613 790
Charleston	21,218,125
Cherokee	3,511.218
Chester	4,140,664
Chesterfield	1,946,270
Clarendon	2,770,170
Colleton	3,099,500
Darlington	4,132 273
Dorchester	2 229 808
Edgefield	3 505 393
Fairfield	3,737 323
Florence	3,831,072
Georgetown	2,853 378
Greenville	7,979 045
Greenwood	4 388,740
Hampton	2,859 585
Horry	1 684 794
Kershaw	3 382,430
Lancaster	2,169,048
Laurens	5,090 548
Lexington	3,785 109
Marion	4 367,605
Marlboro	3,209 255
Newberry	4 957,937
Oconee	2 956 945
Orangeburg	7,067,015
Pickens	2 120 047
Richland	9 779,530
Saluda	2,065,932
Spartanburg	11,803,371
Sumter	6 269,729
Union	3 963 925
Williamsburg	2 921,131
York	6,015,111
Total	$189,333,107

Teaching Respect for old Dogs.

In a certain skirmish an officer got a slight scratch on the leg. The wound was a matter of great glory to him, and he nursed it through after days, growing lamer with every fear that the memory of his bravery might pass out of mind. One day, late in life, as he sat nursing his leg and pondering the glorious past, a young man visiting the family for the first time approached, and sympathetically remarked:

"Lame, Colonel?"

"Yes, sir," after a pause, and with inexpressible solemnity; "I am lame."

"Been riding sir?"

"No"—with rebuking sternness—"I have not been riding."

"A slip down on the pavement?"

"No, sir," with actual ferocity.

"Perhaps, then, you have sprained your ankle sir?"

With a painful slowness, the old man lifted his pet leg in both hands, set it carefully down upon the floor, rose slowly from his chair, and, looking down upon the unfortunate youth with mingle pity and wrath, burst forth in the sublimity of rage:

"Go and read the history of your country, you confounded young puppy!"

A Foolish Girl.

Rather than give up her faith in Christian Science Miss Mary Koch died in Cincinnati. She went to take a course in divine reading and was stricken with typhoid fever. A physician was called in, but the girl, who was 19 years old, was so strong in her belief that she refused to take the medicine the doctor prescribed. Her body was today brought to her parents' home and the funeral will take place Thursday.

A COLLOSAL LIAR.

An Interview Published in a Richmond Paper.

DRUNK, CRAZY OR WORSE.

George Walters Says Things About the Exposition in Which There Is Not An Iota of Truth.

There are a number of people in Charleston who are looking for a certain Mr. George Walters, "a travelling man." Should this Walters find it convenient to come to Charleston again, presuming that he has been here, of which some people may have doubts, he would, no doubt, find the merchants tumbling over each other to give him orders. And perphaps also as, in his own words, he says that "the Exposition Company needs a smart liar," he might get a job with that concern. This, however, is also in doubt, for the fabrications published in a Richmond newspaper, which are credited to George Walters, are so clumsy and ridiculous on their face that it is likely that Mr. Walters is not even as clever an inventor as he thinks he is. Probably he has only practiced by himself in the dark for a short time and experience might be productive of great results. Anyway, Charleston would be glad to have him come this way, as soon as business demands it, and the newspapers here will take pleasure in recommending him to the merchants as a drummer with more lungs than trains and who is either engaged in a malicious piece of work or else is a fool. There can be no middle ground in the matter. The story which has been printed in one of the Richmond newspapers and accredited to Mr. Walters is silly, untrue, and it appears rather strange to the average person in Charleston that such a remarkable yarn should have been given space in a reputable paper. The facts in the case are well known to every progressive newspaper in the country and they are very different from the details of the Walters tale. The story is as follows:

"I have seen some morgues in my time," said Mr. George Walters, a travelling man, who was in Richmond yesterday, "but I have never seen one which would approach Charleston just now. The Exposition there has possibly been the most startling failure of any Exposition the world ever saw. There is nobody there. There is nothing at all doing and just why no one seems to be able to tell. Possibly it is because the public has been surfeited with expositions, possibly from a dozen other causes, but at any rate the facts remain.

"To begin with, the Midway has closed and gone. For this Midway privilege the Bostock people, I understand, paid something like thirty five thousand dollars and I doubt if they took in thirty-five dollars after the first day or so. They finally closed up to save money. In addition to this exhibitors are going and many of the most striking of the exhibits have been taken out and shipped away. There is nobody there to look at them save the exhibitors themselves and it is rather trying on their eyes.

"The racing which began a few days ago, and which was thought to be the strongest feature of the Exposition is a fizzle. A large sum was paid for this privilege and I'd like to gamble that the daily attendance will not average two hundred people and a great majority of these there, on passes. The Exposition management doesn't seem to be able to give away tickets to the Fair and all interest has been lost by the Charlestonians themselves. The Exposition grounds look like a lumber yard. Only three of the buildings have been finished and lumber is piled everywhere. I don't believe the Exposition will last until February 1.

"Personally I think this ghastly failure was entirely due to lack of press work. It takes a pretty smart liar at the head of an Exposition and I am afraid Charleston couldn't rise to the occasion."

To very briefly contradict the statements made in the article reproduced here it may be said that not one single exhibit has been taken away from Charleston and that more are arriving here every day. The fact that there are a number of exhibits not yet placed is due to the miscalculation of exhibitors and they are working as hard as they can to get everything in shape. As everybody knows the Midway is not closed. Neither did Mr. Bostock buy the Midway privilege for $35,000 or any other amount. The Midway concessions were bought by a dozen or more people and every foot of space is occupied with first-class shows. The Midway has never closed for a day since the very first show was made ready for business. The Exposition Company is not so dull for those who have time to go up to the grounds. The attendance Wednesday was about eight thousand, and half of the number probably attended the races. Some little exterior work is being done on some of the buildings, but there are seventeen completed, instead of three, as Mr. Walters states. The State buildings of Illinois and Pennsylvania are not completed, but that is no fault of the Exposition Company and the visitor who walks about on lumber piles must go and look for them. It is hardly worth while to contradict the general run of misstatements made in Mr. Walters's interview, but the foregoing will show that the gentleman was either drunk or crazy when here and probably never went near the grounds.—News and Courier.

Wicked Chorus Girls.

Minerva 5th avenue New York theatre was entirely destroyed by fire early Friday morning. The "Merry Maidens" burlesque company had given a long performance and the audience had only been dismissed fifteen minutes when the fire started at 1 o'clock. Many of the chours girls were only half clothed when they reached the street. Neighboring building were damaged and the theatre was entirely consumed. The fire was under control at 4 o'clock. The origin is due to the chorus girls cigarettes.

Will Let Us Alone.

A Washington dispatch says the promotors of the proposition to reduce the representation of the Southern States in Congress are not very much encouraged to continue the efforts started so bravely at the beginning of the session. The prospects of a favorable action are not regarded as so promising as they seemed a few weeks ago.

ANDERSON'S SEVEREST BLOW.

The Power Company's Dam at Portman Swept Away.

The people of Anderson are passing through one of the greatest calamities which has ever confronted them. Sunday night week, at eleven o'clock, the electric current which lights the entire city ceased suddenly to flow and as suddenly darkness "reigned supreme." Information soon reached the city that the dam of the Anderson Water, Light and Power Co. at Portman Shoals had washed away. This information was credited by very few at first, but, when a little later it was officially confirmed, it was a terrible shock to the entire citizenship.

The terrible calamity, following a disaster of this nature, can be understood when it is stated that, in addition to lighting the city, this company furnished power to cotton mills here employing about eighteen hundred hands, and distributed 250 horse power among various other industries of the city. Hundreds of people are out of work, the streets at night are in total darkness, and the private residences are but dimly lighted by lamps and candles.

Portman Shoals, where this dam is located, is situated nine miles west of this city, on Seneca River. The electric plant erected there, which includes machinery, dam, buildings, &c., represent an outlay of about $400,000. Thirty-three hundred horse-power was furnished the city. The dam is 840 feet long, 44 feet at highest point and 31 feet and six inches at base. The rule for the construction of dams being that the base should be two-thirds of the heighth, it will be observed that a margin of safety of ten per cent had been provided for in the construction of this dam.

The volume of water was so great that two hundred feet of the center of this dam of solid masonry has been washed away. It was first thought that the dam was gone entirely to the bottom, but it is now believed that ten feet of the base remains; if this be true, the cost of repairs will not be so great. Viewing matters in their gloomiest aspects, it is thought that the repairs on the dam will not exceed $35 000

Almost in an instant after the dam was swept away the power house was flooded with thirteen feet of water. This house contains all the machinery, and whether this machinery has been ruined is problematical. It is thought it can be dried out and replaced at a nominal cost; if not, and it is ruined, it entails an additional loss of $56 000, which represents the cost. No very intelligent estimate of the loss can now be made, but in any event, the damages, entire, will be repaired at once.—Anderson Intelligencer.

A JOKE ON BILL ARP.

Says That He is Not the Father of the Montic-llo Paper Man.

They seem to have a large joke on Maj. Charles H. Smith, the Cartersville, Ga., philosopher so well known as Bill Arp. He writes to The Constitution about it as follows:

But Mr. Editor I am still perplexed. My Christmas pleasure has been marred somewhat by my pity for the poor credulous dependent women all over the land who are dupes of that Monticello man. Every day brings more letters from those who have long since sent the $25 to my son at Monticello, Fla., and get nothing back. They say they trusted him because he was my son. Many of them begged or borrowed the $25, for they could not get the subscribers and so they made up a list of names from their acquaintances and then they went to work on the endless chain humbug and got other women in to send more money and be duped.

Now, Mr. Editor, I beg you to put it in large type and print it in red ink that Joel Smith, of Monticello, is no son of mine, nor do I know anything of him or his paper. I saw a late issue in which he boasts of having 40,000 subscribers which I suppose means $10,000 that these dependent women have sent him. He promised them $20 a month to write three hours a day and some of them sold their jewelry and other precious things to raise the $25. Mr. Editor, do please lend your columns to stop this fraud upon our poor southern women. And now we see that another endless chain paper has started in Athens, Ga. These frauds are bringing discredit upon poor women. I enclose a sample circular. Please stop it. Kill it. Crush it. It is worse than the cherry tree swindle.

Bill Arp.

P S.—I will give $10 to find out who started that lie that the Monticello man was my son. I have received at least fifty letters saying, "Your son at Monticello," etc. They make me tired. I had three from Texas this morning.

B. A.

Value of Corn Stalks

Corn may be grown for stalks only, some day, and not for the ears. Wouldn't it be funny to be experimenting for an earless corn? That is what it is likely to come to if the uses of the corn stalks keep on developing. Just now it is neck and neck between the stalks and the car as to which is the more valuable, so the wise farmer is making good money selling his corn stalks instead of burning them. The uses for corn stalks are very many. The agricultural department has made public a bulletin showing that they may be used for these among other purposes: A packing for warships; a high grade of writing paper; the bases of a smokeless powder; and a cattle food made by grinding it to powder and mixing with cheap molasses. The new food is pressed into cakes under a hydrolic press can be shipped as easily as bricks or cork wood. For feeding it is broken up and mixed with water. Actual tests having been made and samples have been sent to agricultural stations in Europe. Reports from all sources are very encouraging. The food will be particularly valuable for our cavalry in the tropics, and the food cakes can be made at minimum cost in Cuba and the Southern States, where thousands of tons of low grade molasses go to waste annually.

Cherry Tree Men Arrested.

News comes from North Carolina that M. C. Podgett, of Forest City, George Patton, Glandison Ramsey, Alvia Biggerstaff and Drury Hill, of Ellenboro, have been arrested by a United States marshal in connection with the Amos Owen Cherry Tree company and bound over to the Charlotte federal court. The first named in $1,000 and the others $500 bond. The charge is fraudulent use of the mail. R. J. Herndon, is a musician well known here, has secured a picture of Amos Owens and has shown it to many people in York County.

SPIDER ARCHITECTS

Plans of the Most Dainty House in the World.

There are few members of the animal kingdom whose work is more marvelous than that of the geometric spider and those related to him. Dr. Henry Laney of Cumberland, Md., who does considerable experimenting along scientific lines for a pastime has lately been studying the thelyphonides, a species of spider, that builds its web over the water along streams and rivers, with interesting results.

After securing the web, which, in its natural state, is comparatively invisible for photographic purposes, Dr. Laney proceeded first to make it tenacious by spraying it with an alcoholic solution of shellac from a medical atomizer. Though still comparatively invisible after this treatment the web could be handled with ease, without fear of tearing it. To develop the beautiful work of the spider Dr. Laney with another atomizer sprayed the web with a solution of gallic acid, which made it appear as if frost had settled upon it. The web now seemed to be covered with the morning's dew. To complete the effect Dr. Laney captured the spider, put him in the death box and then coated him with shellac. Deftly placing the insect in the web in a natural position, he was sprayed with gallic acid. Using black velvet as a background, Dr. Laney succeeded in photographing one of the most beautiful and delicate pictures found in nature.

Dr. Laney says: "The spider displays wonderful intelligence and mechanical skill in making these nets. Its instinct is far above that of the ordinary animal; indeed, it quite borders on reason. When a large spider desires to make a web for himself and he has some distance to stretch it, he does not swing himself, as most people suppose, and let the wind or his own momentum take him where it will. He begins his web by starting the first guy very close up to the corner of the angle. He attaches to the other side of the angle making a short guy. Each guy increases in length, the spider always using the last guy made to carry the next one over until he attains the position in which he wishes to place his net. The last guy may be ten feet long and the first one only a foot in length.

"When the guys are all fixed to his satisfaction he proceeds to put in the network by starting from the center, where he attaches his web, then with circular motion traveling from guy to guy, spinning web as he goes and by its natural moisture sticks it to each guy, carefully carrying the web in his hind feet, to prevent it from touching except at the point desired by him. When he has a small distance of the inside completed he goes to the outside of the net and finishes out any irregular part of the net that does not come within the radius of a circle. After the circle has been attained the same rotary motion is kept up until the net is finished to the center.

"Here comes the most comic feature of net building—the test of the durability of the work by the spider himself. As soon as the net is finished, he puts every guy through the severest test, by sharp, brisk jerks, seemingly sufficient to tear the whole net to