DR. TALMAGE TALKS.

Of the Achievements of Hand and Brain During the Year.

This discourse of Dr. Talmage is a national congratulation over the achievements of brain and hand during the past twelve months. The texts are: I Corinthians ix, 10, "He that ploweth should plow in hope;" Isaiah xli, 7, "He that smootheth with the hammer;" Judges v, 14, "They that handle the pen of the writer."

Welcome, Thanksgiving day! Whatever we may think of New England theology, we all like New England Thanksgiving day. What means the steady rush to the depots and the long rail trains darting their lanterns along the tracks of the Boston and Lowell, the Georgia Central, the Chicago Great Western, the St. Paul and Duluth and the Southern railway? Ask the happy group in the New England farmhouse. Ask the villagers whose song of praise in the morning will come over the Berkshire hills. Ask all the plantations of the south which have adopted the New England custom of setting apart a day of thanksgiving. Oh, it is a great day of national festivity! Clap your hands, ye people, and shout aloud for joy! Through the organ pipes let there come down the thunder of a nation's rejoicing! Blow the cornet! Wave the palm branches! "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

For two years and a half this nation has been celebrating the triumph of sword and gun and battery. We have sung martial airs and cheered returning heroes and sounded the requiem for the slain in battle. Methinks it will be a healthful change if on this year's Thanksgiving in church and homestead we celebrate the victories of the plow, the hammer and the pen; for nothing was done at Santiago or Manila that was of more importance than that which in the last year has been done in farmer's field and mechanic's shop and author's study by those who never were an epaulet or shot a Spaniard or went a hundred miles from their own doorsill. Come up, farmers and mechanics and literary men, and get your dues as far as I can pay them.

Things have marvelously changed. Times was when the stern edict of government forbade religious assemblages. Those who dared to be so unloyal to their king as to acknowledge loyalty to the Head of the Universe were punished. Churches awfully silent in worship suddenly heard their doors swung open and down upon the church aisle a score of muskets thumped as the leaders bade them "Ground arms!" This custom of having the fathers, the husbands, the sons and brothers at the entrance of the pew is a custom which came down from olden time, when it was absolutely necessary that the father or brother should sit at the end of the church pew fully armed to defend the helpless portion of the family. [illegible] Severe penal- [illegible] any one who [illegible] services, and [illegible] of the high- [illegible] states, we [illegible] and [illegible] your [illegible] while [illegible] God and in un- [illegible] the conquests [illegible] hammer and the pen. [illegible] ents of husbandry [illegible] led by modern in- [illegible] low has never lost [illegible] furrowed its way through [illegible] Its victories have been woven by [illegible] barley of Palestine, the wheat of Persia, the flax of Germany, the rice stalks of China, the rich grasses of Italy. It has turned up the mammoth of Siberia, the mastodon of Egypt and the pine groves of Thessaly. Its iron foot hath marched where Moses wrote and Homer sang and Aristotle taught and Alexander mounted his war charger. It hath wrung its colter on Norwegian wilds and ripped out the stumps of the American forest, pushing its way through the savannas of the Carolinas and trembling in the grasp of the New Hampshire yeomanry. American civilization hath kept step with the rattle of its clevises, and on its beam hath ridden thrift and national plenty.

I do not wonder that the Japanese and the Chinese and the Phoenicians so particularly extolled husbandry or that Cincinnatus went from the consulship to the plow or that Noah was a farmer before he became a shipbuilder or that Elisha was in the field plowing with twelve yoke of oxen when the mantle fell on him or that the Egyptians in their paganism worshiped the ox a tiller of their lands.

Piltheus, the king, found some rich gold mine in his province, so he turned all the population to digging in the mines. Tillage was neglected, and there came a great famine. One day the wife of the king invited him to a great banquet, and he came in and sat down, and there were pieces of gold in the shape of bread, and pieces of gold in the shape of biscuits, and pieces of gold in the shape of joints of meat, and the king was disgusted, and he said, I cannot eat this." "Neither can the people," said his wife most suggestively, and then they went back to the tillage.

Although most of us have nothing directly to do with the tillage of the soil, yet in all our occupations we feel the effect of successful or blighted industry. We must, in all our occupations, rejoice over the victories of the plow today. The earth was once cursed for man's sake, and occasionally the soil revenges itself on us by refusing a bountiful harvest. I suppose that but for sin the earth would be producing wheat and corn and sweet fruits as naturally as now it produces mullein stalks and Canada thistles. There is hardly a hillock between the forests of Maine and the legoons of Florida, between the peach orchards of New Jersey and the pines of Oregon that has not sometime shown its natural and total depravity. The thorn and thistle seem to have usurped the soil, and nothing but the rebellion of the plow can uproot the evil supremacy. But God is good. Now, if one of our seasons partially proves a failure, the earth seems to repent of it the next summer in more munificent supply.

Praise God for the great harvest, that have been reaped this last year. Some of them, injured by drought or insects or freshets, were not as beautiful as usual, others far in excess of what have ever before been gathered, while higher prices will help make up for any decreased supply. Sure sign of agricultural prosperity we have in the fact that cattle and horses and sheep and swine and all farm animals have during the last two years increased in value. Twenty million swine slaughtered this last year, and yet so many hogs left. Enormous paying off of farm mortgages has spoiled the old speeches of the calamity howlers. If the ancients in their festivals presented their rejoicings before Ceres, the goddess of corn and tillage, shall we neglect to rejoice in the presence of the great God now? From Atlantic to Pacific let the American nation celebrate the victories of the plow.

I come next to speak of the conquests of the American hammer. Its iron arm has fought its way down from the beginning to the present. Under its swing the city of Enoch rose and the foundry of Tubal Cain resounded and the ark floated on the deluge. At its clang ancient temples spread their magnificence and chariots rushed out fit for the battle. Its iron fist smote the marble of Paros, and it rose in sculptured Minervas and struck the Pentelic mines until from them a Parthenon was reared whiter than a palace of ice and pure as an angel's dream. Damascus and Jerusalem and Rome and Venice and Paris and London and Philadelphia and New York and Washington are but the long protracted echoes of the hammer. Under the hammer everywhere dwellings have gone up, ornate and luxurious. School houses, lyceums, hospitals and asylums have added additional glory to the enterprise as well as the beneficence of the American people. Vast public works have been constructed, bridges have been built over rivers and tunnels dug under our mountains, and churches of matchless beauty have gone up for him who had not where to lay his head, and the old theory is exploded that because Christ was born in a manger we must always worship him in a barn.

Railroads of fabulous length have been completed, over which western trains rush past the swift footed deer, making the frightened birds to dart into the heavens at the cough of the smoke rings and the savage yell of the steam whistles. In hot haste our national industry advances, her breath the air of ten thousand furnaces, her song the voice of uncounted factories, her foot step the flash of wheels buckets and the tread of the shaft and the stamp of foundries, talk about antediluvian longevity. I think the average of human life is more now than it ever was. Through mechanical facilities men work so much faster and accomplish so much more in a lifetime that a man can afford to die now at forty as well as one of old at 900. I think the average of human life in point of accomplishment is now equivalent to about 800 years, as near as I can calculate it. In all our occupations and professions we feel the effect of a crippled or enlarged mechanical enterprise. We all have stock in every house that is builded and in every public conveyance that is constructed and in every ship that is sailed. When we see the hardworking men of the land living in comfortable abodes, with luxuries upon their tables that once even kings could not afford, having the advantage of thorough education, of accomplishment and are, we all ready at this season to unite with them in praise to God for his goodness.

You shall yet see American labor rising up with a stronger arm and a stouter heart and a swarthier frame. New cities will be built. Commerce on the lakes will take new wings. Where now stands unbroken forests great capitals of business and affluence will rise and streams that have idled away 6,000 years will be harnessed to ponderous machinery and compelled to toil and sweat like the Chattahoochee and the Merrimac. At one of our drydocks we shall yet build the model ocean steam ship. It will come together under the chorus of a thousand American hammers. She shall start amid a great national hurrah and move far out at sea as though an island had been unanchored with its forests of masts, or as if some one had said in Scripture phrase unto a mountain, "Be thou cast into the sea." The volcano in her heart will sprinkle on the sea a baptism of fire, and as she goes up the channel of St. George, among the shipyards of the old world and among the wheels of Liverpool and Manchester shall be announced the skill and the glory of the American hammer.

Now I come to speak of the conquests of the pen. This is the symbol of all intellectuality. The painter's pencil and the sculptor's chisel and the philosopher's laboratory are all brothers to the pen, and therefore this may be used as a symbol of intellectual advancement. There are those disposed to decry everything American. Having seen Melrose and Glastonbury by moonlight they never beheld among us an impressive structure, or, having strolled through the picture galleries of the Louvre and the Luxembourg, they are disgusted with our academies of art. It makes me sick to hear these people who have been to Europe come home talking with a foreign accent and aping foreign customs and talking of moonlight on castles by the sea. I think the biggest fool in the country is the traveled fool.

But, considering the youth of our nation and the fact that comparatively few persons devote themselves entirely to literature, I think we have great reason to thank God for the progress of our American literature. As historians have we not had in the past such men as Bancroft and Prescott, as essayists Irving and Emmerson, as jurists Story and Marshall and Kent, as theologians Edwards and Hodge, as poets Pierrepont and Sprague and Longfellow and Bryant, as sculptors Powers and Crawford and Palmer, as painters such men as West and Cole and Inman and Kensett? And among the living Americans what galaxies of intellectual splendor and power! Edward Eggleston and Will Carleton and Mark Twain and John Kendrick Bangs and Marion Harland and Margaret Sangster and Stockton and Churchill and Hopkinson Smith and Irving Bacheller and Julia Ward Howe and Amelia Barr and Brander Matthews and Thomas Nelson Page and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and William Dean Howells and a score of others, some of them fixed stars and some meteors.

As the pen has advanced our colleges and universities and observatories have followed the waving of its plume. Our literature is of two kinds—that on foot and that on the wing. By the former I mean the firm and substantial works which will go down through the centuries. When, on the other hand, I speak of literature on the wing, I mean the newspapers of the land. They fly swiftly and vanish, but leave permanent results upon the public mind. They fall noiselessly as a snowflake, but with the strength of an Alpine glacier. This unparalleled multiplication of intelligence will either make or break us. Every morning and evening our telegraph offices, with huge wire rakes, gather up the news of the nation and of the whole world, and men write to some purpose when they make a pen out of a thunderbolt. It needs great energy and decision and perseverance for a man to be ignorant in this country today. It seems to me that it requires more effort for him to keep out knowledge than to let it in. The mailbags at the smallest postoffices disgorge large packages of intelligence for the people. Academies with maps, globes and philosophic apparatus have been taking the places of those institutions where thirty or forty years ago you were put to the torture. Men selected for their qualifications are intrusted with the education of our youth instead of those teachers who formerly with a drover's shout and goad compelled the young generations up the hill of science. Happy childhood! What with broken tops and torn kites and the trial of losing the best marbles and stumping your foot against a stone and somebody sticking a pin into you to see whether you will jump and examination day, with four or five wise men looking over their spectacle to see if you can parse the first page in Young's "Night Thoughts" until verbs and conjunction and participles and prepositions got into a grand riot worthy of the Fourth ward on election day! What a school house that was in New Jersey, where some of us went! It was called "Herod's schoolhouse," because of its nearness to the residence of a man of the name of Herod, but it was doubly appropriate because of the massacre of the innocents. In that schoolhouse we were compelled to sit upright for eight hours. What an undertaking! And hours were longer then than now. We had various kinds of punishment in that school too. One was to strike the boy on the head, thus stimulating the brain, and another was to take the culprit over the schoolmaster's knee, so that information came to the boy from both directions.

How things have marvelously changed! We used to cry because we had to go to school. Now children cry is they cannot go. Many of them can intelligently discuss political topics long before they have seen a ballot box or, teased by some poetic muse, can compose articles for the newspapers. Philosophy and astronomy and chemistry have been so improved that he must be a genius at dullness who knows nothing about them. On one shelf of a poor man's library is more practical knowledge than in the 100,000 volumes of ancient Alexandria, and education is possible for the most indigent, and no legislature or congress for the last fifty years has assembled which has not had in it rail splitters and farmers and drovers or men who have been accustomed to toiling with the hand and the foot.

The pen which Moses dipped in the light of the first morning and Jeremiah filled with tears and Ezekiel thrust in visions of fire and Matthew touched with the blood of a cross and St. John dipped in the splendors of beatific glory—that pen has wrought marvels for all classes of our people. Today your libraries and colleges and schools and publishing houses and churches celebrate the ever growing conquests of the American pen, and our prospects are all the time brightening.

Who these many years hath turned back from our land the violent plagues which have swept with their train of terrors through other countries? Who hath grown in our fields harvests richer than Sicilian or Russian grainfields? Who hath lifted marsh after marsh and built town after town until every gleam on the wave of the lakes is answered by the gleam of city towers and the roar of the ocean at one side of the each harbor has been answered by the din of a great metropolis on the other—160,000 miles of coal running side by side with 160,000 square miles of iron, the iron to pry out the coal, the coal to forge and smelt the iron? Make this calculation for yourselves if you can make it. If England's coal bed, 32 miles long by 8 miles wide, can keep, as it does, 17,600,000 spindles at work in that small island, what may we not expect of our national industries when 160,000 square miles of coal lands shall unite with 160,000 square miles of iron, both stretching themselves up to their full strength and height—two world shaking giants?

The grainfields have passed their harvests above the vete of drought and deluge. The freight cars are not large enough to bring down the grain to the seaboard. The canalboats are crowded with breadstuffs. Hark to the rushing of the wheat through the great Chicago corn elevators! Hark to the rolling of the hogsheads of the Cincinnati pork packers! Enough to eat and at low prices. Enough to wear and of home manufacture. If some have and some have not, then may God help those who have to hand over to those who have not! Clear the track for the rail trains that rush on bringing the wheat and the cotton and the rice and the barley and the oats and the hops and the lumber and the leather and everything for man and everything for beast.

Lift up your eyes, O nation of God's right hand, at the glorious prospects! Build larger your barns for the harvests. Dig deeper the vats for the spoil of the vineyards. Enlarge the warehouses for the merchandise. Multiply galleries of art for the pictures and statues. Advance, O nation, of God's right hand, but remember that national wealth, if unsanctified, is sumptuous waste, is moral ruin, is magnificent woe, is splendid rottenness, is gilded death. Woe to us for the wine vats if drunkenness wallows in them! Woe to us for the merchandise if avarice swallows it! Woe to us for the cities if misrule walks them! Woe to the land if God defying crime debauches it! Our only safety is in more Bibles, more churches, more free schools, more good men and more good women, more consecrated printing presses, more of the glorious gospel of the Son of God, which will yet extirpate all wrongs and introduce all blessedness.

But the preachers on Thanksgiving morning will not detain with long sermons their hearers from the home group. The housekeepers will be angry if the guests do not arrive until the viands are cold. Set the chairs to the table—the easy chairs for grandfather and grandmother if they are still alive, the high chair for the youngest, but not the least. Then put out your hand to take the full cup of thanksgiving. Lift it and bring it toward your lips, your hands trembling with emotion, and if the chalice shall overflow and trickle a few drops on the white cloth that covers the table do not be disturbed, but let it suggest to you the words of the psalmist and lead you to thankfully say, "My cup runneth over!"

Washed Into the Sea.

Captain Hill, of the steamer Belgenland, which reached Philadelphia from Liverpool Wednesday reports that when the steamship was abreast Nantucket light Sunday, Mrs. H. McNeal, wife of Dr. McNeal, of Ann Arbor, Mich., was washed over board and drowned. There was a heavy sea running at the time of the accident. Dr. McNeal, who was on deck watching the storm, went to his state room and called his wife to come on deck and view a passing steamship. The couple had been standing together for only a few minutes when an immense wave swept over the Belgenland, carrying the unfortunate woman overboard. Her body was not seen after it had been carried away by the wave.

THE whipping post as a punishment for wife beaters has been recommended by the superintendent of the District of Columbia police force.

SELF SUSTAINING.

That Is What Is Said of the Postal Department.

A self-sustaining service, brought by the yearly increase of the postal revenues resulting from general extension of rural free delivery is the conclusion reached by First Assistant Postmaster General Wm. Johnson in his annual report.

Of the gross postal revenues of the United States for the past fiscal year $74,295,394 came from 866 delivery cities. The remaining 3,600 presidential postoffices yielded $16,063,252, while the $72,479 fourth class postoffices produced $18,913,519.

Mr. Johnson says the fact that the postal service in the largest cities is practically perfect is the explanation of why the annual percentage of increase in the revenue of the free delivery postoffices should be three times greater than in the smaller cities and five times as large as that of the fourth class offices. As rural free delivery reaches out into the country, giving equal facilities without regard to locality, he says it increases the revenues at a rate at least equal to that maintained in the free delivery cities, where, during the past five years, it has averaged 8 per cent. At the end of the present fiscal year 8,600 rural routes will be in successful operation, 6,000 being in effect by December 2. The latter figure represents just 50 years ago. The inexible policy is announced of avoiding hereafter maintenance of unnecessary postoffices and superfluous star routes contemporaneously with rural free delivery routes. On July 1 last the force of 4,301 rural carriers was serving 2,840,644 people at a fraction over 75 cents per capita, and on December next, 4,000,000 of the rural population will be enjoying free delivery. Every establishment of a route, the report says, is followed promptly by a steady increase in the volume of mail, both delivered and collected.

The city free delivery now embraces 866 cities and towns, including four in the new insular possessions, all these employing an army of 16,389 uniformed who collect and carry the mails two or more times each working day to 32,000,000 patrons. The total cost per annum to the department for this service is 50 cents per capita.

Fighting the Machine.

President Roosevelt, according to the belief of many politicians in Washington, is seeking by appointments to build up a Roosevelt machine in the country, which will be powerful to nominate him for president in the next Republican national convention. R. M. Moorman in the Atlanta Journal says the president realizes that the real machine of the party is against him, that Senator Hanna is not his political friend, that Senator Platt forced him upon the ticket as the vice presidential candidate in order to get him out of New York politics, where he was a disturbing factor for the Republican organization. Therefore, in the matter of appointments it would not be in the nature of Roosevelt to turn to his enemies, and he is breaking away from the machine with a rapidity that is at once startling and unusual. The wishes of four national Republican committeemen in as many southern states have already been turned down. It is generally the case that a national committeeman receives great consideration at the white house but under the Roosevelt administration thus far this has not been the rule. The president is headstrong and is going to have his own way about things. His appointments have been in the nature of surprises for some of the older party leaders and the only way they can figure out the actions of the new president is that he is trying to build up a machine of his own in order to secure a nomination for the presidency. There is now pending a bitter fight between Secretary Hitchcock and National Committeeman Kerens, of Missouri, for the political mastery in that state. It is stated in the best informed circles that Kerens will be given the worst end of the proposition and if this be true, Roosevelt will have slapped five national committeemen in the face already. President Roosevelt has his own way about doing things and he does not hesitate to carry out what he thinks should be done, even though it be against the advice of the wisest politicians in the Republican party.

Fighting Gorman.

Ex-Senator Gorman, of Maryland, is generally believed to be harboring an ambition to be president of the United States. In fact, it seems to be taken for granted that he is an active candidate for the Democratic nomination in 1904. His assured re-election to the senate by the legislature that was chosen in Maryland this month has given great hope to those who are boosting him for that honor. It has also had the effect of drawing the fire of those who do not consider Mr. Gorman the most desirable leader the Democracy could put forward in its next national contest. The Conservative, a weekly newspaper, edited by J. Sterling Morton and published at Nebraska City, says: "The re incarnation of Arthur Phew! Gorman recalls the persistency of his adherence to the Republican doctrine of a protective tariff, when in the senate of the United States he led four other alleged Democrats in the barbaric mutilation of the revenue bill of the late W. L. Wilson. Gorman converted the original bill into a high tariff measure." This is a clear case of kettle calling pot black. Morton did all he could to defeat the Democratic ticket in 1896 and 1900, and in the late election in his State voted against the ticket of his party. If all such men as Morton would go over to the Republican party, where they ought to be, the Democratic party would be better off.

The War Revenues.

A statement has just been prepared in the internal revenue department which shows the total receipts from the war revenue act only from June 13, 1898, to June 30, 1901, also the four months of the act of March 2, 1901 from July 1 to October 31, 1901, with the total receipts from these accounts alone amounted to $343,638,634, as follows, cents omitted:

Proprietary stamps	$ 13,279,855
Documentary stamps	115,352,390
Beer	111,700,058
Special taxes	38,829,589
Tobacco	52,087,273
Snuff	2,971,188
Cigars	9,480,545
Cigarettes	3,907,014
Legacies	11,162,802
Excise tax	3,053,572
Mixed flour	23,154

Additional taxes on tobacco and beer, $991,208.

Will be Tried.

The report comes from Leavenworth, Kansas, that every convict in the mutiny would be tried for murder at the April term of the United States district court. Dean says each one of the 15 prisoners recaptured is guilty of murder.

EPWORTH ORPHANAGE.

A Good Showing in the Annual Report of the Trustees

Rev. A. J. Stokes, D. D., read the annual report of the board of managers of the Epworth orphanage. Under the leadership of the pastor, Rev. R. S. Truesdale, a deep religious influence pervades the institution. The school has done excellent work—94 pupils enrolled. The new school house will be a joy to conference. The farm has not been as successful as heretofore on account of adverse seasons. The printing office is doing good work and is giving instruction to the boys. The marble yard has proven a profitable undertaking.

Among the improvements are three new cottages; general repairs to the dormitories have been made; a five room house completed; windmill erected to supply water which is distributed from a large tank. The new school house will be one of the best buildings of the orphanage property.

The institution is no longer an experiment. The income has steadily increased each year. The health of the place is good. During the year one of the boys, Charles Stork, was killed by a storm. Fourteen children were dismissed during the year, and eight have been received. There are now 100 inmates, 52 boys and 48 girls.

"We recommend the work of our superintendent, Rev. G. H. Waddell, and our assistant superintendent, Rev. T. C. O'Dell. On account of declining health, we regret to state that Supt. Waddell declines reelection. He leaves his post of duty with our highest esteem and commendation. In consideration of the needs of the orphanage, we are convinced that it is imperative that the office of superintendent and financial agent should be divided. In accordance with this division, Rev. T. C. O'Dell was elected superintendent, but he preferred to return to pastoral work, and Rev. W. B. Wharton was elected superintendent and Rev. G. H. Waddell financial agent.

Mrs. Mary A. Lemon of Green's chapel, Hendersonville circuit, Charleston district, recently bequeathed the orphanage $1,500; and Mr. J. W. McLeod has donated $1,200 as an endowment fund.

VICTIMS OF A FAKIR.

How Southerners Are Milked by Confidence Men in New York.

Pickpockets, hotel thieves, dwelling house robbers, bank embezzlers, "comeons" and bunco steerers of all sorts and degrees of professional skill are making things lively these days, not only in New York, but in other parts of the country. Last week many of them established reputations for sinister social activity.

On Thursday two Southerners came to town. They thought they knew something of New York and were on their guard; but of course they couldn't refuse to be friendly to "one of their townsmen" whom they met on Broadway, and why should they hesitate to be friendly, also, toward that gentleman's companion. Their amiability cost them just $1,360.

On the same day a visitor from the West became so thoroughly convinced of the uprightness and good intentions of a man he met here and who described himself as a relative of a bank president in the other man's town, that the Westerner permitted his new acquaintance to escort him to the Park Bank, where he desired to have some drafts cashed. The cleverness of the bank's private detective in recognizing and apprehending the Westerner's companion was all that prevented the latter from securing $1,000 in hard cash.

An account of all the other robberies and attempts at robbery which occurred during the week would make a long chapter.

Will our good friends from the country, who come here once or twice a year, or perhaps once in ten years, ever learn that New York is not the place for them to make chance acquaintances? Will they ever understand that, whether the affable stranger they meet here wears a silk hat or a slouch hat or a derby, whether he is dressed like a tramp or like a clergyman, whether he is old, young or middle aged, or is bewhiskered or smooth shaven, they should give him a wide berth? If he says he's your cousin, don't stop to deny it, but pass on, and if he pretends to be sick at his stomach and to need money for medicine, make him show his tongue. Withal, let our rural friends remember that in every big city there are scores of crooks who manage to keep out of jail and make a comfortable living the year around by imposing upon credulity and good nature.—New York Sun.

Dewey for Schley.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Public Ledger, in commenting upon the possible attitude of the Schley court of inquiry, writes to his paper among other things: "Admiral Dewey has taken the position firmly that he will not sign a verdict that in any way censures Rear Admiral Schley. The other members of the court—Rear Admiral Benham and Rear Admiral Ramsay—have not taken this decided position, but, so far as they have expressed their conclusions, it is understood they will no doubt join in the ultimate vindication of Schley. "When the court adjourned after the completion of the record it was surmised from the character of the questions submitted by Rear Admiral Benham that he had practically reached the belief that Schley was censurable for the retrograde movement. If the information as to Admiral Dewey's opinion is true, it would seem that he can see in the circumstances of that movement no ground for criticism of the commander in chief of the flying squadron. Those who profess to know the reasons which actuate Admiral Dewey say that he has been unable to look at the accusations made against Schley from any other standpoint than his own feelings when undergoing the fearfully concentrated responsibilities of commanding a squadron in battle. The uncertainties and perplexities that beset Schley at Cienfugos and Santiago he has compared with his own experience in sailing into Manila bay, although he did so with a map in his hand betraying the course left free from mines by the Spaniards as a means of exit for their own ship."

Advertising Pays.

The Chicago Tribune has closed a contract with a department store in that city for a page advertisement running every day in a year, except Sunday, for which the paper receives the handsome sum of $120,000. The largest advertisers of the country are rapidly coming to the conclusion that Sunday advertising does not pay. It requires too much ammunition to kill the same amount of game.

An Object Lesson.

The Chicago Record-Herald, though Republican continues to attack the policy of protecting infant industries that have outgrown the need of protection. Recalling that 300,000 tons of Pennsylvania anthracite coal are to be shipped to Germany, The Record Herald asserts that "American patriotism blazes up at the thought that the kaiser is to enjoy the pleasant warmth of American coal this winter." "Our agents in Pennsylvania," it says, "will transport it to Philadelphia and put it on ship for $3.75 a ton. Steamship companies will convey it thence to Hamberg for $1.75 a ton. The German merchant will get it, therefore, at $5.50 a ton. It is wonderful how cheap the thing can be done and it ought to cause national rejoicing from the Great Lakes to the Gulf and from the Atlantic to the Pacific." At this point The Record Herald grows sarcastic, saying: "Incidentally we may mention, however, that we are selling this anthracite to ourselves in Chicago for $7 a ton. Our good agents down in Pennsylvania think this is necessary for our health or something, and as they have the drop on us we have to yield to their opinion. Otherwise we shoul probably mix ourselves all up with the mysteries of our glorious coal business. We should get to wondering how it was that coal which was put on board ship at $3.75 a ton in Philadelphia had to sell for $7 in Chicago. We should get to bothering our heads about the hocus pocus of coal companies and railroads owned by coal companies. We should become demoralized by the desire for cheap things when our hearts should be thrilled with delight at the growing prestige of our country."

Should Not Be Done.

A most radical proposition in the way of legislation on the liquor problem is being discussed in New York city. The idea is to have the present liquor laws so changed or modified that saloons may keep open during certain hours of Sunday. All legislation on this subject here ofore has had the contrary purpose in view, not only in New York but throughout the country. That such a proposition has received the endorsement of certain eminent ministers, advocates of temperance and the observance of the Sabbath, seems passing strange. For instance, Dr. Parkhurst, Dr. D. Parker Morgan and Rev. Newell Dwight Hill are inclined to the opinion that some limited opening on Sunday would involve less evils than are involved under the present system. Other eminent preachers are as yet non committal, but this fact indicates that they are willing to give the subject careful study. Several officers recently elected on the fusion or reformed ticket have expressed themselves as decidedly in favor of the proposed change, and, taking it all in all, there seems to be a decided change of sentiment in New York on this vexed question. The Columbia Record says all states and all municipalities have this same problem on hand, but conditions vary in all communities. For instance, no one would be so foolhardy as to propose in this state a law allowing dispensaries to open on Sunday, for there is absolutely no demand for such a thing. But New York's population has thousands of foreigners in it, and they still maintain or want the customs of their fatherlands. It is among this class that the agitation for Sunday opening originated, and their sentiments support of man enough [illegible] who otherwise might be opposed to the idea. Nothing definite has been done yet, but the result will be watched with a great deal of interest throughout the country.

A Comparison of Cotton Crops.

From the report of Latham & Alexander we deduct the following statements: The total crop of cotton this year cannot well be approximated by a comparison of the movement to November 1st with any particular previous year; but an average of receipts to November 1st for the past ten years should represent in some degree the probable outturn of the crop. The crop was marketed rapidly during October, on account of favorable conditions for picking and shipping, and because cotton was required for export to fill contracts for October and November deliveries and shipments to increase depleted stocks of spinners. On October 31 the government's estimate of the condition of the crop was 61.04, next to the lowest estimate ever recorded. This estimate has since been confirmed by the subsequent reports of commission of agriculture of the various cotton states—some of them of recent date. It is hardly probable that a long and disastrous drought in Texas and the southwestern states should contribute to increase the crop, or that a notoriously unfavorable rainy season in the Carolinas, Florida and parts of Georgia has contributed to the yield. Neither is it probable that the favorable weather of the latter part of October could to any considerable extent overcome the great injury previously sustained during the greater part of the growing season, especially when in many sections our correspondent's report that the crop had already been largely gathered and marketed. In view of the foregoing, it does not seem possible that this is to prove the largest cotton crop ever grown. In our opinion it would be impossible to procure from trustworthy sources of the cotton growing counties of the South information that would warrant the belief that this year's crop would prove as large as last year's. It may turn out far less. The year may not be unlike that of 1899-1900, when excessive estimates made in the autumn exceeded the actual total production by nearly 2,000,000 bales.

A Great Sermon.

The theatre Thursday was crowded to its fullest capacity, the occasion being the Thanksgiving sermon by Bishop Galloway. His magnetic appearance coupled with his impressive manner, held his audience spell-bound. Of all the speakers Columbians have listened to in the past few years, none have so moved a congregation as Bishop Galloway. Had the speaking been any other than a religious exercise, there would have been one continuous cheer from start to finish. Several times the older ones, as the bishop paid glowing tributes to the South, could be seen moving around in their seats, as if they would like to give vent to their emotions. The service commenced promptly at noon. Among those on the stage were Bishop Candler, Governor Mc Sweeney, Drs. Stokes, Hodges, Carlisle, Chrietzberg and several others. A picked quartette rendered that beautiful chant, "Praise, O Praise the Lord."—Columbia Record.

WILL THEY DO IT?—The Perry Home Journal says: "With bacon at 10 cents per pound, corn and meal retailing at $1.10 per bushel, wheat at $1.10, oats near that figure and cotton at 7 cents, farmers ought not to be at a loss how to pitch their crops next season." It does look like the farmers ought to learn by this time that it would pay them better to diversify their crops, but it seems hard for them to learn the lesson.

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Committed Suicide.

Charlie Hannon, a harnessmaker 30 years of age, blew his brains out with a pistol on the back porch of his residence on South Poplar street, Charlotte, N. C., at 2.30 p. m. Wednesday, in the presence of his wife and mother. It is supposed that his mind was affected. Hannon was, generally speaking, a man of steady habits, barring a tendency to occasional excessive use of liquor, but was not under the influence of strong drink when he shot himself. He, his wife and three children resided on South Poplar street. He complained Saturday of a "rumbling in his head" and did not go to work. He went to a store shortly after noon and procured a revolver. He then went home, knocked at the front door of his house and as his wife opened it he drew the pistol from his pocket and began to shoot at different objects, as if in target practice. After he fired several shots his mother came upon the scene. He had not seen her for a long time, it is said, and it was a mere coincidence that she found him with a pistol in hand. She rushed up to her son and threw her arms around him. Hannon broke from her embrace, pushed her a few feet away and in the presence of his horror-stricken relatives turned the pistol upon his head, death resulting almost immediately. Two neighbors were attracted by the preliminary shooting, Hannon kept them at bay with his revolver until he could send a ball into his brain.

Shot and Killed.

A special Friday night from Wytheville, Va., says: A message has just been received here over the telephone via Bland C. H., saying that John G. Waits, a prominent citizen of Tazewell county, and former United States marshal for the western district of West Virginia, has been shot and killed by Robert Jones, one of his farm hands. The telephone connections are very bad and no details can be obtained other than that Mr. Waits had discharged Jones, who after his dismissal drew a revolver and shot him. He died within a few minutes after receiving the wound. Jones escaped.

Nation Set Free.

A dispatch from Medicine Lodge, Kansas, says David Nation was Thursday granted divorce from his wife, Mrs. Carrie Nation. The court exonerated to her [illegible] the property. Mrs. Nation said that one reason that she fought the proceedings was because she wished to continue to share the pension money drawn by her husband. Nation, in support of his petition for divorce, cited a letter from his wife in which she denounced him as a "hell bound hypocrite." He charged that she did not attend to his wants. Judge Gillem granted the divorce on the ground of gross neglect of duty.

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