

BUILDING THE CITY.

DR. TALMAGE ON NEHEMIAH'S RIDE IN WRECKED JERUSALEM.

The Enchantment of the Moonlight and Nehemiah's Resolve—Love of the Church of God—Ruin and Redemption—The Great Good That Comes From Trouble.

WASHINGTON, April 4.—From the weird and midnight experiences of one of ancient times Dr. Talmage in his sermon draws lessons startlingly appropriate. His text was Nehemiah ii, 15, "Then went I up in the night by the brook and viewed the wall and turned back and entered by the gate of the valley, and so returned."

A dead city is more suggestive than a living city—past Rome than present Rome—ruins rather than newly frescoed cathedral. But the best time to visit a ruin is by moonlight. The Coliseum is far more fascinating to the traveler after sundown than before. You may stand by daylight amid the monastic ruins of Melrose abbey and study shafted oriel and rosetted stone and mullion, but they throw their strongest witchery by moonlight. Some of you remember what the enchanter of Scotland said in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

Wouldst thou view fair Melrose aught, Go visit it by the pale moonlight.

Washington Irving describes the Andalusian moonlight upon the Alhambra ruin as amounting to an enchantment. My text presents you Jerusalem in ruins. The tower down. The gates down. The walls down. Everything down. Nehemiah on horseback by moonlight looking upon the ruins. While he rides there are some friends on foot going with him, for they do not want the many horses to disturb the suspicions of the people. These people do not know the secret of Nehemiah's heart, but they are going as a sort of bodyguard. I hear the clicking hoofs of the horse on which Nehemiah rides, as he guides it this way and that, into this gate and out of that, winding through that gate amid the debris of once great Jerusalem.

Now the horse comes to dead halt at the tumbled masonry where he cannot pass. Now he shies off at the charred timbers. Now he comes along where the water under the moonlight flashes from the mouth of the brazen dragon after which the gate was named. Heavy hearted Nehemiah! Riding in and out, now by his old home desolated, now by the defaced temple, now amid the scars of the city that had gone down under battering ram and conflagration. The escorting party knows not what Nehemiah means. Is he getting crazy? Have his own personal sorrows, added to the sorrows of the nation, unbalanced his intellect? Still the midnight exploration goes on. Nehemiah on horseback rides through the fish gate, by the tower of the furnace, by the king's pool, by the dragon well, in and out, in and out, until the midnight ride is completed, and Nehemiah dismounts from his horse, and to the amazed and confounded and incredulous bodyguard declares the dead secret of his heart when he says, "Come now, let us build Jerusalem." "What, Nehemiah, have you any money?" "No." "Have you any kingly authority?" "No." "Have you any eloquence?" "No." Yet that midnight, moonlight ride of Nehemiah resulted in the glorious rebuilding of the city of Jerusalem. The people knew not how the thing was to be done, but with great enthusiasm they cried out, "Let us rise up now and build the city." Some people laughed and said it could not be done. Some people were infuriated and offered physical violence, saying the thing should not be done. But the workmen went right on, standing on the wall, trowel in one hand, sword in the other, until the work was gloriously completed. At that very time in Greece Xenophon was writing a history, and Plato was making philosophy, and Demosthenes was rattling his rhetorical thunder. But all of them together did not do so much for the world as this midnight, moonlight ride of praying, courageous, homesick, close mouthed Nehemiah.

My subject first impresses me with the idea, what an intense thing is church affection. Seize the bride of that horse and stop Nehemiah. Why are you risking your life here in the night? Your horse will stumble over these ruins and fall on you. Stop this useless exposure of your life. No, Nehemiah will not stop. He at last tells us the whole story. He lets us know he was an exile in a far distant land, and he was a servant, a cupbearer in the palace of Artaxerxes Longimanus, and one day, while he was handing the cup of wine to the king the king said to him, "What is the matter with you? You are not sick. I know you must have some great trouble. What is the matter with you?" Then he told the king how that beloved Jerusalem was broken down; how that his father's tomb had been desecrated; how that the temple had been dishonored and defaced; how that the walls were scattered and broken. "Well," says King Artaxerxes, "what do you want?" "Well," said the cupbearer Nehemiah, "I want to go home. I want to fix up the grave of my father. I want to restore the beauty of the temple. I want to rebuild the masonry of the city wall. Besides I want passports so that I shall not be hindered in my journey. And besides that," as you will find in the context, "I want an order on the man who keeps your forest for just so much timber as I may need for the rebuilding of the city." "How long shall you be gone?" said the king. The time of absence is arranged. In hot haste this seeming adventurer comes to Jerusalem, and in my text we find him on horseback in the midnight riding around the ruins. It is through the spectacles of this scene that we discover the ardent attachment of Nehemiah for sacred Jerusalem, which in all ages has been the type of the church of God, our Jerusalem which we love just as much as Nehemiah

loved his Jerusalem. The fact is that you love the church of God so much that there is no spot on earth so sacred, unless it be your own fire-side.

The church has been to you so much comfort and illumination that there is nothing that makes you so irate as to have it talked against. If there have been times when you have been carried into captivity by sickness, you longed for the church, our holy Jerusalem, just as much as Nehemiah longed for his Jerusalem, and the first day you come out you came to the house of the Lord. When the temple was in ruins, like Nehemiah, you walked around and looked at it, and in the moonlight you stood listening if you could not hear the voice of the dead organ, the psalm of the expired Sabbaths. What Jerusalem was to Nehemiah, the church of God is to you. Skeptics and infidels may scoff at the church as an obsolete affair as a relic of the dark ages, as a convention of goody goody people, but all the impression they have ever made on your mind against the church of God is absolutely nothing. You would make more sacrifices for it today than any other institution, and if it were needful you would die in its defense. You can take the words of the kingly poet as he said, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." You understand in your own experience the paths, the homesickness, the courage, the holy enthusiasm, the midnight, moonlight ride around the ruins of this beloved Jerusalem.

Again, my text impresses me with the fact that before reconstruction there must be an exploration of ruins. Why was not Nehemiah asleep under the covers? Why was not his horse stabled in the midnight? Let the police of the city arrest this midnight rider, out on some mischief. No, Nehemiah is going to rebuild the city, and he is making the preliminary exploration. In this gate, out that gate, east, west, north, south. All through the ruins. The ruins must be explored before the work of reconstruction can begin. The reason that so many people in this day, apparently converted, do not stay converted is because they did not first explore the ruins of their own heart. The reason that there are so many professed Christians who in this day lie and forge and steal, and commit abominations, and go to the penitentiary, is because they first do not learn the ruin of their own heart. They have not found out that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." They had an idea that they were almost right, and they built religion as a sort of extension, as an ornamental cupola. There was a superstructure of religion built on a substratum of unrepented sins. The trouble with a good deal of modern theology is that instead of building on the right foundation, it builds on the debris of an unregenerated nature. They attempt to rebuild Jerusalem before, in the midnight of conviction, they have seen the ghastliness of the ruin. They have such a poor foundation for their religion that the first northeast storm of temptation blows them down. I have no faith in a man's conversion if he is not converted in the old fashioned way—John Bunyan's way, John Wesley's way, John Calvin's way, Paul's way, God's way. A dentist said to me, "Does that hurt?" Said I, "Of course it hurts. It is in your business as in my profession. We have to hurt before we can help." You will never understand redemption until you understand ruin.

A man tells me that some one is a member of the church. It makes no impression on my mind at all. I simply want to know whether he was converted in the old fashioned way, or whether he was converted in the new fashioned way. If he was converted in the old fashioned way, he will stand. If he was converted in the new fashioned way, he will not stand. That is all there is about it. A man comes to me to talk about religion. The first question I ask him is, "Do you feel yourself to be a sinner?" If he says, "Well, I—yes," the hesitancy makes me feel that that man wants a ride on Nehemiah's horse by midnight through the ruins—in by the gate of his affections; out by the gate of his will—and before he has got through with that midnight ride he will drop the reins on the horse's neck, and will take his right hand and smite on his heart and say, "God be merciful, to me a sinner," and before he has stabled his horse he will take his feet out of the stirrups, and he will slide down on the ground, and he will kneel, crying, "Have mercy on me, O God, according to thy loving kindness, according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies. Blot out my transgressions, for I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sins are ever before thee." Ah, my friends, you see this is not a complimentary gospel. That is what makes some people so mad. It comes to a man of a million dollars, and impenitent in his sins, and says, "You're a pauper." It comes to a woman of fairest cheek, who has never repented, and says, "You're a sinner." It comes to a man priding himself on his independence, and says, "You're bound hand and foot by the devil." It comes to our entire race, and says, "You're a ruin, a nastly ruin, an illimitable ruin." Satan sometimes says to me: "Why do you preach that truth? Why don't you preach a gospel with no repentance in it? Why don't you flatter men's hearts so that you make them feel all right? Why don't you preach a humanitarian gospel, with no repentance in it, saying nothing about the ruin, talking all the time about the Redemption?" I say, "Get thee behind me, satan." I would rather lead five souls into safety than 20,000 in perdition. The redemption of the gospel is a perfect fare if there is no ruin. "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." If any one, though he be an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel than this, says the apostle, "let him be accursed." There must be the midnight ride over the ruins before Jerusalem can be built. There must be the clicking of the hoofs

before there can be the ring of the trowels.

Again, my subject gives me a specimen of busy and triumphant sadness. If there was any man in the world who had a right to moan and give up everything as lost, it was Nehemiah. You say, "He was a cupbearer in the palace of Shushan, and it was a grand place." So it was. The hall of that palace was 200 feet square, and the roof hovered over 36 marble pillars, each pillar 60 feet high, and the intense blue of the sky, and the deep green of the forest foliage, and the white of the driven snow, all hung trembling in the upholstery. But, my friends, you know very well that fine architecture will not put down homesickness. Yet Nehemiah did not give up. Then when you see him going among these desolated streets, and by these dismantled towers, and by the torn up grave of his father, you would suppose that he would have been disheartened, and that he would have dismounted from his horse and gone to his room and said: "Woe is me! My father's grave is torn up. The temple is dishonored. The walls are broken down. I have no money with which to rebuild. I wish I had never been born. I wish I were dead." Not so says Nehemiah. Although he had a grief so intense that it excited the commentary of his king, yet that penniless, expatriated Nehemiah rouses himself up to rebuild the city. He gets his permission of absence. He gets his passport. He hastens away to Jerusalem. By night on horseback he rides through the ruins. He overcomes the most ferocious opposition. He arouses the piety and patriotism of the people, and in less than two months—namely, 52 days—Jerusalem was rebuilt. That's what I call busy and triumphant sadness.

My friends, the whole temptation is with you when you have trouble to do just the opposite to the behaviour of Nehemiah, and that is to give up. You say, "I have lost my child and can never smile again." You say, "I have lost my property, and I never can retain my fortunes." You say, "I have lost all in life and I never can start again for a new life." If satan can make you form that resolution and make you keep it, he has ruined you. Trouble is not sent to crush you, but to arouse you to animation, to propel you. The locksmith does not insert the iron into the forge and then blow away with the bellows and then bring the hot iron out on the anvil and beat with stroke after stroke to ruin the iron, but to prepare it for a better use. Oh, that the Lord God of Nehemiah would rouse up all broken hearted people to rebuild! Whipped, betrayed, shipwrecked, imprisoned, Paul went right on. The Italian martyr Algerius sits in his dungeon writing a letter, and he dates it, "From the delectable orchard of the Leonine prison." That is what I call triumphant sadness. I knew a mother who buried her babe on Friday and on Sabbath appeared in the house of God and said: "Give me a class. Give me a Sabbath school class. I have no child now left me, and I would like to have a class of little children. Give me a class off the back street." That, I say, is beautiful. That is triumphant sadness. At 3 o'clock every Sabbath afternoon for years in a beautiful parlor in Philadelphia—a parlor pictured and statuetted—there were from 10 to 20 destitute children of the street. Those destitute children received religious instruction, concluding with cakes and sandwiches. How do I know that that was going on for 16 years? I know it in this way: That was the first home in Philadelphia where I was called to comfort a great sorrow. They had a splendid boy, and he had been drowned at Long Branch. The father and mother almost idolized the boy, and the sob and shriek of that father and mother as they hung over the coffin resound in my ears today. There seemed to be no use of praying, for when I knelt down to pray the outcry in the room drowned out all the prayer. But the Lord comforted that sorrow. They did not forget their trouble. If you should go any afternoon into Laurel Hill, you would find a monument with the word "Walter" inscribed upon it and a wreath of fresh flowers around the name. I think there was not an hour in 20 years, winter or summer, when there was not a wreath of fresh flowers around Walter's name. But the Christian mother who sent those flowers there, having no child left, Sabbath afternoons rothered 10 or 20 of the lost ones of the street. That is beautiful. That is what I call busy and triumphant sadness. Here is a man who has lost his property. He does not go to hard drinking. He does not destroy his own life. He comes and says: "Harness me for Christian work. My money's gone. I have no treasure on earth. I want treasures in heaven. I have a voice and a heart to serve God." You say that that man has failed. He has not failed—he has triumphed.

Oh, I wish I could persuade all the people who have any kind of trouble never to give up! I wish they would look at the midnight rider of the text, and that the four hoofs of that beast on which Nehemiah rode might cut to pieces all your discouragements and hardships and trials. Give up! Who is going to give up when on the bosom of God he can have all his troubles hushed? Give up! Never think of giving up. Are you borne down with poverty? A little child was found holding her dead mother's hand in the darkness of a tenement house, and some one coming in the little girl looked up, while holding her dead mother's hand, and said, "Oh, I do wish that God had made more light for poor folks!" My dear, God will be your light, God will be your shelter, God will be your home. Are you borne down with the bereavements of life? Is the house lonely now that the child is gone? Do not give up. Think of what the old sexton said when the minister asked him why he put so much care on the little graves in the cemetery—so much more care than on the larger graves

—and the old sexton said, "Sir, you know that of such is the kingdom of heaven, and I think the Saviour is pleased when he sees so much white clover growing around these little graves."

But when the minister pressed the old sexton for a more satisfactory answer the old sexton said, "Sir, about these larger graves, I don't know who the Lord's saints and who are not, but you know sir, it is clean different with the bairns." Oh, if you have had that keen, tender, indescribable sorrow that comes from the loss of a child, do not give up. The old sexton was right. It is all well with the bairns. Or, if you have sinned, if you have sinned grievously—sinned until you have been cast out by the church, sinned until you have been cast out by society—do not give up. Perhaps there may be in this house one that could truthfully utter the lamentation of another:

Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell— Fell like a snowflake, from heaven to hell— Fell to be trampled as filth in the street— Fell to be scooped at, spit on and beat, Praying, cursing, wishing to die, Selling my soul to whoever would buy, Dreading in shame for a morsel of bread, Hating the living and fearing the dead.

Do not give up. One like unto the Son of God comes to you today, saying, "Go and sin no more," while he cries out to your assailants, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone at her." Oh, there is no reason why any one in this house by reason of any trouble or sin should give up. Are you a foreigner and in a strange land? Nehemiah was an exile. Are you penniless? Nehemiah was poor. Are you homesick? Nehemiah was homesick. Are you broken hearted? Nehemiah was broken hearted. But just see him in the text, riding along the sacrificial grave of his father and by the dragon well and through the fish gate and by the king's pool, in and out, in and out, the moonlight falling on the broken masonry, which throws a long shadow, at which the horse shies, and at the same time that moonlight kindling up the features of this man till you see not only the mark of sad reminiscence, but the courage and hope, the enthusiasm of a man who knows that Jerusalem will be rebuilt. I pick you up today, out of your sins and out of your sorrow, and I put you against the warm heart of Christ. "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

Boards of Education. The following boards of education have been appointed by the State Board:

- Abbeville—J. M. Knight, Abbeville; S. P. McElroy, Due West.
- Aiken—R. L. Gunter, Aiken; Jno. V. Kreps, Langley.
- Anderson—W. F. Moncrief, Anderson; L. M. Mahafey, Anderson.
- Barrow—R. H. Harley, Williston; T. P. Lide, Barrow.
- Beaufort—Wm. Elliott, Jr., Beaufort; T. O. Hutson, Beaufort.
- Berkeley—F. W. Dantzer, Mt. Pleasant.
- Charleston—W. M. Whitehead, Charleston; Robert E. Seabrook, Charleston.
- Cherokee—R. O. Sams, Gafney, N. H. Littlejohn, Gafney.
- Chester—S. B. Latham, Chester; Jas. Hamilton, Chester.
- Chesterfield—B. F. Hargatt, Chesterfield; A. H. McArm, Cheraw.
- Clarendon—J. H. Lessee, Manning; E. J. Brown, Manning.
- Colleton—J. E. Purifoy, Walterboro; J. T. Hiers, Walterboro.
- Darlington—Jas. R. Coggeshall, Darlington; J. B. Floyd, Darlington.
- Edgefield—E. H. Folk, Edgefield; H. S. Hartzog, Johnston.
- Florence—D. McDuffie, Friendfield; W. N. McPherson, Darlington.
- Greenville—Julius L. Eskew, Piedmont; O. B. Martin, Greenville.
- Hampton—T. H. Fits, Hampton; J. W. Rose, Hampton.
- Horry—D. A. Spivey, Conway; W. C. Graham, Socastee.
- Kershaw—Thos. Pate, Camden; W. J. Villepique, Camden.
- Lancaster—J. T. Green, Lancaster; J. H. Foster, Lancaster.
- Laurens—J. B. Parratt, Highland Home; J. B. Watkins, Laurens.
- Lexington—L. B. Hayne, Leesville; F. E. Dreher, Lexington.
- Marion—P. H. Edwards, Mullins; J. D. McLucas, Marion.
- Marlboro—J. D. Moore, Bennettsville; J. A. Calhoun, Clis.
- Newberry, G. G. Sale, Newberry; W. H. Wallace, Newberry.
- Oconee—W. J. Stribbling, Walhalla; W. A. Dickson, Broyles.
- Orangeburg—Robt. Lide, Orangeburg; A. H. Moss, Orangeburg.
- Pickens—J. E. Parson, Pickens; S. W. O'Dell, Roanoke.
- Richland—E. B. Wallace, Columbia; C. E. Johnston, Columbia.
- Saluda—Jas. P. Bean, Johnston; J. T. Bowles, Paynes.
- Spartanburg—W. J. Wall, Spartanburg; C. E. Elmore, Clifton.
- Sumter—S. H. Edmunds, Sumter; H. F. Wilson, Sumter.
- Union—C. B. Waller, Union; C. H. Peake, Union.
- Williamsburg—E. G. Chandler, Kingstree; Wm. G. Gamble, Kingstree.
- York—J. A. Barron, Yorkville; J. W. Thomson, Rock Hill.

The State Superintendent of Education was instructed to fill all places left vacant.

Loss of Life and Property.

MEMPHIS, April 7.—The following table closely estimates to date the loss of life and property occasioned by the present great flood along the Mississippi:

Total number of lives lost.....	200
Total number of people made homeless.....	150,000
Total number of refugees reported.....	50,000
Unaccounted for, but probably rescued.....	100,000
Total number of farm animals drowned.....	10,000
Total square miles of land submerged.....	10,000
Total damage to property.....	\$100,000,000
Number of men fighting the flood.....	20,000

HELP FOR HELPLESS.

President McKinley Asks an Appropriation for Flood Sufferers.

WASHINGTON, April 7.—The President sent this message to congress today:

"To the Senate and House of Representatives: Information which has recently come to me from the governors of Arkansas, Mississippi and Louisiana and from prominent citizens of these States and Tennessee, warrants the conclusion that widespread distress, involving the destruction of a large amount of property and loss of human life has resulted from the floods which have submerged that section of the country. These are stated on reliable authority to be the most destructive floods that have ever devastated the Mississippi valley, the water being much higher than the highest stage it has reached before. From Marion, Ark., north of Memphis, to Greenville, Miss., a distance of more than 350 miles by river, it is reported that there are now at least 50 towns and villages under water and a territory extending from 100 miles north of Memphis to 200 miles south and from 5 to 40 miles wide, is submerged. Hundreds of thousands of acres of cultivated soil with growing crops are included in the submerged territory. In this section, alone there are from 50,000 to 60,000 people whose property has been destroyed, and whose business has been suspended. Growing crops have been ruined, thousands of cattle have been drowned and the inhabitants of certain areas threatened with starvation. As a great majority of the sufferers are small farmers, they have thus been left entirely destitute and will be unprepared for work even after the flood have subsided. The entire Mississippi valley in Arkansas is flooded and communication with many points out off. In Mississippi a like condition exists. The levees in Louisiana, with a single exception, have held, but the water is rising and the situation there is reported as being extremely critical. Under such circumstances, the citizens of these States look for the cooperation and support of the national government in relieving the pressing cases of destitution for food, clothing and shelter which are beyond the reach of local efforts. The authorities who have communicated with the executive recognize that their first and most energetic duty is to provide as far as possible the means of caring for their own citizens, but nearly all of them agree in the opinion that after these resources have been exhausted, a sum aggregating at least \$150,000 and possibly \$200,000 will be required for immediate use. Precedents are not wanting that in such emergencies as this congress has taken prompt, generous and intelligent action, involving the expenditure of considerable sums of money, with satisfactory results. In 1874 \$590,000 was appropriated and in 1882 \$350,000 was also appropriated for relief in the same direction, besides large sums in other years. "The citizens relief committee of Memphis, which has taken prompt action, has already cared for from 6,000 to 7,000 refugees from the flooded districts and they are still arriving in that city in large numbers daily. Supplies and provisions have been sent to the various points in Arkansas and Mississippi by the committee, but the utmost that can be done by these efforts is to partly relieve the most acute cases of suffering. No action has yet been taken for the great majority of the inhabitants living in the interior, whose condition has already been described. Under these conditions and having exerted themselves to the fullest extent, the local authorities have reluctantly confessed their inability to further cope with this distressing situation unaided by the government. It has therefore, seemed to me that the representatives of the people should be promptly informed of the nature and extent of the suffering and needs of these stricken people and I have communicated these facts in the hope and belief that the legislative branch of the government will promptly reinforce the work of the local authorities in the States named.

"WILLIAM MCKINLEY." EXECUTIVE MANSION, April 7, 1897. APPROPRIATION MADE. WASHINGTON, April 7.—The joint resolution making appropriation for the flood sufferers passed through both houses of congress with a rush and was signed by President, Pro Tem. Frye of the senate and Speaker Reed of the house and sent up to the White House for President McKinley's approval.

Bryan and McKinley Meet.

WASHINGTON, April 6.—There were some important callers at the white house this morning before the cabinet assembled at 11 o'clock. First came Senator Hanna, of Ohio, who had just returned from Cleveland, whither he went to cast his vote at the municipal elections yesterday. He was with Mr. McKinley half an hour. When he emerged he said, commenting upon the elections, that they were without any save local significance. While Mr. Hanna was still in the white house, Mr. Bryan, late Democratic candidate for president, called with Representative McMillen, of Tennessee, and Attorney General Smythe, of Nebraska, to pay his respects to his successful rival. They were immediately ushered into Mr. McKinley's office. The president, who was talking with a group of gentlemen, advanced and the president and the ex-candidate shook hands cordially. Mr. Bryan remarked upon the president's apparent good health and the latter spoke of the fact that he had seen by the newspapers that Mr. Bryan was here to argue a case before the supreme court. He also said he had received a copy of Mr. Bryan's book a few days ago, but as yet had not had time to read it. "There is no law which compels you to read it," remarked Mr. Bryan, smiling. After a further exchange of courtesies and pleasantries, Mr. Bryan retired.

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CROPS OF THE STATE.

RAINFALL GENERAL AND HEAVY—ALL FARM WORK BEHIND.

In the Northern Tier of Counties Practically Nothing Has Been Done Towards Planting—Uplands Being Too Wet Even. A General Review.

COLUMBIA, April 7.—Director Bauer resumes today his weekly summary of reports of the weather and crops in the State. In view of the recent long-continued rains, the first report will be extremely interesting to business men in the towns and cities as well as the farmers of the State.

WEATHER. The general weather conditions during the present crop season were unfavorable for the preparation of lands for planting and in consequence the season is late, being variously estimated from ten to twenty days later than usual. It is due mainly to the excessive rains of February, followed by continued cloudy and rainy weather during March, with light winds, except for a few days during the third decade of March, when clear, cool and windy weather prevailed. This in turn was followed by rains which suspended plowing and planting up to date.

The temperature during the week covered by this bulletin averaged slightly cooler than usual, with minimum temperature below freezing as far eastward as Berkeley, where this ice was noted on the morning of March 28. Frost was general on that date, killing in exposed places, but owing to the backwardness of the season, injury was limited, being confined to corn, where up, and to fruit, which was materially damaged in York, Spartanburg and the northwestern counties generally. Peaches suffered most.

During the week the temperature ranged between a minimum of 25 degrees at Greenville and a maximum of 79 degrees at Shaw's Forks. The rainfall was general over the State and was heaviest over the western counties, where it averaged nearly one and a half inches, while for the entire State the average was 1.33 inches. The greatest amount for the week was 2.75 inches at Hillsville, and the least 0.36 at Barksdale. The normal for the same period is approximately 0.75 inch.

The week was deficient in sunshine. In places there was practically none, 9 per cent of the possible being reported from Elmore, Orangeburg County; the largest percentage was reported from Forestville, Florence County, with 52 per cent. The average for the entire State was about 30 per cent of the possible; the normal sunshine at this season of the year being about 65 per cent.

CROPS.

As previously stated, and for the reasons given, farm work is very much behind hand in South Carolina, except in Horry, Marion and Marlboro Counties, where the conditions have been more favorable and planting is more advanced. In the northern tier of Counties from Chesterfield westward, practically nothing has been done towards planting, for even the uplands were too wet to prepare except for a few days in the latter part of March, after which more rain again made plowing impracticable. It is in those counties that the season is most backward.

But little can as yet be said in detail as to crops, for planting has not yet fairly begun, except that in the northeastern Counties corn planting is nearing completion and the stand fair where it has come up. In other sections of the State some few farmers have planted corn, but the work is not yet general. In Dorchester, Berkeley and Colleton some seed is rotting in the ground and replanting will be necessary. In the extreme eastern counties cotton planting has fairly begun, but in the central and western counties very little or none has been planted and very little of the lands prepared.

Wheat and oats are looking promising over the entire State. Few spring oats have been sown, as the ground was too wet. In many sections correspondents report the intention of farmers to plant sorghum cane largely for a feed crop to substitute for oats. Sorghum cane seed reported scarce.

Fruit generally looks promising, except that it is greatly feared that peaches were materially damaged by the frost and freeze of March 28 as far eastward as Orangeburg and Colleton Counties. As is usually the case the frost was more severe in some places than in others. In York, Spartanburg and Greenville Counties it is the unqualified opinion of all correspondents that peaches were about all killed. Elsewhere the extent of injury is as yet uncertain.

Fruit, other than peaches and plums, is apparently safe. The following extract from the National Bulletin for the month of March summarizes the extent of planting for the two principal crops of the South:

"Some corn has been planted as far north as Tennessee, and the southern portion of Missouri and Kansas, planting in Texas and Louisiana being about completed, and in Alabama, Mississippi and Texas the early planted is up."

"Cotton planting in Texas has progressed favorably, and some has been planted in South Carolina, but in other States of the cotton belt practically no planting has been done up to the close of the month."

J. W. BAUER, Section Director.

A Modern Bluebeard.

LEWISBURG, W. Va., April 9.—The body of Mrs. Zona Schue, who died suddenly at Richlands, January 23, was disinterred and it was found that her neck was broken. The coroner's jury charged Schue with killing her and he was arrested here. It is said that she was Schue's fourth wife and that each of the other three died suddenly.