

THE BOLIVAR BULLETIN.

VOL. XXXVI. NO. 21.

BOLIVAR, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, JANUARY 4, 1901.

SUBSCRIPTION: \$1.00 Per Year

1901 JANUARY 1901						
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
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A WEEK'S RECORD

All the News of the Past Seven Days Condensed.

HOME AND FOREIGN ITEMS

News of the Industrial Field, Personal and Political Items, Happenings at Home and Abroad.

THE NEWS FROM ALL THE WORLD

DOMESTIC.

Judge West, of the Ingham county court, ordered Gov. Pingree to appear in court on the 29th and show cause why he should not be punished for contempt because of a bitter attack he made on the judge in the papers.

Joseph Douglas, of Crawfordsville Ind., killed one man and fatally wounded another because they called on his wife.

An express car on a Minneapolis & St. Louis train was burned near Searles, Minn. It was heavily loaded with Christmas goods.

Four masked men entered the farm residence of John Thompson, near Lebanon, O., and gagged and tortured Thompson and his wife till they surrendered \$300.

In a quarrel two men were killed and two wounded at Faris' distillery, 12 miles from London, Ky.

The Fox pressed steel car works, one of the largest industries in Joliet, Ill., was nearly destroyed by fire, the loss being about \$150,000.

At East Braintree, Mass., the torpedo boat destroyer McDonough was launched at the works of the Fore River Iron company.

The United States supreme court has adjourned until the 7th of January.

Father J. P. Chadwick, who was chaplain of the battleship Maine when she was blown up in the harbor of Havana, has been assigned to the cruiser New York.

Pat Crowe, of Omaha, has been identified as the man who rented the house in that city to which young Edward Cudahy was carried by kidnapers.

The Kentucky state board of health has quarantined Greenup county against the world because of smallpox.

Emma Goldman said in New York that the anarchists had decided not to kill any more kings or crowned heads.

A tornado passed through Noxubee, Pickens and Sumpter counties, Alabama, doing great damage to property and killing two persons.

W. Irvine Shaw, recently appointed consul general to Singapore, committed suicide in Philadelphia because of poor health.

Three sons of Dick Lamberson were burned to death in their home in North Little Rock, Ark.

Isaac Robinson, an extensive canned goods and fertilizer manufacturer in Baltimore, Md., failed for \$800,000.

Orders have been issued abolishing newsways on all trains of the Erie railroad system.

Frank Richardson, a millionaire, was mysteriously murdered in his doorway at Savannah, Mo.

Prof. Harris, "king of the wire," fell and was killed at a performance in Bordentown, N. J.

J. B. Searle, aged 65 years, and daughter Minnie, aged 21 years, were killed by a train at Colmar, Ill.

University of Chicago physiologists assert that salt causes the heart to beat and keeps up life.

An Indian ran amok at Enfield, Ind., T., killing three men and wounding one.

For the last five months the total receipts from internal revenue were \$131,279,187, an increase over the corresponding period last year of \$3,718,768.

Miss Estelle Reel, general superintendent of the Indian schools, in her third annual report announces increased enrollment and gratifying improvements over previous years in the Indian schools.

The last Christmas in the nineteenth century was celebrated all over the country.

A severe earthquake shock was felt at Santiago de Cuba and Port au Prince, Hayti.

A direct line of steamers between Portland, Ore., and Manila will be in operation by February 26.

The sheriff of Ripley county, Ind., paid \$4,000 to Mrs. L. C. Jenkins, whose husband was lynched September 14, 1897.

The daughter-in-law of former United States Attorney General Miller kidnaped her seven-year-old son at Indianapolis.

Roger T. Gill was named receiver of the Old Town bank, one of the best-known banking institutions in Baltimore, Md.

An attorney at Omaha says kidnapers can be sent to the penitentiary. Pat Crowe, suspect in the Cudahy case, not yet located.

Director of the Mint Roberts says the demand for pennies has been greater this year than ever before.

The Providence M. E. church (colored) at St. Joseph, Mo., was partially burned and the pastor, Rev. J. L. Leonard, was fatally burned.

Mayor Patterson, of Bismarck, N. D., was arrested by the sheriff on the charge of permitting gambling.

The Demorest branch of the W. C. T. U. in New York denounced kissing as an intoxicant, and therefore to be barred.

On Christmas day there were 30 deaths from violent causes in various parts of Kentucky.

Wayne Cromwell, aged 24, and Charles Canan, aged 21, were drowned near Blakeslee, O., and the mother of the latter, when notified of the accident, dropped dead.

All cities report that postal facilities were never so taxed as during this year's holiday business.

The twentieth century national Gospel campaign has been officially inaugurated in New York.

State Teachers' associations met at Springfield, Ill.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Yankton, S. D.; Lincoln, Neb.; Grand Rapids, Mich.; St. Paul, Minn.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Des Moines, Ia.

Gustave Wolf, the last member of the Bridgport (Conn.) Suicide club, killed himself.

The first national bank of White Pigeon, Mich., went into the hands of a receiver.

In a runaway accident at Flint, Mich., Dr. George W. Howland was killed and G. H. Quigley, a prominent business man, fatally injured.

The total wheat yield of the United States for 1900 is \$22,229,565 bushels; corn, 2,100,000,000 bushels.

John W. Tinsley shot and killed his wife in Los Angeles, Cal., and then killed himself. Domestic trouble was the cause.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, of the W. C. T. U., wrecked a saloon at Wichita, Kan., by throwing bricks at pictures, mirrors, stock and fixtures.

A lone robber held up a stage in a canyon near Hot Springs Junction, Ariz., and rifled the express box.

The residence of Mrs. Harriger, near Brookville, Pa., was destroyed by fire and the mother and two daughters burned to death.

Clerks of Cuban courts will be paid salaries hereafter instead of fees.

William H. Smythe, grand secretary of the masons of Indiana, was mysteriously shot in his office in Indianapolis.

Alfred C. Harmsworth, a London publisher who arrived in New York, says American newspapers are too frivolous.

Police in Omaha found the man who sold a pony that figured in the Cudahy abduction case and the former owner identified the picture of Pat Crowe as that of the man who bought it.

Michael Maloney, a farmer of Lenox township, Pa., died at his home at the age of 107 years.

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.

Mrs. Margaret Cullagan, an inmate of the home for the aged in Chicago, was 100 years old Christmas day.

Col. Henry B. Harshaw, ex-estate treasurer of Wisconsin and a civil war veteran, died at Milwaukee, aged 78 years.

Edwin L. Brand, the pioneer photographer of Chicago, died at the age of 65 years.

Andrew McNeff celebrated at La Rue, O., the one hundredth anniversary of his birth.

John Laing celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of his birthday in Chicago.

Episcopal Bishop Coadjutor C. R. Hale, of the Springfield diocese, died at Cairo, Mo.

Mrs. Kittle Rice died at Mount Morris, Ill., at the age of 103.

W. J. Bryan, speaking at a banquet in Lincoln, Neb., said democracy must stick to silver and fight imperialism, but admitted he might not again run for president.

Rev. Dr. Thomas Murphy, one of the most eminent Presbyterian clergymen in Philadelphia, died of pneumonia.

Italian anarchists shot and seriously wounded Chief of Police Brown at Barre, Vt.

FOREIGN.

The federal party, it is announced, will, under American sovereignty, work for recognition of the Philippines as a part of the American federation as states of the union.

Cape Colony was near a military crisis, the situation depending on arms and ammunition in the hands of Boer sympathizers.

The joint note of the powers has been presented to Prince Ching in Peking and forwarded to the emperor and empress.

Alfred Harmsworth, owner of 30 English periodicals, besides the London Mail, prophesies startling changes in journalism the coming century.

The British steamer Brunswick grounded in the Bristol channel and sank. Seven of her crew were drowned.

Yaqui Indians ambushed Mexican soldiers in Sonora, killing 30.

A Chinese viceroys by treachery massacred 1,500 reformers in the province of Pechili.

An uncharted island near the Philippines is said to have been annexed by the commander of an American gunboat.

Celestino Peraza, former secretary of President Castro, has started a revolution in Venezuela.

W. D. Coleman, president of Liberia, resigned, and G. W. Gibson was elected to succeed him.

Minister Conger in signing the China joint note made reservations to prevent committing the United States to war in case of rejection of terms by China.

The massacre of 21 Catholics by Boxers north of Peking was reported to Minister Conger.

LIFE OF USEFULNESS.

Dr. Talmage Points the Way to It in a Sermon.

The Power of One Word—Destiny May Be Changed by a Fitty Spoken Sentence—Sympathy for the Troubled.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y., Washington.]

In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows an open door for anyone who desires to be useful, and illustrates how a little thing may decide one's destiny. The text is Proverbs 25:11 (revised version): "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in baskets of silver."

A filigree basket loaded with fruit is put before us in the text. What is really the vision? "Pictures" ought to be "baskets." Here is a silver network basket containing ripe and golden apples, pippins or rennets. You know how such apples glow through the openings of a basket of silver network. You have seen such a basket of fruit on many a table, when the appetite was excited as regards the vision. So now you are evidently fond of apples, because he so often speaks of them. While he writes in glowing terms of pomgranates and figs and grapes and mandrakes, he seems to find solace as well as lusciousness in apples, calling out for a supply of them when he says in another place, "Comfort me with apples." Now you see the meaning of my text, "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in baskets of silver."

You see the wise man eulogizes just one word. Plenty of recognition has been there for great orators. Cicero's arraignment of Cataline, the philippic of Demosthenes, the five days' argument of Edmund Burke against Warren Hastings, Edward Irving's discourses on the Bible, and libraries full of prolonged utterance, but my text controls the power of one word when it refers to "a word fitly spoken."

This may mean a single word or a small collection of words—something you can utter in one breath, something that you can compact into one sentence. "A word fitly spoken"—an encouraging word, a kind word, a timely word, a sympathetic word, an appropriate word. I can pass right down the aisle of any church and find between pulpit and front door men whose temporal and eternal destinies have been decided by a word.

I tell you what is a great crisis in every man's history. It is the time when he is entering an occupation or profession. He is opposed by men in middle life, because they do not get a more or less, and by some of the aged, because they fear being crowded out and their places being taken by younger men. Hear the often severe and unfair examinations of young lawyers by old lawyers, of young doctors by old doctors, of young ministers by old ministers. Hear some of the old merchants talk about the young merchants. Trowels and hammers and scales often are jealous of new trowels and new hammers and new scales. Then it is so difficult to get introduced. How long a time has a physician about his sign and before he has got a call for his services, and the attorney before he got a case? Who wants to risk the life of his family to a young physician who got his diploma only last spring, and who may not know measles from scarletina, or to risk the obtaining of a verdict for \$20,000 to an attorney who only three years ago read the first page of Blackstone?

How is the young merchant to compete with his next door bargain maker, who can afford to undersell some things because he can more than make it up by the profit on other things, or has failed three times, and had more money after each failure? How is that mechanic to make a livelihood when there are twice as many men in that trade as can in hard times find occupation? There are this very moment thousands of men who are just starting life for themselves, and they need encouragement. Not long harangue, not quotation from profane book, not a page, not a paragraph, but a word, one word fitly spoken.

Why does not that old merchant, who has been 40 years in business, go into that young merchant's store and say: "Courage!" He needs only that one word, although, of course, you will illustrate it by telling your own experience, and how long you waited for customers, and how the first two years you lost money, and how the next year, though you did better, illness in your household swamped the surplus with doctor's bills. Why does not that old lawyer go into that young lawyer's office just after he has broken down in making his first plea before a jury and say that word with only two syllables: "Courage!" He needs only that one word, although, of course, you will illustrate it by telling him how you broke down in one of your first cases and got laughed at by court and bar and jury, and how Disraeli broke down at the start, and how hundreds of the most successful lawyers at the start broke down. Why does not the successful man go right away and tell those who are starting what they went through and how their notes got protested, and what unfortunate purchases they made, and how they were swindled, but kept right on until they reached the golden milestone? Even some who pretend to favor the new beginner and say they wish him well put obstacles in his way.

There are so many men who have all the elements of usefulness and power except one—courage. If you can only under God give them that you give them everything. In illustrating that one word show them that every man that ever amounted to anything had terrific struggle. Show him what ships Decatur had to fight, and what a mountain Hannibal had to

climb, and what a lame foot Walter Scott had to walk on, and that the greatest poet who ever lived—Milton—was blind, that one of the grandest musicians of all the ages—Beethoven—was deaf, and that Stewart, in some respects the greatest merchant that America ever saw, began in his small store, gining on bread and cheese behind the counter in a snatched interval between customers, he opening the store and closing it, sweeping it out with his own broom and being his own errand boy. Show them that within ten minutes' walk there are stores, shops, and factories, and homes as brave as deeds have been done by those of Leonidas and Theodoplyas, as that of Horatius at the bridge, as that of Colin Campbell at Balaklava. Tell them what Napoleon said to his staff officer when that officer declared a certain military attempt to be impossible. "Impossible!" said the great conqueror. "Impossible is the property of fools."

Show them also that what is true in worldly directions is more true in spiritual directions. Call the roll of prophets, apostles and martyrs and private Christians from the time the world began and ask them to mention a man or woman who was not a man of God, or a man who was not depreciated and jailed and made a laughing stock. Backs and prisons and whips and shipwrecks and axes of beheadment did their worst, yet the heroes were more than conquerors. With such things you will illustrate that word "courage," and they will go on from your presence to start anew and fight, challenging all earth and hell to the combat.

There are four or five words which fitly spoken, might soothe and emancipate and rescue. Go to those from whose homes Christ has taken to Himself a loved one, and try the word "reunion"—not under wintry sky, but in everlasting springtime; not a land where they can be struck with disease, but where the inhabitant never says: "I am sick;" not a reunion that can be followed by separation, but in a place "from which they shall go no more out of glass, one clatter of the hoofs of the horses on which victors ride." That word reunion, or anticipation, fitly spoken—well, no fruit heaped up in silver baskets could equal it. Of the 2,000 kinds of apples that have blessed the world, not one is so mellow or so rich or so aromatic, but we take the suggestion of the text, and compare the word of comfort, fitly spoken, to apples of gold in baskets of silver.

There must be no impatience in the warning we give others. We must realize that but for the kindness of God to us we would have been in the same rapids. That man going wrong may be struggling with a tide of evil about him, and a great grandfather and great-grandfather. The temptation may be the accumulated force of generations and centuries. "No," you say, "his father was a good man. I knew him." But did you know his grandfather? Evil habit is apt to skip one generation, a fact recognized in the Ten Commandments, and in the commandments of four generations, but say nothing of the second generation.

Or the man astray may have an unhappy home, and that is enough to wreck anyone. We often speak of men who destroy their homes, but do not say anything about the fact that there are thousands of wives in America who are petulant and fretting and Sier-Nevadan ranges. The jewels of affection thrown into it at its casting and the jewels which the ladies of Moscow threw into the liquid metal at the casting. The voices of that bell are forever hushed. It will never ring again, either at wedding or obituary or coronation. What majestic and overpowering silence! Enthroned and everlasting quietude! One walks around it full of wonder and historical reminiscence and solemnity. On it are figures in relief representing czar and empress and Christ and Mary and the evangelists. But as I stood before it last summer I bethought myself of a greater bell and one still ringing. It is the Gospel bell, ages ago hung on the beam of the cross. It has vaster circumference and with mightier tongue sounds across seas and continents and awakens echoes amid Alpine and Himalayan and Sierra Nevada ranges. The jewels of affection thrown into it at its casting and the jewels which the ladies of Moscow threw into the liquid metal at the casting. The voices of that bell are forever hushed. It will never ring again, either at wedding or obituary or coronation. What majestic and overpowering silence! Enthroned and everlasting quietude! One walks around it full of wonder and historical reminiscence and solemnity. On it are figures in relief representing czar and empress and Christ and Mary and the evangelists. But as I stood before it last summer I bethought myself of a greater bell and one still ringing. It is the Gospel bell, ages ago hung on the beam of the cross. It has vaster circumference and with mightier tongue sounds across seas and continents and awakens echoes amid Alpine and Himalayan and Sierra Nevada ranges. 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