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A Lament.

[The following poem was written by the

ate Richard Lyles, of Danville, Va., a law-

yer of fine legal and literary attainments,

who plunged himself into despair through

have been to the funeral of all my hopes,

Not a word was said,

Not a tear was shed.

And sought my silent room,

And there alone

I wooed the midnight gloom.

I wept o'er days

When the mournful task was done.

By the cold hearthstone

And as the night wind's deepening shade

When manhood's rays

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CHRIST'S WRITING.

VOL. XIX.

TRACING IN THE DUST THE WORDS HYPOCRISY AND FORGIVENESS.

The World Is Still Under the Divine Eye. Woman-An Illustration of the World's

BROOKLYN, Feb. 17.-Dr. Talmage preached this morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle on the subject: "The Literature of the Dust." After explaining appropriate passages of Scripture concerning Christ he gave out

the hymn: Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth

Text: John viii, 6: "Jesus stooped down and wrote on the ground." A Mohammedan mosque stands now where once stood Herod's temple, the scene of my text. Solomon's temple had stood there, but Nebuchadnezzar thundered it down. Zorobabel's temple had stood there, but that had been prostrated. Now we take our places in a temple that Herod built because he was fond of great architecture and he wanted the preceding temples to seem insignificant. Put eight or tenmodern cathedrals together and they would not equal that structure. It covered nineteen acres. There were marble pillars supporting roofs of cedar and silver tables on which stood golden cups, and there were carvings exquisite and inscriptions resplendent, glittering balustrades and ornamented gittering balustrades and ornamented gateways. The building of this temple kept ten thousand workmen busy forty-six years. In that stupendous pile of pomp and magnificence sat Christ, and a listening throng stood about him, when a wild disturbate took place. A group of men are ance took place. A group of men are pulling and pushing along a woman who had committed the worst crime against society. When they have brought her in front of Christ, they ask that he sentence her to death by stoning. They are a critical, merciless, disingenuous crowd. They want to get Christ into controversy and public reprehension. If he say "Let her die," they will charge him with cruelty. If he let her go, they will charge him with being in complicity with wickedness. Whichever way he does, they would how! at him. Then occurs a scene which has not been sufficiently regarded. He leaves the lounge or bench on which he was sitting and goes down on one knee, or both knees, and with the forefinger of his right hand he begins to write in the dust of the floor, word after word. But they were not to be diverted or hindered. They kept on de-

was nigher yet, but he had to come down before, with his lip, he could kiss it into quiet. Bethlehem a stooping down. Nazareth a stooping down. Death between two burglars a stooping down. Yes, it was in consonance with humiliations that had gone before and with self abnegations that came after, when on that memorable day in Herod's temple he stooped down and wrote on the ground.

THIS WORLD IS STILL UNDER THE DI-VINE EYE. Whether the words he was writing were in Greek, or Latin, or Hebrew. cannot say, for he knew all those languages. But he is still stooping down and with his finger writing on the ground; in the winter in letters of crystals, in the spring in letters of flowers, in summer in golden letters of harvest, in autumn in letters of fire on fallen leaves. How it would sweeten up and enrich and emblazon this world could we see Christ's caligraphy all over it. This world was not flung out into space thousands of years ago and then left to look out for itself. It still under the divine care. Christ never for a half second takes his hand off of it, or it would soon be a shipwrecked world, a defunct world, an obsolete world, an abandoned world, a dead world. "Let there be light" was said at the beginning. And Christ stands under the wintry skies and says, Let there be snowflakes to enrich the earth; and under the clouds of spring and says, Come ye blossoms and make redolent the orchards; and in September, dips the branches into the vat of beautiful colors and swings them in the hazy air. No whim of mine is "Without him was not anything made that was made." Christ writing on the ground. If we could see his hand in all the passing seasons, how it would illumine the world! All verdure and foliage would be allegeric, and again we would hear him say as of old, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow;" and we would not hear the whistle of a quail or the cawing of a raven or the roundelay of a brownthresher, without saying, "Behold the fowls of the air, they gather not into barns, yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them;" and a Dominic hen of the barnyard could not cluck for her brood, yet we would hear Christ saying as of old, "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathered her chickens under her wings;" and through the redolent hedges we would hear Christ saying, "I am the rose of Sharon;" we could not dip the seasoning from the salt cellar without thinking of the divine suggestion, "Ye are the salt of the earth, but if the salt have lost its savor, it is fit for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under ing that he settle this case foot of men." Let us wake up from our stupidity and take the whole

first class hypocrites. It was then as it is now. The more faults and inconthe more severe and censorious are they about the faults of others. Here they are-twenty stout men arresting and arraigning one weak woman. Magnificent business to be engaged in. They wanted the fun of seeing her faint away under a heavy judicial sentence from Christ, and then after she had been taken outside the city and fastened at the foot of a precipice, the Scribes and Pharisees wanted the satisfaction of each coming and dropping big stone on her head, for that was the style of capital punishment that they asked for. Some people have taken the responsibility of saying that Christ never laughed. But I think as he saw those men drop everything, chagrined, mortified, exposed, and go out quicker than they came in, he must have laughed. At any rate, it makes me laugh to read of it. All of these libertines, dramatizing indignation against impurity. Blind bats lecturing on opties. A flock of crows on their way up from a carcass, denouncing carrion. Yes, I think that one word written on the ground that day by the finger of Christ was the awful word Hypocrisy. But I am sure there was another word in that dust. From her entire manner I am sure that arraigned woman was repentant. She made no apology, and Christ in no wise belittled her sin. But her supplicatory behavior and her tears moved him, and when he stooped down to write on the ground, he wrote that mighty, that imperial word Forgiveness. When on Sinai God wrote the law, he wrote it with finger of lightning on tables of stone, each word cut as by a chisel into the hard granite surface. But when he writes the offense of this woman he writes it in dust so that it can be easily rubbed out, and when she repents of it, oh, he was a merciful Christ! I was reading of a legend that is told in the far east about him. He was walking through the streets of a city and he saw a crowd around a dead dog. And one man said: "What a loathsome object is that dog!" "Yes," said another, "his ears are mauled and bleeding." "Yes," said another, "even the tanner. odor of his carcass is dreadful." Then Christ, standing there, said: "But pearls cannot equal the whiteness of his teeth." Then the people, moved by the idea that any one could find anything pleasant concerning a dead dog, said: "Why, this must be Jesus of Nazareth." Reproved and convicted they went away. Surely this legend of Christ is good enough to be true. Kindness in all his words and ways and habits. Forgiveness.

Word of eleven letters, and some of

them thrones, and some of them palm

branches. Better have Christ write

close to our names that one word,

unmasked them, I know they were the floors of the Alhambra, or the Persian palaces of Ahasuerus? Dust! Where are the musicians who played sistencies people have of their own, and the orators who spoke, and the sculptors who chiseled and the archi-tects who built is all the centuries except our own? Dust! The greatest library of the world, that which has the widest shelves and the longest aisles and the most multitudinous volumes and the vastest wealth, is the underground library. It is the royal library, the continental library, the hemispheric library, the planetary library, the library of the dust. And all these library cases will be opened, and all these scrolls unrolled and all these volumes unclasped and as easily as in your library or mine we take up a book, blow the dust off of it, and turn over its pages, so easily will the Lord of the Resurrection pick up out of this library of dust every volume of human life and open it and read it and dis-play it. And the volume will be rebound, to be set in the royal library of the King's palace, or in the prison library of the self destroyed. Oh, this mighty literature of the dust! It is not so wonderful after all that Christ chose, instead of an inkstand, the impressionable said on the floor of an ancient temple, and, instead of a hard pen, put forth his forefinger with the same kind of nerve, and muscle, and bone, and figsh, as that which makes up our own forefinger, and wrote the awful doom of hypocrisy and full and complete forgiveness for repentant sinners, even the worst.

And now t can believe that which I read, how that a mother kept burning a candle in the window every night for ten years; and one night very late a poor waif of the street entered. The aged woman said to her, "Sit down by the fire," and the stranger said, "Why do you keep that light in the window?" The aged woman said: "That is to light my wayward daughter when she returns. Since she went away ten years ago, my hair has turned white. Folks blame me for worrying about her, but you see I am her mother, and sometimes, half a dozen times a night, I open the door and look out into the darkness and cry, 'Lizzie!' Eut I must not tell you any more about my his hide would not be of any use to trouble, for I puess, from the way you cry, you have trouble enough of your Oh, my! can it be? Yes, you are Lizzie, my own lost child. Thank God that you are homeagain! And what a time of rejoicing there was in that liouse that night! And Christ again stooped down, and in the ashes of that hearth, now lighted up not more by the great blazing logs than by the joy of a reunited household, wrote the same liberating words that he had written more than eighteen hundred years ago in the dust of

the Jerusalem temple. Forgiveness

A word broad enough and high enough to let pass through it all the armies of heaven, a million abreast,

persons in all parts of the room. "Hit am carried unanimously," the chairman said, sagely.

. This declaration was repeated several times when there had been numerous dissentients. At last, an elderly darky rose in a corner of the room, and in a stentorian voice addressed the

"Mistah Cheerman." "Mistah Jackson," said the chairman, recognizing the speaker.

"Trise, sah," said Mr. Jackson, ponderously, "to a p'int of order. I jes' wanted to ask how come it, dat you say de questions hab been voted unanimously, when dey has been voted only by rajority, sah?" The chairman rose with great dignity, and said, in a tone of keen re-buke, "Will Mistah Jackson please to b'ar in mind dat 'majority' and 'unanimously' are one an' de same terms, sah? Yes, sah; dey are anonymous an

de same, salt. De p'int ob order am not well taken, salt."-Youth's Com-Work of the Coreans. An interesting collections of the productions of the Coreans has been brought to England, and is now in the Kew museum. Like the Japanese, these little known people make an extensive use, in their few industries, of paper, which is made from the bark of the paper mulberry. This collection includes various white or cream colored papers for drawing, writing, wrapping, etc., with fans and hand screens of paper and bamboo, oiled paper tobacco pouches and hat coverings, paper kites with bamboo frames, sun blinds of bamboo split into thread like stripes, and fine clothing—such as

ODDS AND ENDS.

undershirts and cuffs-of split rattans.

Very fine work is displayed in some of the articles.—New York Telegram.

A cup of strong coffee is an antidote for the odor of onions. Two ladies have been elected bank directors at Atlanta, Ga.

There are 3,000,000 women in the United States earning their own liv-Four things come not back-the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past

ife, the neglected opportunity.-Haz-Tourists on the river Nile are now taxed. The results of this tax go to the preservation of the monuments of

An English naval officer estimates that there are \$200,000,000 in gold and silver under the sea, which could be reached by good luck.

A negro boy near Camden, S. C. lost a dollar that belonged to his mother. He felt so badly about it that he began crying bitterly, and did not stop for twenty-four hours, and then ne died from exhaustion.

composed of two great classes, those have more appetite than dinner

scraped away at his block. "How?" "Lady in the diamonds and seal kin gets out of her carriage and comes

"Well, other folls have the money and us butchers have the eddecashun. Makes me feel more content."-De-

in Stanford, Ky., "that she would have been killed had she not seen the bullet, which was coming straight at her, and dodged it."

What He Saw at Church. A gentleman who attended services at Whitehall chapel, London, gives the following inventory of what he saw: Two clergymen, two pew openers, two sextons, two organists, sixteen choristers, seventy-seven lighted candles and a congregation of thirty

It is said that the veterans of the

Those who say that woman has no sense of humor have not been close observers, or they would have noticed that a mustache tickles her.-Boston

Louisiana furnishes alone one-seventh of our sugar. Her crop in 1888 was 360,000,000 pounds.

Living Beyond One's Means.

The papers last week contained ac sixty or seventy dollars more than be able to replace it by future sales but business was dull, and he could his position for some time, he over Chamfort once said: "Society is out of his salary as it should accrue in

gets doesn't kill him it is likely to frighten him so that he goes away from there as soon as he can. -Frank Leslie's Newspaper.

"This world is pretty evenly divided, after all," said the butcher as he

in here and inquires for 'sassage.' ". Slowly and sadly I turned me round

A colored woman testified at a trial

late war are dying at the rate of 6,000

counts or the arrest of two young men in Columbia on the charge of breach of trust. One, from Bennettsville, was the agent of a book house, who had sold books and had spent share of the proceeds-expecting to not do it. The other was the manager of a store at Laurens for an Augusta house. He was getting a salary, and, supposing he would continue in drew his salary by four or five hundred dollars-expecting to replace it the future; but the Augusts house closed its business at Laurens, and

And entombed them one by one :

troit Free Press.

Lowered above my brow, Were brighter far than now.

three, including children.-Philadel phia Times.

The dying embers on the earth Give out their flickering light. As if to say, This is the way Thy life shall close in night.

wept aloud in anguish sore O'er the blight of prospects fair, While demons laughed And eager quaffed

My tears like nectar rare. Through hell's red halls an echo rang. An echo loud and long, As in the bowl

I plunged my soul In the might of madness strong.

And there within that sparkling glass I knew the cause to lie. This all men own, From zone to zone, Yet millions drink and die.

Cotton Seed — Terracing — Grass Growing.

Cotton seed is the best and cheapest manure that the Southern farmer can use. So why sell your cotton manure there is no better or cheaper fertilizer, and even with this compost acids or phosphates render them still more efficacions. Selling your cotton seed even at fifteen and twenty-five cents a bushel, and replacing them with expensive, doubtful commercial manures, is poor economy, especially when you risk the chances of exchanging seed, which you know to be a good fertilizer, for an article which is of doubtful utility. The oil of the botton seed is becoming in great deand for the manufacturing of lard.

and buying their fortilizers at high

prices. In summing it up, it may be

put down as a penny-wise and pound

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\$15,000 Worth of Goods

Purchased for us at FIFTY CENTS ON THE DOLLAR. Our house is small. What must be done? We will apply the one successful rule of the Racket Store,

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That will make it to the interest of every man, woman and child who loves to get bargains to purchase from us, and to make

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In advance of their immediate wants. Men's Shoes, sold heretofore at \$1.48, now 90c. Boys' Shoes 48c, worth \$1.00. Regular Woman's Button Shoes, fine, 95c., regular price \$1.50. Ladies' Fine Lace Shoes \$85c., worth \$1.25. A splendid suit of Men's clothing \$3.98, worth at least \$7.00. Neckwear, we sell the finest line for 20c., worth regular from 50 to 75c. Red Flannel Shirts 40c., worth 90c. We find that merchants who advertise to sell for Cost and do not do so, do their business more harm than good. Truth and fair dealing is the only road to success. This is the logic-come and see the facts. WE WILL PROVE WHAT WE ADVERtise, if you will call at the

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N. B .- This sale will be strictly one price, as we cut to the lowest possible cut When we say 41 cents, we do not mean to

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to be secured by first mortgage on improved farms in Lexington and Richland Apply to ABNEY & THOMAS, Attorneys, Columbia, S. (

charge you; go and sin no more."

OWING TO A RECENT PURCHASE the world ever saw and the one who by our New York buyer from a bankrupt had more to say than any one who sale, we are informed that we must make ever lived, never writing a book or a chapter, or a page or a paragraph, or a word on parchment. Nothing but this literature of the dust, and one sweep of a brush or one breath of a wind obliterated that forever. Among all the rolls of the volumes of Christ. Among the seven hundred thousand books of the Alexandrian library, which by the infamous decree of Caliph Omar were used as fuel to heat the four thousand baths of the city, not one sentence had Christ penned. Among all the infinitude of volumes now standing in the libraries of Edinburgh, the British museum, or Berlin or Vienna, or the learned repositories of all nations, not one word written directly by the finger of Christ. All that he ever wrote he wrote in dust, uncertain, shifting, vanishing

> wrote on the ground. Standing straight up a man might write on the ground with a staff, but if with his fingers he would write in the dust, he must bend clear over. Aye, he must get at least on one knee or he cannot write on the ground. Be not surprised that he stooped down. His whole life was a stooping down. Stooping down from eastle to barn. Stooping down from celestial homage to mobocratic jeer. From residence above the stars to where a star had to fall to designate his landing place, 'From heaven's front door to the world's back gate. From writing in round and silvered letters of constellation and galaxy on the blue scroll of heaven, to writing on the ground in the dust, which the feet of the crowd had left in Herod's temple. If in January you have ever stepped out of a prince's conservatory that had Mexican cactus and magnolias in full bloom, into the outside air 10 degs. below zero, you may get some idea of Christ's change of atmosphere from celestial to terrestrial. How many heavens there are I know not, but there are at least three, for Paul was "caught up into the third heaven."

Christ came down from highest heaven to the second heaven, and down from second heaven to first heaven, down swifter than meteors ever fell, down amidst stellar splendors that himself eclipsed, down through clouds, through atmospheres, through appalling space, down to where there was no lower depth. From being waited on at the banquet of the skies to the broiling of fish for his own breakfast on the banks of the lake. From emblazoned chariots of eternity to the saddle of a mule's back. The homage cherubic, seraphic, archangelic. to the paying of sixty-two and a half cents of tax to Cæsar. From the deathless country to a tomb built to hide human dissolution. The uplifted wave of Galilee was high, but he had to come down, before, with scribes vacated the premises and his feet, he could touch it, and the got out into the fresh air, as Christ, whirlwind that rose above the billow with just one ironical sentence,

victor, and he says to the woman: Where are the prosecutors in this case? Are they all gone? Then I dis-CHRIST WROTE IN SHIFTING, VANISHING

above are copied by things all around us. What right have we to throw away one of God's Bibles, aye, the I have always wondered what Christ first Bible he ever gave the race? first Bible he ever gave the race? We talk about the Old Testament and the wrote on the ground. For do you realize that is the only time that he ever wrote at all? I know that New Testament, but the oldest Testa-Eusebius says that Christ once wrote a ment contains the lessons of the natural world. Some people like the New Testament so well they discard letter to Abgarus, the king of Edessa, but there is no good evidence of such the Old Testament. Shall we like the a correspondence. The wisest being New Testament and the Old Testament so well as to depreciate the oldest; namely, that which was written before Moses was put afloat on the boat of leaves which was calked with asphaltum; or reject the Genesis and the Revelation that were written centuries before Adam lost a rib and gained a wife? No, no; when Deity stoops down and writes on the ground first library founded at Thelet us read it. I would have no there was not one scroll of less appreciation of the Bible on paper that comes out of the paper mill, but I would urge appreciation of the Bible in the grass, the Bible in the sand hill the Bible in the geranium, the Bible in the asphodel, the Bible in the dust. Some one asked an ancient king whether he had seen the eclipse of the sun. "No," said he, "I have so much to do on earth, I have no time to look at heaven," And if our faculties were all awake in the study of God, we would not have time to go much further than the first grass blade. I have no fear that natural religion will ever contradict what we call revealed re-My text says he stooped down and ligion. I have no sympathy with the followers of Aristotle, who after the telescope was invented, would not leok through it, lest it contradict some of the theories of their great master. I shall be glad to put against one lid of the Bible the microscope, and against the other hid of the Libbe the

> THE WORDS CHRIST WROTE: "HYPOC-RISY AND FORGIVENESS. But when Christ stooped down and wrote on the ground, what did he write? The Pharisees did not stop to examine. The cowards, whipped of their own consciences, fled pell mell. Nothing will flay a man like an aroused conscience. Dr. Stevens, in his "History of Methodism," says that when Rev. Benjamin Abbott of olden times was preaching, he exclaimed: "For aught I know there may be a murderer in this house," and a man rose in the assemblage and started for the door and bawled aloud, confessing to a murder he had committed fifteen years before. And no wonder these Pharisees, reminded of their sins, took their heels. But what did Christ write on the ground? The Bible does not state. Yet, as Christ never wrote anything except that once, you cannot blame us for wanting to know what he really did write. But I am certain he wrote nothing trivial, or nothing unimportant. And will you allow me to say that I think I know what he wrote on the ground? I judge from the circumstances. He might have written other things, but kneeling there in the temple, surrounded by a pack of hypocrites, who were a self appointed constabulary, and having in his presence a persecuted woman, who evidently was very penitent for her sins, I am sure he wrote two words, both of them graphic and tremendous and reverberating. And the one word was Hypogrisy and the

other word was Forgiveness. From

the way these Pharisees and

ror and they see the fresco at their feet. And so much of all the heaven Why didn't these unclean Pharisees of God's truth is reflected in this world bring one of their own number to as in a mirror, and the things that are Christ for exceriation and capital punishment? No, no; they overlook that in a man which they damnate in a woman. And so the world has had for offending women scourges and objurgation, and for just one offense she pecomes an outcast, while for men whose lives have been sedomic for twenty years, the world swings open its 'doors of brilliant welcome, and they may sit in legislatures and senates and parliaments or on thrones. Unlike the Christ of my text, the world writes a man's misdemeanor in dust, but chisels a woman's offense with great capitals upon ineffaceable marble. For foreign lords and princes, whose names cannot even be mentioned in respectable circles abroad because they are walking lazarettes of abomination, our American princesses of fortune wait, and at the first beck sail out with them into the blackness of darkness forever. And in what are called higher circles of society there is now not only the imitation of foreign dress and foreign manners, but an imitation of foreign dissoluteness. I like an English-man and I like an American, the sickest creature on earth is an American playing the Englishman. Society needs to be reconstructed on this subject. Treat them alike, masculine crime and feminine crime. If you cut the one in granite, cut them both in granite. you write the one in dust, write the other in dust. No, no, says the world, let woman go down and let man go up. What is that I hear plashing into the East river at midnight, and then there is a gurgle as of strangulation, and all is still. Never mind. It is only a woman too discouraged to live. Let the mills of the cruel world grind right on. SIGNIFICANCE OF CHRIST'S DUST WRIT-

> But while I speak of Christ of the text, his stooping down writing in the dust, do not think I underrate the literature of the dust. It is the most solemn and tremendous of all literature. It is the greatest of all libraries. When Layard exhumed Nineveh he was only opening the door of its mighty dust. The excavations of Pompeii have only been the unclasping of the lids of a volume of a nation's dust. When Admiral Farragut and his friends, a few years ago, visited that resurrected city, the house of Balbo, who had been one of its chief citizens in its prosperous days, was opened and a table was spread in that house which eighteen hundred and ten years has been buried by volcanie eruption, and Farragut and his guests walked over the exquisite mosaics and under the beautiful fresco, and it almost seemed like being entertained by those who eighteen centuries ago had turned to dust. Oh, this mighty literature of the dust. Where are the remains of Sennacherib and Attila and Epaminondas and Tamerlane and Trojan and Philip of Macedon and Julius Casar? Dust! Where are the heroes who fought on both sides at Chæropea, at Hastings, at Marathon, at Cressy, of the 110,000 men who fought at Agincourt, of the 250,000 men who faced death at Jena, of the 400,000 whose armor glittered in the sun at Wagram, of the 1,000,000 men under Darius at Arbella, of the 2,641,000 men under Xerxes at Thermopylæ? Where are the guests who danced

had a command of a wonderful vocabulary and a most suggestive and surprising style. He was also of excellent taste and felicity in the construction of his sentences. The late Dr. Ripley, so long the literary critic of The Tribune, wrote in a full, round and informing style. Mr. George Bancroft, the historian of the United States, employs an animated, picturesque, original, yet never redundant style. A beautiful style, simple, classic, unaffected, is that of the great Dr. Channing, who played so important a part in this country fifty years His writing was replete with a high and unaffected moral sentiment, the very reverse of the Phariseeism so often displayed by some modern writers. The noble style of John Fiske will repay study, and it is seen in its best estate in the "Excursions of an Evolutionist." Andrew Lang is master of an enviable style, as every one will declare who know his "Letters to the Dead." The style of Henry James is subtle, natural and engaging. Robert Louis Stevenson employs a style that is sometimes uneven, but is often

Nathaniel Hawthorne

Among the newspaper writers of our own country and of the present day, perhaps the best style is that of Mr. Joseph O'Connor, the editor of the Post-Express of Rochester. It is terse. lucid, calm, argumentative and with out a trace of effort or affectation. The late Dr. Greeley was master of a purely American, racy and individual style. In controversy especially he used to let himself out with great effect. He had wit as well as humor. One of the most delightful paper writers we have ever known was the late Mr. James F. Shunk of Pennsylvania. He had not only wit, but imagination and feeling also. Every sentence bubbled over with joility, and between his wit and imagination the balance was held even by a high intelligence. His death was a great loss to the profession which he adorned without being known, and enriched without leaving a monement. The elder Mr. Bennett had an extraordinary style, audacious, witty, cunning, reckless, full of grim

humor that amused even while it de-As for the six works of contemporancous interest which our correspondent inquires for, and which must alse be models for a student of style. we will name the Bible in King James' version, a book of eternal and therefore of contemporaneous interest; Cardinal Newman's "Apologia;" Matthew Arnold's "Literature and Dogma;" William Ellery Channing's essay on Napoleon Bonaparte; Daniel Webster's speech in reply to Hayne, and Abraham Lincoln's speech on the Gettysburg battle field. We do not mention these six productions as all comparable in importance, but as similar in elevation, grandeur, originality and beauty of expression, as alike indispensable to every English writing student who would seek to cultivate that last and most delightful perfection of literary art-a chastened, elegant, pregnant, fresh, imaginative and fascinating style.-New York Sun.

"All in favah ob de motion as hit am put will signerfy hit by saying 'Aye!" said the pompous chairman of a meeting of colored people, and a loud shout of 'Aye!" was the response. "All agin de motion say 'No!" "
"No!" came more faintly, but from

White marble monuments are going | out, and but few headstones are now made for the fashionable dead in white material. Granite in dark shades is all the rage, and nearly all the new monuments are being made in that material.

Mrs. Edith Dans has organized in

London a Lady's Guide association. Ladies desiring to adopt the profession must pass an examination, and, if accepted, are supplied with an engraved badge. They must be familiar with the geography of London, cab, omni-bus and railroad routes, public buildings, fees, etc. They also assist in the care of needlework and packing. The following expression from The Boston Globe is a fair indication of

public opinion: "The lesson taught by the growing versatility of women as shown in recorded results, is that she ought to have a fair chance. The bulk of progressive and fair minded men are now ready to concede this. The result may tip over some of the cherished notions of our grandfathers' days, but the age is ours, and a rightful share of its opportunities belongs to woman

The Genuine Tea Plant.

plant from which the Chinese and Japanese obtain the tea is called by botanists Theabohea. It is a small evergreen tree or shrub, closely allied to the camellia-indeed one of the lat ter, called warratah, is also said to furnish a certain class of tea. The bush of the genuine tea plant grows from three to six feet high, bushy, branches numerous, leafy. The young shoot finely silky, are evergreen. flowers are white and not unlike myrtle, but longer and usually two together; the anthers and stigma are yellow; it flowers in August and September in its native country. It was first introduced into British gardens in 1768. The black and green teas, as we obtain them, depend for their color upon the process of drying. Very young leaves and shoots give the finest tea, -San Francisco Chroni

A Well to Do Beggar. A well known figure in the neighborhood of the Stock Exchange is an old man with a long gray beard and watery eyes, who dresses in shabby clothes and plays doleful airs upon a piccolo. His appearance is so miserable that many people drop a dime into his battered hat. This was what a prominent broker was about to do when one of Inspector Byrnes' detectives stopped him and said: "That old fellow is a fraud. I'll

bet he has more money in his pockets now than you have. We looked up his record the other day and discovered that he was worth a good many thousands of dollars, but he will not The broker returned the dime to his pocket and the old piccola player glared with his watery eyes at the de-

Shocking the Snakes.

tective. - New York Journal.

According to a German scientific journal, they are using electricity in India to prevent snakes going into dwellings. Before all the doors and around the house two wires are laid. isolated from one another and connected with an induction apparatus. When the snake attempts to enter the house or go under it, he completes the circuit as he crawls over the two wires, and if the shock he

ame cause that gets so many young people into debt. How many young married people there are who load themselves with debt, ruin their credit and wreck their usefulness and happiness by starting out in the world with the false notion that respectability requires fine clothing, fine furniture and an elegant style of living and, who, having enjoyed the good things of life for a short season, pass the remainder of their days in shabby gentility, envying their more prosperous neighbors and railing against

the inequality of fortune. The young people of this genera tion need specially to learn that poverty is no disgrace, and that there can be no genuine respectability without

One of Newberry's ministers put the whole thing in a nutshell when he said in his sermon last Sunday that the man whose salary is \$1,000. and who lives to the tune of \$1,500, is a fraud .- Newberry Observer.

A Text For a Sermon.

"He is one the best men I ever knew, wholly consecrated to God, and in all matters save one conscientions almost to fault. But his conscience in financial matters sadly needs a toning up. For some reason or other he seems to have but little regard for his obligations in money matters." The foregoing is an extract from a private and .confidential letter. Whether it describes a preacher or a layman it is unnecessary to say, since there are possibly both preachers and laymen to whom these words apply. There is food here for profitable thought, and subject matter enough for columns of editorial reflections. We prefer, however, to give the text only, and let the reader preach his own sermon and make he own application. Be sure of the latter, for the application is by far the most important part of every discourse .- Southern Christian

"You may hive the stars in a nail keg, hang the ocean on a rail fence to dry, put the sky to soak in a eternity and let the sun and moon out, but den't think you can escape the place that lies on the other side of purgatory if you don't pay for for there is no hay more valuable than

foolish transaction on the part of the farmer when taking into consideration the uses that cotton seed are fit for: first as a fertilizer, then as food for cattle, and then for lubricating oil, and also for lard. Why, fifteen or twenty-five cents a bushel is not half its value. It amounts to almost giving away something for nothing when it comes to exchanging cotton seed for commercial fertilizers. Who have made the most money from commercial fertilizers, the manufacturers or the farmers? Most certainly the manufacturers. The manufacturers have become rich at it, while the farmers —the best and most successful among them-have barely held their own. A vast majority, no doubt, were losers by it. Let facts speak for themselves. I wager that farming will pay better if a farmer will hold on to his cotton seed and compost them with his lot manure, and rotate his crops and turn under vegetable matter to decompose in the land than by selling his cotton seed and buying fertilizers. The great mistake that farmers have made since the war has been in bnying for their farms so many things that they should have made themselves. The out-go has far exceeded their income, and that has been the great error and trouble with them, and still continues to some extent. With those who have not terraced their farms yet, let terracing be their first work-be sure and terrace and save your lands. And those who have terraced, overhaul them, and where there are are any defects, repair them. The day for washing and gullying farms should be no more when they can be saved at so little cost and labor. In February sow oats, and sow largely; decrease as much the cultivatable crops, and increase the small grain crops, clover and grass. A spontaneous hay crop was made in North Georgia last fall from crab-grass by the summer rains, that was abundant and valuable. On some farms, where storms and droughts damaged the corn crops, the hay saved was twice the value of the corn, and no hay I gourd and unbuckle the bellyband of have seen made from the sown grasses is superior in quality than crab-grass hay. The crab-grass seed should be

s)wo, and sown as other grasses are,

crab-grase bay.