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## THE BATTLE OF THE BROTHERS.

### HOW BOB AND ALF TAYLOR ARE CAN- VASSING TENNESSEE.

Triumphal Progress of Fraternal Candidates— Peculiar Features of the Novel Campaign—Dis- cussing Politics Arm in Arm and Paddling in Duets—Their Personal Traits and Appear- ance.

(Special to the New York World.)

NASHVILLE, Tenn., September 23.—The remarkable gubernatorial canvass in Tennessee has made the participants in it the most prominent men in the State at the present time. Robert and Alfred Taylor are the two oldest sons of the Rev. N. G. Taylor, an old and well-known minister of the Northern Metho- dist church, who has lived the greater part of his life in the extreme north- western counties of the State, and been actively engaged in farming and preach- ing. He is a pronounced prohibitionist, but only stepped into politics once, when he was elected to Congress from the first district, and succeeded by Roderick Random Butler. He has since lived quietly, and neighbors tell of him that he does less preaching during an off year than when one of his sons is running for office. Robert and Alfred are both men of stalwart mien and good intellect. Physically, they are both striking, both heavily built, but "Bob" is fully eight inches taller and "Alf" more than two inches longer. Their heads are com- paratively large and set firmly on their shoulders. Alf is of very stocky build, and not much over five feet, while his Democratic brother will measure fully six feet, and weighs considerably over two hundred pounds. The eyes of both are black, those of Bob full of fire and sympathy, while those of his brother are more quiet and less piercing. Their complexions are the same, swarthy, but the character of each face is given it by the eyes.

In disposition they differ greatly. Alf being phlegmatic and thoughtful, while his elder brother is lymphatic, magnetic, fond of telling jokes, of which he has a great stock, always being able to knock out argument with a funny story. This makes him the more popular of the two, regardless of party affiliations. His in- fluence over the crowd is wonderful, and his election to Congress in a strong Re- publican district, which never before had since seen a Democrat to Congress, is still talked of as the time when "Bob" Taylor fiddled his way into Congress. Both brothers are accomplished fiddlers and as ready fiddlers are being brought in as a post-ortatorical amusement for the countless crowds that gather about them. Until yesterday the speaking had been in Republican strongholds, but at Tullahoma the first Democratic stronghold was assaulted in East Tennessee. Both were treated with the utmost courtesy. Yesterday, however, there was some dis- position to guy the Republican candi- date, which the Democratic brother silenced by rising and saying: "The man that insults my brother insults me."

At McMinnville to-day they were greeted by the largest audience ever gathered in Warren county, and were listened to with the utmost attention. Partisans of each had made the most ex- tensive arrangements for the reception, and the opposing cavalcades formed and escorted the brothers to the hotel. Roses, red and white, were worn by everybody in McMinnville. It is strange, by the way, that the white rose has become the Democratic emblem. A peculiar chan- casticity of the brothers would seem to dictate the reverse. As men- tioned, both have swarthy complexions, both are extremely sensitive, but when sensitiveness is touched they are affected ex- actly opposite. Bob turns red, he gets red, in the face, while Alf gets ashy pale, when wounded or angry. Last night, for the second time during the canvass, they slept under different roofs. This was due to arrangements made by the respective committees of reception.

They both arose this morning. Alf took a spin of three miles into the country before breakfast, while Bob sauntered out into the grounds of the hotel, and finding a retired seat under a spreading maple surrendered himself to the early morning air. A few minutes and Alf sped by behind a fast stepping trotter. "Hello, Alf," exclaimed Bob. "Hello, Bob," exclaimed Alf, as the Re- publican disappeared around the corner. After a leisurely breakfast the brothers held an informal reception, and at ten o'clock boarded the train for McMinnville, occupying the same seat and dis- cussing arm in arm. They glanced over the morning papers. At every station a crowd was augmented by excursions, and by the time the train arrived at Mor- risson every seat was occupied. The in- tense interest which the campaign has excited manifested itself all along the line. Curious countrymen, eager to see the brothers, peered through the car windows at every station, while the partisans who cheered their respective candi- dates.

Bob was now enjoying his stronghold and his name was on many lips. The peculiar enthusiasm this man arouses manifested itself at every turn. It is spontaneous, irrepressible and remark- ably without parallel in the history of Tennessee. The features of this novel and great debate, for great it has been in the fullest sense of the word, dashes from town to town with lightning rapidity. In no section has this been more strikingly demonstrated than in that which the brothers are now traversing. Democrats are excited to fever heat over the brilliant campaign of their leader, the fame of which has found its way to other States. Republicans and Demo- crats agree that never have Republican doctrines received a better exposition than is made by Alf Taylor.

The duel of brothers grows more ex- citing, but is still upon the broad plane of principle, not personality. At Morris- son three Democrats, fresh from their country homes, walked up to the Demo- cratic leader of white flowers, daisies and garlands of wild violets and heli- trope. Bob was touched by the tribute, and with "God bless you," led them forward. He framed a buttonnier from the blossoms and wore it at McMinn- ville. At 12.30 the party arrived at McMinn-

ville. A magnificent reception awaited the Democratic nominee. Democrats shouted themselves hoarse at the pres- ence of their young leader. They rushed into the car and laid overpowered him. They cheered him and patted him on the shoulder. They called him "Bob" and called him Governor, and half pulled and half carried him out upon the plat- form, where a struggling mass seeking to speak to him. Finally the procession formed, and through the streets to the hotel it was a triumphal march. The speaking was well attended, and both attracted the favorable comments of their partisans. No new points were devel- oped by either.

At Dayton, in Rhea county, which is decidedly close on a full vote, hundreds turned out to give the rival brothers an ovation. Bob Taylor wore the white rose and Alf the red. The cue has been caught up from place to place, and now a man's politics may be seen by the color of the rose or rosette which adorns the lapel of his coat. It is a reminder of the contests of the houses of York and Lan- caster, only in this case the single house of Taylor is involved. The gallant Bob, besides this decoration, looms up conspicuously in his now famous white felt hat. It goes faithfully with him every where and shines forth prominently as the white plume of King Henry of Navarre before the battling French hosts at Ivry.

## WOMEN AS FARMERS.

### A Few of Them Who are Succeeding in Agri- culture in the South.

(From the Philadelphia Times.)

It is not in the West alone that women are successful as farmers. In the South they are engaging in this business, and some are doing well. At a certain in- my own county, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, at least four ladies are en- gaged in agriculture, and if they are not growing rich in these days of low prices, each is making a good living in an in- dependent way and doing quite as well as her neighbors, the gentleman farmers around her. Three of these ladies are widows, living in the country that they may raise their children away from the temptations and confinement of life in town. The husband of one of them died in debt, but the earth had not settled above him before his brave little wife had resolved to keep the farm and try to pay that money, and in eight years, by close management, she has done it, and now has the place and the stock clear, and under her care her boy and girl are growing up in health and usefulness on it. Another has been a widow a longer time, from the farm which her husband left she has educated her children, giving them advantages beyond the public schools of the country, built an excel- lent house, improved the land, and now with one of the most desirable places in the neighborhood, as age creeps on, she is resting somewhat, while the sons whom she has reared cultivate the land, and another daughter has charge of the dairy and another the poultry. "They have managed as well, if not better, than their husbands possibly could have done," being the verdict of the entire neighbor- hood. Another of these woman farmers has never married. When her parents died, leaving to their six daughters but one small farm, she, then in very early womanhood, instead of selling out and taking her younger sisters to town to learn trades or stand in stores, and so become more easy victims to the con- sumption of which their parents had died, bravely took up the burden of managing the farm and keeping them on it, and bravely has she succeeded; and now when most of them are useful wives in other homes, she still lives in home- ly comfort at the old place, keeping its fireside bright for those of her sisters who, by reason of widowhood or other changes, may wish to come back to it. Did the mother of the Grecian accom- plish more? While these women all give their personal attention to the details of their business, and attend to the poultry and dairy themselves, they have not at- tempted the cultivation of the land, de- pending on hired labor to do that. Doubtless they have many cares and anxieties, know many a weary hour; but in what way can a support be made with- out care and weariness, especially if there should be children to raise?

I have no argument against the West. Its abundant opportunities make it a land of delightful promise, but this section offers manumission from the long winters of the West, with their long-con- tinued snows—which must be a serious bugbear to the woman who wishes to attend to the feeding of her stock— abundant transportation, convenient markets, and more abundant labor. It is true the negro is not so reliable as the white man of the North and West, but he can be hired for half the money and is not near so exacting in his require- ments. All through Southern Maryland and Virginia, indeed all of the Southern States, is much land which can be bought very low, many places with buildings on them. It is true when the price is low the land is generally thin and the buildings out of order; but the land improves readily under a kind treat- ment, and whitewash and a general cleaning up soon make a wonderful change in a second year. These places are inviting fields for fruit and vegetable raising, dairying, bee and poultry keeping or general farming, and it is already the advance guard of the woman farmer to go on the ground and at work.

In addition to those mentioned there is a widow over in Dorchester who has planted her land in peach trees and is said to be reaping a good income from it. Further up the peninsula are two unmarried sisters, who are known as peach farmers. Down in Somerset three ladies, who love flowers, are raising roses and other plants for sale, and doubtless many others all through the South are making a support from land. I noticed in a late paper the advertise- ment of a lady in Virginia who has eggs for sale. I suppose she is some energetic woman who has gone into the poultry business. I know of a bright little woman at a farm in Mississippi who, about three years ago and had well earned a covetous bachelor in the neighborhood persuaded her to give it up to marry him. Let me not be understood as advising all women who must earn money to turn farmers. Far from it. Those who have not love and fitness for it will be very apt to fail, just as many men who attempt it fail; but those who read "Farmer Finch" in one of last year's Harper's have seen how she suc-

ceeded on the few acres when her father had failed, and so I believe that many women are as well suited for this calling as the majority of men who engage in it.

"Far better," says a liberal-minded man farmer in our midst. "She is more afraid of debt. She has not the same temptations to spend money outside of home. She is not so easily discouraged. She better knows how to economize in little things, and then you know when a woman wills she will." To these requisite qualities we must add strength of character and love of home. If she have all these, and feels that she would like to try the farmer's life, then let her come to our Southern land, if she so wills, and buy only what she can pay for. Far better only five acres all paid for, and with something to improve it, than two hundred, with a debt hanging over it. Indeed, I am inclined to think the "lit- tle farm well tilled" is the right thing for the woman farmer, who comes here from other sections. She may not grow rich as fast as her sister who goes West. In- deed, I doubt if she ever will be rich, as the world thinks of riches; but she may know abundantly the true life of one's own vine and fig tree, under softer skies and a milder climate, where all the rates of living are lower than North or West, and she can have the comfort of near neighbors, schools and churches. Her life will be in quiet ways; but if she set the example of a carefully managed busi- ness, a well-ordered home, a well-trained family—if under her care neglected fields be slowly changed to blooming orchards, or fragrant clover lands, while over her home roses and vines clamber, and her bees drone, and her busy hens sing through the long summer days, she may well feel that she is of use in her day and generation; and surely a public benefactor as he who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew be- fore.

Easton, Maryland.

### "A. JOHNSON, TAILOR."

(Greenville (Tenn.) Letter to Pittsburg (Iowa) Wk.)

We walked along the narrow sidewalk and finally came to the main street of town. My guide pointed out some places as we passed along and we crossed the straggling thoroughfare and descended a gentle declivity, at the foot of which bubbled a little stream. We halted in front of a little one-story house. A Vir- ginian crepe mingled its vivid green with the mildewed white paint. Over the door my eyes saw a legend on an old piece of paintless board, which was all spring and weather-beaten. Some strag- gling, old-style letters, scarcely decipi- erable in their faded blackness, met my gaze. Only three words, but those three words had once convulsed a hemisphere. They were an embodiment of possibili- ties; an epitome of the power of intel- lect over surroundings; a story of match- less power, and a perishing record of imperishable brilliancy. This simple legend was as follows: "A. Johnson, Tailor."

The lettering is rude and was evis- erated by a pair of jeans made by the tailor-President for the village sign writer; indeed, the village tradition runs to that effect. Here at that very window the humble tailor sat sewing when his townsmen, in 1828, to apprise him that the signal honor of being Alderman at Greenville had been given to him by his appreciative fellow- citizens. No need to further trace the career of the illustrious Andrew John- son, seventeenth President of the United States. The old house is in good repair, kept so by the Mayor of the city, and the villagers have a thousand traditions and anecdotes to relate about the house and its distinguished occupant, one of which will serve to close with.

"Jose Green was a character round about Greenville, en' wuz notorious for own' every one of the store folk on Main street. Shitless—that shitless that he'd tote his old musket along Main street with his clothes falling off en' en' never keering, sah, so long as he had a drink in his gullet. Jose had a mis- able old yaller dog which wuzn't wuzn't shootin' at. Wal, one day Jose wuz powerful hard up fer some jean pants en' he traded off the dog for three yal- ds of cloth. How tu git them made, Jose didn't no, en' ez he had no wecm'n folk he 'lowed he'd ez git Andy to make them pants. Meantime the yaller dog had gnawed the rope ez he'd been tied under a band of yellow en' Jose ez he could get them pants made by Andy ez cheap ez he got the cloth he'd be powerful lucky. So he went down and got Andy to measure him fer the pants. But Andy knowed Jose and said ez how he'd plank down in advance or per- haps he'd be no pants. Andy talked so per- haps that Jose he thought ez how he'd trade the dog again. 'Andy,' sez he, 'there's the most powerful coon dog in the keounty, en' ef you'll do a good job on them pants I'll let you hev him.' So Andy he buckled to en' made a powerful fine pair uv pants. Wal, sah, Jose then got into them pants then he whistled that mis'able purp away en' wuz a pair uv pants ahead. Andy, though, he neval sed nuthin'. Twuzn't his way."

### Home Politeness.

A boy who is polite to his father and mother is likely to be polite to every one else. A boy lacking politeness to his parents may have the semblance of courtesy in society, but is never truly polite in spirit, and is in danger, as he becomes familiar, of betraying his real want of courtesy. We are all in danger of living too much for the outside world for the impression which we make in society, coveting the good opinions of those who are in a sense a part of ourselves, and who will continue to sustain and be interested in us, notwithstanding these defects of the deportment and character. We say to every boy and to every girl, cultivate the habits of cour- tesy and propriety at home—in the sit- ting room and in the kitchen—and you will be sure in other places to deport yourself in a becoming and attractive manner. When one has a pleasant smile and a graceful demeanor, it is a satisfac- tion to know these are not put on, but that they belong to the character, and are manifest at all times and under all circumstances.

Instead of "Much obliged," "Thanks," or "Thanks awfully much," the Anglosaxons about town now say "Beholden," or "Very much beholden to you." It's the latest, and quite catching.

## FASHIONS FOR AUTUMN.

### MATTERS OF FAIRLY INTEREST TO THE FAIR SEX.

Novelties in Hats, and Old Yet Becoming Bon- nets—Something New in Skirting, Etc.

New goods for early fall wear con- tinue to be displayed daily and present a number of novel fabrics, some of which are as brilliant in color as shadings as the richest tints seen in the autumnal foliage. In all wool fabrics many quiet tones are shown, varying with stripes with dashes of color. In Paris plaids and checks promise to be the latest choice to com- bine with plain materials, but here stripes appear to be the most popular. One striking feature in the fall modes is the extreme "mannishness" displayed in the styles. This is not altogether new, but this season promises to be carried to a greater extreme than ever before. The question of becomingness to the wearer is not considered. Fashion is so potent that there is rarely any discrimination exercised in the choice of what to wear. However, if the style is antagonistic to a refined and conservative taste, it is a trifle modified if countenanced.

An admixture of tints is to be decid- edly fashionable this coming season. By slow degrees the universal adoption of black and dark tones is being given up, which has made so many social gather- ings of late years so gloomy of aspect. Excellent coloring is displayed in coarse interplated basket cloths—black, white, red and brown intermixed—and in the Alexandra cloths with bonnet stripes—red, yellow, blue and red, flocked. Other wools are in plain colors and also with tufted stripes, which, placed horizont- ally and perpendicularly, form a check. Then there are cloths with spots between the stripes. Plain material comes in the same shade to combine with these in costumes. Zebra cloth is solid, plain and striped in such mixtures as gray and blue, blue-brown and green. Parisian fashions have always a certain following, so some tweeds have been brought out with large plaids of blue, brown and red.

Serge, which has hitherto been con- sidered a plain material, is now advanced to a decorative fabric, with broad velvet and chenille stripes. A very beautiful cloth displayed is of a petunia shade, of a yard across, in plain and fancy frize velvet, showing convolutions in shades of petunia (a red purple) with leaves twining around stripes of a dark and light tone. This material is very costly, and only appropriate for a handsome carriage of visiting toilette.

### WHAT'S NEW IN SKIRTING.

It is always difficult to find anything new in skirtting, but the winter petticoats will be remarkable for their brilliant coloring. The perpendicular stripes are two inches wide, in red, yellow, black, white and gray. Some of these have a line of herring-bone weaving beside each stripe in yellow. Most luxurious are the cardinal satin petticoats, lined with flan- nel, with a very little eldordown between the two thicknesses. These are ex- quisitely quilted in fine diamonds with a handsome border, the edge finished by a pleating of satin.

Pure woolen fabrics in shades of leath- er and biscuit, with tiny specks in a darker color, form some of the prettiest dinner-table costumes; the skirt is pleated in rather wide box pleats, each one orna- mented at the edge with an applique em- broidered design of Indian or Persian character. The costume is completed by a tunic and jacket, or by a polonaise fastened diagonally from the left shoul- der under a band of white embroidery; a continued round the right side, which is draped like a rounded panier. The left side forms a long tunic draped with pleats under the embroidered band edging the right side, and falling in a long point a little to the left of the centre, and draped again far back on the left hip under a bow of wide ribbon. The back breadth forms a pleated and pointed apron, bordered down the sides and drawn the edge with an embroidered applique band.

Many novelties are daily appearing in millinery, each new bonnet or hat being more eccentric than its predecessors, for old styles are certainly the most popular at present. The latest Parisian novelty is the "pinc cone" hat, in perfect imitation of a gigantic fir cone. This hat is always trimmed with ostrich plumes or tufts of the hair of the pines. Many of the prettiest bonnets are composed of crepe; even those intended for the win- ter season are composed of this fragile material. Of course they have an inner lining of thin silk and will be reserved more especially for evening, afternoon teas and reception wear.

### RED THE FAVORITE COLOR.

Red is a favorite color for everything. It has been popular in Paris for the past six months and now promises to be equally fashionable here. It requires time for Americans to become accus- tomed to decided novelties, but when they do the extreme of using colors prominently is generally adopted and this will likely prove the case with the bright color that is popular; beautiful and stylish as it is if worn with discre- tion. A red bonnet, made of crepe, has a flaming brim standing up well above the face, with a wreath of poppies be- neath it. The trimming upon the out- side consists of a ladder up one side made of pearl-edged ribbon.

Chenille is applied in various ways. Many wire bonnets are covered with chenille of different colorings, twisted in and out, the fronts pointed, the backs turned back. Astrachan bonnets are new and will be in demand—not made of fur, but of imitation woolen Astrachan in all colorings. These all have the plain turn-back coronet. The great novelty of the moment is that bonnets are made of two colors. For example, a red coronet, with blue sides and the turned-back coronet blue. The colorings in this kind of bonnet are princi- pally brown and green, brown and red, brown and beige. Horseshoe smoken crowns are, as far as can be seen at present, likely style of the coming season. The ribbon is folded and crossed over this crown, coming forward to form the strings. Many of the new felt hats have

high-pointed or square crowns bound with velvet, a bow tied in the front.

### A NOVEL BONNET.

A novel bonnet is made of gray vel- vet, of the shade resembling an ele- phant's fur; the crown is covered with silver braid, gradually shading off to the same coloring as the velvet; the front stands up very high, and is decorated with a large bunch of pink azaleas, strings of tulle the same shade as the flowers.

A stylish bonnet is made of black beaded tulle, with very high coronet; in front a high bow of red velvet, with a large bunch of red and black cherries and foliage falling over it; beaded tulle strings, fastened with a handsome jet pin.

Steel, gold and black beads are fash- ionable in fringes as well as embroidery; gold beads especially are in favor for dresses and small vestments. One of these, of gray cloth, has the collar cov- ered with a fringe of fine gold beads, and the whole of the plastron is covered with gold-bead fringe. Bead embroidery is used for everything, the plain and the colored beads both being used, the effect being in many and in fact most cases being "coronets." Fasteneristic corsets are to be a feature of the coming season; these are exquisitely beautiful, and cor- respondingly extravagant in price. Rib- bons form an important part in trim- ming; bows are used upon everything, and an entire trimming six inches wide is made to edge evening and dinner costumes, formed of very narrow ribbon, like a bobbin, loop upon loop, making a thick mass. Rosettes are made of the same ribbon, to correspond.

### DRESS TRIMMINGS.

Bands of satin, embroidered in cross-stitch with silk, are employed in trimming matinee and morning dresses made of sash and foulard; revers col- lars and cuffs are embroidered to cor- respond with the bands and form a very pretty trimming. Lace of all kinds is extensively used for trimming. Lace embroidered with gold bullion is very elegant to trim dinner and evening dresses of black lace, silk or satin. Vel- vets for trimming are strewn with tiny flowers in bright colors.

Galloons and braids of all kinds are the most fashionable trimmings. They are plain or heavily beaded. Complete sets of the heaviest ornaments are made to correspond for trimming pair, is, vest, cuffs and collar. The weight of some of these, if elaborate, is truly appalling. Natural fir cones, very small, are intro- duced as pendants on jet galloons; gold is also used with jet. However, must be of the very finest quality, or it has a common, tawdry appearance. Fringes of silver-gay seeds mixed with steel beads and ornaments to correspond are shown to use upon gray wraps. These are new, stylish and very expensive. Large steel, gold or jet balls are worn on the ends of ribbon bows.

Suede gloves still continue fashiona- ble. When will glaze kid gloves return to favor? Suede is very well for morn- ing wear, but certainly glaze kid looks better for dressy costumes and evening wear; but fashion is a stern autocrat and must be obeyed, so no change is yet to be made. The tan color of the kid is yet the first choice, but black and various shades, matting the costume with which it is to be worn, are shown for which they prefer a match to a contrast.

Four-button gloves are the lengthiest used for general wear. For evening the length of the gloves and number of but- tons is regulated by the pulse of the owner. There is a slight disposition to use some of the pale tints so long dis- carded, as well as the tan shades. Stit- ching black and colors is seen on many of the new gloves.

### A WARNING TO TESTATORS.

The ejection of the sisters and grand- nieces of the late Mr. Tilden from Gray- stone by the executors of his peculiar will is probably only the beginning of a long series of events bordering upon scandal to result from that document. While there can be no doubt that the executors are within their legal powers, and perhaps their legal duties in order- ing Mrs. Pelton and children of that lady's son to find another place of abode on five days' notice, neither can there be any doubt that in consideration of the trust relationships of the late Colonel Pelton to Mr. Tilden (which are public and notorious) such a collision is one greatly to be deplored and should have been avoided if possible.

The truth is, that Mr. Tilden's will was the crowning example of a procrasti- nation which always perplexed and often alienated his associates, both in business and in politics. He possessed a mind of extraordinary ingenuity, capable of pro- found thought and intricate plotting, but sadly lacking in executive determi- nation at critical moments for action. He planned a beneficent disposal of the bulk of his great property for public uses, but never was resolute enough to put the plan himself into operation, and died shifting it to the discretion of three gentlemen, whom he took especial pains to fortify against unkindred, but took no pains to constrain to carry out his purpose at any definite time or in any definite way.

The subject is a fair one for public comment and criticism, in consideration of those uses declared in the will in which the public has a distinct interest to the amount of several million dollars, although there may be no legal means of enforcing that interest. It adds another to the innumerable warn- ings to men of great property and benevolent intentions to do their good works "while it is yet day" and they can themselves supervise the execution of their projects.—N. Y. Herald.

### Killed by the Earthquake.

Mr. G. B. Newcomb, an employee of the North Eastern Railroad Company, reports that the foliage on many of the trees in the neighborhood of Ten-mile Hill has been killed by the water which spouted up from the sand craters on the night of the earth- quake. He examined the country immedi- ately east of the railroad track last Sat- urday for a distance of about a half mile, and found it really very dry, and in some places the water rose to extend across the whole area, being four feet wide in some places and marked at intervals by holes from which water had evidently spouted. The foliage on many of the young pine trees in the neighborhood had been with- ered and killed by the water.

A man may have no fear for muscle, but have a mind to play.

## THREE BY A THOUSAND DOLLARS.

### The Hat, the Band and the Deaf Walk, Talk and Hear.

A long line of people in their second childhood and many colorful folks filed through the sanctuary at Greenville, N. C., yesterday for the "faith cure" camp meeting. The lame, the deaf and the blind, chronic paralytics and promiscu- ous invalids marched in the grotesque procession. The invalids were blithe, the paralytics capered nimbly along, gay enough to dance on the graves, the deaf thought that they could hear the crickets, the blind that they could see, and some of the more enthusiastic negroes imag- ined that they could fly. Every one in the procession believed in miracles. All had come from various towns in Con- necticut, Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey, and some had traveled nearly 500 miles.

The camp meeting was held in the grounds of the "Mount Zion Sanctuary," an ordinary, two-story house, whose outer walls are painted with scriptural quotations and sentences bearing on the "faith cure." It is claimed by the "faith cure" people that a woman of the name of Antoinette Jackson had a direct revelation from God, and that she is the only person in modern times and since the Hebrew prophets who was ever in direct communication with the Creator.

About 500 people were crowded in the tent yesterday afternoon when Mrs. An- toinette Jackson, a very healthy looking woman, opened the devotions by saying that she had once had curvature of the spine and neuralgia of the brain. She had been healed by faith, which also cured her of a desire to go to the opera. She said that she had given herself wholly to the Lord, and it didn't make any difference to her now whether she had a new bonnet or not. At this reference a colored man in the camp meeting cried: "Praise the Lord."

"Banjo Bill" arose and declared that his entire family had been healed by the faith cure. One child that had been helpless with spinal disease for thirteen years had been anointed and was now able to skip the rope. Another had been cured of pneumonia and a third of malaria in four week's sailing. As for himself, he had been cured of a desire for strong drink of eighteen years' stand- ing and of a desire for tobacco which had run for thirty years.

A middle-aged man said that faith had cured him of playing pool. He used to drink half a gallon of whiskey a day, and had never opened the covers of a Bible until he was 37 years old. A col- ored man got up and said that he had been cured of chicken stealing and of ranging around watermelon patches. Since he had been healed by the "faith cure" no turkeys had ever got tangled up in his clothes, and he had never lost his way and run into a smoke house.

Another colored man testified that he couldn't hear a fog horn until he came to the camp meeting. He had wrestled with the lumbarago for years, and came to the first meeting full of doubt and covered with plasters. Now he no longer needed any plasters and the lumbarago had gone off. A fat and jolly woman who would probably weigh 300 pounds, got up and said that she used to be so fat she couldn't walk. Putting her trust in the "faith cure" she asked the Lord to take away some of her fat. Since that time she had lost thirty-five pounds. "This was a right to jump and hol- low!" said she bounding up from the floor; "if we didn't tell the way we feel we'd bust asunder."

A woman lieutenant of the Salvation Army said that she had ruptured a lung while speaking at an open air meeting. That lung had been wholly healed by the "faith cure," and she could now shout as well as when she was a sergeant. Many devout people testified in a simple and sincere way that had been cured of grave bodily ills by the faith cure, and pointed to their friends and kindred present who had been unable to walk until they had been healed through faith.

No collection was taken up, but most of those present dropped coins into a box at the door. "Rev." M. D. Hancock, an unordained preacher, who pre- sided over the camp meeting, invited all present to join his new "church of the first born" and to leave the Babylon of the modern churches, if the latter would not allow them to belong to the two churches at the same time.

## A Poor Farmer's Boy.

Speaking of Kentucky elections some curious stories come to me in regard to the Hon. William Preston Talbot, a member of the House who represents the mountainous regions of Kentucky de- scribed in Charles Egbert Craddock's novels. Talbot is a long, lank, cadav- erous, smooth-faced, sallow-complexion- ed man, thirty-five years of age. He has black eyes, dark hair, and sort of a frontier air about him. He is a man of some ability, and the Congressional Directory says that he prepared himself for Congress by studying for the minis- try three years and for the law three. He has John D. Whitte's old district, and whereas it is an open secret that Whit- te elected to buy his district, Talbot was elected on the grounds that he was a poor boy and a man of the people. It was said that he made his poverty his plea for election on the stump, and that among the favorite sentences of his stump speeches to the mountaineers were such as the following: "I would have the people of these mountains show the world that a poor boy can go to Con- gress. I would have the nobility of France know it. I would let the Queen of England know it. Ay! I would let the monarchs of the world know that down here in Kentucky one man is as good as another, and that a poor farm- er's boy can be elected to one of the highest offices in the land." A good deal of the electioneering in the Kentucky mountains is done by private conversa- tions. Representative Talbot, it is said, never allowed an opportunity to pass of mak- ing a vote of impressing his constitu- tions with the simplicity of his nature and logic.—Washington Letter to the Cleveland Leader.

There is an old proverb set in a new dress, it is a fashion these days to adopt a modern method of expression and here is one of the best examples of it we have seen:

"When the Prince of Evil was in ill- health he vehemently desired to be a holy friar; but upon convalescence he was heard to remark that his pious aspirations had fallen into innocuous desuetude."

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## PICTURES OF STRANGE LANDS.

### WHAT THE TRAVELER SEES IN THE HEART OF RUSSIA.

The Ghild Towers, Gorgeous Churches and Splendid Palaces of Moscow.

(Letter to the Davenport Democrat.)

The other sights consist of churches, palaces, and treasured things within the Kremlin. This is the old time fort—walled stoutly about. This was in early days the entire city. Here were the palaces, churches, the troops and arsenal—the heart of Russia. Here lived the czars, the priests, the generals, the sol- diers. Here within the church was all the treasure kept—an old-time oriental custom of the pagan age; here, too, were people judged and executions held—here the heart and central strength of Russia.

As the city grew more walls were added, but the old Kremlin walls were kept intact; and now, as you enter there through the holy gate, beneath the emblems of the church, you must remove your hat—so does the emperor—so all his subjects—all who visit here.

The palace here is very grand—has many rooms and lofty halls aglow with polish, glass and gold. To take you through these halls, and rooms, and corridors would be to travel for miles and miles and write for months and months. They cover many acres—filled with furniture and curious things; with beds and bedding—costly, inlaid floors, arabesques and gilded work—with carvings, tiles, armorial shields; great stables, carriages and luxurious outfits of all sorts; a winter garden far above the street luxu- riant in palm and vine, exuberant tropic plants—aglow with tropic heat here in this frozen realm—a playroom for the queen, who comes not often here—all this for the imperial home, but very rarely occupied. The treasury is very spacious—very rich in richest gems, in crowns and scepters, hilts and jeweled clothes that here are gathered up to make a museum for folks to come and see. A czar is crowned—his crown and scepter, all his costliest things and gems find lodgment here. Even the coronation clothes of Mr. and Mrs. Czar are worn no more, but hung up here to look at all the ages. Here in this regal show many a costly coach and sledge, built for the coronation pageant—to be used no more—no end of costliest luxury of which you tire very soon and wish for something good and plain.

Here in the Kremlin churches lie the royal bones of all the czars and wives down to Great Peter's day—here stored away in great stone coffins lumber the floor, o'erst with purple velvets trimmed with golden cuffs, fenced up with gilded posts and rails, waiting in royal state amidst the masses of the church, among the relics of the shrines, among the pictures of the saints—the jolly ceremonials—waiting in state the judgment day. Most people have come to bury human beings in the public shrines, but here they do just as was done in the days of yore. These mon- archs are the Greek church popes and agents of Heaven upon the earth to do the will of God. Their word is absolute—have in their hands to make or break at will; have in their hands the fullest power, coming to them as a divine right. You don't believe in such things—not of present kings—its not your interest to. We can believe that Saul and Solomon and such old-time barbaric Jewish kings were really called of God to rule and have no end of power and gold and wives, but we have to draw the line some- where, and draw it before we come to Russian days.

The churches here are miracles of jeweler's art. The domes without, the altars, shrines and tombs within, abound in beaten gold—gold wrought in coun- less shapes—gold counted by the hun- dred pounds—up over the dome and under the domes of this Saint Savior's church, built here in way of thanks to God for victory in 1812 over the troops of France, greets you from miles away as you approach this Moscow town. First thing of all you see in the bright sun- light coming across the plain is this sharp gleam and gleam—a costly diadem suspended in the air—refulgent corona. What makes it so? You see no beam like this from the gilded State House dome of Iowa, only a dullish glare. But this is different. The State House dome is gilded very thin and plain. These domes we see—you may stand upon the lowest and count them by the score—are of thick plates, and burnished till it gleams like finest polished jewelry, daz- zling your eyes. This outdoor golden wealth is here prodigious. To gild Saint Savior's dome took half a ton of purest gold.

The whole church is a gleaming glory of polished granite, marbles, costly malachite and lapis lazuli; masses of finest porphyry, such as is used in Ro- man churches only sparingly; masses of Finnish granite; columns of Siberian verde antique, black marbles of the finest grain, light violet and gold line gray, with altar work of pure Carrara white. These regal stones mount arch on arch, the floors alash with polishing. The pious pictures of the Almighty Savior, saints and sacred scenes of heaven and earth are works of hands most skilled—you move about mid golden bronze and sil- ver things, midst gems and all in earth most choice and rare—all stone and metal, not a piece of wood in all the work—not large like great St. Peter's church in Rome—only a pendant you may say, yet costing twenty millions—the finest gem in all this land of costly shrines; the finest in the world, they say.

## Twelve Hours With a Salmon.

The papers describe the feat of Maj. Hill, who having hooked a Salmon while fishing in the Wye, stuck to it for 12 hours, and then inconspicuously lost it, as "unprecedented." This is wrong, for two years ago an angler who was fishing for trout in the River Don hooked a salmon at 11 in the morning and did not succeed in