RESURGENT.

Only a bunch of withered flowers,
Faded and brown and old,
But memory makes them gay once more
With purple, white and gold.

The pink spring beauty greets us first,
Fed by the melting snow,
And ground nut blossoms show the place
Of hidden stores below.

The pure wake-robin on the hill
Greets the first bird again,
The starry blood root in the dell
Still leaves its crimson stain,

Jack-in the-pulpit preaches yet
To little woodland folk,
And liverworts and violets grow
At the feet of the hollow oak.

The dainty waxen Indian pipe
Beneath the beach tree springs,
And the golden bell of the adder tongue
Still lightly sways and swings.

It tolls the knell—that fairy bell—
Of childhood's hopes and fears
And ushers in the toil and sin
Of later, sadder years,

And so I kept the faded flowers
My old time playmate gave,
With grasses sweet that grow above
A lonely western grave.

SONG OF THE SHIRT.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's Elequent Sermon on Woman's Work.

BROOKLYN, June 3.—Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, who is now on his round the world journey, has chosen as the subject for today "Martyrs of the Needle," the text being Matthew xix, 24, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle."

Whether this "eye of the needle" be the small gate at the side of the big entrance of the wall of the ancient city, as is generally interpreted, or the eye of a needle such as is now handled in sewing a garment I do not say. In either case it would be a tight thing for a camel to go through the eye of a needle. But there are whole caravans of fatigues and hardships going through the eye of the sewing woman's needle.

Very long ago the needle was busy. It was considered honorable for women to toil in olden time. Alexander the Great stood in his palace showing garments made by his own mother. The finest tapestries at Bayeux were made by the queen of William the Conqueror. Augustus, the emperor, would not wear any garment except those that were fashioned by some member of his royal family. So let the toiler everywhere be respected!

The greatest blessing that could have happened to our first parents was being turned out of Eden after they had done wrong. Adam and Eve, in their perfect state, might have got along without work, or only such slight employment as a perfect garden, with no weeds in it, demanded. But as soon as they had shinned the best thing for them was to be turned out where they would have to work. We know what a withering thing it is for a man to have nothing to do. Good old Ashbel Green, at fourscore years, when asked why he kept on working, said, "I do so to keep out of mischief." We see that a man who has a large amount of money to start with has no chance. Of the thousand prosperous and honorable men that you know, 999 had to work vigorously at the biginning.

But I am now tell you that industry is just as important for a woman's safety and happiness. The most unhappy women in our communities today are those who have no engagements to call them up in the morning, who, once having risen and breakfasted, lounge through the dull forenoon in slippers down at the heel and with disheveled hair, reading the last novel, and who, having dragged through a wretched forenoon and taken their afternoon sleep, and having spent an hour and a half at their toilet, pick up their cardcase and go out to make calls, and who pass their evenings waiting for somebody to come in and break up the monotony. Arabella Stuart never was imprisoned in so dark a dungeon as that.

There is no happiness in an idle woman. It may be with hand, it may be with brain, it may be with foot, but work she must or be wretched forever. The little girls of our families must be started with that idea. The curse of our American society is that our young women are taught that the first, second, third, fourth fifth, sixth, seventh, tenth, fiftieth, thousandth thing in their life is to get somebody to take care of them. Instead of that, the first lesson should be how under God, they may take care of themselves. The simple fact is that a majority of them do have to take care of themselves, and that, too, after having, through the false notions of their parents, wasted the years in which they ought to have learned how successfully to maintain themselves. We now and here declare the inhumanity, cruelty and outrage of that father and mother who pass their daughters into womanhood, having given them no facility for earning their livelihood. Mme. de Stael said, "It is not these writings that I am proud of, but the fact that I have facility in 10 occupations, in any one of which I could make a livelihood."

You say you have a fortune to leave them. O man and woman, have you not learned that, like vultures, like hawks, like eagles, riches have wings and fly away? Though you should be successful in leaving a competency behind you, the trickery of executors may swamp it in a night, or some elders or deacons of our churches may get up a fictitious company and induce your orphans to put their money into it and if it be lost prove to them that it was eternally decreed that that was the way they were to lose it, and that it went in the most orthodox and heavenly style.

Oh, the damnable schemes that professed Christians will engage in—until God puts his fingers into the collar of the hypocrite's robe and rips it clear down to the bottom! You have no right, because you are well off, to conclude that your children are going to be as well off. A man died, leaving a large fortune. His son fell dead in a Philadelphia grog-shop. His old comrades came in and said as they bent over his corpse, "What is the matter with you, Boggsey?" The surgeon, standing over him, said, "Hush up; he is dead!" "Ah, he is dead!" they said. "Come, boys, let us go and take a drink in memory of poor Boggsey!"

Have you nothing better than money to leave your children? If you have not but send your daughters into the world with empty brain and unskilled hand, you are guilty of assassination, homicide regicide, infanticide. There are women toiling in our cities for $3 and $4 per week who were the daughters of merchant princes. These suffering ones now would be glad to have the crumbs that once fell from their farthers' table. That wornout, broken shoe that she wears is the lineal descendant of the $12 gaiters in which her mother walked, and that torn and faded calico had ancestry of magnificent brocade that swept Broadway clean without any expense to the street commissioners. Though you live in an elegant residence and fare sumptuously every day, let your daughters feel it is a disgrace to them not to know how to work. I denounce the idea prevalent in society that, though our young women may embroider slippers and crochet and make mats for lamps to stand on without disgrace, the idea of doing anything for a livelihood is dishonorable. It is a shame for a young woman belonging to a large family to be inefficient when the father toils his life away for her support. It is a shame for a daughter to be idle while her mother toils at the washtub. It is as honorable to sweep house, make beds or trim hats as it is to twist a watch chain.

As far as I can understand, the line of respectability lies between that which is useful and that which is useless. If women do that which is of no value, their work is honorable. If they do practical work, it is dishonorable. That our young women may escape the censure of doing dishonorable work I shall particularize. You may knit a tidy for the back of an armchair, but by no means make the money, wherewith to buy the chair. You may, with delicate brush, beautify a mantle ornament, but do rather than earn enough to buy a marble mantle. You may learn artistic music until you can squall Italian, but never sing "Ortonville" or "Old Hundred." Do nothing practical, if you would, in the eyes of refined society, preserve your respectability. I scout these fidical notions. I tell you no woman, any more than a man, has a right to occupy a place in this world unless she pays a rent for it.

In the course of a lifetime you consume whole harvests and droves of cattle, and every day you live breathe 40 hogsheads of good pure air. You must by some kind of usefulness, pay for all this. Our race was the last thing created—the birds and fishes on the fourth day, the cattle and lizards on the fifth day and man on the sixth day. If geologists are right, the earth was a million of years in the possession of the insects, beasts and birds, before our race came upon it. In one sense, we were innovators. The cattle, the lizards and the hawks had preemption right. The question is not what we are to do with the lizards and summer insects, but what the lizards and summer insects are to do with us.

If we want a place in this world, we must earn it. The patridge makes its own nest before it occupies it. The lark by its morning song, earns its breakfast before it eats it. The Bible gives an intimation that the first duty of an idler is to starve when it says if he "will not work neither shall he eat." Idleness ruins the health, and very soon nature says: "This man has refused to pay his rent. Out with him!"

Society is to be reconstructed on the subject of woman's toil. A vast majority of those who would have woman industrious shut her up to a few kinds of work. My judgment in this matter is that a woman has a right to do anything she can do well. There should be no department of merchandise, mechanism, art or science barred against her. If Miss Hosmer has genius for sculpture, give her a chisel. If Rosa Bonheur has a fondness for delineating animals, let her make "The Horse Fair." If Miss Mitchell will study astronomy let her mount the starry ladder. If Lydia will be a merchant let her sell purple. If Lucrecia Mott will preach the gospel let her thrill with her womanly eloquence the Quaker meeting house.

It is said it woman is given such opportunities she will occupy such places that might be taken by men. I say, if she have more skill and adaptedness for any position than a man has, let her have it! She has as much right to her bread, to her apparel and to her home as men have.

But it is said that her nature is so delicate that she is unfitted for exhausting toil. I ask in the name of all past history what toil on earth is more severe, exhausting and tremendous than that of the needle, to which for ages she has been subjected? The battering ram, the sword, the carbine, the battleax, have made no such havoc as the needle. I would that these living sepulchers in which women have for ages been buried might be opened, and that some resurrection trumpet might bring up these living corpses to the fresh air and sunlight.

Go with me, and I will show you a woman who, by hardest toil, supports her children, her drunken husband her old father and mother, pays her house rent, always has wholesome food on the table, and when she can get some neighbor on the Sabbath to come in and take care of her family appears in church with hat and cloak that are far from indicating the toil to which she is subjected.

Such a woman as that has body and soul enough to fit her for any position. She could stand beside the majority of your salesmen and dispose of more goods. She could go into your wheelwright shops and beat one half of your workmen at making carriages. We talk about woman as though we had resigned to her all the light work, and ourselves had shouldered the heavier. But the day of judgment, which will reveal the sufferings of the stake and inquisition, will marshal before the throne of God and the hierarchs of heaven the martyrs of washtub and needle.

Now, I say, if there be any preference in occupation, let woman have it. God knows her trials are the severest. By her acuter sensitiveness to misfortune, by her hour of anguish, I demand that no one hedge up her pathway to a livelihood. Oh, the meanness, the despicability of men who begrudge a woman the right to work anywhere in any honorable calling!

I go still further and say that women should have equal compensation with men. By what principle of justice is it that women in many of our cities get only two thirds as much pay as men, and in many cases only half? Here is the gigantic injustice—that for work equally well if not better done woman receives far less than man. Start with the national government. For a long while women clerks in Washington got $900 for doing that for which men received $1,800.

To thousands of young women in our cities today there is only this alternative—starvation or dishonor. Many of the largest mercantile establishments of our cities are accessory to those abominations, and from their large establishments there are scores of souls being pitched off into death, and their employers know it.

Is there a God? Will there be a judgment? I tell you, if God rises up to redress woman's wrongs, many of our large establishments will be swallowed up quicker than a South American earthquake ever took down a city. God will catch these oppressors between the two millstones of his wrath and grind them to powder!

I hear from all this land the wail of womanhood. Man has nothing to answer to that wail but flatteries. He says she is an angel. She is not. She knows she is not. She is a human being, who gets hungry when she has no food, and cold when she has no fire. Give her no more flatteries; give her justice!

There are about 50,000 sewing girls in New York and Brooklyn. Across the darkness of this night I hear their death groan. It is not such a cry as comes from those who are suddenly hurled out of life, but a slow, grinding, horrible wasting away. Gather them before you and look into their faces, pinched, ghastly, hunger struck. Look at their fingers needle pricked and blood tipped! See that premature stoop in the shoulders. Hear that dry, hacking, merciless cough!

At a large meeting of these women held in a hall in Philadelphia, grand speeches were delivered, but a needle woman took the stand, threw aside her faded shawl, and with her shriveled arm hurled a very thunderbolt of eloquence, speaking out the horrors of her own experience.

Stand at the corner of a street in New York in the very early morning as the women go to their work. Many of them had no breakfast except the crumbs that were left over from the night before or a crust they chew on their way through the street. Here they come the working girls of the city! These engaged in beadwork, these in flower making, in millinery, enameling, cigar making, book binding, labeling, feather picking, print coloring, paper box making, but, most overworked of all and least compensated the sewing woman. Why do they not take the city cars on their way up? They cannot afford the five cents. If, concluding to deny herself something else, she gets into the car, give her a seat! You want to see how Latimer and Ridley appeared in the fire. Look at that woman and behold more horrible martydom, a hotter fire, a more agonizing death!

One Sabbath night, in the vestibule of my church, after service, a woman fell in convulsions. The doctor said she needed medicine not so much as something to eat. As she began to revive, in her delirium she said gaspingly: "Eight cents! Eight cents! Eight cents! I wish I could get it done! I am so tired! I wish I could get some sleep, but I must get it done." We found afteward that she was making garments at 8 cents apiece, and that she could make but three of them in a day. Hear it! Three times eight are twenty-four! Hear it, men and women who have comfortable homes!

Some of the worst villians of the city are the employers of these women. They beat them down to the last penny and try to cheat them out of that. The woman must deposit a dollar or two before she gets the garments to work on. When the work is done, it is sharply inspected, the most insignificant flaws picked out, and the wages refused, and sometime the dollar deposited not given back. The Women's Protective union reports a case where one of these poor souls, finding a place where she could get more wages, resolved to change employers and went to get her pay for work done. The employer says, "I hear you are going to leave me?" "Yes," she said, "and I have come to get what you owe me." He made no answer. She said, "Are you not going to pay me?" "Yes," he said, "I will pay you," and he kicked her down the stairs.

How are these evils to be eradicated? What have you to answer, you who sell coats and have shoes made and contract for the southern and western markets? What help is there, what panacea, what redemption? Some say, "Give women the ballot." What effect such ballot might have on other questions I am not here to discuss, but what would be the effect of female suffrage upon woman's wages? I do not believe that woman will ever get justice by woman's ballot.

Indeed, women oppress women as much as men do. Do not women, as much as men, beat down to the lowest figure the woman who sews for them? Are not women as sharp as men on washerwomen and milliners and mantua makers? If a woman asks a dollar for her work, does not her female employer ask her if she will not take 90 cents? You say, "Only 10 cents difference," but that is sometimes the difference between heaven and hell. Women have often less commiseration for women than men. If a woman steps aside from the path of virtue, man may forgive—woman, never! Woman will never get justice done her from woman's ballot.

Never will she get it from man's ballot. How, then? God will rise up for her. God has more resources than we know of. The flaming sword that hung at Eden's gate when woman was driven out will cleave with its terrible edge her oppressors.

But there is something for our women to do. Let our young people prepare to excel in spheres of work, and they will be able after awhile to get larger wages. If it be shown that a woman can in a store sell more goods in a year than a man, she will soon be able not only to ask but to demand more wages, and to demand them successfully. Unskilled and incompetent labor must take what is given. Skilled and competent labor will eventually make its own standard. Admitting that the law of supply and demand regulates these things, I contend that the demand for skilled labor is very great and the supply very small.

Start with the idea that work is honable, and that you can do some one thing better than anyone else. Resolve that, God helping, you will take care of yourself. If you are after awhile called into another relation, you will all the better be qualified for it by your spirit of self reliance, or if you are called to stay as you are you can be happy and self supporting.

Poets are fond of talking about man as an oak, and woman the vine that climbs it, but I have seen many a tree fall that not only went down itself, but took all the vines with it. I can tell you of something stronger than an oak for an ivy to climb on, and that is the throne of the great Jehovah. Single or affianced, that woman is stronger who leans on God and does her best. The needle may break, the factory band may slip, the wages may fall, but over every good woman's head there are spread the two great, gentle, stupendous wings of the Almighty.

Many of you will go single handed through life, and you will have to choose between two characters. Young woman, I am sure you will turn your back upon the useless, giggling, painted nonentity which society ignominiously acknowledges to be a woman and ask God to make you an humble, active, earnest Christian.

What will become of that godless disciple of fashion? What an insult to her sex! Her manners are an outrage upon decency. She is more thoughtful of the attitude she strikes upon the carpet than how she will look in the judgment; more worried about her freckles than her sins; more interested in her bonnet strings than in her redemption! Her apparel is the poorest part of a Christian woman, however magnificently dressed, and no one has so much right to dress well as a Christian. Not so with the godless disciple of fashion. Take her robes, and you take everything. Death will come down on her some day and rub the bistre off her eyelids and the rogue off her cheeks, and with two rough, bony hands scatter spangles and glass beads and rings and ribbons and lace and brooches and buckles and sashes and frisettes and golden clasps.

The dying actress, whose life had been vicious, said: "The scene closes Draw the curtain." Generally the tragedy comes first and the farce afterward, but in her life it was first the farce of a useless life and then the tragedy of a wretched eternity.

Compare the life and death of such a one with that of some Christain aunt that was once a blessing to your household. I do not know that she was ever offered a hand in marriage. She lived single, that untrammeled she might be everybody's blessing. Whenever the sick were to be visited or the poor to be provided with bread, she went with a blessing. She could pray or sing Rock of Ages for any sick pauper who asked her. As she got older there were days when she was a little sharp, but for the most part auntie was a sunbeam—just the one for Christmas eve. She knew better than any one else how to fix things. Her every prayer, as God heard it, was full of everybody who had trouble. The brightest things in all the house dropped from her fingers. She had peculiar notions, but the grandest notion she ever had was to make you happy. She dressed well—aunties always dressed well—but her highest adornment was that of a meek and quiet spirit, which, in the sight of God, is of great price. When she died you all gathered lovingly about her, and as you carried her out to rest the Sunday school class almost covered the coffin with japonicas, and the poor people stood at the end of the alley, with their aprons to their eyes, sobbing bitterly, and the man of the world said, with Solomon, "Her price was above rubies," and Jesus, as unto the maiden in Judæa, commanded, "I say unto thee, arise."

IZLAR MAKES A HIT.

A Unusual Honor Conferred on Him by the House.

WASHINGTON, June 2.—On motion of Moses (Dem.) of Georgia a bill was passed granting a pension to Mary Levins, widow of a soldier of the Indian war of 1817, now nearly 100 years of age, and an inmate of the poor house in Carroll County, Ga.

The House, in committee of the whole proceeded to the further consideration of the bill to repeal the State bank tax Act, and then an unusal honor was paid a new member, when Reed (Rep.) of Maine asked and obtain unanimous consent for Izlar to conclude his remarks begun yesteeday and which he was unable to conclude because the time allotted to him had expired. Iz'ar said in concluding:

"I stand for unconditional repeal, first, because the platform recommends it, and the people demands it; second, because I did not find the power anywhere which would authorize Congress to regulate and name the securities or the conditions on which State banks could, or should issue their bills. The Federal government has never undertaken the exercise of any power over State bank issues save that of taxation; and this, in my judgement, is a questionable and doubtful power."

He then quoted the sections under which the tax was laid, and continued: "It had long been settled that the States possessed the power to grant charters to State banks, that the power was incident to sovereignty, and that there was no limitation in the Federal Constitution on its exercise by the States. This being so, to destroy the State banks which the Stetes had the right to create and to encourge notional banks, was the object and intent with which this burdensome and unjust tax is now imposed. To use the language of Mr. Justice Nelson in the case of Veazie vs. Fenno, it is sufficient to add that the burden of tax, while it has encouraged these banks (national) has proved fatal to those of the States; and if we are at liberty to judge of the purpose of the Act from the consequences that have followed, it is perhaps not going too far to say these consequences were intended.

"And Chief Justice Waite, in the later case of Hollister vs. Mercantile Institutions said: "That it was no doubt the purpose of Congress in imposing this tax to provide against competition with the established national bank currency for circulation as money. The mere fact that Congress saw fit to enact these stringent and unjust laws, laws of doubtful constitutionality—is a very strong argument in favor of the State bank system and of the value of their currency as a circulating medium. The laws which regulated banks in South Carolina at the time when the banks of that State gave a safe and flexible currency—a currency which circulated freely, not only within her own borders and among her own people, but in other States—are in their main and essential features, still to be found upon her statute books. In some particulars they are now more stringent than formerly and consequently must afford more ample and better security to depositors and bill holders.

The Legislatures of the several States will see to it that they are protected from "wildcat" banks, from over issues and from unfaithful and dishonest officials, so far as these evils can be provided against, by strict laws and careful supervision. We should not hesitate by reason of these apprehended dangers to the business public to come up to the full measure of our duty by blotting out from the statute book this law, which has borne so hard on the South and West by destroying our banking institutions and crippling our resources. The people have demanded it, our duty is plain, will we do it?"

At the conclusion of Izlar's remarks, Enloe (Dem.) of Tennessee explained that the motion he made yesterday to take up bills on the private calendar was not made in antagonism to the pending bill, for he was in favor of its passage.

Wholesale Removal.

WASHINGTON, June 8.—Not only office holders, but boardinghouse keepers and business men are becoming stirred up over the recent and still continuing dismissals in the different departments. About one tenth of the population of the city is employed by the government. That one-tenth represents at least 50,000 people, whose happiness in a large majority of cases depends upon the regular receipt of the envelopes at the end of the month. When one-fifth of the population is thus intimately interested in office holding, it is easy to imagine the widely divergent effects of such sweeping charges as have taken place in the past month. Between 700 and 800 have been discharged from the government printing office, and though Public Printer Benedict has said that no more wholesale dismissals will be made, it is likely the end is not yet in the bee hive on North Capitol street. In the war department, since April, nearly 350 clerks have been removed, and others are expected to go in the near future. These will be in company with about 300 of the census bureau employes and those of other departments when the Dockery bill beomes a law. It may, therefore, be safely estimated that at least 2,000 persons will have to look for other employment before the winter comes. Among those dismissed, particularly in the war department, are men who have lived a generation in Washington, and have come to regard it as their home. Some may have managed to buy comfortable homes, and the loss of their regular monthly stipend causes them to wonder how they may now continue to occupy them. Others have been so long at one desk that by reason of their age they are absolutely unfitted to engage in other occupations even were there any opening for them. In view of this outlook a movement is contemplated to engraft on the Dockery bill a provision that to those clerks who will be removed under it a year's notice be given. This, it is contended, will enable them to look around for other employment, so that they may adjust themselves more readily to circumstances when they cease to derive their means of support from the government. Secretary Hoke Smith sent to congress, in reply to a resolution, the number of dismissals made by him in his department, and also some other particulars. The most striking fact in the reply is that 212 old veterans have been removed. It is stated that there were 60 reinstated which means men who were removed before this administration came into office, or who lost their places for other reasons. Between March 4, 1893, and April 19, 1894, the list shows that there were 760 appointments, 176 reinstatements, 883 dismissals, and 89 resignations by request.

Free Fight.

ROME, June 6.—The debate in the Chamber of Deputies this afternoon was remarkable for its bitterness. Luigi Diligenti, Radical, delivered a long tirade against Felice Cavalotti, extreme Radical. At the close of his speech he turned toward Cavalotti and shaking his fist at him exclaimed, "You dishonored yourself by a dishonest alliance with Gioletti." Cavalotti sprang to his feet white with rage and called back, "You coward and liar, you shall suffer for those words." Cavalotti's friends tried to restrain him, but he broke away from them, caught Diligenti by the waistcoat and struck him three heavy open handed blows in the face. A dozen deputies threw themselves between the two men. A hundred more gathered round, shouting for order or reviling one another. The uproar drowned the voice of the deputy who ascended the tribunal.

A Shocking Tragedy.

BENNETTSVILLE, June 6.—Our usualy quiet and orderly town has been shocked by a tragedy unparalleled in sadness. Last night about 9:30 o'clock a horseman, with lightning speed, rushed up town to notify physicians and relatives that Mr. J. Douglas Moore had been shot down with a double barreled shotgun at the residence of Mr. Henry T. Breeden by Mr. Breeden himself. They are both residents of this town and are brothers-in-law, Mr Breeden having married Mr. Moore's sister. They are young men, representatives of the very best and most prominent families in Marlboro county, and had been fast friends. Your correspondent immediately secured a buggy and drove to the place of the sad affair. I found three physicians and about one dozen citizens present. Mr. Moore was stretched on a mattress on the floor of one of the porches near where he was shot and fell. Your correspondent obtained the following facts: Both men were under the influenae of liquor, they drank together in Breeden's house; hot words passed in reference to family matters. Breeden got his gun, but Moore induced him to put it up; they then drank together. Moore started home, and was on the porch near the steps when shot. The load entered just below the navel. The wound bled profusely, and the unfortunate man suffered much pain. Moore told your correspondent that he was leaving for home and was shot without provocation. Mrs. Adams proprietress of the Adams House, is the mother of Mr. Moore, and she, with her daughter, Miss Moore, were sent for. When they arrived I witnessed the most touching and heartrending scene of my life. Early this morning the wounded man was removed to his mother's. His two uncles and cousin arrived from the country. His ante mortem statement was taken by Trial Justice Easterling. The contents of the statement have not been made public. Dr. C. Kollock of Cheraw, assisted by local physicians, by investigation discovered that the bladder had been shot to pieces, and they at once pronounced his case hopeless. He can live but a few hours. Moore stated that he entertained no ill will toward Breeden and that he freely forgave him. Whiskey caused the trouble. No arrests have been made this evening.—State.

Two Lynchings.

YORKVILLE, S. C., June 2.—Jeff Crawford, colored, was lynched this morning at 1:30 o'clock. At that hour, a crowd called at the county jail and waked up the Sheriff, telling him they had a prisoner. He had heard that there was talk of lynching Crawford, and he refused to open the jail. The crowd broke into the jail. Crawford was found in the dungeon and taken near the Chester and Lenior depot. Fifteen minutes were given him in which to make his peace with God. He confessed to having murdered Mr. D. A. Blackburn. He was swung up and a few bullets fired through his body.

Mr. D. A. Blackburn was found dead last autumn near Rock Hill. His body was horribly mutilated. Jeff Crawford was suspected of having committed the crime. He was arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to be hung on June 1. An application for a new trilal was made, and was granted by Judge Watts. The people would wait no longer for Crawford's life to pay for his crime. Judge Lynch was appealed to and gave a speedy sentence.—Register.

ONE AT LANCASTER.

LANCASTER, June 3.—Hardy Gill, a young negro, about thirty years old, was taken from the jail this morning between 1 and 2 o'clock, by a crowd of men and shot to death, about three miles from town. Gill was in jail for cruelly beating Mrs. James A. Clark, of Cedar Creek Township, on Monday last. Gill went to Mr. Clark's promises in his absence and commenced raising a disturbance in the yard. Upon being ordered away by Mrs. Clark, he turned on her with an andiron and beat her unmercifully. He then picked up Mrs. Clark's baby and threw it across the house. Mrs. Clark's injuries are such that she is not expected to live. The little child's injuries are also of a serious nature. The negro was immediately arrested and lodged in jail. Yesterday he was adjudged insane before Trial Justice Burns.—State.

More Men Than Women.

The United States census bureau has issued a special bulletin containing marriage statistics. It has been as carefully compiled as the nature of the case would admit. Its conclusions upset several points of popular belief. One of these is that there are more women than men in the country. The cold figures show that this is not true of the country at large, even if it be so of Massachusetts. But Massachusetts is not the country, through Boston may think the country revolves around her as a pivot. The fact is that we have 1,422,410 more males than females in the United States, so that every woman could have a husband if she wanted one and have a fraction of a man to spare besides, so far as the mere supply of men goes. This ought to comfort those maidens who still have hope that their affinities may be found, thought it holds out small consolation to bachelors. Statistics of widowhood and widowerhood show a difference on the other side. Widows are for some reason far more constant to the memonry of the dear departed than widowers. For every widower who remains in the single state there are three widows. And yet, with the majority of widowers remarrying, there are still nearly a million and a half husbands left over for the ladies who want them. Perhaps they are not distributed in the right districts.

Crime of Universal Suffrage.

LONDON, June 2.—The Economist, commenting on the campaign of Ida Wells against the lynching of negroes in the Southern States of America, says: "The equality of the races does not exist. The whites who granted the suffrage to the negro were guilty of a grave offence against republicanism as a system assuring the moral and intellectual competence of a citizen. There is nothing to be done except to tolerate the negro as a subordinate citizen until he becomes civilized, which he may never be. We do not ask good Americans to interfere in behalf of the negro, but we do ask our own countrymen, who cannot be good republicans in the midst of lynch law." The Spectator says: "The action of the North after the war made the condition of the negro infinitely worse than if they had adopted a wiser and more unselfish policy. It is a terrible example of mischief due to vindictive and short sighted partisanship. It was impossible to maintain a system under which a despised and ignorant race was encoraged to play the despot over a race of higher political intelligence."

DON Dickson said in an interview the other day that he believed in Grover Cleveland more than ever. "There was a time," said he, "when they burned Andrew Jackson in effigy all over this country, and yet two years after that, so popular had Jackson become, you couldn't find a man who had said a word against him. That is the way it will be with President Cleveland. He is an able, fearless man; a man with the courage to do what he believes to be right. And he is doing more for bimetallism than any other man living today. He is a believer in silver. The only question is as to the best way in which to do it. They will come to his idea of it yet. England is already receding from her situation and the day will come when you will see silver restored to the world; and Grover Cleveland is doing more to that end, as I said than any other man or force in the world today."

GOV. TILLMAN ON TEMPERANCE.

He Addresses an Audience of Two Thousand People.

PROHIBITION PARK, STATEN ISLAND, June 4.—Governor Tillman, of South Carolina, presented his State agency plan for the solution of the liquor question to an audience of two thousand Prohibitionists at this evening's session of the international Temperance Congress. The Governor's hearers did not agree with him as to the plan, but they listened closely to the end, and found some points at which they could applaid without doing violence to their conscience. At other times they loudly expressed their disapproval.

Before the arrival of Governor Tillman Col. Alexander S. Bacon, of Brooklyn, made an appeal for the raising of $2,500. At this point the electric lights went out and the auditorium was in darkness. A score of lanterns were brought in and the guest from South Carolina was led forward in semi-darkness. He was introduced by the Rev Dr H. L. Wayland, of Philadelphia.

Governor Tillman began by saying that he wished there was more light so he could look the people in the eye and have them look him in the eye and tell whether he was telling the truth. Continuing he said: "I have come a long way and left my official duties in the interest of truth and right. I have heard a great deal at the session I have attended of 'sand' and 'backbone.' It has been said that I possess those qualities. I will say that I will show here to night that I am willing to advance my convictions on my audience, and I am going to controvert your dearest ideas and firmest beliefs. I am probably the only politician present. I have been elected Governor of a State, and I am a candidate for the United States Senate, and expect to be elected."

The Governor then went on to say that he was not exactly a politician in the ordinary acceptance of the term. He said he always spoke his convictions and that was not characteristic of politicians. He said that he was a farmer; that his Gubernatorial position was his first office. He announced that he proposed to have his say and if anyone in the audience wanted to throw rocks at him he would throw rocks back. Then drawing himself to his full height he said, in tones that made the rafters ring: "I am here to night to tell you that prohibition don't prohibit, and never will prohibit. We have got a plan in South Carolina that completely wipes out saloons, and we have done more than you have. Now, I am a temperance man. [Applause.] I never drank five gallons of whiskey all together in my life. [Laughter.] I sometimes take a social glass with my friends, but I don't like the stuff."

The Governor then produced a bottle of whiskey with the South Carolina lable on in. He waved it like a firebrand in the faces of the total abstainers and described the State dispensary plan. He said that prior to the decision by the Supreme Court of the State there were sixty-six dispensaries in operation, and the State had paid out $379,000 for liquor, $57,000 for bottles and $37,000 for labels and other expenses. From the total outlay of $475,000 and with $98 000 worth of liquor on hand, $567,000, worth had been sold and a net profit of $100,000 to the State and $84,000 to the counties had been realized. He said that the quality of the whiskey was chemically pure, so that the people quit having a headache when they got drunk on it. He said a moment later than no one got drunk on dispensary whiskey; they got drunk on blind tiger whiskey, which, he said, they hid in holes in the ground or "toted" in their boot legs.

He stirred up the audience by declaring that prohibition would never be established by votes.

"Give us a chance," said a man in front. This brought a volley of applause, when the Governor shouted. "You are not ready to remove the Government tax on whiskey."

"Yes we are," came from all parts of the hall.

"Then you are blinder than I thought you were," said the Governor.

A moment later he alluded to "prohibition narrow-mindedness" and complained that the audience would only go half way with him. Then he said: "Before you are a dozen years older you will see half the States in the Union following the example of South Carolina."

"Never," shouted a woman delegate.

"If you can't get prohibition, will you take the dispensary?" asked the governor. They were a divided house, and one man in the back of the hall said yes. "That is encouraging," said the Governor. He said that in all the country of South Carolina and nearly all the towns public sentiment is in favor of the dispensary law, and it will be carried out eventually. He went on: "So far as backbone is concerned I have as much as any other man, but when you tackle the liquor trade entrenched behind its hundreds of millions you need to have the backbone of the statue of Liberty."

The Governor left for the South after the meeting adjourned, at 4 15 P. M

A Thousand Killed.

NEW YORK, June 1.—A special from Han-Kow says that 1,000 persons at least have lost their lives in a catastrophe peculiar to this singular section; Heavy rains, caused apparently by a waterspout or "cloudburst" fell early last week on the upper Han, suddenly flooding the lowlands to the depth of several feet. Two great rafts moored to the bank were torn away by the maddened waters and hurried down stream, smashing everything in their way for over 200 miles, leaving death and ruin in their wake. They reached the mouth of the Han, where it empties into the Yangtse King, at this place, Friday night. Like two huge catapults they crashed into the junks and swept them into the Yang-tse-Kiang, where a whirlpool was formed and the hapless crafts with their crews were sucked beneath the furious waters. Six small Chinese gunboats were sunk while trying to rescue the hundreds of persons thus placed in jeopardy. Life saving boats also did what they could but the current was so rapid that all efforts proved of little value. The vast, impetuous volume of water that rushed out of the Han did much damage on the opposite shore of the Yang-tse-Kiang, over a mile distant, and to the bund in front of the iron works. Many frail houses on the bank were carried away, occupants and all, the water coming down like a tidal wave, almost without warning. Over 400 bodies have been found floating in the Yang-tse-Kiang below this place, and others are found daily. The Han drains an immense area and its surface is covered with junks and small craft. The only wonder is that the destruction was not greater, the pecuniary loss being confined to the destruction of junks and boats and the flooding of rice fields, of which no estimate can be obtained.

To Start at Rock Hill.

COLUMBIA, June 9.—The campaign will really start at Rock Hill and the fun will begin on Monday, June 18th. The Yorkville meeting will be held on the 19th according to schedule, but a meeting has been agreed upon for Rock Hill on the date named. This meeting was arranged by Senator Finley, of York, and it is understood that both Governor Tillman and Senator Butler have accepted invitations to be present. Candidates for Congress from that district will also be invited and are expected to speak, besides the Gubernatorial candidates and the seekers for State offices.

The Need of the Country.

Senator Patrick Walsh, of Georgia, made one day last week one of the best speeches of the session in favor of tariff reform. He repudiated the charge made by Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, that the South is in any sense hostile to the industries of New England, and claimed that the South is destined to be the great manufacturing centre of this country. He declared that the Democrats of the South favor the income tax, not as a sectional measure, but because it is just and equitable. The revenue tariff plank in the Chicago platform is solidly endorsed in the South, but our people recognize the fact that the Democratic party is National and not sectional, and it is absurd to suppose that they have any desire to discriminate against any American industry or lower the wages of the mechanic or laborers. We have seen under the McKinley bill millions of dollars werth of our products shut out from foreign markets because we would not allow other countries to compete with us for the custom of our home markets. The policy of the Democratic party has not been free trade but tariff reduction. It has declared not only for lower taxation but for non-interfernce with the capital and labor engaged in the manufacturing interests of the country. The overwhelming election of Mr. Cleveland on a revenue tariff platform leaves no doubt as to the wishes of the people. Under the McKinley tariff we have had more failures, suspensions, enforced idleness and general distress than has ever been known within the past two generations, In three years it has caused an increase of 18 per cent. in the number of failures and 44 per cent. in the liabilities. The prices of farm products have declined lower than at any time within fifty years. The demonetization of silver was largely responsible for this shrinkage, but it will be seen that the claims of the protectionists are not sustained by the facts. The Wilson bill may not be a complete remedy but it is a reform and on the right line. In regard to the income tax Senator Walsh made a strong point when he called attention to the fact that the British masses never complain of the tax, because it falls on those who are able to pay it, whereas, under our system we collected last year over 60 per cent of our tariff duties out of the necessaries of life while the luxuries paid only 37 per cent. Under the present law the poor man pays as much and sometimes more than the millionaire for the support of the Government because the tax is laid on consumption. This is inequitable. The senator urges the Democrats in Congress to redeem the free silver and State Banks planks of their platform. He contends that it is safe for this country to adopt free coinage, with or without international agreement, and that our population, wealth and resources will enable us to sustain it on a parity with gold, and compel recognition for it from the enlightened governments of Europe. His view of the State bank tax is a sound one. He argues that it is an unconstitutional war measure, prohibitory tax, and that it should be repealed, because it has served its purpose and because the States have just as much right to control their own local banks as they have to exercise any other right under the Constitution. The tax should be unconditionally repealed. The speech is a clear presentation of the facts of the situation and an unanswerable argument for the redemption of the Democratic pledges of the remonetization of silver, State banks and a revenue tariff. Until these pledges are redeemed the senator frankly says that he sees little prospect of the improvement of trade, the revival of industry and better prices for farm products. Senator Walsh has pointed out the remedy that is needed to cure the malady from which the country is suffering, but we have little hope that it will be applied by the present administration, which seems to be blind.

A Woman Assassinated.

GREENVILLE, June 8.—News has just been received here of another crime in the "Dark Corner." On Thursday morning about 11 o'clock, while all the male members of her family were in the fields working, Mrs. Plumley was shot and will probably die. She is the wife of William Plumley, owner of considerable property and of a prominent family. Mrs. Plumley saw some one on the hill above her house and his movements excited her suspicion. She went into the yard and saw a man enter her house. He ran toward the house and left, taking a trunk containing $600. As she reached the door, a gun was fired and she was struck by a bullet which went in her side, coming out on the other. The news spread rapidly. A posse was formed and the assassin was tracked by the mountaineers five miles around Hogback Mountoin, across the headwaters of the Saluda, the trail ending a few yards from the house of Van Burwell. Mr. Plumley says the Burwells were the only people who knew he had money in the house. The mountaineers say that if Mrs. Plumley dies, the man who fired the shot will never get out of the mountains alive. The shooting took place about thirty miles above Greenville, in the edge of the "Dark Corner."

His Terrible Death.

NEW YORK, June 9.—A peculiar case of suicide is given out by the authorities of the prison at Chester, Ill., in the death of James Murray, a convict sentenced from Marion county, Ill., for laceny. Murray resorted to all kinds of methods to avoid working. Shortly after he came to the prison he feigned illness and was sent to the hospital. So well did he act his part of a hospital patient that for several days he lay apparently in great agony, refusing to eat, and took with eagerness all the bitter prescriptions prescribed for him by the physicians. His trick was finally discovered and it failed to work on several occasions afterward. Being determined not to work and knowing no way out of it but real sickness. Murray attempted several methods of carrying out his purpose. About two weeks ago he ate a large quantity of soap. It was the most successful plan he had hit upon, and he lay in the the hospital for more than a week really suffering. Last Saturday Murray was released from the hospital, and on Monday he again succeeded in securing a large bar of lye soap. This he ate and was at once ta