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"REVISIOH OF CREEDS."

THE SUBJECT OF DR. TALMAGE'S DISCOURSE.

Thoughts Impressed Upon the Divine by a Visit to the Spot Where Lazarus Lived and Died.

At the Tabernacle Sunday morning the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., said he thought the new Brooklyn tabernacle would be dedicated in September. The subject of his discourse was "Revision of Creeds," and he took for his text John xi., 44: "Loose him, and let him go." Dr. Talmage said:

My Bible is, at the place of this text, written all over with the lead pencil mark made last December at Bethany on the ruins of the house of Mary and Martha and Lazarus. We dismounted from our horses on the way up from Jordan to the Dead Sea. Bethany was the summer evening retreat of Jesus. After spending the day in the hot city of Jerusalem he would come out there almost every evening to the house of his three friends I think the occupants of the house were orphans, for the father and mother were not mentioned. But the son and two daughters must have inherited property for it must have been, judging from what I saw of the foundations and the size of the rooms, an opulent home. Lazarus, the brother, was now the head of the household, and his sisters depended on him and were proud of him, for he was very popular and everybody liked him, and these girls were splendid girls. Martha, a first-rate housekeeper, and Mary, a spirituelle, somewhat dreamy but affectionate, and as good a girl as could be found in all Palestine. But one day Lazarus got sick. The sisters were in consternation. Father gone and mother gone, they feel very nervous lest they lose their brother also. Disease did its quick work. How the girls hung over his pillow! Not much sleep about that house, no sleep at all. From the characteristics otherwise developed, I judge that Martha prepared the medicines and made tempting dishes of food for the poor appetite of the sufferer, but Mary prayed and sobbed. Worse and worse gets Lazarus, until the doctor announces that he can do no more. The shriek that went up from that household when the last breath had been drawn and the two sisters were being led by sympathizers into the adjoining room, all those of us can imagine who have had our own hearts broken. But why days and dissolution hadt aken place. In that climate the breathless body disintegrates more rapidly than in ours. If, immediately after decease, that body had been awakened into life, unbelievers might have said that he was only in a comatose state, or in a sort of trance, and by some vigorous manipulation or powerful stimulant vitality had been renewed. No! Four days dead. At the door of the sepulchre is a crowd of people, but the three most memorable are Jesus, who was the family friend, and the two bereft sisters. We went into the traditional tomb in December, and it is deep down and dark, and with torches we explored it. We found it all quiet that afternoon of our visit, but the day talked of in the Bible there was present an excited multitude. I wonder what Jesus will do. He orders the door of the grave removed, and then he begins to descend the steps, Mary and Martha close after them. Deeper down into the shadows and deeper! The hot tears of Jesus roll over his cheeks and splash upon the backs of his hands. Were ever so many sorrows compressed into so small a place as in that group pressing on down after Christ, all the time bemoaning that he had not come before? Now all the whispering and all the crying and all the sounds of shuffling feet are stopped. It is the silence of expectancy. Death had conquered, but now the vanquisher of death confronted the scene. Amid the awful hush of the tomb the familiar name which Christ had often had upon his lips in the hospitalities of the village home came back to his tongue and with a pathos and an almightiness of which the resurrection of the last day shall be only an echo, he cries: "Lazarus! come forth!" The eyes of the slumberer open and with great difficulty he begins to ascend for the ceremeny of the tomb are yet on him and his feet are fast and his hands are fast and the impediments to all his movements are so great that Jesus commands: "Take off these cerements; remove those hindrances; unfasten these grave clothes: loose him and let him go!" Oh, I am so glad that after the Lord raised Lazarus he went on and commanded the loosening of the cords that bound his feet so that he could walk, and the breaking off the cerement that bound his hands so that he could stretch out in salutation, and the tearing off the bandage from around his jaws so that he could speak. What would resurrected life have been to Lazarus if he had not been freed from all those cripplements of his body? I am glad that Christ commanded his complete emancipation, saying: "Loose him, and let him go."

The unfortunate thing now is that so many Christians are only half liberated. They have been raised from the death and burial of sin into spiritual life, but they yet have the grave clothes on them. They are like Lazarus, hobbling up the stairs of the tomb, bound hand and foot, and the object of this sermon is to help free their body and free their soul, and I shall try to obey the Master's command that comes to me and comes to every minister of religion. "Loose him, and let him go." First, many are bound hand and foot by religious creeds. Let no man misinterpret me as antagonizing creeds. I have eight or ten of them; a creed about religion, a creed about art, a creed about social life, a creed about government, and so on. A creed is something that a man believes, whether it be written or unwritten. The Presbyterian church is now agitated about its creed. Some good men in it are for keeping it because it was framed from the belief of John Calvin. Other good men in it want revision. I am with neither party. Instead of revision I want substitution. I was sorry to have the question disturbed at all. The creed did not hinder us from offering the pardon and the comfort of the Gospel to all men, and the Westminster Confession has not interfered with me one minute. But now that the electric lights have been turned on the imperfections of that creed—and everything that man fashions is imperfect—let us put the old creed respectfully aside and get a brand new one. It is impossible that people who lived hundreds of years ago should fashion an appropriate creed for our times. John Calvin was a great and good man, but he died three hundred and twenty-six years ago. The best centuries of Bible study have come since then, and explorers have done their work, and you might as well have the world go back and stick to what Robert Fulton knew about steamboats and reject the subsequent improvements in navigation; and go back to John Guttenberg, the inventor of the art of printing, and reject all modern newspaper presses, and go back to the time when telegraph was the elevating of signals or the burning of bonfires on the hilltops and reject the magnetic wire which is the tongue of nations, as ignore all the exegetists and the philologists and the theologians of the last 326 years and put your head under the sleeve of the gown of a sixteenth century doctor. I could call the names of twenty living Presbyterian ministers of religion who could make a better creed than John Calvin. The nineteenth century ought not to be called to sit at the feet of the sixteenth

"But," you say, "it is the same old Bible, and John Calvin had that as well as the present student of the scriptures." Yes, so it is the same old sun in the heavens, but in our times it has gone to making daguerreotypes and photographs. It is the same old water, but in our century it has gone to running steam engines. It is the same old electricity, but in our time it has become a lightning footed errand boy. So it is the old Bible, but new applications, new uses, new interpretations. You must remember that during the last three hundred years words have changed their meaning and some of them now mean more and some less. I do not think that John Calvin believed, as some say he did, in the damnation of infants, although some of the recent hot disputes would seem to imply that there is such a thing as the damnation of infants.

A man who believes in the damnation of infants himself deserves to lose heaven. I do not think any good man could admit such a possibility. What Christ will do with all the babies in the next world I conclude from what he did with the babies in Palestine when he hugged them and kissed them. When some of you grown people go out of this world your doubtful destiny will be an embarrassment to ministers officiating at your obsequies, who will have to be cautious so as not to hurt surviving friends. But when the darling children go there are no "ifs" or "buts" or guesses. We must remember that good John Calvin was a logician and a metaphysician and by the proclivities of his nature put some things in an unfortunate way. Logic has its use and metaphycics has its use, but they are not good at making creeds. A gardener hands you a blooming rose, dewy fresh, but a severe botanist comes to you with a rose and says: "I will show you the structure of this rose. And he proceeds to take it apart and pulls off the leaves and he says: "There are the petals," and he takes out the anthers, and he says: "Just look at the wonderful structure of these floral pillars," and then he cuts the stem to show you the juices of the plant. So logic or metaphysics takes the aromatic rose of the Christian religion and says: "I will just show you how this rose of religion was fashioned;" and it pulls off of it a piece and says: "That is the human will," and another piece and says: "This is God's will," and another piece and says: "This is sovereignty," and another piece and says: "This is free agency," this is this and that is that And while I stand looking at the fragments of the rose pulled apart, one whom the Marys took for a gardener comes in and presents me with a crimson rose, red as blood, and says: "Inhale the sweetness of this, wear it on your heart and wear it forever." I must confess that I prefer the rose in full bloom to the rose pulled apart. What a time we have had with the dogmatics, the apologetics and the hermeneutics. The defect in some of the creeds is that they try to tell us all about the decrees of God. Now, the only human being that was ever competent to handle that subject was Paul, and he would not have been competent had he not been inspired. I believe in the sovereignty of God and I believe in man's free agency, but no one can harmonize the two. It is not necessary that he harmonize them. Every sermon that I have ever heard that attempted such harmonization was to me as clear as a London fog, as clear as mud. My brother of the nineteenth century, my brother of the sixteenth century, give us Paul's statement and leave out your own. Better one chapter of Paul on that subject than all of Calvin's institutes, able and honest and mighty as they are. Do not try to measure either the throne of God or the thunderbolts of God with your little steel pen. What do you know about the decrees? You cannot pry open the door of God's eternal councils. You cannot explain the mysteries of God's government now, much less the mysteries of his government five hundred quintillion of years ago. I move for a creed for all our denominations made out of Scripture quotations pure and simple. That would take the earth for God. That would be impregnable against infidelity and Apollyonic assault. That would be beyond human criticism. The denomination, whatever its name be, that can rise up to that will be the church of the millennium, will swallow up all other denominations and be the one that will be the bride when the Bridegroom cometh. Let us make it simpler and plainer for people to get into the kingdom of God. Do not hinder people by the idea that they may not have been elected. Do not tag on to the essential of faith in Christ any of the innumerable nonessentials. A man heartily who accepts Christ is a Christian and the man who does not accept Him is not a Christian, and that is all there is of it. He need not believe in election or reprobation. He need not believe in the eternal generation of the Son. He need not believe in everlasting punishment. He need not believe in plenary inspiration. Faith in Christ is the criterion, is the test, is the pivot, is the indispensable. But there are those who would add unto the tests rather than subtract from them. There are thousands who would not accept persons into church membership if they drink wine, or if they smoke cigars, or if they attend the theatre, or if they play cards, or if they drive a fast horse. Now, I do not drink wine or smoke or attend the theatre, never played a game of cards and do not drive a fast horse, although I would if I owned one. But do not substitute tests which the Bible does not establish. There is one passage of scripture wide enough to let all in who ought to enter and to keep out all who ought to be kept out: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Get a man's heart right and his life will be right. But now that the old creeds have been put under public scrutiny something radical must be done. Some would split them, some would carve them, some would elongate them, some would abbreviate them. At the present moment and in the present shape they are a hindrance. Lazarus is alive, but hampered with the old grave clothes. If you want one glorious church free and unencumbered take off the cerements of old ecclesiastical vocabulary. Loose her, and und let her go!

Again there are Christians who are under sepulchral shadows and hindered and hobbled by doubts and fears and sins long ago repented of. What they need is to understand the liberty of the sons of God. They spend more time under the shadow of Sinai than at the base of Calvary. They have been singing the only poor hymn that Newton ever wrote:

'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes me anxious thought—
Do I love the Lord or no,
Am I his or am I not?

Long to know, do you? Why do you not find out? Go to work for God and you will very soon find out. The man who, all the time feeling of his pulse and looking at his tongue to see whether it is coated, is morbid, and cannot be physically well. The doctors will say: "Go out into fresh air and into active life, and stop thinking of yourself, and you will get well and strong." So there are people watching their spiritual symptoms, and they call it self-examination, and they get weaker and sicklier in their faith all the time. Go out and do something nobly Christian. Take holy exercise and then examine yourself, and instead of Newton's saturnine and bilious hymn that I first quoted, you will sing Newton's other hymn:

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
Once I was lost, but now I'm found;
Was blind; but now I see.

What many of you Christians need is to get your grave clothes off. I rejoice that you have been brought from the death of sin to the life of the gospel, but you need to get your hands loose and your feet loose and your tongue loose and your soul loose. There is no sin that the Bible so arraigns and punctures and flagellates as the sin of unbelief, and that is what is the matter with you. "Oh," you say, "if you knew what I once was and how many times I have grievously strayed, you would understand why I do not come out brighter." Then I think you will call yourself the chief of sinners. I am glad you hit upon that term, for I have a promise that fits into your case as the cogs in one wheel between the cogs of another wheel or as the key fits into the labyrinth of a lock, A man who was once called Saul but afterwards Paul declared: "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." Mark that—"of whom I am chief." "Put down your overcoats and hats and I will take care of them while you kill Stephen"—so Saul said to the stoners of the first martyr—"I do not care to exert myself much, but I will guard your surplus apparel while you do the murder." The New Testament account says: "The witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet whose name was Saul." No wonder he said: "Sinners, of whom I am chief." Christ is used to climbing. He climbed to the top of the temple. He climbed to the top of Mount Olivet. He climbed to the top of the cliffs about Nazareth. He climbed to the top of Golgotha. And to the top of the hills and the mountains of your transgressions and he is ready to climb with pardon for every one of you. The groan of Calvary is mightier than the thunder of Sinai. Full receipt is offered for all your indebtedness. If one throws a stone at midnight into a bush where the hedgebird roosts, it immediately begins to sing; and into the midnight hedges of your despondency these words I hurl, hoping to awaken you to anthem. Drop the tunes in the minor key and take the major. Do you think it pleases the Lord for you to be carrying around with you the debris and carcasses of old transgressions? You make me think of some ship that has had a tempestuous time at sea, and now that it proposes another voyage, keeps on its davits the damaged lifeboats, and the splinters of a shivered mast, and the broken glass of a smashed skylight. My advice is: Clear the decks, overboard with all the damaged rigging, brighten up the salted smokestacks, open a new log book, haul in the planks, lay out a new course, and set sail for heaven. You have had the spiritual dumps long enough. You will please the Lord more by being happy than by being miserable. Have you not sometimes started out in the rain with your umbrella and were busy thinking and you did not notice that the rain had stopped, and though it had cleared off you still had your umbrella up, and when you discovered what you were doing you felt silly enough? That is what some of you are doing in religious things. You have got so used to sadness that though the rain has stopped you still have your umbrella up. Come out of the shadow. Ascend the stairs of your sepulchre. Step out into the broad light of noonday. We come around you to help you remove your grave clothes, and a voice from the heavens, tremulous but omnipotent, commands "Loose him, and let him go."

Heaven is ninety-five per cent. better than this world, a thousand per cent. better, a million per cent. better. Take the gladdest, brightest, most jubilant days you ever had on earth and compress them into one hour, and that hour would be a requiem, a fast day, a gloom, a horror, as compared with the poorest hour they have had in heaven since its first tower was built, or its first gates swung, or its first song caroled. "Oh," you say, "that may be true, but I am so afraid of crossing over from this world to the next, and I fear the snapping of the cord between soul and body." Well, all the surgeons and physicians and scientists declare that there is no pang at the parting of the body and soul, and all the seeming restlessness at the closing hour of life is involuntary and no distress at all. And I agree with the doctors, for what they say is confirmed by the fact that persons who were drowned or were submerged until all consciousness departed and were afterwards resuscitated, declare that the sensation of passing into unconsciousness was pleasurable rather than distressful. The cage of the body has a door on easy hinges, and when that door of the physical cage opens the soul simply puts out its wings and soars. "But," you say, "I fear to go because the future is so full of mystery." Well, I will tell you how to treat the mysteries. The mysteries have ceased bothering me, for I do as the judges of your courts often do. They hear all the argument in the case and then say: "I will take these papers and give you my decision next week." So I have heard all the argument in regard to the next world, and some things are uncertain and full of mystery, and so I fold up the papers and reserve until the next world my decision about them. I can there study all the mysteries to better advantage, for the light will be better and my faculties stronger, and I will ask the Christian philosophers, who have had all the advantages of heaven for centuries, to help me, and I may be permitted myself to humbly ask the Lord, and I think there will be only one mystery left, and that will be how one so unworthy as myself got into such an enraptured place. Come up out of the sepulchral shadows. If you are not Christians by faith in Christ come up into the light; and if you are already like Lazarus, reanimated, but still have your grave clothes on, get rid of them. The command is "Loose him, and let him go." The only part of my recent journey that I really dreaded, although I did not say much about it beforehand, was the landing at Joppa. That is the port of entrance to the Holy Land, and there are many rocks, and in rough weather people cannot land at all. The boats taking the people from the steamer to the docks must run between reefs that looked to me to be about fifty feet apart, and one misstroke of an oarsman or unexpected wave has sometimes been fatal, and hundreds have perished along those reefs. Besides that, as we left Port Said the evening before an old traveler said: "The wind is just right to give you a rough landing at Joppa; indeed I think you will not be able to land at all." The fact was that when our Mediterranean steamer dropped anchor near Joppa and we put out for shore in the small boat, the water was as still as though it had been sound asleep a hundred years, and we landed as easily as I came on this platform. Well, your fears have pictured for you an appalling arrival at the end of your voyage of life, and they say that the seas will run high and that the breakers will swallow you up, or that if you reach Canaan at all it will be a very rough landing. The very opposite will be true if you have the eternal God for your portion. Your disembarkation for the promised land will be as smooth as was ours at Palestine last December. Christ will meet you far out at sea and pilot you into complete safety, and you will land with a hosanna on one side of you and a hallelujah on the other.

"Land ahead!" its fruits are waving
O'er the hills of fadeless green,
And the living waters laving
Shores where heavenly forms are seen.

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more,
When on that eternal shore;
Drop the anchor! furl the sail!
I am safe within the veil!

All's Well That Ends Well.

LAURENS, March 13.—Three months ago Miss Cornelia Virginia Chapman, a fair young lady from the banks of the foaming Saluda, came to the city in search for lawyers. She found a couple and told them a tale of woe, the purport of which was that Jno. R. Wells, a neighboring and gallant young farmer, had sought and obtained her affections, but that on the arrival of the time set for the marriage Wells had been seized with a fit of procrastination which had since become chronic. The lawyers estimated the breaks in the lady's heart and sued Wells for $6,000 damages, which just comfortably sized his pile. When the Court of Common Please opened in February Miss Chapman was on hand with a cloud of witnesses, but before the case was called, suddenly disappeared. The case was continued. Yesterday the news came here that Miss Chapman had dropped her suit, that Wells had renewed his and pushed it to a successful issue and that the parties are experimenting as to whether or not marriage is a failure. The learned counsel refuse to be comforted.

—Henry Kepp, of St. Louis, won a wager of fifty cents the other day by drinking a beer glass full of gin and seven ordinary glasses of whiskey. He gulped them down inside of ten minutes and next day it cost a couple of dollars for a coffin and several dollars more to bury him.

—A daughter of ex-Representative Conklin, of Circleville, Ohio, went into her father's orchard on Friday and deliberately blew off her head with a shot gun. She was a pretty girl of twenty-two and was to have been married this week, but she was in bad health and the excitement probably caused insanity.

—The house of Charles Gibson, colored, near Coosaw, Beaufort County, S. C., was burned Saturday night and Gibson and his wife and child perished in the flames. Foul play is suspected.

—A conscience contribution from "J. M. B.," Charleston, S. C., of $20.25, has been received at the Treasury Department.

SLAIN IN SPARTANBURG.

GEO. S. TURNER SHOOTS TO DEATH E. H. FINGER THE BROTHER OF HIS WIFE.

The Causes that Led to the Terrible Deed Ended—Efforts to Lynch the Slayer---Triumph of the Law Over the Mob.

Another bloody tragedy stains the record of our county. On Friday afternoon Geo. S. Turner slew his brother-in-law, E. H. Finger, in the public road at Valley Falls. The deed was done with a pistol, and Finger died in a few minutes after receiving his death wound. He never spoke afterward.

TURNER'S ACCOUNT OF THE TRAGEDY.

Geo. S Turner has furnished the following statement to the reporter of the Columbia Register:

"Finger was walking and a negro was driving the wagon I did not meet Finger on the road, but walked out of the house and was going to my gin house. The woman (Sparks) came to get pay for some washing, and did not say any thing about the matter between her and Finger. W. J. Finger, a brother of E. H Finger, the slain man, and the latter were cursing the woman as she came up to the door where I was standing, as given in his own words below.

"Finger became abusive, but was carried off by Dan Williams, a negro man, towards home. He came back, however.

"Finger told the negro to turn him loose, as I had dared him to holler there in the road, which I denied to Finger and told him to go off and leave me alone Then he tore loose from the negro, and after he tore loose he had his pistol out and shot.

"When he drew his pistol the colored man had turned him loose.

I did not say 'Let him come, I'll fix him,' as stated in the paper, or threaten to kill the negro if he didn't turn him loose. That is all wrong.

"After he drew his pistol.

FINGER SHOT TWICE.

"One ball struck pretty near me in the ground, and the other struck my store house. I think the first ball struck the ground near me, as the smoke rose all around me.

I ONLY FIRED ONE SHOT,

and after he quit shooting I quit also.

"I pulled my pistol when Finger started to pull his—when the negro caught him and he then couldn't get his pistol out. I held my pistol in my hand then, and when he came back he had his pistol pointed at me. He fired twice and I fired once after he had fired his two shots, immediately after his second shot."

ACTING THE TRAGEDY.

That the reporter might make no mistake and should understand exactly his account of the matter, Turner in the jail corridor gave a sort of pantomimic representation of the affray.

Stepping off six paces from the reporter, and coolly counting as he stepped, he said that was about the distance between him and Finger.

Raising his hand as though levelling a pistol, he said that was the way Finger fronted him while he (Turner) held his pistol in his hands. He thought Finger was watching the smoke rising up from around the discharge of his pistol, but that he (Turner) had his eye on the barrel of his own pistol.

He said that after Finger was shot he walked to the bridge over the creek near by, and half across it, before he fell. It was a mistake that he was killed instantly.

WHAT BROUGHT ON THE TRAGEDY.

In relation to the causes which were alleged to have brought about the tragedy, and as to the published accounts in reference to the same, Mr. Turner made the following statement:

"I was not particularly mad with E. H. Finger, the man now dead, but I had heard of his having threatened my life on two or more occasions.

"It was a suit for $25,000 damages and not $10,000 as stated in the newspapers, brought in the case for the seduction of Clara Finger, the slain man's sister and my sister-in-law.

"The day I received the summons I went to Mrs. Finger's house, where E. H. Finger lived, for the purpose of stopping this suit. I gave notice to Clara of my coming to the gate. Finger came out on the piazza

WITH HIS DOUBLE-BARRELLED GUN,

cocked it, and took deliberate aim at me. I jumped behind a tree and tried to draw my pistol. Finger then took the gun down from his face, and the matter ceased.

AN UNACCEPTED CHALLENGE.

"Once after that, across the creek from my store, he cursed me very loudly and dared me across the creek. I did not go. This was the second case.

"I'll state that I think that this man, E. H. Finger, did not want to kill me on account of the seduction of his sister, but that he was persuaded or actuated by my enemies."

HE SPEAKS OF HIS SISTER-IN-LAW.

After a few moments' reflection, on being asked if he had anything more that he wished to say, Mr. Turner said:

"I have not spoken of this seduction matter before to any one but Sheriff Nicholls, but without saying that I did it, I will say this:

"I have one great reason why I should always like my sister, Clara Finger, and that is she made a pleading request of me to quit strong drink, which I have quit for nearly twelve months.

"I will also say that I believe that if Clara will lay aside all the lies, persuasions and inducements that have been offered and told to her since that seduction suit was commenced, and will put herself back as she was the night that her mother left home

AT THE DEAD HOUR OF MIDNIGHT,

to bring this suit against me, and she will make a full statement of the matter, I believe, I say, that there will be no cause of blame upon me about the seduction case, and I think that she will say that I have never treated her wrongfully.

CLAIMS THE KILLING WAS JUSTIFIABLE.

In relation to the alleged condition of public sentiment against him, Turner said:

"I don't think that there were any well thinking men in the mob who sought to lynch me, or if there were, it was by a misunderstanding of the true facts in the case.

"If W. J. Finger, my wife's brother and the brother of the slain man, will testify to the full truth and the whole truth in the killing matter, I believe that it will satisfy all reasonable people that the homicide was justifiable."

NOT AFRAID TO STAY IN SPARTANBURG.

"Did the Sheriff tell you that I was not afraid to be kept in Spartanburg?" this man accused of two crimes asked the reporter. On being told that Sheriff Nicholls had spoken highly of the nerve he had displayed, and had said he was not unwilling to remain in the Spartanburg jail, Turner said. "Let me make a statement about that," and continued as follows:

THE MOB'S TERRIBLE THREAT.

"I was not willing to leave Spartanburg until the Sheriff informed me that the mob was going up to Valley Falls and get Clara Finger and push her along in front until they could get to my cell and kill me.

"Then I consented, because I was fearful if they brought her there in the night she would accidentally get killed, and I did not want her to be made breastworks for a cowardly set of men. They knew, and everybody else that was acquainted with me, that

I LOVED CLARA FINGER AS A SISTER-IN-LAW

and always had loved her from a child, and they were fully aware that I would give up my own life rather than that she should be killed in such a cowardly way."—Spartanburg Herald.

AFTER TURNER'S BLOOD.

An Angry Mob Come to Have the Prisoner.

The feelings against Turner around Valley Falls was intense.

On Saturday night rumors of a determination to lynch him reached the city; on Sunday uneasiness prevailed here, but no manifestasion was made until Monday morning.

The people of Valley Falls had received notice that a party of 200 lynchers, thoroughly organized, would reach town on Monday at noon, and were instructed to be prepared there to assist in the lynching. About two hundred of them assembled near the Morgan Monument. When twelve o'clock arrived, and the North Carolina lynchers did not come, the crowd grew restless and ugly. They wanted to lynch the prisoner without further delay; but, relying on the organized mob which they expected, they were without concert or leadership. Sheriff Nicholls and his deputies, Brewton and Vernon with Mr. Andiew Moore and Ed. Gentry were in the jail armed with Winchester rifles, shot guns and revolvers.

Mr. Nicholls was a brave Confederate soldier, with a reputation for courage and devotion to duty which is known all over the country abd byeond it. He was standing behind the bars declaring that no man should reach Turner but over his dead body. They knew the man and no one was willing to charge him.

Finally four men went to the encampment for the cannon belonging to the Spartan Artillery. They raised it up with a shout and hurrah, and unlimbered it in front of the jail.

The men who brought the gun were members of the artillery company and knew how to use it. The men in the jail were armed with Winchester rifles. The distance was seventy-five yards. A bloody duel at short range with artillery and rifles seemed imminent. Men who had remembered the scene of blood at Birmingham, began to scatter from the streets, but still the narrow jail alley was packed with excited men. No one knew whether the cannon was loaded. The men in the jail thought so and were determined that it should never be fired into the building. They were ready with leveled rifles to shoot off the gunners at the first hostile movement. The gun was not loaded. The men in charge had made their plans to use iron fish bars from the railroad and steelyard peas for cannon shot, but they had not yet gotten them. The crowd was getting momentary more excited. Just at this moment Mayor Henneman met the editor of the HERALD and said:

"What is to be done now?"

"Seize the gun and spike it," replied Mr. Jones.

Mayor Henneman's resolution was taken at once. There was no time to organize a force. What was to be done must be done promptly. He had but six policemen at his command, but he did not hesitate.

"Follow me," he continued, and they moved down Jail street, through the mob.

Mr. Jones ran through Archer's store and rushed up on the opposite side of the cannon with the shout, "Spike the gun and arrest the men who brought it here"!

Mayor Henneman placed his foot on the cannon and said: "I will arrest the first man who touches the gun."

It was a critical moment. The man in charge of the gun, taken by surprise, stepped back in the crowd. Mr. E. H. Carver, who was one of them, says that he saw half drunken men on all sides, reaching for their pistols, and that he saw one man draw a self-cocking revolver, and the hammer was half raised from the cartridge, when some one seized it and stopped him. A single shot fired by a drunken coward would have been the signal for a bloody fusilade. Before they recovered from their surprise, Mr. Jones seized a hatchet, and drove a nail in the touch hole of the cannon, and in less than two minutes six policemen and two civilians had captured the cannon in the face of two hundred angry men, and spiked it, and the danger was over, and a dozen negroes were trundling the useless cannon into the jail. Without artillery the jail is impregnable.

The condition in the jail was hardly less exciting, and the danger from that quarter was greater than from the mob. The officers did not understand the sudden commotion and thought that the attack was commencing. Their guns were ready, their fingers on the triggers, and the Sheriff was on the point of giving the order to fire when Mayor Henneman held up his handkerchief. The men in charge of that cannon never knew how near they were to death.

Friends of Sheriff Nicholls telegraphed to the Governor for military aid. When the Sheriff heard of it he at once telegraphe the Governor that he could defend his prisoner without assistance and would do so at all hazards, and the military was not called on. That night, it was reported, another attack would be made. Information was brought that the mother and sister of the slain man would lead the lynchers, believing that the Sheriff would not fire on them. Conservative citizens went to the Sheriff and urged him to carry the prisoner to Columbia and allay the excitement, and avoid the bloodshed which they knew would follow an attack on the jail. The Governor telegraphed the same advice. So after supper the Sheriff quietly removed the prisoner, drove down to Union and there boarded the train Tuesday morning, and on Tuesday night Turner slept in Richland jail.—[Spartanburg Herald.

FOR LOVE OF HAWES.

Bessie Enright, of Birmingham, Attempts to End Her Life.

Later developments in the case of Bessie Inwright, the young woman who tried to end her life Wednesday night, in a house on Third Avenue and Twentieth street, by taking a dose of morphine, develops the fact that she did so through love of Dick Hawes.

Bessie, it appears, is the woman who became so completely infatuated with Hawes duirng his confinement in the county jail, and who was in the habit of visiting him daily, much to the annoyance of the jailer, who was often called upon to admit her to him two or three times a day. The woman's frequent visits to the jail attracted no little attention, but at the time very little was said about them.

When the Supreme Court decided that Hawes must hang and the death watch was placed over him, Bessie was told that her visits to the celebrated criminal must cease. This information appeared to overcome her and she burst into tears, but finding her opportunities of no avail, after repeated fruitless visits to the jail, she finally abandoned all hope of seeing Hawes and took to sending him affectionate notes and handsome bouquets.

As the time for Hawes' execution drew near she grew morose and low spirited, kept her room a good deal of the time and was disinclined to talk to *any one.*

After the execution her grief was unbounded, but no fears were entertained that she would attempt to take her life, until she was discovered in her room suffering from a dose of morphine, and by prompt medical aid was brought back from the verge of the grave.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A Brave Girl's Act.

There is one brave girl in Charlotte. She is Miss Lula Smith, the pretty little fourteen-year-old daughter of Sheriff Z. S. Smith. At 5 o'clock Monday afternoon Miss Lula was playing near the jail with some other children, when she happened to see a prisoner slide out of the jail through a newly made hole in the wall. The little Miss knew that would never do, so she ran quickly to the side of the jail and picked up a big stone. She began to pound a second kinky head, poked nearly through the hole, and in the act of escaping. Only a few licks were necessary to drive the prisoner back. Standing by the hole on the inside of the jail were a dozen prisoners ready to crawl through the hole and escape, but the little woman stood guard at the outside, dared them to poke out their heads. She gave the alarm, and soon her father was on the scene and the prisoners all locked up in their cells. By some means or other the prisoners had cut a hole through the thick brick wall, and had it not been for Miss Lula a wholesale delivery would have resulted. The prisoner that succeeded in getting away was a negro boy, in for a trifling offense.

The Grady Monument.

It has already been stated that the plan of Mr. Alexander Doyle, a New York architect, has been adopted for the monument of Mr. Henry W. Grady in Atlanta. The Constitution says Mr. Doyle's conception of the monument is a very beautiful one. It consists of a square of granite surrounded by a low balustrade, from the centre of which rises an exquisitely proportioned pedestal, and on this elevation stands a bronze figure of Mr. Grady in one of his most natural attitudes. On one side of the pedestal is a bronze figure of History, inscribing on her tablets the deeds of the brilliant editor, on the opposite side is a figure of the South, weeping bitterly because of the loss of a favorite son; the other two sides of the pedestal bear only a palm leaf and a wreath of immortelles, also wrought in bronze, Mr. Doyle has had more experience as a monumental artist than almost any man of his years in America. The Saratoga monument, which is considered one of the finest works of art in the country, is the product of his genius. The Jasper monument in Savannah and the Ben Hill monument in Atlanta were also designed by him. Mr. Doyle was a strong admirer and a warm personal friend of Mr. Grady's, and his present work will receive his closest attention.

Riot in the Atlanta Jail.

A riot occurred in the Atlanta jail Tuesday afternoon. Henry Falvey, a white prisoner, and Sol Turner, a negro, quarreled and fought. Falvey drew a concealed knife and stabbed Turner badly in the breast and head. The fight then became general. Police were called in and stopped it. Besides Turner, a negro named Moses was badly injured by blows on the head from a piece of box.