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THE SWORD OF ELEAZAR.

A SERMON ON THE COLDNESS, DOUBT AND UNBELIEF OF THISAGE.

Sad Cases of Christians Who Believe but a Part of the Bible, of Men Who Doubt Everything and of Self Styled Christians Who Shrink from the Conflict.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 11.—Among the vast audiences which crowd the Brooklyn Tabernacle at every service are large numbers of young men, many of whom are theological students. Dr. Talmage's sermon this morning had a special interest for them. At this time when so many are giving up the Bible, or holding the truth less firmly than before, the eloquent preacher put himself on record so clearly and forcibly that no one who heard him could have any doubt as to his attitude. His text was II Samuel xxiii. 10. "And his hand clave unto the sword."

A great general of King David was Eleazar, the hero of the text. The Philistines opened battle against him, and his troops retreated. The cowards fled. Eleazar and three of his comrades went into the battle and swept the field, for four men with God on their side are stronger than a whole battalion with God against them. "Fall back!" shouted the commander of the Philistine army. The cry ran along the host, "Fall back!" Eleazar having swept the field throws himself on the ground to rest, but the muscles and sinews of his hand had been so long bent around the hilt of the sword that the hilt was imbedded in the flesh, and the gold wire of the hilt had broken through the skin of the palm of the hand, and he could not drop this sword which he had so gallantly wielded. "His hand clave unto the sword." That is what I call magnificent fighting for the Lord God of Israel. And we want more of it. I propose to show you this morning how Eleazar took hold of the sword and how the sword took hold of Eleazar. I look at Eleazar's hand, and I come to the conclusion that he took the sword with a very tight grip. The cowards who fled had no trouble in dropping their swords. As they fly over the rocks I hear their swords clanging in every direction. It is easy enough for them to drop their swords. But Eleazar's hand clave unto the sword.

Oh, my friends, in this Christian conflict we want a tighter grip of the Gospel weapons, a tighter grasp of the two edged sword of the truth. It makes me sad to see these Christian people who hold only a part of the truth and let the rest of the truth go, so that the Philistines, seeing the loosened grasp, wrench the whole sword away from them. The only safe thing for us to do is to put our thumb on the book of Genesis and sweep our hand around the book until the New Testament comes into the palm, and keep on sweeping our hand around the book until the tips of the fingers clutch at the words, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." I like an infidel a great deal better than I do one of these namby-pamby Christians who hold a part of the truth and let the rest go. By miracle God preserved this Bible just as it is, and it is a Damascus blade. The severest test to which a sword can be put in a sword factory is to wind the blade around a gun barrel like a ribbon, and then when the sword is let loose it flies back to its own shape. So the sword of God's truth has been fully tested, and it is bent this way and that way and wound this way and that way, but it always comes back to its own shape. Think of it! A book written eighteen centuries ago, and some of it thousands of years ago, and yet in our time the average sale of this book is more than twenty thousand copies every week, and more than a million copies a year. I say now that a book which is divinely inspired and divinely scattered is a weapon worth holding a tight grip of. Bishop Colenso will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the five books of Moses, and Strauss will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the miracles, and Renan will come along and try to wrench out of you hand the entire life of the Lord Jesus Christ, and your associates in the store, or the shop, or the factory, or the banking house will try to wrench out of your hand the entire Bible; but in the strength of the Lord God of Israel, and with Eleazar's grip, hold on to it. You give up the Bible, you give up any part of it, and you give up pardon and peace and life and heaven.

THE NOTHINGARIANS' CREED.

I see hundreds, perhaps thousands, of young men in this audience. Do not be ashamed, young man, to have the world know that you are a friend of the Bible. This book is the friend of all that is good and it is the sworn enemy of all that is bad. An eloquent writer recently gives an incident of a very bad man who stood in the cell of a western prison. This criminal had gone through all styles of crime, and he was there waiting for the gallows. The convict standing there at the window of the cell, this writer says, "looked out and declared, 'I am an infidel.' He said that to all the men and children who happened to be gathered there, 'I am an infidel,'" and the eloquent writer says, "Every man and woman there believed him." And the writer goes on to say, "If he had stood there saying, 'I am a Christian,' every man and woman would have said, 'He is a liar!'" This Bible is the sworn enemy of all this wrong, and it is the friend of all that is good. Oh, hold on to it. Do not take part of it and throw the rest away. Hold on to all of it. There are so many people now who do not know. You ask them if the soul is immortal, and they say, "I guess it is, I don't know; perhaps it is, perhaps it isn't." Is the Bible true? "Well, perhaps it is, and perhaps it isn't; perhaps it may be figuratively, and perhaps it may not be at all." They despise what they call the Apostolic creed; but if their own creed were written out it would read like this: "I believe in nothing, the maker of heaven and earth, and in nothing which it hath sent, which nothing was born of nothing, and which nothing was dead and buried and descended into nothing, and arose from nothing and ascended to nothing, and now sitteth at the right hand of nothing, from which it will come to judge nothing. I believe in the holy agnostic church and in the communion of nothing-arians, and in the forgiveness of nothing, and the resurrection of nothing, and in the life that never shall be. Amen." That is the creed of tens of thousands of people in this day. If you have a mind to adopt such theory I will not. "I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, and in the holy catholic church, and in the communion of saints, and in the life everlasting. Amen." Oh, when I see Eleazar taking such a stout grip of the sword in the battle against sin and for righteousness, I come to the conclusion that we ought to take a stouter grip of God's eternal truth, the sword of righteousness.

As I look at Eleazer's hand I also notice his spirit of self forgetfulness. He did not notice that the hilt of the sword was eating through the palm of his hand. He did not know it hurt him. As he went out into the conflict he was so anxious for the victory he forgot himself, and that hilt might go never so deeply into the palm of his hand it could not disturb him. "His hand clave unto the sword." Oh, my brothers and sisters, let us go into Christian conflict with the spirit of self abnegation. Who cares whether the world praises us or denounces us? What do we care for misrepresentation, or abuse or persecution in a conflict like this? Let us forget ourselves. That man who is afraid of getting his hand hurt will never kill a Philistine. Who cares whether you get hurt or not if you get the victory? Oh, how many Christians there are who are all the time worrying about the way the world treats them. They are so tired, and they are so abused, and they are so tempted, when Eleazer did not think whether he had a hand, or an arm, or a foot. All he wanted was victory.

We see how men forget themselves in worldly achievement. We have often seen men who in order to achieve worldly success will forget all physical fatigue and all annoyance and all obstacles. Just after the battle of Yorktown, in the American Revolution, a musician, wounded, was told he must have his limbs amputated, and they were about to fasten him to the surgeon's table—for it was long before the merciful discovery of anaesthetics. He said, "No, don't fasten me to that table, get me a violin." A violin was brought to him and he said, "Now go to work as I begin to play," and for forty minutes, during the awful pangs of amputation, he moved not a muscle nor dropped a note while he played some sweet tune. Oh, is it not strange that with the music of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and with this grand march of the church militant on the way to become the church triumphant, we cannot forget ourselves and forget all pang and all sorrow and all persecution and all perturbation?

THE ENDURANCE OF HEROIC MEN.

We know what men accomplish under worldly opposition. Men do not shrink back for antagonism or for hardship. You have admired Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," as brilliant and beautiful a history as was ever written; but some of you may not know under what disadvantages it was written—that "Conquest of Mexico"—for Prescott was totally blind, and he had two pieces of wood parallel to each other fastened, and totally blind, with his pen between those pieces of wood he wrote, the stroke against one piece of wood telling how far the pen must go in one way, the stroke against the other piece of wood telling how far the pen must go in the other way. Oh, how much men will endure for worldly knowledge and for worldly success, and yet how little we endure for Jesus Christ. How many Christians there are that go around saying, "Oh, my hand, my hand, my hurt hand; don't you see there is blood on the hand, and there is blood on the sword?" while Eleazar, with the hilt imbedded in the flesh of his right hand, does not know it.

Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize
Or sailed through bloody seas?

What have we suffered in comparison with those who expired with suffocation, or were burned, or were chopped to pieces for the truth's sake? We talk of the persecution of olden times. There is just as much persecution going on now in various ways. In 1849, in Madagascar, eighteen men were put to death for Christ's sake. They were to be hurled over the rocks, and before they were hurled over the rocks, in order to make their death the more dreadful in anticipation, they were put in baskets and swung to and fro over the precipice that they might see how many hundred feet they would have to be dashed down, and while they were swinging in these baskets over the rocks they sang:

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.

Then they were dashed down to death! Oh, how much others have endured for Christ, and how little we endure for Christ! We want to ride to heaven in a Pullman sleeping car, our feet on soft push, the bed made up early so we can sleep all the way, the black porter of death to wake us up only in time to enter the golden city. We want all the surgeons to fix our hand up. Let them bring on all the lint, and all the bandages, and all the salve, for our hand is hurt, while Eleazar does not know his hand is hurt. "His hand clave unto the sword."

As I look at Eleazar's hand I come to the conclusion that he has done a great deal of hard hitting. I am not surprised when I see that these four men—Eleazar and his three companions—drove back the army of Philistines that Eleazar's sword clave to his hand, for every time he struck an enemy with one end of the sword the other end of the sword wounded him. When he took hold of the sword the sword took hold of him. Oh, we have found an enemy who cannot be conquered by rose water and soft speeches. It must be sharp stroke and straight thrust. There is intemperance, and there is fraud, and there is gambling, and there is lust, and there are ten thousand battalions of iniquity, armed Philistine iniquity. How are they to be captured and overthrown? Soft sermons in morocco cases laid down in front of an exquisite audience will not do it. You have got to call things by their right names.

IMPERATIVE NEED OF AN AWAKENING.

We have got to expel from our churches Christians who eat the sacrament on Sunday and devour widows' houses all the week. We have got to stop our indignation against the Hittites and the Jubusites and the Gergishites, and let those poor wretches go, and apply our indignation to the modern transgressions which need to be dragged out and slain. Ahabs here. Herods here. Jezebels here. The massacre of the infants here. Strike for God so hard that while you slay the sin the sword will adhere to your own hand. I tell you, my friends, we want a few John Knoxes and John Wesleys in the Christian church today. The whole tendency is to refine on Christian work. We keep on refining on it until we send apologetic word to iniquity we are about to capture it. And we must go with sword silver chased and presented by the ladies, and we must ride on white palfrey under embroidered housing, putting the spurs in only just enough to make the charger dance gracefully, and then we must send a missive, delicate as a wedding card, to ask the old black giant of sin if he will not surrender.

Women saved by the grace of God and on glorious mission sent, detained from Sabbath classes because their new hat is not done. Churches that shook our cities with great revivals sending around to ask some demonstrative worshiper if he will not please to say "amen" and "hallelujah" a little softer. It seems as if in our churches we wanted a baptism of cologne and balm of a thousand flowers, when we actually need a baptism of fire from the Lord God of Pentecost. But we are so afraid somebody will criticise our sermons, or criticise our prayers, or criticise our religious work that our anxiety for the world's redemption is lost in the fear we will get our hand hurt, while Eleazar went into the conflict, "And his hand clave unto the sword,"

But I see in the next place what a hard thing it was for Eleazar to get his hand and his sword parted. The muscles and the sinews had been so long grasped around the sword he could not drop it when he proposed to drop it, and his three comrades, I suppose, come up and tried to help him, and they bathed the back part of the hand, hoping the sinews and muscles would relax. But no. "His hand clave unto the sword." Then they tried to pull open the fingers and to pull back the thumb; but no sooner were they pulled back than they closed again, "and his hand clave unto the sword." But after awhile they were successful, and then they noticed that the curve in the palm of the hand corresponded exactly with the curve of the hilt. "His hand clave unto the sword."

You and I have seen it many a time. There are in the United States today many aged ministers of the Gospel. They are too feeble now to preach. In the church records the word opposite their names is "emeritus," or the words are, "a minister without charge." They were an heroic race. They had small salaries and but few books, and they swam spring freshets to meet their appointments. But they did in their day a mighty work for God. They took off more of the heads of Philistine iniquity than you could count from noon to sundown. You put that old minister of the Gospel now into a prayer meeting, or occasional pulpit, or a sick room where there is some one to be comforted, and it is the same old ring to his voice and the same old story of pardon and peace and Christ and heaven. His hand has so long clutched the sword in Christian conflict he cannot drop it. "His hand clave unto the sword."

THE AGED MINISTER'S FAITH.

I had in my parish in Philanelphia a very aged man who in his early life had been the companion and adviser of the early presidents, Madison and Monroe. He had wielded vast influence, but I only knew him as a very aged man. The most remarkable thing about him was his ardor for Christ. When he could not stand up in the meetings without propping he would throw his arms around a pillar of the church, and though his mind was partially gone his love for Christ was so great that all were in deep respect and profound admiration, and were moved when he spoke. I was called to see him die. I entered the room, and he said, "Mr. Talmage, I cannot speak to you now." He was in a very pleasant delirium, as he imagined he had an audience before him. He said, "I must tell these people to come to Christ and prepare for heaven." And then in this pleasant delirium, both arms lifted, this octogenarian preached Christ and told of the glories of the world to come. There, lying on his dying pillow, his dying hand clave to his sword.

Oh, if there ever was any one who had a right to retire from the conflict it was old Joshua. Soldiers come back from battle have the names of the battles on their flags, showing where they distinguished themselves, and it is a very appropriate inscription. Look at the flag of old General Joshua! On it Jericho, Gideon, Hazar, City of Ai, and instead of the stars sprinkled on the flag the sun and the moon which stood still. There he is, one hundred and ten years old. He is lying flat on his back but he is preaching. His dying words are a battle charge against idolatry and a rallying cry for the Lord of Hosts as he says, "Behold, this day I go the way of all the earth, and God hath not failed to fulfill his promise concerning Israel." His dying hand clave unto the sword.

There is the headless body of Paul on the road to Ostea. His great brain and his great heart have been severed. The elmwood rods had stung him fearfully. When the corn ship broke up he swam ashore, coming up drenched with the brine. Every day since that day when the horse reared under him in the suburbs of Damascus, as the supernatural light fell, down to this day when he is sixty-eight years of age and old and decrepit from the prison cell of the Mamertine, he has been outrageously treated, and he is waiting to die. How does he spend his last hours? Telling the world how badly he feels, and describing the rheumatism that he got in prison, the rheumatism afflicting his limbs, or the neuralgia piercing his temples, or the thirst that fevers his tongue? Oh, no. His last words are the battle shout for Christendom: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight." And so his dying hand clave unto the sword.

It was in the front room on the second floor that my father lay a-dying. It was Saturday morning four o'clock. Just three years before that day my mother had left him for the skies, and he had been homesick to join her company. He was eighty-three years of age. Ministers of the Gospel came in to comfort him, but he comforted them. How wonderfully the words sounded out from his dying pillow, "I have been young and now am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging bread." They bathed his brow, and they bathed his hands, and they bathed his feet and they succeeded in straightening out the feet; but they did not succeed in bathing open the hand so it would stay open. They bathed the hand open, but it came shut. They bathed it open again, but it came shut. What was the matter with the thumb and the fingers of that old hand? Ah! it had so long clutched the sword of Christian conflict that "his hand clave unto the sword."

SPIRITS OF THE MARTYRS

I preach this sermon as a tonic. I want you to hold the truth with inexplicable grip, and I want you to strike so hard for God that it will react and while you take the sword, the sword will take you.

You noticed that the officers of the northern army a few years ago assembled at Denver, and you noticed that the officers of the southern army assembled at Lexington. Soldiers coming together are very apt to recount their experiences and to show their scars. Here is a soldier who pulls up his sleeve and says: "There, I was wounded in that arm," and shows the scar. And another solder pulls down his collar, and says, "There, I was wounded in the neck." And another soldier says, "I have had no use of that limb since the gunshot fracture." Oh, my friends, when the battle of life is over and the resurrection has come and our bodies rise from the dead, will we have on us any scars of bravery for God? Christ will be there all covered with scars. Scars on the brow, scars on the hand, scars on the feet, scars all over the heart won in the battle of redemption. And all heaven will sob aloud with emotion as they look on those scars. Ignatius will be there, and he will point out the places where the tooth and the paw of the lion seized him in the Colisseum; and John Huss will be there, and he will show where the coal first scorched the foot on that day when his soul took wing of flame from Constance. McMillan and Campbell and Freeman, American missionaries in India, will be there—the men who with their wives and children went down in the awful massacre at Cawnpore, and they will show where the daggers of the Sepoys struck them.

The Waldenses will be there, and they will show where their bones were broken on that day when the Piedmontese soldiery pitched them over the rocks. And there will be those there who took care of the sick and who looked after the poor, and they will have evidences of earthly exhaustion. And Christ, with his scarred hand waving over the scarred multitude, will say, "You suffered with me on earth; now be glorified with me in heaven." And then the great organs of eternity will take up the chant and St. John will play. "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

But what will your congregation and mine be if it shall be told that day on the streets of heaven that on earth we shrank back from all toil and sacrifice and hardship. No scars to show the heavenly soldiery. Not so much as one ridge on the palm of the hand to show that just once in the battle for God and the truth, we just once grasped the sword so firmly, and struck so hard that the sword and the hand came together, and the hand clave to the sword. O my Lord Jesus, rouse us to this service.

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with the eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Educational Statistics.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9.—The Census Bureau has issued an extra bulletin on education as a summary of statistics heretofore published but bringing returns of private and parochial schools up to July 1, 1891, and giving parochial schools by States and by communities, not before shown in any census. The total school enrollment for the United States, reported July 1, 1891, was close to 14,220,000; the total public school enrollment, including about 65,000 in universities, schools for training teachers, and so on near 12,730,000; in private schools and in parochial schools, not far from 750,000 each. A table gives the national population and school enrollment from each decade from 1840, when the first educational census was taken, showing a gain of population from 1850 to 1870 of 66.26 per cent.; from 1870 to 1890 of 62.41 per cent.; of special enrollment from 1850 to 1870 of 97.94 per cent.; from 1870 to 1890 of 97.21 per cent., indicating nearly the same relations of population and school enrollment in each period, notwithstanding great local changes meantime. Returns received since this bulletin was prepared will add considerably to private and parochial enrollment and modify the classification in some degree.

Egyptian Cotton Suffers Too.

CAIRO, Oct. 8.—The cotton association reports that the recent cold and foggy weather which has prevailed throughout the cotton growing districts of Egypt has seriously affected the crops. The association, taking everything into consideration, estimates the yield of cotton will be 3,700,000 cantars. (A cantar is equal to forty-five pounds.)

BOGUS LORD BERESFORD.

AN ENGLISH SWINDLER NEAR THE END OF HIS ROPE.

How He Victimized Georgia People Into Whose Confidence He Had Ingratiated Himself—Caught In New York—An all Round Rascal.

ROME, Ga., Oct. 16.—There is on trial in this pretty little city one of the most accomplished confidence men, whose name is Lascelles. He assumed the name of Lord Beresford. A local paper tells the following facts as the opening chapter to a series of rascally tricks perpetrated upon those who received him in Rome with every courtesy that could be expected by one of so much distinction as he claimed:

In January last T. J. Maguire, president of the Corporate Sales Syndicate of New York, arrived here on a business visit. Among his friends here is the wealthy firm of Hamilton & Co., who also own the Etna Furnace. Mr. Maguire had received letters of introduction from friends in the English capital, requesting that Walter Beresford should be furnished with information with reference to Southern investments. Mr. Maguire came first to Rome to prepare for his lordship's coming, and desired that he might be treated royally as an English gentleman.

In due time came the wily Walter. In response to a telegram, Mr. Maguire met "his lordship" January 15, and proceeded with him to inspect the Etna furnace. Upon their return Beresford was duly introduced as a blue-blooded Briton of sixteen quarterings, the son of "Lord William Beresford," a real old Indian officer, who was about to be retired on an enormous pension. Mr. "Walter S. Beresford" had also served beneath the "torrid suns of Inde," and was himself to be retired on a big pension. His present income was £10,000. He had an enormous amount of money. He wanted to invest where he could get good interest. This couldn't be had in England, don't you know. The South was really a wonderful country. He would invest heavily and immediately.

Beresford was handsomely entertained by the Hamiltons, and played his part well-up. Finally he came down to business. He liked the Etna furnace, and upon his return to New York would complete arrangements with his agents for the purchase. When ready to depart from Rome he appeared at the store of Hamilton & Co., and stated that he was ridiculously short of funds. He was careless about these things. He never carried much money about with him. Would they generously cash a small bit of paper for him. They did. He wrote a draft for £200 on the Westminster Bank, Limited, London the depository of the blue-blooded nobs of London. He also wrote a letter to his alleged father, Lord William Beresford With many effusive good-byes he took his departure, ostensibly to look after valuable properties in Savannah.

He also carried with him a valuable diamond ring, the property of Miss Maude Allgood. The indictment states "he having requested Miss Maude Allgood to let him wear the diamond ring for two weeks as his mascot and 'bon voyage,' promising faithfully to return said ring at the expiration of the two weeks, which promise was falsely and fraudulently made." Incidentally it may be mentioned that Miss Allgood is one of the belles of Rome.

Inquiry of the British consul at Savannah developed the fact that Beresford was a fraud, that he had approached the consul for money to pay his hotel bill and claimed to have only $13 in all the wide world. After a bit the returns commenced coming in. "No funds" was reported with the returned dishonored draft. The letter written by the blackhearted lord to his alleged father was returned, with innumerable postmarks, unopened. Communication was opened up between Mr. Maguire and the Hamiltons, with a view to apprehending the wily scamp. Mr. Maguire saw his lordship in New York on more than one occasion, but was unable to capture him.

On July 5, Sheriff Moore, of Rome, received a telegram stating that Walter S. Beresford had been arrested in New York charged with swindling, and asked him to come on with a warrant. When the sheriff arrived in New York he found his lordship considerably lionized; no less than ten requisitions were presented for him and every body wanted him. The Police Gazette, having been tapped for $500, trapped his lordship. Although the best legal ability was exercised to prevent his being carried back to Rome, yet the eloquence of Col. John R. Fellows and Mr. W. Bourke Cochran was unavailing. A big crowd awaited his return to Rome. He was accompanied by his wife, a very attractive woman of graceful carriage and sweet voice, evidently a thoroughly refined lady. Having accompanied her to a hotel, the parting was very affecting, he himself seeming quite overcome.

Arrived at the jail, he was assigned to a cell, which he had made ready with some bedclothes he had brought from New York, while he sat and smoked Havanna cigarettes. He is described as a man of about thirty-four years of age, brown hair, blue eyes, and a prominent nose. While not handsome, he is certainly attractive looking. His carriage and manner are those of a gentleman. His language and well-modulated voice show him to be a man of education.

Mrs Lascelle "Beresford" is said to be the daughter of a very rich lady, estimated to be worth $7,000,000 and residing in a beautiful home at Belvoir-on-the-Hudson. Her maiden name was Maude Lilienthal. There is quite a chapter connected with his pursuit of her, the objections of the mother, and the wedding in a little Pennsylvania summer resort in the middle of the winter.

His operations seemed to have covered a very wide range in this country and Canada. It is said he committed a burglary in April, 1890, in Manchester, England, and stole $5,000 worth of diamonds and jewelry. The following letter, written by the city editor of the Journal, St. Thomas, Ontario, gives a brief sketch of a very large amount of rascality perpetrated by one of the shrewdest rascals:

ST. THOMAS, Ont., Sept. 23, 1891.

EDITOR Tribune: Sydney Lascelles, alias Beresford, taken back to Rome from New York for trial, spent six weeks in this city this summer. He did the society act, gave champagen suppers, sang at concert and in church choirs, gave $25 each to a number of churches, tipped every one who did him a service. Before he left, however, he raised $1,000 from Mr. Lockwood, the manager of the bank, on a draft on the Oriental Band, London, England. The draft was returned "no funds." Lascelles, as he called himself here, went to Detroit and raised $200 on a bogus check from Mr. Maxwell, a hotel keeper. He was a regular society swell and lion here known to every one, and, therefore, anything about him is of great interest.

I write to ask you to do me the great favor of sending copies of your paper containing any reference to Lascelles, his trial or sentence. Anything I can do for or anything about him from here that would be of interest will be cheerfully done. Any expense or charges for papers sent will be forwarded on receipt or account. You will greatly oblige if you will kindly not let this slip your memory. Respectfully yours,

JOHN THOMPSON.

The trial of Lascelle s-Beresford is now pending in the courts. He is defended by quite an array of the most distinguish lawyers at the bar. It is more than probable he will be convicted, and if so the public will be relieved from the dangers of his charms for at least a term of years. If he gets in a southern prison it is not likely that he will see the outside for many a long year.

Gone Wrong.

NEW YORK, October 15.—The New York Times and other morning papers to-day published news of which the following is the substance: John Hoey, who for the last forty years has been identified with the Adams Express Company, and who for over three years has been its president, was yesterday discharged from his high office by the unanimous vote of the board of directors on the charge of malfeasance. Clapp Spooner, vice president of the company, a Bridgeport millionaire, who occupied the president's chair when the vote was cast to discharge Hoey, and who voted for that discharge, handed in his resignation, and it was accepted for precisely the same reason for which Hoey was discharged. The charges against Hoey and Spooner, which brought about the above action, are that they purchased the New York and Boston Dispatch Express Company and Kinsley Express Company for $150,000, and turned them over to the Adams Express Company for $850,000, and that the difference between these two amounts was divided between Hoey and Spooner, Henry Sherburne and Henry C. Tatt.

The exposure was brought about by a suit brought by Sherburne against the other three men for an accounting and his share of the profits of the deal. Hoey's share of the profits is set down as $179,000, and Spooner's at $172,000.

The published statements are that when the directors met to consider the subject Hoey had nothing to say. Henry Sanford, of Bridgeport, Conn., was this afternoon appointed president of the Adams Express Company, and Frederick Lovejoy, of this city, was appointed vice president.

A Snake Story.

WASHINTON COURT HOUSE, O., Oct. 15.—While building a kiln to dry fruit a few days ago two boys named Witherspoon and Priest, living near Mt. Pleasant, Vinton County, Ohio, had a very unpleasant experience. They were getting out stone for their kiln, when two large black snakes came out of the rock and attacked them. The boys beat a hasty retreat, and were pursued by the snakes, which moved with great rapidity. Witherspoon succeeded in making his escape by scaling a fence, but his companion, Priest, was overtaken at the fence, and before he could climb it one of the snakes had wrapped itself around his ankle and bound it securely to the bottom rail. The other snake sprang at his neck and bound it to the top rail, its powerful coil pressing with such tension against the boy's windpipe and jugular that his tongue and eyes protruded and his face turned purple. He remained in this horrible predicament while Witherspoon ran away for assistance. Mrs. George was summoned, and, hastening to the spot with an axe, she proceeded at once to lay out the serpents, cutting the snake from Priest's neck and severing its body in twain. She next struck at the bottom snake, cutting it in two, but also severing a couple of the boy's toes. The snakes measured seven feet six inches and eight feet six inches.

All Hands Were Drunk.

ST. JOHN'S, N. F., Oct. 15.—A sailor named John Brennan arrived at Trepassy today and tells the following story: He was one of the crew of forty-three of the steamer City of Rome, which left Montreal, October 7, for Dundee with 575 cattle and a lot of flour and maize. The steamer, he says, was totally wrecked Monday night at Marine Cove, St. Mary's Bay. The captain, crew and officers were all drunk and could not save themselves. He was thrown on the rock, and after a terrible night's experience was rescued by a man named Lundrigan on Tuesday morning. All the others were lost. He tells a pitiful tale of the struggles of the crew and of the cattle in their efforts to save themselves. There is considerable excitement here over the story of the man Brennan, who claims to be the only survivor of the cattle ship City of Rome. There are numerous persons here who refuse to believe his story. Brennan is on his way to St. John's.

Frost in North Texas.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 8.—A dispatch from Gainsville, Texas, says a heavy frost formed there and throughout North Texas and the Chickasaw country Tuesday night, doing considerable damage to the young, undeveloped cotton bolls, thus greatly diminishing the prospective crop. The weather has been quite cold and the indications are that another killing frost will occur tonight.

ASSISTANT UNITED STATES District Attorney John Wingate died at his home in Greenville last week. He was a most excellent man, and in common with his many friends we sincerely regret the sad event. He was about forty-six years old and was a member of the Methodist Church.

KILLED AT HIS POST.

THE UNTIMELY END OF POLICEMAN EAVES.

Shot Down While Attempting to Arrest a Drunken Man, also a Policeman—The Slayer, a Third Policeman, Likewise Drunk.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Oct. 12.—Policeman James W. Quinlivan shot and killed Policeman Richard C. Eaves at the southeast corner of State and Queen streets, between 11 and 12 o'clock last night. The shooting grew out of a drunken spree in which Policeman Quinlivan and J. J. Duggan were engaged.

It seems that both Quinlivan and Duggan had been drinking heavily during the day, and when they went on duty last evening at 7 o'clock they kept it up. Eaves's beat was East Bay below Broad street. Duggan was the adjoing beat, that is East Bay above Broad, and Quinlivan was stationed on State street. Shortly before 11 o'clock last night Quinlivan and Duggan left their beats and went down on Eaves's beat and began carousing and making a noise. Eaves went up to them and ordered them to leave his beat.

RESISTING ARREST.

Duggan, who was the drunkest of the two, refused to go, so it is said, and Eaves, after repeating his orders in vain, called upon Edward Doran to assist him, and promptly placed Duggan under arrest, and tried, with Doran's assistance, to take him to the patrol box at the corner of Philadelphia and Queen streets. Duggan objected strenuously to being arrested, and Quinlivan also protested in Duggan's behalf, but without avail. Eaves had taken Duggan as far as the corner of Queen and State streets, when Quinlivan, finding that his entreaties were unavailing, and determined to prevent Duggan's being sent to the Station House, attempted to release him by force.

THE KILLING.

Eaves then drew his club and struck Quinlivan a heavy blow on the head, cutting the scalp and bringing blood freely. Crazed by the blow and drink Quinlivan jerked his pistol out of its holster and shot at Eaves once. The ball entered Eaves's head on the left side, just back of the temple, and death must have been almost instantaneous. Partially sobered by what he had done Quinlivan ran to the nearest patrol box and telephoned to the Station House for the patrol wagon.

A HORRIBLE SIGHT.

In the meantime Lieut. Heidt and Sergt. McCaffrey had heard of the shooting and hastened to the spot. They found Eaves lying on his back on the pavement, his face turned up towards the sky, a smile upon his lips, and both blood and brains oozing out of a ghastly wound back of the left temple. The blood trickled slowly down to the pavement, forming tiny pools in the hollows of the bricks. Duggan and Quinlivan were standing near at hand.

QUINLIVAN'S STORY.

Quinlivan told Lieut. Heidt that Eaves had struck him with his club and that he then shot him. He also claims that Eaves drew his pistol on him, and, as Eaves's pistol was found lying on the pavement by the dead man's side, Quinlivan's story may be true.

As soon as the patrol wagon arrived Lieut. Heidt sent Quinlivan and Duggan up to the Station House where they were locked up. The coroner had in the meantime been notified of the killing, and Deputy Coroner Rivers went to the scene of the tragedy, and after viewing the body had it removed to the City Hospital, where the inquest will be held this morning.

AN INVESTIGATION.

Chief Golden was on the spot soon after the shooting and made an investigation into the matter. It was exceedingly difficult to find anyone who would or could throw any light upon the killing. The only witness secured last night was Edward Doran, who had been assisting Eaves to take Duggan to the patrol box, and who witnessed the quarrel and consequent shooting. His account of what happened is substantially the story as related above. Neither Duggan nor Quinlivan was in a condition to be interviewed last night after being locked up, so that it was impossible to learn their version of the shooting.

THE MAN WHO WAS KILLED.

Eaves was a young man, with light eyes and hair, of a ruddy complexion, well built and bore an excellent and enviable reputation for sobriety and strict attention to his duty. He came to Charleston two years ago from Sullivan County, Tennessee, and secured employment as a driver on the Enterprise Railroad. He remained in the employ of that company until June 4, 1891, when he was appointed to the police force, being very strongly endorsed for that position. He was 23 years of age and unmarried.

THE MANSLAYER.

James W. Quinlivan, the officer who did the shooting, was appointed to the force on June 22, and was also 23 years of age. J. J. Duggan, the cause or the shooting, is the oldest man of the trio and has been on the force for a longer time. He was appointed July 7, 1889, and is 24 years old. He is not what is known as a drinking man, carefully avoiding as a rule all intoxicating liquors, but when he does begin to drink he never stops until he is drunk. The occurrence last night was a most deplorable one, and it will be sifted to the bottom at the inquest this morning.—News and Courier.

Released the Parachutte.

GREENUP, Ill., Oct. 9.—Just as a balloon was ascending from the fair grounds yesterday afternoon, Alex. Gordon, a youth, became entangled in the ropes attached to the parachutte and was carried up, his head hanging downward. In his struggle he caught the rope that released the parachutte, and he and the aeronant were thrown to the ground eighty feet below. The balloonist, Wm. Kisser, of Louisville, Ky., was killed and Gordon was seriously injured.

Six Acres in Flames.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 8.—A fire at Mayfield to-day burned nearly six acres of ground. The Newport News and Mississippi Valley freight and passenger depots, the Western Tobacco Company's warehouse and six hundred hogsheads of tobacco and a number of residences were burned. The total loss is placed at $100,000. Insurance light.