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## THE COURIER OF THE CZAR.

BY JULES VERNE.

### CHAPTER XII.

**T**HE next day, the 16th of August, the loud trumpets sounded through the camp. The Tartar soldiers sprang at once to arms.

Ivan Ogareff, after having quitted Zabelero, arrived, accompanied by a numerous staff of Tartar officers. His face was more serious than usual, and his contracted outlines indicated a great anger, which was only waiting for some object on which to hurl itself.

Michael Strogoff, lost in a group of prisoners, saw this man pass by. He had a presentiment that a great calamity was about to happen, for Ivan Ogareff now knew that Marfa Strogoff was the mother of Michael Strogoff, captain in the corps of the couriers of the czar. Ivan Ogareff arrived at the center of the camp, dismounted from his horse, and the horsemen of his escort formed a large circle around him.

At that moment Sangarre approached and said:

"I have nothing new of which to inform you, Ivan."

Ivan Ogareff answered only in giving a short command to one of his officers. Immediately the ranks of the prisoners were traversed in a brutal manner by the soldiers. These unfortunate ones, urged on with blows and pushed with the wood of the lances, quickly arranged themselves along the outer edge of the camp. Four lines of infantry and cavalry drawn up at the back rendered all escape impossible.

Order for silence was at once given, and at a sign from Ivan Ogareff Sangarre directed her steps toward the group in the middle of which was Marfa Strogoff.

The old Siberian saw her coming. She understood what was about to happen. A disdainful smile played on her lips. Then, turning to Nadia, she said to her in a low voice:

"You do not know me any longer, my daughter. Whatever happens and however trying may be this examination, not a word, not a gesture. It is for him, not for me, they search."

At this moment Sangarre, after having looked around for an instant, placed her hand upon the shoulder of the old Siberian.

"What do you wish from me?" said Marfa Strogoff.

"Come," answered Sangarre.

And, pushing her with her hand, she led her into the middle of the reserved space before Ivan Ogareff.

Michael Strogoff kept his eyelashes half closed in order that the brightness of his eyes should not betray him.

Marfa Strogoff, having come in front of Ivan Ogareff, straightened her person, crossed her arms and waited.

"Are you indeed Marfa Strogoff?" demanded Ivan Ogareff.

"Yes," answered the old Siberian, with calmness.

"Have you changed your mind as regards the statement you made to me when, three days ago, I interrogated you at Omsk?"

"No."

"So you are ignorant of the fact that your son, Michael Strogoff, courier of the czar, has passed through Omsk?"

"I am ignorant of it."

"And that the man that you believed to have recognized as your son at the posthouse was not he—was not your son?"

"He was not my son."

"And have you not seen him since among the prisoners?"

"No."

"And were shown to you would you recognize him?"

"No."

At this answer, which showed an inflexible determination to avow nothing, a murmur of approbation arose from the crowd.

Ivan Ogareff could not restrain a menacing gesture.

"Listen," said he to Marfa Strogoff.

"Your son is here, and you go at once to point him out."

"No."

"All these men, taken at Omsk and at Kalyan, are going to die before your eyes, and if you do not point out Michael Strogoff you shall receive as many blows of the knout as there shall be men who have passed before you."

Ivan Ogareff had now realized that, whatever threats he might utter and to whatever tortures he might subject her, the indomitable Siberian would not speak. To discover the courier of the czar he now counted not upon her, but upon Michael Strogoff himself. He did not believe it possible that when the mother and the son should be brought into the presence of each other an irresistible impulse would not betray them. Certainly if he had only wished to gain possession of the imperial letter he could simply have given orders for all these prisoners to be searched. But Michael Strogoff might have destroyed this letter after learning its contents, and if he were not recognized and he should gain Irkutsk the plans of Ivan Ogareff would be all frustrated. Wherefore it was not only the letter which he must have from the traitor; he must have the bearer of it.

Nadia at length understood all, and she now knew who was Michael Strogoff and why he had wished to traverse, without being known, the invaded provinces of Siberia.

On the order of Ivan Ogareff the prisoners passed one by one before Marfa Strogoff, who remained immovable as a statue and whose regard expressed only the most complete indifference.

Her son was in the last ranks. When in his turn he passed before his mother,

Nadia shut her eyes in order not to see him.

Michael Strogoff had remained apparently impassible, but his hands were bleeding from the pressure of the fetters.

Ivan Ogareff was conquered by the son and the mother.

Sangarre, placed near him, only said one word—"Knout!"

"Yes," cried Ivan Ogareff, "let this old jade have the knout and let the punishment continue until she die!"

A Tartar soldier, carrying that terrible instrument of torture, approached Marfa Strogoff.

The knout is composed of a certain number of leather thongs, to the ends of which are attached twisted iron wire. One can easily understand that to be condemned to receive a hundred and twenty blows from such a whip is the same thing as to be condemned to death.

Marfa Strogoff knew it, but she also knew that no torture upon earth could make her speak, and she had already offered the sacrifice of her life for her son's safety.

Marfa Strogoff, having been seized by two soldiers, was thrown on her knees on the ground. Her robe, having been torn, exposed her naked back. A saber was fixed before her breast at the distance of only a few inches, and in case she should bend under the pain her breast would be pierced with the sharp point.

The Tartar raised the lash.

He was waiting.

Go on!" said Ivan Ogareff.

The whip lashed in the air, but before the blow had fallen a powerful hand had wrenched it from the hands of the Tartar.

Michael Strogoff was there! He had leaped before this horrible scene! If at the posthouse of Ichim he had restrained himself at the blow from Ivan Ogareff, here before his mother, who was about to be struck, he was not able to master himself.

Ivan Ogareff had succeeded.

"Michael Strogoff!" he cried.

Then, advancing, he said:

"Ah, was this done by the man of Ichim?"

"Himself!" said Michael Strogoff, and, raising the knout, he tore with it the face of Ivan Ogareff himself.

"Blow for blow!"

"Well given!" cried the voice of a spectator, who fortunately hid himself in the tumult.

Twenty soldiers threw themselves on Michael Strogoff, and they were about to kill him. But Ivan Ogareff, from whom a cry of pain and rage had escaped, stopped them with a motion of his hand.

"This man is reserved for the justice of the emir!"

The letter to the imperial armies was found in the breast of Michael Strogoff, who had not had time to destroy it, and it was handed over to Ivan Ogareff.

The spectator who had uttered aloud those words "well given" was no other than Alcide Jolivet. His companion and himself, having halted at the camp of Zabelero, were present at this scene.

"My God," said he to Harry Blount, "these people of the north are rough men! Do we not owe some return to our companion of the journey? May Korpanoff or Strogoff succeed! What splendid revenge for the affair of Ichim!"

"Yes, revenge indeed," said Harry Blount. "But Strogoff is a dead man. For his sake it would perhaps be better not to remember him any longer."

"And allow my mother to perish under the knout?"

"Do you believe that he has acted better by his rash haste than his mother and his sister?"

"I don't believe anything; I know nothing," answered Alcide Jolivet, "only had I been in his place I should not have acted otherwise. What a slash! Eh, what—the devil, we must boil over sometimes. God would have placed water in our veins and not blood had he wished us to remain always and everywhere imperturbable."

"What a splendid incident for a newspaper article!" said Harry Blount. "If Ivan Ogareff would only communicate to us the contents of that letter!"

Ivan Ogareff, after having wiped off the blood which covered his face, had broken the seal of the letter. He read it again and again for a long time, as if he wished to fathom its contents.

Then, having given his orders that Michael Strogoff, strongly fettered, should be sent on to Tomsk with the other prisoners, he took command of the troops encamped at Zabelero, and amid the deafening sounds of drums and trumpets he marched to the town where the emir was awaiting him.

They had not long to wait for the lieutenant of Feofar. Resounding bugles announced his arrival.

Ivan Ogareff—the Hatched, as they already began to call him—dressed this time in the uniform of a Tartar officer, arrived on horseback before the tent of the emir. He was accompanied by a body of the soldiers from the camp of Zabelero, who drew up along the sides of the plateau, in the middle of which he remained only during the time allotted to the amusements. One could see a deep gash cutting obliquely the face of the traitor.

Ivan Ogareff presented to the emir his principal officers, and Feofar-Khan, without departing from the coldness which was the main foundation of his dignity, received them in a manner which made them satisfied with their reception.

Alcide Jolivet and Harry Blount then joined the crowd and looked on in such a manner as not to lose any detail of the feast, which was to furnish a hundred

good lines for the newspapers. They gazed with astonishment on Feofar-Khan in his magnificence, his women, his officers, his guards and all this oriental pomp, of which the ceremonies of Europe can give no idea. But they turned away with disdain when Ivan Ogareff presented himself before the emir, and they waited, not without some impatience, for the feast to begin.

"Do you see, my dear Blount," said Alcide Jolivet, "we are come too soon, like good citizens who must needs come or lose their money. All this is only the rising of the curtain. It would have been better taste to have arrived only for the ballet."

"What ballet?" asked Harry Blount. "The obligatory ballet, faith. But I think the curtain is about to rise."

Alcide Jolivet spoke as if he were at the opera, and, taking his glass from his case, he prepared to have a look at, as a connoisseur, the first subjects of Feofar's troop.

But a tedious ceremony was to precede the amusements.

Meanwhile most of the prisoners had passed before the emir, and in passing each of them had to prostrate the forehead to touch the very dust as a sign of servility. It was the slavery which commenced with humiliation. When the unfortunates were too slow in bending, the rude hand of the guards cast them violently to the earth. Alcide Jolivet and his companion could not assist at such a spectacle without feeling the greatest indignation.

"This is cowardly! Let us go away!" said Alcide Jolivet.

"No," replied Harry Blount; "we must see all."

"See all! Ah!" cried Alcide Jolivet suddenly, seizing the arm of his companion.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the former.

"Look! Blount, it is she!"

"She?"

"The sister of our fellow traveler. Alone and a prisoner! We must save her!"

"Restrain yourself," coldly replied Harry Blount. "Our intervention in behalf of this young girl would be more hurtful than useful to her."

Alcide Jolivet, ready to rush forward, stopped himself, and Nadia, who had not perceived them, being half veiled by her hair, passed in her turn before the emir, without attracting his attention.

In the meantime, after Nadia, Marfa Strogoff had arrived, and as she did not throw herself quickly enough into the dust the guards brutally pushed her.

Marfa Strogoff fell.

Her son made a terrible movement, which the soldiers who were guarding him could with difficulty master.

But old Marfa raised herself, and they were about to drag her when Ivan Ogareff intervened, saying:

"Let this woman remain."

As for Nadia, she was thrown back among the crowd of prisoners. The look of Ivan Ogareff had not fixed it upon her.

Michael Strogoff was then led before the emir, and there he remained erect, without lowering his eyes.

"Your face to the ground!" Ivan Ogareff cried out to him.

"No!" replied Michael Strogoff. Two guards wished to force him to bend, but it was they who were thrown to the ground by the hand of the robust young man.

Ivan Ogareff advanced toward Michael Strogoff.

"You are about to die," said he.

"I shall die," fiercely answered Michael Strogoff, "but your face of traitor, Ivan, will not the less bear and forever the infamous mark of the knout!"

Ivan Ogareff at this answer became horribly pale.

"Who is this prisoner?" demanded the emir in a voice the more menacing because of its calmness.

"A Russian spy," answered Ivan Ogareff.

In making out Michael Strogoff a spy he knew the sentence pronounced against him would be the more terrible.

Michael Strogoff moved toward Ivan Ogareff.

The soldiers stopped him.

The emir then made a gesture before which the whole crowd bent their heads. Afterward he motioned with his hand for the Koran, which was brought to him. He opened the book and placed his finger on one of the pages.

It was chance, or, rather, as these orientals think, God himself, who was about to decide the fate of Michael Strogoff. The people of central Asia give the name of "fal" to this practice. After having interpreted the sense of the verse touched by the finger of the judge they apply the sentence, whatever it may be.

The emir had left his finger resting on the page of the Koran. The chief of the ulemas, then approaching, read with a loud voice a verse which finished with these words:

"And he shall see no more the things of the earth." "Russian spy," said Feofar-Khan, "you came to see what is passing in the camp of the Tartars! Look, then, with all your eyes! Look!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

The fight between the Liberal and Conservative armies of Colombia that had been going on around Colon, Isthmus of Panama, for about two weeks, came to an end last Thursday upon the defeat of the Liberals by the government forces. The Liberals had possession of the town of Colon and it looked as if they were in a position to hold it, when the Conservatives surprised them by bringing a large force to an unexpected point by cutting a passage through the thick forests that had been looked upon as a protection. During the fight, trains were operated regularly across the isthmus between the Atlantic and Pacific, under guard of United States marines. Neither side attempted to molest these trains as they both realized the consequences of complications with the United States government.

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### TRIAL OF CLAIR HERBERT.

#### A Remarkable Scene in a Texas Court of Justice.

General George F. Alford, of Dallas, Texas, has told many good stories to the press, but the following is among his very best. He says it is not original, but his friends who know his peculiar felicitous style will not believe it. The general is one of the oldest residents and best known men in Texas—a scholar, poet, statesman and patriot.

The name of Jones Rivers awakens in the minds of many of the older residents of Texas, and especially of the older members of the bar, memories of the wit, orator and lawyer who played so conspicuous a part for many years in the courts of Texas, and more particularly in the counties contiguous to the Brazos and Colorado rivers, thirty or forty years ago. Bright, joyous and witty, even the approach of death could not conquer or repress his natural exuberance of spirit; for when, on a cold, dismal evening in November, in the then dreary hamlet of Georgetown, now a prosperous city, he was told that his hour had come, he met the relentless messenger with a smile, jested in his very face, and, with a witticism upon his lips, passed into the land of shadows.

He was genial in manner, eloquent in speech, forcible in argument and strong in everything save the power to resist the seductive influences of the intoxicating cup. He possessed in an eminent degree the "divine afflatus" that belongs as truly to the natural orator as to the true poet; and when enlisted in a cause that aroused his sympathies, or when he felt the stimulating influence of the wine cup, he could, with dramatic skill, touch the hearts of his hearers, and by the magnetic fervor of his matchless eloquence stir their deepest emotions. This irresistible power was never more signally displayed than in the defense of his friend, Colonel C. C. Herbert, familiarly known as "Clair Herbert" in the district court of Colorado county, more than a third of a century ago.

Clair Herbert was a superb type of a Southern planter under the old regime. Born in Virginia, reared in the fertile fields and genial climate of Texas, with a big heart in a brawny, muscular body, he was hospitable, liberal, generous, brave and sympathetic. He lived on his beautiful plantation on the banks of the charming Colorado, just below the town of Columbus. A man of learning and influence, he served as a representative in the Texas legislature and the Confederate congress, and held a commission as colonel in the southern army. The family was a distinguished one in the annals of Virginia, of Texas and California; his brother, Colonel Phil Herbert, having been a member of the national congress from the last named state before the late war between the states, and was killed gallantly leading his regiment of Texas cavalry in desperate assault upon Fort Butler.

As Clair Herbert sat one day at his table, with a number of guests, the meal was interrupted by the appearance at the door of a little boy, perhaps 8 years of age, an orphan, who lived with a neighbor named Howard in the relation of a ward or apprentice. The child was crying bitterly, trembling, and seemingly frightened and suffering. Herbert questioned him and the boy said between his sobs that the Howard had beaten him unmercifully and without cause. Herbert carried him into an adjoining room, examined him, and found his body cruelly striped and bearing other evidence of severe punishment. The kind planter soothed him, and seating him at the table, assured him of protection, and endeavored to quiet his fear that Howard would pursue and carry him back.

This Howard was a Yankee, of the Mayflower type, a representative Puritan, pharisaical in pretensions, sanctimonious in manner, solemn in visage, with a drawing, nasal mode of speech, and a countenance that was a perpetual interrogation point. Of a cruel nature, he was destitute of bowels of compassion, having apparently but one bowel, and this seemingly illustrated the maxim of geometry which affirms that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line.

The boy's fear of pursuit was not without cause. Hardly was the dinner finished when Howard rode up to the gate and called for Colonel Herbert, who responded with promptness. Howard inquired whether he had seen the boy, adding that it had been necessary to chastise him severely that morning, and that afterward he had ran away, and he had traced his bare feet coming in that direction. Herbert made no reply, but walked quietly out through the open gate—sawed Howard as he sat on his horse, pulled him off, and gave him then and there and unmerciful flogging, saying as he released him:

"That will teach you not to beat another child, you infernal scoundrel!"

Howard remounted his horse and rode away without indulging in any remarks.

The district court was then sitting in Columbus, the seat of justice in Colorado county. Howard proceeded by the most direct road to that place, and appeared without delay before the grand jury, who promptly brought in a bill of indictment against Herbert for aggravated assault and battery.

Jones Rivers, as counsel for the defendant, demanded an immediate trial. Colonel Edward Waller was district attorney, for whom Waller county, Texas, was named as a memorial. The only witness for the state was Howard, who told his story, was rigorously cross-examined, and the prosecution rested their case.

Jones Rivers stood up. "If the court

please," he said, "the defendant in this case has no evidence to offer, excepting the feeble child that has been beaten by the prosecuting witness."

Here he led the little boy forward and seated him at his side, in front of the jury. The boy was even smaller than his years, of delicate physique, and showed in his pinched face and scant clothes traces of suffering and privation—the look of neglected orphanhood in poverty.

The case was closed. Counsel for the state said, that in submitting it to the jury he had only to say that as there was no defense, the jury could do nothing but return a verdict of guilty.

Rivers knew that every technical rule of law was against his client, and that there was no legal defense to the state's case; but at the same time he knew every man on that jury, and all their domestic relations. He knew that the oldest jurymen, the foreman, had married late in life and had two children, twin boys, just the age of the little orphan, to whom he was passionately devoted. He knew, too, that he had been a fellow soldier in the revolutionary army of Texas, with the father of the boy that had been the victim of Howard's brutality. Making no preliminary reference to these facts, however, Rivers said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, the state of Texas has presented her evidence and stated her case, and I rise now to speak for the defendant, Clair Herbert, your fellow citizen, and your neighbor, your friend and mine, and the friend of all who need a friend, and upon whose ears the orphan's cry never falls in vain. The only evidence I have to offer on his behalf is the pale face, the tearful eye, and the frail, bruised form of the little orphan that sits at my side, of the child whose heroic father shared with some of you in days now gone, the hardships of the camp and the dangers of the battle. He was at San Jacinto when the star of the young republic rose triumphant above that historic field, and with him, your Mr. Foreman, participated in the undying glories of that eventful day. And when peace came you began, side by side, as neighbors and friends in the battle of hardships and poverty, in the new land that you had aided in rescuing from the hands of the spoiler. That battle you have fought well, Mr. Foreman, and are still spared to your grateful country; but your old comrade has been gathered to his fathers. He married late in life and accumulated but a scant store of this world's goods, and this child, the only fruit of the marriage, was, in the providence of God, left a penniless orphan, and what fate befell him you know full well. For aught I know, Mr. Foreman, you may have now, when old, little ones that are as dear to you as was this poor child to that aged father who sleeps his last long sleep in the soil he periled his life to defend.

As Rivers proceeded, he drew near to the jury, and spoke in soft, but earnest tones, while an occasional tear stole down the cheeks of the old foreman. Rivers saw this, and continued, "Time is fast weaving threads of silver among your dark locks; your feet are pressing the brink of the river that flows between this and the unknown land, and soon, leaving perhaps to your little ones an inheritance of poverty, as did the father of this child to him, you must go to join your silent comrade on the other side of the dark, cold river, and then perchance these dear little ones may be consigned like your comrade's boy, to the tender mercies of some brutal Howard. Then the little arms that so often encircled you in the loving embrace may be raised to shield the tender forms which you now clasp lovingly to your bosom, against the blows such as fell so cruelly on this poor little orphan. Then may the dimpled cheeks that now glow with the rosy hue of health, be sunken and pale from neglect and want; the eyes that now brighten at your coming, may be red with weeping and the gentle voices that fall like sweetest music on your eager ears, be heard pleading in pathetic, beseeching tones for mercy, as the voice of this child fell on the unheeding ear of the prosecuting witness; and then perchance God in His infinite mercy may raise up for those little ones a friend and an avenger as He raised up Clair Herbert to avenge the wrongs of this defenseless orphan, and perhaps that friend may be, as Clair Herbert is this day, charged as a criminal, and if so, Mr. Foreman, would you have him punished?"

As the last words were uttered, Rivers was so near the old foreman that he could lay his hand on his head, and apparently spoke to him alone. The climax was reached; human nature could stand no more. The old foreman rose from his chair trembling in every nerve, and raising his clenched hands above his head, in a voice quivering with emotion, cried:

"No! no! by the eternal, no!" and dropping into his seat, with his face in his hands, sobbed aloud; and judge, counsel and bystanders mingled their tears with his.

Rivers at once sat down, and the district attorney arose to make a concluding argument for the state, but before he had concluded the opening sentence, the old foreman, with streaming eyes and with a tremulous voice, said:

"Edwin Waller! sit down! You are a good man and a good lawyer, but—sit down! We don't want to hear you talk another word!"

Waller sat down, and the judge simply read the statute defining the offense and fixing the penalty, and directed the jury to retire and consider of their verdict. Whereupon the old foreman rose and, without any consultation whatever of his co-jurors, said:

"Not guilty, your honor; not guilty!"

"So say you all, gentlemen?" asked the court.

"So say we all!" responded the en-

tire jury, and the verdict having been properly reduced to writing and signed the jury were discharged.

Thus the trial of Clair Howard was ended, and thus the most remarkable scene ever witnessed in a Texas court of justice closed.—Chicago Law Journal.

### ORIGIN OF THE NEGRO.

#### The Scriptures Are Searched For Light on the Question.

The following interesting article on the origin of the Negro, from the pen of Rev. Dr. J. B. Mack, of Fort Mill, is reproduced from the Charlotte Observer, of last Sunday:

Whence the Negro? This is a dark subject, an exceedingly perplexing problem. Yet its solution is vital to some doctrines of the church, and also vital in determining the nature of our national government. Indeed if we think of the strange introduction of Negro slavery into our land and its peculiar phases in colonial days; if we notice how it colored almost every question in congress from 1789 to 1851; if we study the causes of our great civil war; if we consider how this matter has made the south almost solidly Democratic and the north almost solidly Republican from 1858 to 1900, we must conclude that this problem has been the main pivot of our national differences and divots. This being the case, it is clear that God's Providence intends for our nation to solve this problem. As the Lord made Esther to be Queen of Persia for a special purpose, so He has made our country to be a queen among the nations of this world for a wonderful work, viz.: The determining of the relations of the various races to each other, and especially the relation of the white man to the Negro. Hence we have in our land all of the four races: the white man of Europe, the red men of America, the yellow man of Asia and the black man of Africa.

The position of the Negro has ever been very varied and always peculiar. Some have regarded him as a beast, others as an inferior race of mankind, and others as the image of God cut in ebony as the white man is that image cut in ivory. Today in some states the Negro can vote, hold office and intermarry with the whites. In other states he can vote and hold office, but the line is drawn at marriage. In other states he is voted (sometimes even after he is dead) but cannot ride in the same car or eat at the same table with white folks; while in some others even the right of voting is virtually denied him.

Now is it right to make these distinctions? Is it right to debar the Negro from voting and from holding office, if he is intelligent? Is it right to forbid his eating and drinking and marrying with white folks anywhere, provided the whites are willing? The answer to these questions depends on the answer to the question "Whence the Negro?"

Let me mention you four answers: I. Evolution asserts that "from the mud came a mollusk, then a reptile, then a bird, then a beast of low grade, then a monkey, then a Negro, and then the higher grades of men up to the white man. This is an easy way to account for the origin of the Negro, and as false as it is easy. Science denies it; for it has never yet found the "missing link" between the reptile and the bird, between the bird and the beast, between the monkey and the man. Scripture denies it; for its affirms that the Divine law is that "like begets like." Racial instinct denies it; for every true white man abhors the thought of deriving existence from Negro ancestors. Religion denies it; for the idea of our blessed Savior being descended from a Negro is revolting to the Christian heart.

II. That the Negro is a talking beast; a being in human form, but without a soul. Such say that the Hebrew word "chal," in Genesis 1, 24, which is translated "beast," does not mean a quadruped but a biped, and refers to the Negro. But this is not true; for repeatedly in the Bible does "chal" mean a quadruped. To see the absurdity of this theory you have only to read the 11th chapter of Leviticus, where three times the Israelites are granted permission to eat the "chal." If that word referred to the Negro, then the Jew would have one article of food far more repulsive even than swine's flesh! This theory is worse than untrue, for it robs untold millions of their immortal souls and of any hope of salvation. It is contrary to Scripture and is contradicted in its influence and results.

III. That there were two distinct creations of man. There was first the creation of mankind in general, which would include all the inferior races, and this is recorded in Genesis 1, 26. Then came the creation of the white man, the royal race of earth, and this is recorded in Genesis 1, 27. This theory bases its claim upon four things in these two verses.

(1). The first word in verse 27 is improperly translated "so." It should be translated "and," which proves that verse 27 is not explanatory of verse 26, but implies an additional fact, viz.: another creation.

(2). The word used in verse 26 to describe what God did is "asah," which only means to make or manufacture; while in verse 27 it is "bara," which means to create and is the highest and strongest word to describe God's power. Hence as the word