MANNING, CLARENDON COUNTY, S. C., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1889.

J DEPH F. RHAME,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, MANNING, S. C.

TOHN S. WILSON, Altorney and Counselor at Law.

MANNING, S. C.

F. N. WILSON,
INSURANCE AGENT, MANNING, S. C.

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WROTE IN THE DUST.

Dr. Talmage Preaches on "The Literature of the Dust."

Christ's Rebuke to the Scribes and Pharisees-His Compassion for the Persecuted Woman Who Had Sinned "Against Society-A Gle rious Example.

The subject of Rev. Dr. Talmage's recent sermon at the Brooklyn Tabernacle was "The Literature of the Dust." and his text, John viii, 6: "Jesus stooped down and wrote on the ground." Dr. Talmage spoke as follows:

A Mohammedan mosque stands now where once stood Herod's temple, the scene of my text. Solomon's temple had stood there, but Nebuchadnezzar thundered it down. Zorobabel's temple had stood there, but that had been prostrated. Now we take our places in a temple that Herod built because he was fond of great architecture, and he wanted the preceding temples to seem insignificant. Put eight or ten modern cathedrals together and they would not equal that structure. It covered nineteen acres. There were marble pillars supporting roofs of cedar, and silver tables on which stood golden cups, and there were carvings exquisite and inscriptions resplendent, glittering balustrades and ornamental gateways. The building of this temple kept ten thousand workmen busy forty-six years. In that stupendous pile of pomp and magnificence sat and a listening throng stood about him, when a wild disturbance took place. A group of men are pulling and pushing along a woman who had committed the worst crime against society. When they have brought her in front of Christ, they ask that He sentence her to death by stoning. They are a critical, merciless disingenuous crowd. They want to get Christ into controversy and public reprehension. If He say "Let her die." they will charge Him with cruelty. If He let her go, they will charge Him with being in complicity with wickedness. Whichever way He does, they would how at Him. Then occurs a scene which has not been sufficiently regarded. He leaves the lounge or bench on which He was sitting and goes down on one knee, or both knees, and with the forefinger of His right hand He begins to write in the dust of the floor, word after word. But they are not to be diverted or hindered. They kept on demanding that He settle this case of transgression until He looked up and told them that they might themselves begin the woman's assassination, if the complainant who had never done anything wrong himself would open the fire. "Go ahead, but be sure that the man who flings the first missile is immaculate." Then He resumed writing with His finger in the dust of the floor, word after word. Instead of looking over His shoulder to see what He had written the scoundrels skulked away. Finally, the whole place is clear of pursuers, antagonists and plaintiffs, and when Christ has finished this strange chirography in the dust, He looks up and finds the woman all alone. The prisoner is the only one of the court room left, the judges, the police, the prosecuting attorneys having cleared out. Christ is victor, and He says to the woman: "Where are the prosecutors in this case? Are they all gone? Then I discharge you; go and sin no more."

What did Christ write? I have always wondered what Christ wrote on the ground. For do you realize that is that He ever wrote at all? I know that Eusibius says that Christ once wrote a letter to Abgarus, the king of Edessa, but there is no good evidence of such a correspondence. The wisest being the world ever saw and the one who had more to say than any one who ever lived, never writing a book, or a chapter, or a page, or a paragraph, or a word on parchment. Nothing but this literature of the dust, and one sweep of a brush or one breath of a wind obliterated that forever. Among all the rolls of the volumes of the first library founded at Thebes there was not one scroll of Christ. Among the seven hundred thousand books of the Alexandrian library, which by the infamous decree of Caliph Omar were used as fuel to heat the four thousand baths of the city, not one sentence had Christ penned. Among all the infinitude of volumes now standing in the libraries of Edinburgh, the British Museum, or Berlin, or Vienna, or the learned repositories of all nations, not one word written directly by the finger of Christ. All that He ever wrote He wrote in dust, uncertain,

shifting, vanishing dust. My text says He stooped down and wrote on the ground. Standing straight up a man might write on the ground with a staff, but if with his fingers he would write in the dust, he must bend clear over. Aye, he must get at least on one knee or he can not write on the ground. Be not surprised that He stooped down. His whole life was a stooping down. Stooping down from castle to barn. Stooping down from celestial homage to mobocratic jeer. From residence above the stars to where a star had to fall to designate His landing place. From heaven's front door to the world's back gate. From writing in round and silvered letters of constellation and galaxy on the blue scroll of heaven, to writing on the ground in the dust, which the feet of the crowd had left in Herod's temple. If in January you have ever stepped out of a prince's conservatory that had Mexican cactus and magnolias in full bloom, into the outside air 10° below zero, you may get some idea of Christ's change of atmosphere from celestial to terrestial. How many heavens there are I know not, but there are at least three, for Paul was "caught up into the third heaven." Christ came down from highest heaven to the second heaven, and from second heaven to first heaven, down swiften than meteors ever fell, down amidst stellar splendors that Himself eclipsed, down through clouds, through atmospheres, through appalling space, down to where there was no lower depth. From being waited on at the banquet of the skies to the broiling of fish for his own breakfast on the banks of the lake. From emblazoned chariots of eternity to the saddle of a mule's back. The homage cherubic, seraphic, archangelic, to the paying of sixty-two and a half cents of tax to Cæsar. From the deathless country to a tomb built to hide human dissolution. The up-lifted wave of Galilee was high, but He had to come down, before, with His feet, He could touch it, and the whirlwind that rose above the billow was higher yet, but He had to come down before, with His lip, He could kiss it into quiet. Bethlehem a stooping down. Nazareth a steoping down. Death between two burglars a stooping down.
Yes, it was in consonance with humiliations that had gone before and with self-abnegations that came after, when on that memorable day in Herod's temple He stooped down and wrote on the ground. Whether the words He was writing were in Greek, or Latin, or Hebrew, I can not say, for He knew all those languages. But He is still stooping down and with His finger writing on the ground; in the winter in letters of

crystals, in the spring in letters of flowers,

in summer in golden letters of harvest,

in autumn in letters of fire on fall-

into space thousands of years ago and then left to look out for itself. It is still under the divine care. Christ never for a half-Let there be snowflakes to enrich the earth; and under the clouds of spring and says, Come ye blossoms and make redolent the orchards; and in September, dips the branches into the vat of beautiful colors and swings them in the hazy air. "Without Him was not any thing made that was Christ writing on the ground. If we could see His hand in all the passing seasons, how it would illumine the world! All verdure and foliage would be allegoric and again we would hear Him say as of old. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow:" and we would not hear the whistle of a quail, or the cawing of a raven, or the roundelay of a brownthresher, without say ing, "Behold the fowls of the air, they gather not into barns, yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them;" and a dominic ben of the barnyard could not clack for her broad ret we would hear Christ saving as of old, "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathered her chickens under her wings:" and through the redolent hedges we would hear Christ saying, "I am the rose of Sharon;" we could not dip the seasoning from the salt cellar without thinking of the divine suggestion 'Ye are the salt of the earth, but if the salt have lost its savor, it is fit for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men. Let us wake up from our stupidity and take the whole world as a parable. Then if with gun and pack of hounds we start off before dawn and see the morning coming down off the hills to meet us, we would cry out with

the evangelist. "The day spring from on high hath visited us;" or caught in a snow storm, while struggling home eyebrows and beard and apparel all covered with the whirling flakes, we would cry out with David. "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." In a picture gallery of Europe there is on the ceiling an exquisite fresco, but peo-ple having to look straight up; it wearied and dizzied them, and bent their necks almost beyond endurance, so a great looking glass was put near the floor and now visitors only need to look easily down into this mirror and they see the fresco at their feet. And so much of all the heaven of God's truth is reflected in this world as in a mirror, and the things that are above are copied by things all around us. What right have we to throw away one of God's Bibles, aye, the first Bible he ever gave the race? We talk about the Old Testament and the New Testament, but the oldest Testament contains the lessons of the natural world. Some people like the New Testament so well they discard the Old Testament. Shall we like the New Testament and the Old Testament so well as to depreciate the oldest; namely, that which was written be-Moses was put affoat on the boat of leaves which was calked with

asphaltum; or reject the Genesis and the Revelation that were written centuries before Adam lost a rib and gained a wife? No, no; when Deity stoops down and writes on the ground, let us read it. I would have no less appreciation of the Bible on paper that comes out of the paper mill, but I would urge appreciation of the Bible in the grass, the Bible in the sand hill, the Bible in the geranium, the Bible in the asphodel, the Bible in the dust. Some one asked an

eclipse of the sun. "No," said he, "I have so much to do on earth, I have no time to look at Heaven." And if our faculties were all awake in the study of God, we would not have time to go much further than the first grass blade. I have no fear that natural religion will ever contradict what we call revealed religion. I have no sympathy with the followers of Aristotle, who after the telescope was invented would not look

through it, lest it contradict some of the theories of their great master. I shall be glad to put against one lid of the Bible the microscope, and against the other lid of the Bible the telescope. But when Christ stooped down and wrote on the ground, what did he write? The Pharisees did not stop to examine. The cowards, whipped of their own consciences. fled pell mell. Nothing will flay a man like an aroused conscience. Dr. Stevens, in his

"History of Methodism." says that when

Rev. Benjamin Abbott, of olden times was preaching, he exclaimed: "For aught I know there may be a murderer in this house," and a man rose in the assemblage and started for the door and bawled aloud, confessing to a murder he had committed fifteen years before. And no wonder these Pharisees, reminded of their sins, took to their heels. But what did Christ write on the ground? The Bible does not state. Yet, as Christ never wrote any thing except that once, you can not blame u for wanting to what He really did write. But I am certain He wrote nothing trivial, or nothing unimportant. And will you allow me to say that I think I know what He wrote on the ground? I judge from the circumstances. He might have written other things, but, kneeling there in the temple, surrounded by pack of hypocrites, who were a self-anpointed constabulary, and having in His presence a persecuted woman, who evidently was very penitent for her sins. I am sure He wrote two words, both of them graphic and tremendous and reverberating. And the one word was Hypocrisy and the other word was Forgiveness. From the way these Pharisees and scribes vacated the premises and got out into the fresh air, as Christ with just one ironical sentence, unmasked them, I know they were firstclass hypocrites. It was then as it is now. The more faults and inconsistencies people have of their own, the more severe and censorious are they about the faults of others. Here they are-twenty stout men arresting and arraigning one weak woman. Magnificent business to be engaged in! They wanted the fun of seeing her faint away under a heavy judicial sentence from Christ, and then after she had been taken outside the city and fastened at the foot of a precipice, the Scribes and Pharises wanted the satisfaction of each coming and dropping a big stone on her head, for that was the style of capital punishment that they asked for Some people have taken the responsibility

have laughed. At any rate it makes me laugh to read of it. All of these libertines, dramatizing indignation against impurity. Blind bats lecturing on optics. A flock of crows on their way up from a carcass denouncing carrion. Yes, I think that one word written on the ground that day by the finger of Christ was the awful word Hypocrisy. But I am sure there was another word in that dust. From her entire manner I am sure that arraigned woman was repentant. She made no apology, and Christ in no wise belittled her sin. But her supplicatory behavior and her tears moved Him, and when He stooped down to write on the ground He wrote that mighty, that imperial word Forgiveness. When on Sinai God wrote the law -He wrote it with finger of lightning on tables of stone, each word cut as by a chisel

en leaves. How it would sweeten up into the hard granite surface. But when He Hank.

of saving that Christ never laughed. But I

think as He saw those men drop every thing,

chagrined, mortified exposed, and go out

quicker than when they came in, he must

and enrich and emblazon this world writes the offense of this woman He writes oguld we see Christ's caligraphy it in dust so that it can be easily rubbed out, all over it. This world was not flung out and when she repents of it, oh, He was a merciful Christ! I was reading of a legend that is told in the far east about Him. He was walking through the streets of a city second takes His hand off of it, or it would and He saw a crowd around a dead dog. And soon be a ship-wrecked world, a defunct one man said: "What a loathsome object is world an obsolete world an abandoned that dog!" "Yes," said another, "his ears world, a dead world. "Let there be light," are mauled and bleeding." "Yes," said was said at the beginning. And Christ another, "even his hide would not be of any stands under the wintry skies and says: use to the tanner." "Yes," said another, "the odor of his carcass is dreadful." Then Christ, standing there, said: "But pearls can not equal the whiteness of his teeth."
Then the people, moved by the idea that any one could find any thing pleasant concerning a dead dog, said: "Why, this must be

Jesus of Nazareth." Reproved and convicted they went away Surely this legend of Christ is good enough to be true. Kindness in all His words and ways and habits. Forgiveness. Word of eleven letters, and some of them thrones, and some of them palm branches. Better have Christ write close to our names that one word, though He write in dust. than to have our name cut into monumental granite with the letters that the storms of a thousand years can not obliterate. Bishop Babington had a book of only three leaves. The first leaf was black, the second leaf red, the third leaf white. The black leaf suggested sin; the red leaf atonement; the white leaf purification. That is the whole story. God will abundantly pardon.

I must not forget to say that as Christ, stooping down, with His finger wrote on the ground, it is evident that His sympathies are with this penitent woman, and that He has no sympathy with her hypocritical pursuers. Just opposite to that is the world's habit. Why didn't these unclean Pharisees bring one of their own number to Christ for excoriation and capital punishment! No, no; they overlook that in a man which they damnate in a woman. And so the world has had for offending women scourges and objurgation, and for just one offense she becomes an outcast, while for men whose lives have been sodomic for twenty years, the world swings open its doors of brilliant welcome, and they may sit in Legislatures and Senates, and Parliaments or on thrones. Unlike the Christ of my text, the world writes a man's misdemeanor in dust, but chisels a woman's offense with great capitals upon ineffaceable marble. For foreign lords and princes, whose names can not be mentioned in respectable circles abroad, because they are walking lazarettos of abomination, our princesses of fortune wait and at the first beck sail out with them into the blackness of darkness forever. And in what are called higher circles of society there is now not only the imitation of foreign dress and foreign manners, but an imitation of foreign dis-soluteness. I like an Englishman and I like an American, but the sickest creature on this earth is an American playing the Englishman. Society needs to be reconstructed on this subject. Treat them alike, masculine crime and feminine crime. If you cut the one in granite, cut them both in granite. If you write the one in dust, write the other in dust. No, no, says the world, let woman go down and let man go up. What is that I hear plashing into the East river at midnight, and then there is a gurgle as of strangulation, and all is still. Never mind. It is only a woman too discouraged to live. Let the mills of the cruel world

But while I speak of Christ of the text, His stooping down, writing in the dust, do not think I underrate the literature of the dust. It is the most solemn and tremendous of all literature. It is the greatest of all libraries. When Layard exhumed Ninewah he was only opening the door of excavations of The its mighty dust. Pompeii have only been the unclasping of the lids of a volume of a nation's dust. When Admiral Farragut and his friends, a few years ago, visited that resurrected city, the house of Balbo, who had been one of its chief citizens in its prosperous days, was opened and a table was spread in that house, which eighteen hundred years had been buried by volcanic eruption, and Faragut and his guests walked over the exquisite mosaics and under the beautiful fresco, and it slinost seemed like being entertained by those who eighteen centuries ago had turned to dust. O, the mighty literature of the dust! Where are the remains of Sennacherib and Attila and Enaminondas and Tamerlane and Trojan and Philip of Macedon and Julius Cassar!
Dust! Where are the heroes who fought on both sides of Chæronea, at Hastings, at Marathon, at Cressy, of the 110,000 men who fought at Agincourt, of the 350,000 men who faced death at Jena, of the 400,000 whose armor glittered in the sun at Wagram, of the 1.000,000,000 men under Darius

grind right on.

at Arbella, of the 2,021,000 men under Xerxes at Thermopylæ? Dust; Where are the guests who danced the floors of the Alhambra, or the Persian palaces of Ahasuerus? Dust! Where are the musicians who played and the orators who spoke, and the sculptors who chiseled, and the architects who built in all the cen-

turies except our own? Dust! The greatest library of the world, that has the widest shelves, and the longest aisles, and the most multitudinous volumes and the vastest wealth, is the underground library. It is the royal library, the continental library, the hemispheric library, the planetary library, the library of the dust. And all these library cases will be opened and all these scrolls nurolled and all these volumes unclasped, and as easily as in your library or mine we take up a book, blow the dust off of it, and take up a book, blow the dust off of it, and turn over its pages, so easily will the Lord of the Resurrection pick out of this library of dust every volume of human life, and open it and read it and display it. And the volume will be rebound, to be set in the royal library of the King's palace, or in the prison library of the self-destroyed. O, this mighty literature of the dust! It is not so wonderful after all that Christ chose, instead of an inkstand, the impressionable sand on the floor of an ancient temple, and, instead of a hard pen, put forth his foreinstead of a hard pen, put forth his fore-finger with the same kind of nerve, and muscle, and bone, and flesh as that which makes up our own foreinger, and wrote the awful doom of hypocrisy and full and com-plete forgiveness for repentant sinners,

even the worst.

And now I can believe that which I read, how that a mother kept burning a candle in the window every night for ten years, and one night very late a poor waif of the streat one high the stream of one night very late a poor waif of the street entered. The aged woman said to her, "Sit down by the fire," and the stranger said, "Why do you keep that light in the window?" The aged woman said: "That is to light my wayward daughter when she returns. Since she went away ten years ago, my hair has turned white. Folks blame me for worrying about her, but you see I am her mother, and sometimes, half a dozen times a night. I open the door and her mother, and sometimes, half a dozen times a night, I open the door and look out into the darkness and cry. Lizzie! Lizzie! But I must not tell you any more about my trouble, for, tell you any more about my trouble, for, I guess, from the way you cry, you have trouble enough of your own. Why, how cold and sick you seem! O, my! can it be? Yes, you are Lizzie my own lost child. Thank God that you are home again!" And what a time of rejoicing there was in that house that night! And Christ again stooped down, and in the ashes of that hearth, now lighted up not more by the great blazing logs than by the joy of a reunited household, wrote the same liberating words that He had write the same liberating words that He had written more than eighteen hundred years ago in the dust of the Jerusalem temple. Forgiveness! A word broad enough and high enough to let pass through it all the armies of Howen a million abreast on armies of Heaven, a million abreast, on white horses, nostril to nostril, flank to

TIE FEDERAL FORCES.

DEMOCRATIC OFFICE-HOLDERS STEPPING DOWN AND OUT.

Spoils-Prominent Candidates for the Vacancies in the Various Departments. Ex-Governor Thompson Acting as Secretary of the Treasury at Secretary Windom's Request.

Washington, March 9 .- Secretaries Blaine, Proctor and Tracey came to their respective offices early this morning, but if they had any idea of attending to official business they must have abandoned it when they saw the number of people awaiting them. Senators, Representaives and high officials came in twos and threes; some brought friends, and many ladies were among the callers. Russell Harrison, with a party of Montana people, made the rounds of the departments. They called on the secretaries only to ral Porter were among the notables who sury. attended these impromptu receptions.

No official changes have yet been recorded in subordinate offices; but Walker Blaine occupied the seat vacated by First Assistant Secretary Rives in the Department of State, and Thomas Shering to protect the Secretary from the in- sold. . I know of one case in which.

Endicott, Jr., continues to fill the post make their case if they only knew what of Limitation had effected a bar. of private secretary. His father, the to do. But it has been nearly twentylate Secretary of War, called upon his seven years since the money was depos successor this morning, presumably to ited there. I don't know whether any of supply him with information respecting them are alive or not, and if they were current business. Senators Paddock it is hardly probable that they will ever and Hawley and Representative Dorsey get back what was really their own. All of Nebraska were among Secretary the testimony in the case is in the pos-Proctor's callers, and they subsequently called upon Secretaries Blaine and lets go anything it gets its hands on. Tracev.

Department vacated by Mr. Fletcher, and an assistant is discharging the rou-Secretary Tracey and had quite a long chat with him.

In all of the executive departments located in the State, War and Navy build ing, changes likely to result from the change in politics of the administration are few in number, because a long line of precedents favors the continuation of pureau chiefs in the State Department, while those in other superior filled are mostly by detailed army and navy officers. First Comptroller Durham, Commissioner of Internal Revenue Miller and Fourth Auditor Shelly have tendered their resignations to Secretary Windom, to take effect at his convenience. Mason of West Virginia, Montgomery of Ohio,

and Evans of Kentucky are the leading candidates for the Internal Revenue position under President Arthur's administration. Treasurer Hyatt will tender his resignation to the President at the first op-

portunity. It is said that Huston.

Chairman of the Indiana Republican Committee, is likely to be his successor. Charles E. Coon, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, is reported to be an applicant for the position of Comptroller of the Currency. It is said, however, that Secretary Windom has requested him to resume his former position. Burchard, formerly Director of the Mint, was a caller on the Secretary this morning, and is said to be ar applicant for this office, but Director Kimball has not signified his intention to tender his resignation until his term

is expired. It is expected that most of the Demo cratic bureau officers will send in their resignations and give the Secretary an apportunity of naming their successors. Geo. C. Tichenor is prominently mentioned as Assistant Secretary Maynard's most probable successor. He is now special agent of the department. Mr. Parsons of Onio, A. D. Lynch of Indiana and the office of Comptroller of the Currenev

Assistant Secretary Thompson was acting Secretary of the Treasury to-day, at the request of Secretary Windom, who announced his intention of devoting the day to reception of visitors. A large number of Senators and ex-members of Congress availed themselves of the opportunity afforded and called to pay heir respects, and throughout the day the room of the Secretary was filled with visitors. No distinction was made in favor of politicians, and the general public was largely represented. The routine business of the department was not seriously interrupted, and there was nothing apparent in the various bureaus to show that the department had passed from Democratic to Republican control.

North Carolina Negroes Going West.

RALEIGH, N. C., March 9 .- What ooks like the beginning of an extensive exodus of colored people is noted here. Last night addresses by two colored oreachers and a lawyer were made, in which the negroes were urged to go to Kansas and Arkansas, but not to go to Louisiana and Mississippi. This advice was listened to attentively by about 2,000 persons, all colored, and it made a great impression, particularly upon the women. It was stated by the speakers that meetings like this would be held all over the State, and that announcements had been made from the pulpits of many churches, and would be made from all. were wanted in Kansas, and that negroes would also be given work and made welcome in Maine, Vermont and Massachusetts. The railway fare from here to Kansas has been put down to \$11.

prising a thorough remodeling of the cushioning all the seats, have been com-

THE COTTON GRAB

MADE BY THE UNITED STATES AUTHOR-ITIES AFTER THE WAR.

Times.

The Victors Making a Rush for the The Money Now in the Treasury, Which Should be in the Pockets of the People of the Southern States-How It May be

> WASHINGTON, March 7.—"The records of the Treasury Department are full of good material for you newspaper men,' said an official to-day. "There is plenty

of abandoned lands and property, for 000,000 in its keeping belonging to peothe close of the war valuable property matter.

charged to that division is the proceeds man, who formerly served as Secretary of cotton taken from plantations and The Supreme Court of the United States Blaine's private secretary, was endeavor- various towns all over the South and

voluntarily taken hold to help smooth was taken from a far South plantation, session of the government, and it never The agent who took this cotton is dead No appointment has yet been made to long ago, as is the man who sold it. So limitation expired in one year, and those fill the private secretaryship in the Navy you see the owners could not prove their only who could prove loyalty were percase by either of them.

tine duties of the office. Ex-Senator this. In 1863 we received over \$100,-Chandler called about mid-day upon 000 from a government agent, which was the proceeds of cotton taken from a foreigner, supposed to be a blockade runner, in one of the larger cities of the the South. When Secretary McCulloch REVIVAL OF THE RIGHT OF ACTION heard of this he said: This money is in the Court of Claims for two years only held in trust by the government. Some day we shall be obliged to account for it, for the United States really

HAS NO RIGHT TO KEEP IT. But from that time until now no demand has ever been made on us for it, and there it lies. I doubt if the owner ever knew just where it did go. When General Sherman's army occupied the towns of the South Atlantic seaboard the Confederates destroyed all the cotton possible before they surrendered. Millions of dollars worth was burned to keep it from falling into our hands. Commissionership. Evans occupied the The real owners could not tell what was we know, and this was the way: The books we often captured showed that James Brown, for instance, who was a merchant, had so many bales burned marked a certain way. The bales not burned could thus be easily identified from the marks and names on them. In all cases the books captured containing the names of the consignors and owners were sent forward to the treasury with

the paper relating to the capture.' "Where are these books and papers? "Well, I don't know, but I suppose hey are somewhere IN THE TREASURY VAULTS.

"As we never knew when the claimants might come forward and make a demand on the treasury for the proceeds of their cotton, the money it brought was never turned into the general fund. but always remained in an account by itself. But it has been so long ago, and the testimony necessary to make a case that would be valid being in so many instances unattainable by the owners, it is scarcely probable that any great por-tion of this really enormous amount of money will ever leave the treasury. The his father's money. Six hundred dol-Mr. Sickels are said to be applicants for only very large sums that was ever returned to its real owners was paid to Williams did the shooting. Gazaway B. Lamar, of Savannah, Ga., which you must have heard of.

"Well, ex-Attorney General Williams and General B. F. Butler of Massachusets were his counsel. They got back to the house, and two of them, Wilfor him \$600,000 for cotton taken in hams and Arthur, went inside of the manner I have described. General the Butler said to me when that case was in the road. Joe James, Sr., as was his pending. 'If I were a few years younger custom, came out after supper to get and wanted to make a vast fortune quickly, I could do it more easily and certainly in the prosecution of these planned the murder in all its details.

case of this kind I would rather risk been taken down by Dr. Josey, and he General Butler's getting it than any would have to go to Darlington and lawyer in America. It was always a wonder to me that after the action of the government in the Lamar case more Southern people did not attempt to recover their money from the treasury. The principle of repayment was then established. The main difficulty would, of course, be to prove that their particular cotton was taken, sold, and the money turned into the treasury."

JUDGE CULBERSON'S VIEWS.

The above was shown to Judge Culperson of Texas, chairman of the judiciary committee of the House, to night Edwards, who has just died in this city, and I asked him what efforts had been was a believer in the Christian Science made by the Southern Representatives doctrine, and herself protessed to effect to secure for their constituents the

money referred to. He states that the fact is that for the to treat a patient. While on her way last four Congresses, eight years, there to the cars to return home she fell and has been a determined effort on his part broke her hip. She was immediately It was further stated that 40,000 negroes and on the part of others to provide a brought here, and two physicians were method by which those persons at the called in and reduced the fracture. South interested in this fund might es- Then the Christian Scientists took tablish their rights therein.

oppression and wrong was committed, and persons were deprived of their cotton and other property under the pretense that the Confederate government had a claim upon it, while they were justly entitled to it. In most cases the property was sold by treasury agents and the money paid in the treasury to the credit of the property, with such description and alleged ownership as the treasury agents saw proper to give. In all, this fund

AMOUNTED TO ABOUT \$30,000,000. It has all been paid out of the treasury to the persons who have proved their rights therein except \$10,500,000. that will interest your Southern readers. The Act of 1863 authorized all persons "Take that bureau called the division claiming an interest in the property so seized within one year after the close of example. It has in itself one great the war to bring suit before the Court or romance. Its bistory is fuller of the Claims and establish their rights therein the war to bring suit before the Court of marvelous than anything that was ever But this privilege was only allowed to written. Why, there are about \$13,- those who could establish loyalty. The bar made by the Statute of Limitation ple in the South alone. During and at was complete on the 20th of August 1867, the Supreme Court having decided pay their respects and had no designs of all sorts fell into the hands of army the war closed for all judicial purposes upon offices. Gen. Sherman and Admi- officers, and was turned into the Trea- on the 20th August, 1866. the date of officers, and was turned into the Trea- on the 20th August, 1866. the date of Finally the amount became so the President's proclamation. Persons great that, when 'Bill' Chandler was who could not establish their loyalty did Assistant Secretary, he created a division | not bring suit in the Court of Claims, that should have charge of the entire after the close of the war, because it was generally understood that they "Over \$12,000,000 of the money would have to establish loyalty to the harged to that division is the proceeds government before they could recover. however, decided in 1867 that the Prosident's proclamation of pardon and amroads of the public. Both of them have Two MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF COTTON nesty wiped out the disability and disloyalty and therefore it was not necesthe way for the new administration, but in neither case has an appointment been and sold. The people to whom it be- under the captured and abandoned prosary to prove loyalty in cases arising longed were not rebels at all, and it perty Act, but before this decision had In the War Department William C. wouldn't be at all difficult for them to become known at the South the Statutes

A TRUST FUND. The Supreme Court in the Klein case, in 1867, decided that the government held this fund as a trust for those to whom the property belonged. In 1871 Congress passed an Act authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to hear and determine application for this money upon the part of those who claimed an interest therein. This law by its own mitted this privilege. So the balance "There are other instances similar to of the fund has remained in the freathis. In 1863 we received over \$100,- sury since that time, there being no method by which the owners can prove

their claims to this fund. Judge Culbertson's bill provides for

This bill was before the House in the Forty-ninth Congress and was discussed. It was defeated for the want of time. It has been discussed in this Congress, but lost its place because of the expiration of the morning hour in which it was being considered. It is now on the calendar and will be passed whenever time

is secured for its consideration. From time to time since 1871, Congress has passed special bills giving inlividuals the right to go into Court of Claims and prove their right in this fund, but such special laws have, without exception, required the proof of loyalty.

It may be safely said that every dol-lar in the treasury belongs to those who participated in the rebellion against the United States government, as those who could establish their loyalty secured their rights in it before the bar of limitation was made, or uuder some special Act of Congress. Some Southern men, however, got their rights through the Treasury Department by Northern in-

THE JAMES MURDER TRIAL

fluence.

One of the Assassins Turns State's Evidence-The Murderers Hired to Commit the Crime by the Victim's Son.

DARLING. ON, March 7-[Special to The Register.]—The trial of the James murder case commenced yesterday in the Court of General Sessions at 5 o'clock p. m. William Scott, the first witness for the State, testified that three colored men-Robert Arthur, Louis Williams and William Scott-were hired by Joe James, Jr., to kill his father, Joe James, Sr., because he (Joe James, Jr.) wanted to obtain control of gun belonging to Scott, which was loaded with large shot and two 38-calibre bullets and wadded with a piece of red check homespun. These three men went fence;

Scott stood out water, when he was shot and killed. The assassins ran off. Joe James, the son, When Scott asked him for the money he "If I were a Southern man and had a said that the numbers of the bills had change the money before paying.

The examination of witnesses is still going ou. When Scott was arrested he asked the officers if they were going to get Louis Williams also. This question was asked

before Scott was told why he was ar-A more cold-blooded, brutal murder

has never been committed.

Her Faith Did Not Save Mrs. Edwards.

SYRACUSE, March 4.-Mrs. Mary C. cures through the agency of faith. About six weeks ago she went to Utica charge of the case, the patient being at-

This fund was collected in the trea-tended by Mrs. Ellen E. Cross, principal sury under the Act of March 12, 1863, of the Academy of Christian Science in That State appears to be the most popular, and many labor agents from Kansas are at work in this State.

Safy under the fact of flaten 12, 1995, of the Academy of Christian Science in known as the captured and abandoned this city, and another disciple of the property Act. It provided that the school. Mrs. Edwards grew worse, and agents of the Treasury Department regular physicians were again called, but should follow the armies of the United they could not save her life. They say -The repairs and improvements on States in the South and take charge of that their failure was due to the interthe Baptist Church at Newberry, com- all property found to be abandoned and ference of the Christian Science people. such as they might find belonging to the The "Scientists" say they could not save pulpit, repainting the interior and Confederate States government. The the woman's life for the reason that she seizures of property under this was did not have sufficient faith herself made as late as 1868. A great deal of when the crisis same.